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THE LEADER.

A Review of Current Affairs, Politics, Literature, Art and Industry.

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CONTENTS.

CURRENT AFFAIRS:—

The People's William Again	...	1
The Tone Memorial	...	1
Hospital Probationers	...	3
The Fight at Broadstone	...	4
Galway and the Oireachtas	...	4
Etc., Etc.		

ARTICLES:—

Na h-Uaimhle	...	6
The Book of the Movement	...	6
A Great Auction of Celtic Notes	...	8
The Root of the Exodus	...	9
Sir Horace Plunkett's Book—XXI.	...	10

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CURRENT AFFAIRS.

Once again Mr. William O'Brien is an Emmpee, being "returned unopposed" for "Rebel" Cork. It is the latest act in the eternal tragi-comedy or comic tragedy of Irish political life. Really we think a National Commission should be appointed to determine what should be done with Mr. O'Brien, or else with Cork City, or else with the Parliamentary Party. It is time for this naughty child business to stop. Mr. O'Brien's action is too much like that of a youngster in a pout, who says—"I'll take all my chaneys out o' the play, and go and play by myself." But the joke of the thing is that that is just what William won't do, and doesn't try to do. His idea of playing by himself is to keep everybody in a ferment with perpetual letters and telegrams, while his faithful henchmen second his efforts by resolutions and speeches and meetings, and a lot of letter-writing and telegraphing of their own. Now matters are apparently to be complicated by the introduction of what we may call the in-and-out system of Parliamentary representation. Did you ever see a bottle of ale or porter in hot weather, when, the liquor being too well "up," the cork jumps out of its own accord? This happens at a time when you don't want to use the liquor, so you get the erring cork (no pun on the Rebel City!) and ram it back again into the bottle. Well, Mr. O'Brien jumped out of the representation of the capital of Munster owing to the heat of the political weather, but the green patriots down south have rammed him back again into the bottle. And now? Well, now we guess they are speculating in anxiety, just as we are in amusement, whether the cork will not jump out again, and how soon! To be strictly consistent Mr. O'Brien should telegraph for the Chiltern

Hundreds at once. He has already held that office for months; probably nobody ever held the onerous stewardship so long before. There are moods in which one has a sneaking regard for William O'Brien; there are others in which one thinks of Carlyle's description of Ruskin—"a bottle of beautiful soda-water"!

In an obscure part of the *Deplorable* we came across a paragraph containing what might be conventionally—and in this case truly—called "a belated report" of one of the weekly meetings of the "Wolfe Tone and '98 Memorial Committee." It was dismal reading, and we fear the fame of Tone has fallen upon evil days. But let us go back a bit. Six years ago '98 was celebrated in Dublin in great state. A "monster procession" (rather a fine one, we allow) was held, and the foundation stone of the Wolfe Tone monument was laid (we were going to say buried) somewhere at the top of Grafton Street. Yes, it was "laid," and has faithfully remained there ever since, nobody offering to run away with it, or in any wise harm it. It was the Button Presser who laid it, if we rightly remember, but that's a detail. The procession surged through the streets, bands were played, speeches made, enthusiasm aroused and Lord Mayor Dan laid the stone, as Chairman of the very Committee named already; even London heard some echoes of the proceedings, and pictures thereof appeared in the sixpenny "illustrateds." There were big wigs, so to speak, on the Committee then; now it is different, and "the usual weekly meeting" is a forlorn affair, graced by unknown names and marked by abortiveness and ineptitude. We gather, for instance, from the report before us that there lately existed a Wolfe Tone Bazaar Committee; that the bazaar has "fallen through"; that various prominent Nationalists had given prizes for the said bazaar; that said prizes "are in the possession of various individuals," not named, but probably members of "the late Wolfe Tone Bazaar Committee"; that the present Memorial Committee "had called on the persons who hold prizes"; that of these "some refused to comply with the committee's request"—the nature of which request is not stated: it was probably to give over the prizes to the Memorial Committee; and so the whole matter stands. The hon. secretary was directed to write to several of the donors of the prizes, calling their attention to the deadlock, and asking them to direct the present holders of the prizes to give them over to the Memorial Committee.

We have no heart to sneer at that unfortunate Memorial Committee; possibly it is doing its small best in its small way, but like Mrs. Gummidge, things seem to be "going contrary" with it. Observe this, for instance. "Mr. J. Owens proposed, and Mr. P. Ryan seconded, that the hon. secretary write to Alderman Cole, asking him to call a meeting in Inns Quay Ward for the purpose of inquiring why £14 subscribed by the Nationalists of that ward for the Wolfe Tone Memorial Fund has (*sic*) not been lodged in the Munster and Leinster Bank, notwithstanding the hon. secretary's repeated applications." All we can say is that, if the Memorial Committee commands the confidence of the public, it evidently does not command their subscriptions. These seem to pause, and even stop, on their way to the coffers of the Committee. This is all we know about the matter, until the *Deplorable* gives us the next bulletin from the Committee, containing a further account of the sorrows and trials of that suffering body. What are we to think of it all? We don't like to blame anybody in particular, for things have got into such a fog of obscurity and neglect that we don't know whom to blame, but let the fault lie where it will, there is blame deserved somewhere. What became of all the money subscribed for the monument of Tone?

Is it to the good still? Who has charge of it? Again, are there any men of note and standing connected with the Committee as now existing? If there are, why don't they come forward, and pull the thing out of the pit it has fallen into? In places like Bandon, Baltinglass and Tullow monuments commemorative of '98 or some of its fighters (we sink that word "heroes") have been successfully erected. Is it possible that Dublin, where a '98 monument foundation-stone was laid with every possible demonstration of national enthusiasm, cannot bring a similar enterprise to a happy conclusion "As already announced, the committee intend to hold a drawing of prizes in aid of the Memorial Fund." Think of a memorial, a *national* memorial, to a daring, hard-headed plotter like Tone being eked out by "a drawing of prizes"! The whole thing is too pitiful to laugh at. Let the "big" men who took on this Wolfe Tone job see it honourably through, or else be well ashamed of themselves.

The great tourist developer, Mr. Crossley, figures in a new rôle, as the victim of misplaced confidence. Let us explain how it happened. Mr. Crossley owns and runs a publication called the *Irish Tourist*, and during a period when he was "absent in England"—according to himself—he confided the editing of his powerful organ to the care of an underling, or a substitute of some kind. The underling "let himself go" in certain references to Cardinal Vannutelli and Irish Ireland which we reproduce for the edification of our readers. Referring, as we understand, to the reception of the Cardinal Legate at the *Oireachtas*, Mr. Crossley's deputy wrote as follows:—"The Hooligans won't have foreigners coming to the island which had the honour of being selected for their place of birth. Of course, like all rules, this has an exception. Though the foreign Englishman, the foreign Scotchman, and the foreigner from the Isle of Man are accursed, the sleek Italian tourist is welcomed; yea, Irish Ireland prostrates itself before him in its encircling mudwash. Why not improve our journalistic nomenclature? Why not Italian Irish Ireland for the Italian Irish Irish?"

The *Platitude* plucked up courage enough (dear knows how!) to go for the scribbling insulter who wrote this, and took Mr. Crossley himself to task for the matter. The great developer of "tourist industry" made a humiliating endeavour to divest himself of responsibility for the offensive paragraph. He wrote:—"I was absent in England, and am in no way responsible for the character of the allusions, the publication of which I regret. However, I must say that no useful purpose is served by your reference to the respected name of Cardinal Vannutelli, whose name does not transpire in the paragraphs which you subject to criticism." Referring to this lame apology, or excusation, or whatever it is, *Green* wrote:—"The reference to the Papal Legate is unmistakeable, and to attempt to deny the fact amounts to a quibble of the most paltry kind. However, the fact remains that Mr. Crossley is ashamed of the ravings published in his sheet, admits the fact, and is accordingly entitled to whatever degree of credit this may bring with it." For our part we think the amount of "credit" accruing to Mr. Crossley in the matter is very small indeed. The paragraphs amongst which the insulting matter occurred are editorial, and for Mr. Crossley, the editor and owner of the *Irish Tourist*, to say that he is "in no way responsible for the character of the allusions" is to say something that puts him in a very weak position. The paragraph in dispute was a low, mean insult to Irish Catholics and to Irish Irelanders; to the religious and national aspirations of the people of this country, and the fact of its having appeared at all, no matter what the "explanation" may be, is a thing that cannot lightly be forgotten.

Mr. Crossley, in further exoneration of himself, sent to the *Platitude* copies of a correspondence between himself and a Catholic clergyman down South, in which he had offered, through the clergyman, a coach for the Cardinal's use, in case the latter were making the Glengariffe tour. The Cardinal did not make the tour, so the coach was

not used; had it been used some means would surely have been found of making us aware that His Eminence was inconvenienced by the kindness of Mr. Crossley, of the Irish Tourist Development Company—an excellent "ad." for Mr. Crossley! But it did not "come off," so the correspondence came in handy to show that Mr. Crossley likes the Cardinal rather better than his own brother, and that he could not possibly have been responsible for that unlucky paragraph containing "allusions, the publication of which I regret." We think Mr. Crossley's regret is quite sincere; such an astute man is not likely to revel with joy in his underling's egregious truculence.

As for the underling, we have cast about in our own minds for some explanation of his little spitfire venom towards Irish Ireland, and the only explanation we can find is this: that Irish Ireland refuses to wax enthusiastic about the "tourist industry"—in fact, rather the other way about. People who want to make the "tourist industry" a dividend-paying "spec." naturally don't like this attitude; hence this mud-squirting in the "*Irish Tourist*" against Irish Ireland, and against "the sleek Italian tourist" whom it welcomed—without ever asking the "*Irish Tourist*" to leave! What a pity the underling didn't seem to know that his master had offered a coach for the Cardinal's use on the Glengariffe tour? Would he have let out his little venom if he *had* known of it? Or would he have done it in any case? Was he glad to get the master away and so leave him a free hand to let himself go? Ah, Mr. Crossley, it doesn't pay to employ cads; it comes dear in the end.

What! Another Peeler's testimonial. A great man by the name of Acting-Sergeant M. Cassidy, a thief-catcher and Bung tormentor by profession, got a "rise" out of Dunleer, and "his many friends in Dunleer and district" bought him an eight-day clock. Of course, it was an extraordinary clock for the newspaper tells us that it was procured through a well known firm in Dunleer! We have no wish to detract from the fame of this well known firm from this little known village or town, or whatever it may be, of Dunleer, and when the newspaper tells us that this eight-day clock "is a masterpiece of the clockmakers' art," we, who are not in the eight-day clock line, are not in a position to conscientiously deny that assertion. A deputation came from the world-famous city of Dunleer, comprising his Excellency N. Magrane, J.P., his Highness B. Gannon, his Majesty P. Gannon, his Masterpiece T. Harmon, and—qualifying words fail us here—one T. Feran. His Excellency N. Magrane, J.P., made the offering of the eight-day clock and "in a few well-chosen and appropriate words testified to the many excellent qualities of the popular Acting-Sergeant, to which the recipient feelingly replied." When the eight-day clock part of the business was disposed of, Peeler Cassidy entertained the deputation and some guests from Drogheda. There were toasts and songs, and the green immortal proceedings wound up with "He's a Jolly Good Fellow" and "Auld Lang Syne." When eight-day clocks, masterpieces of the clockmakers' art, are going about a bobby has a fine old time of it.

Will the people of Ireland ever get sense! Here is old Mr. Barry O'Brien, who can't spend his holiday rationally on the Continent without sending two columns of stuff to the *Freeman* about the battlefield of Fontenoy. Then comes the *Freeman* itself with a leader on the subject, and finally Mr. Hutchinson, with a letter to the *Freeman* suggesting an excursion, or patriotic pilgrimage, or something of that sort, to the scene of the battle. What on earth is there to be seen there? It was all very well for Mr. Barry O'Brien, holidaying on the Continent, and making "copy" of his experiences, to write a two-column descriptive article in the *Deplorable* on the business. As a fact, much of Mr. O'Brien's article is taken up with an account of Touraine and its old cathedral, though Mr. O'Brien, almost British-like, does not forget to name two good hotels, and a good restaurant. Fontenoy he appears to have gone to, simply either in search of copy, or else to while away the time and perhaps to satisfy a little natural curiosity as to what sort of place

Fontenoy is—a curiosity natural enough when you are within a few easy miles of the field of battle, but foolish to yield to when one has to travel hundreds of miles to gratify his patriotic desire. Spending a bit of your holiday at Touraine and Fontenoy is all very well, but to go there specially from Dublin, to see what you can easily, and for practical purposes just as usefully and faithfully, imagine for yourself, is stark nonsense. Is there not enough to be seen in Ireland without running off to the Continent in this way? There is fifty times the historic interest at Clonmacnoise, or Kilkenny, or Drogheda, or Limerick. But all this thing springs out of the same root as the Wolfe Tone Memorial business. The “memory of the dead” and of “the dead who died for Ireland” is at the bottom of it all. The memory of the dead is becoming a woeful nuisance to the living. The policy of spending all our present doing homage to our past is one that will leave us with a record that the Future will surely grin broad grins to look upon. Celebrating victories over enemies that are dead is the finest way in the world to give enemies who are living an easy walk over—unless we attend to some other things as well. When we have made Ireland a nation—and put a few leaves in her larder—we can put up gold monuments to the dead who died for Ireland if we want to; meanwhile Bung and the Bigots are sucking the blood and marrow out of Ireland.

A series of lectures on the Irish Language Movement, delivered at various times by Father Dinneen, M.A., has just been published for the Keating Branch of the Gaelic League in booklet form. The series includes seven lectures on such interesting subjects as “The Irish Speaking Districts,” “The Irish Language the National Language of Ireland,” etc. There should be no necessity to recommend this publication to the Irish Ireland public, and we trust it will have a successful sale. The booklet may be had from Messrs. M. H. Gill and Son, Dublin; price 6d.

The *Feir An Céitinnis* will be opened in Clonmel on Friday, 2nd September, by Most Rev. Dr. Sheehan, Bishop of Waterford, and we are glad to learn that everything points to a most successful gathering. The Feis will continue for three days, and excursion trains will run from Waterford, Limerick and Thurles. The number of competitors in the literary competitions is exceptionally large and from the entries received keen competition is also expected in the various other sections.

We have been asked to draw attention to a Special Excursion to Armagh, on Sunday, September 4th, fuller particulars of which can be seen in our advertising columns. The excursion, we understand, will be under careful management, and should not only give those availing of it a good opportunity of seeing the great Cathedral, but also afford an agreeable day's outing, as it is intended to return *via* Warrenpoint, at which pretty place a few hours can be spent very pleasantly.

A resident of Sixmilecross, Co. Tyrone, is accustomed to receive most of her correspondence addressed in Irish. We are informed that this correspondence suffers considerable delay in transit through the action of the local post office people in forwarding it to Dublin for translation. This state of things has continued for the past ten months. Now we submit that ten months is a liberal time for even anti-Irish postal officials to learn a single name and address in Irish, and we would like to know if such unnecessary delay to correspondence is approved of by the Central Post Office authorities.

We were unaware that Catholic young women were less suitable for nursing the sick than those of other persuasions. However, the following facts which have come under our notice indicate that the authorities of the House of Industry, North Brunswick St., Dublin, take a more enlightened view of this matter. This institution which is in receipt of a large annual Government endowment consists of three hospitals known as the Richmond, Whitworth and Hardwick Hospitals. Suitable aspirants for the nursing profession are received into these hos-

pitals as probationer nurses. These probationers pay an entrance fee of £10, and have to provide themselves with a specified uniform, and are admitted for a provisional period of three months. At the end of that period candidates who are found suitable are finally accepted for training and receive a salary. Candidates rejected as unsuitable are returned their entrance fees less 10s. deducted as maintenance allowance for every week they have spent in the hospitals, thus a candidate who had gone through the full term of probation before being found unsuitable would have paid a sum of £6 10s. for keep and lodging during that period plus cost of uniform, whilst her time and labour would have gone for nothing.

Now we have no quarrel with these regulations; we presume that much of the same sort must obtain in most other institutions of the kind. What we are principally interested in is the fact that, out of nine probationers rejected from these hospitals within the past twelve months, eight happen to belong to the “Idolatrous” faith. We understand that these eight “Idolators” were rejected just before the term of their probation expired on the general ground that they were not fit for the profession, no specific cause being in any case assigned for rejection. Now we are informed that the “Idolators” form about fifty per cent. of the probationers admitted to these hospitals, so are we to take it, that when an equal number of “Idolatrous” and non-Catholic candidates submit themselves to a term of three months training as nurses, the result at the end of that period will be that the “Idolators” will find themselves figuring in the ranks of those rejected as unsuitable in the startling majority of eight to one. Certainly these figures do not agree with those of the Intermediate examinations and other public tests with which we are familiar, whatever resemblance they may bear to the “non-sectarian” staffing of the higher posts on the Great Surface Railway.

We have received the programme of arrangements in connection with the Annual Excursion of Messrs. Cahill and Co., Great Strand Street, which took place on Saturday last to Glendalough. The programme is of very neat appearance, and has the motto *Sinn fein; rinn fein a mhaire* on the front cover. We also notice that the menu portion is printed solely in Irish.

Those barren and dreary bigots, the Parliamentary representatives of the “Intellectual Sahara of Ireland,” have been recently giving object lessons on the floor of the House of Commons which throw a strong and interesting light upon the methods of the party who possess all the civic virtues in this country. Those shining lights of the Simpler Christianity, who represent the wealth and intelligence of the country, strenuously pretended to want a full investigation of the Anderson case, and so during a recent debate in the Commons, one of them moved a make-believe vote of censure upon their humble and devoted friend poor, sweet, soft-spoken Mr. Wyndham. To their dismay, however, the Nationalist members readily supported the motion, and pressed for a full enquiry into the Anderson case. The poor Arabs of “the Intellectual Sahara,” who were only doing a cheap Sir John Falstaff, and letting off some stage thunder, and sound and fury, when they saw that the motion meant business, not bogus, with characteristic Sandy Row valour, they turned tail and fled. When the danger was over, militia Colonel Achilles Ajax Saunderson, chief of the “Sahara” staff, breathed the defiant, sulphurous phrase: “they had no objection to an enquiry.” The Anderson case very probably couldn't bear investigation, no more than many other underhand doings of England's Faithful Garrison, which is so suitably represented by the Arabs of the “Intellectual Sahara of Ireland.” Investigation indeed of the doings of Orange and Masonic secret societies! The next time Brother Sloan preaches fire and brimstone to his gentle Fuzzy Wuzzies around the Custom House steps, he should preface his sermon with the prayer: “Lord, save us from investigations.”

We have been looking through a column called “Galway Gleanings” in a contemporary of ours, the *Can-*

nacht Leader. The Gleaner, amongst other things, remarks:—"The thought often crosses my mind that the Oireachtas should be held in Galway, the Capital of the Irish-speaking district, and not in Dublin, for I believe that the Galway Feis is of much more educative importance."

The Oireachtas held in Galway? What a dreadful idea! The Oireachtas would not long survive that blow. The Gleaner goes on to tell us that—"Toft's Switchback and Fancy Fair helps to make things lively at Salthill presently, and will remain for about six weeks. The organ attached is very pretty, and renders some beautiful selections." Some beautiful selections! Well, a small thing is a great attraction down there, no doubt, but the organ of Toft's Switchback and Fancy Fair beats all! And so they want the Oireachtas down in Galway? We don't wonder. The Gleaner wants the City Sports' Committee to "add a few workers to the present list, and dispense with some of the ornamental members." Well, all we can say is, the City Sports' Committee is not the only thing in Galway that wants "a few workers" added to it.

In politics apparently things are only poorly down there.—"If Galway is ever knocked out of its Parliamentary representation the fault will, in a great degree, lie at our own doors, for no one ever thinks about Registration until an election time. There ought to be a Registration Committee appointed to see that every one who is entitled to a vote gets it. This would mean hundreds added to the voters list, and then the right man would be returned." What's to prevent the Galwegians looking after their own votes, without having a committee appointed to take the work off their shoulders? One would think the constituency was like West Belfast, or South Tyrone, or Derry City where it is an neck-and-neck thing against the Tories at every election. The Galway people will soon want somebody to go down there and cook their victuals for them; they will shortly get too lazy to do it for themselves. As for the addition of hundreds of voters to the list ensuring the return of "the right man," why, we don't believe Galway is capable of judging who "the right man" is. Galway wants to get a good shaking up, and to be informed that this is the twentieth century, and that there's no use waiting for things to turn up: you've got to go and turn them up yourself!

This season, as far as we have observed, Clongowes, Munget, and Belvedere, three Jesuit Colleges, had the anti-Catholic *Dust Bin* all to themselves up to a certain date as far as Irish Catholic Colleges are concerned. Where was the College Ass from Castleknock? Consider how gallant it must have been for that noble quadruped of Norman descent on both father and mother's side to find himself braying in a wilderness and three competitors adding to their reputation for "class" by being, as it were, publicly on familiar terms with the *Bigots' Dust Bin*, the "tony" libeller of Canon McInerney! Were this state of things to continue what would become of the reputation of the Cawstleknock College Ass as a "highly respectable" donkey? Some time previous to Thursday, the 18th inst., the College Ass found it impossible to stay out in the wilderness any longer; so on that day he put half an inch of his nose into the *Bigots' Dust Bin*. The haughty Bungs and Pawns may breathe in peace once more; the Ass has risen to the great occasion; Cawstleknock is itself again.

Nepotism and bigotry have had their merry bout at the Midland Great Western Railway, and now the cruel reckoning comes. What a pity for the shareholders that some paper did not show up the bigotry on this railway ten years before we took the job in hand, and by so doing focus enquiring eyes on this concern. Had that been done the ordinary shareholders might find themselves in a less critical position to-day. For there is no use minimising matters, the state of affairs on Cusack and family is deplorable. A company that brought forward £10,000 and paid 3 per cent. on the ordinary shares by carrying forward a reduced amount of £4,000; that has

the magnificent sum of £350 as a reserve; that spent £8,315 4s. 9d. out of capital under the head "Improvement of road," and that estimated for a further capital expenditure under the same head for the current half-year; a company suffering from such symptoms is poor and sick indeed. We wonder how will the very much "saved" higher staff make up a 3 per cent. for the ordinary shareholders for the current half-year. Might we suggest that it could easily be done by paying a sufficient amount of wages out of capital!

There was a large gathering of shareholders present on Tuesday; indeed the Board-room was too small for the number that congregated within it. We had never before seen Ralph; he is feeble and his voice was not strong enough to carry further than a yard or two. Tenacity in its right place is an admirable quality; but Sir Ralph's tenacity in sticking to his well paid job is tenacity very much in the wrong place from the shareholders' point of view.

The proceedings of the meeting have been so fully reported and dealt with in some of the papers already that it is not necessarily for us to deal in any exhaustive manner with them. Alderman Reigh made a fine and telling speech, a speech that would indicate that he would be a valuable addition to the Board. It is significant that the Directors of this poor railway make more out of it than the Directors of the other two railways make out of their respective companies. Seven Midland Directors divide £3,000 amongst themselves, whilst the Great Northern Directors only divide a like sum amongst twelve Directors, and the £5,000 devoted to the Great Sourface directorate may be said to be divided amongst fourteen Directors, for though there are now only twelve Directors the fees that went to the other two were set apart for some benevolent or friendly fund in connection with the line. Here we have the average amount given to the Directors on Cusack and Family greater than that given to the Directors on the Great Northern or the Great Sourface, and yet the Midland is the poorest and ricketiest of the lot. Yet, though the Reserve has fallen to £350, these Directors pocket £3,000 in the year for their services to this unhappy railway! It is shameful. Surely one would not be surprised if, in view of the dreadful condition of the company, the Directors suggested that they would be well paid, and highly paid, with half the money. But none of the seven suggested anything of the sort; they grabbed their pound of flesh; and Alderman Reigh's motion to reduce the Directors' extravagant remuneration by £500 for the previous half-year was ruled out of order by Sir Ralph.

One would think that the "saved" Archdeacon Daly was the chief owner, adviser, and manager of the whole railway. He is a fussy person who evidently likes to hear himself talk. It may be that he is one of those highly-paid officials and "economic sense" shockers of the Church of England's Faithful Garrison living in some part of the country where there are only a very few "saved," including those who have turned Protestant for the good of their mortal pockets; if that be so the half-yearly meetings of Cusack and Family must come as a welcome relief to the weary drudgery of having little or nothing to do during the rest of the year. One speaker suggested that the proper place for the "saved" Archdeacon was at home with his flock. But what if there is little or no flock!

Even the brassy Directors who insisted on their £3,000 out of a battered railway company, with a magnificent reserve of £350 cannot have relished the following from Alderman Reigh's speech:—"But notwithstanding the large fees which the directors received they could not help falling out and squabbling amongst themselves as to the distribution of the money. The chairman apparently wanted to grasp the lion's share in consideration of his work, notwithstanding his advanced years and feeble state of health. (Applause, and cries of 'Order.') The letter written by the chairman to the vice-chairman, the Hon. Richard Nugent, was a letter which no calm-

headed gentleman would write in dismissing one of his foremen, much less a fellow-director sitting on equal terms with him, and, therefore, could only be read as the production of a very narrow-minded man, grasping every shilling he could lay his hands on. (Applause, and cries of 'Order, order.') Nor could they congratulate Mr. Nugent in so quietly submitting to the arrogant action of the chairman."

Alderman Reigh stated that from the year 1899 the Preference capital had been increased by £161,947, which at 4 per cent. placed a permanent annual charge of £6,480 on the earnings of the company; and in 1899 the half-yearly earnings were £141,357 against the £114,324 for the past half-year; and as there had been an additional annual permanent charge of £6,480 added in the meantime this meant a drop in profits of £33,513 as compared with 1899. If we judge the very much "saved" higher staff by results they do not appear to be exactly a masterful gang of "simple Christians." In face of Alderman Reigh's crushing indictment Sir Ralph, perched on a technicality, doggedly refused to accept his motion that the excessive remuneration of the Directors should be cut down by £500 on the half-year.

The O'Connor Don, a rather degenerate looking type of an Irish chieftain, agreed with a good deal of what Alderman Reigh had said, and rubbed in the salt concerning the paying out of capital charges that should be placed against revenue. It is probably a long time since an O'Connor Don had a battle axe in his hand, and the present one would no doubt feel happier with a ping-pong bat. Notwithstanding his considerable amount of agreement with Alderman Reigh this gentleman, The O'Connor ~~was~~ spoke in favour of the Directors, voted for them, attempted to dissuade Alderman Reigh from pressing a division against the report, and attempted to frighten off many votes—and no doubt succeeded—by warning the audience that, if the report was not adopted, the payment of their dividends would be delayed. We would prefer a tinker with a bit of fight in him than fifty such fellows as this particular man by the name of O'Connor.

Had Alderman Reigh's motion not been ruled out of order by Sir Ralph, as head of the family, the Board would have got a staggering blow. The great majority of the meeting appeared to be with Alderman Reigh, whilst he was making his speech. On a division the motion, with the aid of the proxies that the company had gathered in such an objectionable way, might have been beaten no doubt; but the party of Economy and Progress would have made a splendid fight. We have no doubt that a considerable number who would have followed Alderman Reigh into the division lobby on the motion ruled out by Sir Ralph, an interested party, did not see their way to go with him on a direct negative against the report. The remarks of the modern wearer of a name that once sat fittingly on Irish chieftains, were calculated to frighten off many from following Alderman Reigh into the division lobby. But withal, Cusack and Family got a substantial squeeze from the Great Twist. Notwithstanding all the difficulties the party of Economy and Progress polled, on scrutiny, £352,958, and notwithstanding the outrageous official whip-up for proxies, so justly and strongly condemned by Mr. Brady, Cusack and Family only scored £899,249. In votes the result was 3,454 for Cusack and Family and excessive Directors' fees, 1,504 for Economy and Progress. Will Sir Ralph keep his grip on his post and his salary after that vote? Will the Directors tout for proxies next time? These seven Directors must all have hides of brass if they feel comfortable with their several portions of that enormous and extravagant lump of the shareholders money—the shareholders in an unhappy concern with a reserve of £350—in their pockets after the battering, the well-deserved hammering, they got on Thursday last. But it is surprising what some class of persons will put up rather than part with money they have a grip upon.

FRED LEWIS and CO.'S PERFUMES AND TOILET REQUISITES; IRISH MANUFACTURE.

The result of the scrutiny of the Great Surface Railway voting was not materially different from that already published. It was announced by Brother Goulding at the adjourned meeting on the 17th inst. Evidently the Brother was still suffering from irritation. Might we suggest to Brother Goulding for his own good that it would be well during those brief hours, when he appears before the public as chairman of a Railway Company, to endeavour to leave the manners of the manure shed and the knacker's yard behind him. Mr. M. Sullivan, who is a learned and cultured gentleman and incapable of rudeness, attempted to speak at the meeting on the 17th, but Brother Goulding, of the manure works, took no heed; at another stage in the proceedings Mr. Sullivan made a further attempt to speak, but Brother Goulding, of the knacker's yard, took no heed. The irritation of Brother Goulding is an indication of the fine work that has been done by Mr. Sullivan and his friends.

The journalistic reports of the average small Aeridheacht and the average small Feis threaten to become as nerve-wearing a nuisance as the old-time reports of "grand" concerts. We are looking just now at a report of the annual Aeridheacht of the Dunshaughlin Branch of the Gaelic League. All the old *cliches*, so dear to the heart of hurried journalism, and of the amateur journalist and junior reporter, are there the same as ever. We read that a choir "contributed some charming selections" and that Mr. —, "the clever Dublin dancer," gave "some splendid contributions" of dancing. We are told that the Mount Argus Branch sent "a strong band of artistes" (that word "artistes" again!) "whose magnificent performances were the subject of much admiration." A well-known reciter "evoked considerable applause," his "Death of Emmet" being "particularly good." Possibly it was, but why have English recitations at an Aeridheacht? Surely the Committee could have filled the bill without such devices?

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na h-uaisle.

Doncáto: pé tuime atá ciontae, a tairis, ná ná fuil ciontae, veirim an méio seo leat, agus veirim go láirir é. Ní h-é an tuime boet ná fuil don focal béarla aige atá ciontae.

Taós: agus tar nód, má tá an Gaeluinn le raotrú' cé abrócaid leir an raotrú' mura otagaid an abró' ó'n t-é ná fuil aige ac í?

Doncáto: fan go fóil. Níl as an ntuime mboet fan ac an Gaeluinn. Ní raib asá a'air 'ná asá má'air ac í. Ní raib as doinne a tainis noimr i n-éirinn raib ac í. Sac don lá ó tós pé féin a ceann cao 'tá págalta aige de bair na Gaeluinne? Níl págalta aige o'a bair ac taircairne agus opoc meap ó'n uile págar tuime a o'féad don focal amáin béarla do labairt, agus na daoine nár féad, ní baogal gur tugadair don uraim do mar gheall ar an nGaeluinn. Ní h-eaó ac do tugadair taircairne oó, agus opoc meap níor mó 'ná mar a tug luét an beagáin béarla féin oó. Ir mó an meap a bí acu ar an bfeap ba b'irte béarla 'ná mar a bí acu air. Uí, níó náe iongna, an opoc meap céatna aige-ean opta-ran. Ní raib ac opoc meap acu araon ar a céile. Do teiteadair ó céile mar a reádnóirí lobar. Ní raib don b'ieit as doinne acu ar don tógáilt cinn págal ra t'aozal go deó, dá maiead pé céad blian. Ar b' don iongna é dul 'n-a luige go doiminn agus go daingean ar éiríde agus ar aigne an tuime rin ná féatpad don mí-ao beit air ba mó 'ná gan a beit aige ac Gaeluinn? Ar b' don iongna reaphar a beit i n' aigne, do lo agus o' oíde, i gcoinnib a atar agus a má'air féin toirg nár déineadair iaraet éigin a eolur a tabairt do ar págar éigin béarla, a beag nú a móir, b'irte nú plán, agus gan é págalat ar nóir an beitig allta náe móir? Ar b' don iongna é 'gá ceapad i n' aigne, pé iur eile déanpad pé féin o'a élainn, ná págalat pé an t-umáir opta a págalat air féin? agus anran, a tairis, nuair a buail daoine irteac éirge 'gá iaraid air aigead a tabairt doir éun na Gaeluinne raotrú' agus do cimead beo i mbéalaib na daoine, ar b' don iongna é 'gá ceapad i n' aigne ná raib acu le raotrú' ac umáir, ná raib acu le cimead beo ac mí-ao?

O'faippuigir oíom, dá mbéinn amearg na b'irí ar an nroicad uó, an mbéad fonn oim teact anall as tual ar tuime do'n t'róirí fan. Ba oíic liom go mbéad. Ba oíic liom go oíicpinn anall as tual air agus go noéanpinn a éaint féin a bí 'n-a béal aige do raotrú' oó, agus go tairbeánpinn do gur éaint uapal i agus nár 'gá do don náipe beit air mar gheall uiré, ac a malairt. Tairbeánpinn do gur mó go móir an uraim a bí as dul do féin mar gheall ar an nGaeluinn a beit aige, úirglan, ó n-a rinreap, 'ná mar a bí as dul o' feap an béarla b'irte ná raib ro 'ná rúo aige.

Taós: Tá go b'ieag, a Doncáto. Béad obair asat a o' iaraid a éur 'n-a luige ar a aigne go raib uraim as dul oó, agus gan as sac doinne 'a tabairt do ac earupaim.

Doncáto: Dubair gur 'mó tuime atá ciontae i n-éagáir na b'irí. Ir píor gur 'mó. agus na daoine atá ciontae, tá euid acu ir mó ir ciontae 'ná a céile. Meapaim féin gur b' iad daoine ir mó ir ciontae le meatlú' na Gaeluinne 'ná na daoine féatpad uraim agus onóir a tabairt do'n muinir a bí 'gá labairt agus nár tug.

Taós: agus cé h-iaó fan?

Doncáto: Na h-uaisle. Uairte Gaelat doirim.

Taós: Ná cuiead na h-uaisle rin go léin éun bair nú éun fáin tair éir caa Ceann tSáite?

Doncáto: O' éirg uairte Gaelatá eile 'n-a noiaig rin. Fir de págar Oímnail Uí Conail, cuir i gcar. Simad a t'upnuig ar earupaim a tabairt do'n Gaeluinn.

peadair ua laogaire.

THE BOOK OF THE MOVEMENT.*

THREE things have occurred this year that have distinctly marked the rapid progress of the Language Movement. They are the recognition of bi-lingual instruction in the National Schools; the establishment of the Munster Training College, in which sixty young men and women are, as I write, receiving instruction; and the publication of Father O'Leary's great book, Séatna.

Of these palpable evidences of progress I would deliberately put Father O'Leary's book first. I do not say it because it demonstrates his extraordinary industry and ability as a writer of Irish; I do not say it because it is evidence of his whole-hearted devotion to Irish literature, for of these we have had ample testimony already. But I do say it because, when a man of his sagacity thinks it necessary to cater for the wants of Irish Ireland by publishing a book of 300 pages exclusively in Irish, we can have no better testimony as to the breadth and strength and earnestness of the movement going on around us.

It is really possible, as it is indeed a most entertaining thing to do, to trace our progress during the past ten years by the character of our publications. At first we had but a journal creeping into light once a month; and sometimes it crept so slowly that it took three months to make its appearance. It was, of course, a luxury but for the few; and, judging by the support it received, we were few indeed. The masses were not in with us. Cautiously we began to give *them* some child's milk in the shape of phrase books. Then a courageous lady compiled a few popular songs and put them on the market for a penny. We next had some fireside stories printed; and then it was noticed that the Spirit of Creation fluttered o'er us, and men began to write original matter. But our best effort resulted at best but in a booklet. This has continued, with a few exceptions, to the present; and our progress for the past three years is marked rather by their increased frequency and perhaps improved quality than by their increasing size. It looked as if we were never to have anything else than booklets. They seemed to have become the conventional thing. But Father O'Leary has burst in upon us with a handsome, substantial book without apologetic preface or explanatory glossary. Boldly relying on the intrinsic worth of his work, and confident that Irish Ireland will buy and appreciate it, he has not defiled a single one of its 300 pages with a foreign word of any sort.

I avow that I am an enthusiastic admirer of Father O'Leary's Irish writings, and therefore I cannot speak of his book, but in the language of enthusiastic praise. In common with other Munstermen who write more or less Irish, I have been dubbed an imitator of his. I would accept the charge as a compliment anywhere; but the allegation is really not wholly true. I have known Irish all my life, and have been reading it almost as long. When I grew up I tried to write it, and I failed. My models were Bedell's "New Testament," and Keating.

The stuff I produced was the veriest rubbish—stilted and colourless. The words in it were Irish, but all else was not. It was the fabled ass with the lion's skin around it. I never ventured to print a word of it. At that time part of Séatna began to run through the *Gaelic Journal* as a serial. It opened my eyes. I then knew why I had failed. It was because I had not had the courage to write the Irish I knew. I had been familiar with the language *he* wrote, but *I* was a traitor to it. His example gave me, and others like me, heart and courage. From that time forward I wrote the language just as I thought in it, and what I have written has not been unappreciated.

It is positively true, and in good time this truth will be acknowledged on all sides, that Father O'Leary has founded a school of Irish writing. He has influenced not Munstermen alone, but all Ireland. We all admit that the effect of his influence in Munster has been to drive those who were striving to write Irish back on the

* Séatna. By Father Peter O'Leary, P.P. Dublin: The Irish Book Co., 6 D'Olier Street. 300 pages, 8vo., cloth, price, 3s. 6d. Postage, fourpence extra.

people, back to where the living language abounded, for their source of inspiration and for their model. Who will say that Connaughtmen and Ulstermen have been blind to the example of his unique success as a writer of Irish prose, and deaf to his English exhortations on the same subject? The improvement in Irish prose has been noticed all round, quite as well in Connaught and in Ulster as in Munster, and any fair-minded man who has observed this hopeful improvement cannot but name Father O'Leary as being more than a contributing cause.

I have pointed out, by quoting my own case as an example, how native speakers are benefited by Father O'Leary's influence in their endeavour to become idiomatic writers. Let me now show how his works have assisted the more deserving class, those who do not possess Irish as an accident of birth, but are struggling manfully to acquire it. On this head one concrete example is worth a great deal of mere assertion.

A short time ago I fell in with a young gentleman of this sort. I had known of him before, for he has done more than a man's part in the promotion of the good work. I was not surprised to find him an Irish scholar, for he had the advantages of education and of a sound patriotism. But his proficiency in conversation took my breath away. I was all the more astonished at this for I knew that he had but then returned from a long absence abroad. On my expressing my surprise at his expertness as an Irish speaker, he smilingly told me that chance threw the second part of *Séana* in his way, and that he had learned it by rote on the banks of the Niger! No better advice could be given to such as he than to go and do likewise. They need not, of course, go to the land of the elephant and the tall grass, so perilously near the white man's grave, to do it. The shade of a hedge at home will answer their purpose quite as well, and it has the advantage of being much more convenient. But if they have not access to the source from which Father O'Leary draws his supply, the native good speaker, let them learn *Séana* by heart, and they will be all the better of it.

Critics will appraise this book from two standpoints, the artistic and the literary. They will inquire if we are given a correct picture of Munster country life, true and vivid; and, assuming that it is true and vivid, they will inquire whether it is a pleasing, a charming picture. From the literary standpoint, the language in which the picture is set out is considered,—its purity, its style, its diction.

An Irishman of ordinary intelligence, living in the country, has little difficulty in estimating, from the artistic point of view, an Irish novel at its proper worth. He is on the spot. It is his life and the lives of his associates that are portrayed; and no man is in a position to judge better than he whether the portraiture is natural or forced, true or false, pleasant or disgusting. Anglo-Irish authors have time and again written of the Irish peasant. Of the worser class of these writers I will say only this: that they have failed because their efforts have not been sincere; that their books are written as a commercial venture merely; that they were designed for a foreign market, and that, consequently, they have written not what actually is, but what their prospective customers desire to be. But there are others than these, men whom we have all our lives been taught to revere, and whom because of their tender sympathy for us we will continue to revere: Kickham, Carleton, Griffin, the Banims for instance. We have been accustomed to regard the works of these men as perfect representations of Irish rural life. No representation

of nature can of course be perfect; and the truth is that our admiration for these representations is in a sense relative. We admire them for their fidelity until we are given more faithful ones. As we read, the primitive Greeks no doubt went into raptures over the picture obtained by that girl when she outlined with chalk her hero's shadow on a wall; but Pericles, though he might commend it as a step in the right direction, could not be expected to give it a place in his "painted Stoa." We have often seen representations of Irish scenery thrown on a screen from a magic lantern. While we may admire them for their beauty, while we cannot deny that they are true to nature, we cannot, while we gaze on them, get rid of a desire, a longing, to get behind that screen, and take a peep on our own account at the original. There is something blurring or obstructing our perfect vision. This is precisely the case with even the best of our Anglo-Irish novelists. They leave a film, more or less transparent, stand between us and the characters they profess to delineate. That film is the English language. We see as with a magic lantern. Just as we are settling down to terms of intimacy with our favourite character a foreign turn of speech or thought jars in upon us, and the mind is off on the instant to London or New York for its origin. We return cross and irritated. So the fitful popping of the picture on the screen makes us involuntarily look from the picture to seek for the cause of the disturbance, until we are disturbed and annoyed ourselves. There is no such irritation or disturbance with Father O'Leary. No film obstructs us. He quietly takes us behind that screen, he introduces us to his people, and we sit down amongst them. We recognise them as our own; they have evidently never been to London or New York, and while we stroll arm in arm with *Séana* through the fair, we are quite sure that we have known him all our lives.

With regard to the literary merit of the work, your readers have his articles before them week by week, and they have, as a consequence, had opportunities enough of forming their opinion on them. Strong, incisive, forceful. These are adjectives one hears on everybody's lips when speaking of his style. It has another peculiarity that I have never seen described before, and which has often given his readers exquisite pleasure. When a point of importance arises, an argument perhaps to sustain, or an antagonist to confute, Father O'Leary comes on with a light, almost an airy, sentence. Next moment he gives a sharper tap on the same point—and then, like a succession of flashes come four or five blows, each growing in intensity, when the argument is driven home with a bang or the obstacle crushed to atoms.

Another of his peculiarities is the thoroughness with which he banishes English when he is writing Irish. English clings to other writers—and we cannot wonder at it or blame them, for English is the predominant language of most if not all our Irish writers—English clings to them as the Old Man of the Sea clings to Sinbad the Sailor. It dings at their ears as they write, and, sometimes elf like, drips from their pens. Father O'Leary alone can put this imp outside the door, and keep him there at his pleasure. Not only is he himself safe from him; but through his writings he casts the same spell over his readers. Bury yourself in *Séana* and you will feel nothing above or under or around you that will remind you that Saxon hands ever unroofed a church in Holy Ireland.

SEANNAIR.

PAÓPAIS Ó SEAGÓA.

HIGH PRAISE FOR LIMERICK WORKMANSHIP.

The Rev. J. O'Neill, P.P., St. Mary's, Milton, New Zealand, writes:—"Gentlemen,—The 'Shannon' Cycle which I purchased from you some time since has given me every satisfaction, I have given it a very fair trial, and have thoroughly tested its quality. I am glad to know that your Limerick workmanship is competing successfully with the foreign article. Every genuine effort to foster home industries must naturally command the entire sympathy of Irishmen who wish to see their native land prosperous and happy.—Faithfull yours, J. O'Neill, P.P."

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"27.6.04."

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A GREAT AUCTION OF CELTIC NOTES.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Goblin—Chief Manager and Auctioneer of the Celtic Note Limited Liability Company.

Leprechaun

Gloomy

Dismal

Miss Moonlight

and

Miss Cloudland

—The Celtic Note Limited Liability Company.

Celts, Gaelic Leaguers, Porters, Bellman.

SCENE.—The interior of the Celtic Note Auction Room in Misery Street. On, and around, a platform at the end is spread out a large assortment of dreams, memories, symbols, metaphors, visions, and other various fancy goods ready for auction. Time, that weird period of mystic gloom when the invisible phantoms of the measureless deep draw near to the threshold of our being.

Goblin—Well, is all our stuff ready for auction?

Lep.—Yes, all cut and dry, waiting and ready in four lots. Turn your lamps upon it, and then swear that it is a regular psychological Klondyke, rich beyond the dreams of avarice, or of Celts.

Gloom.—We have struck "ile" this time and no mistake. All the latest fashions in tremulous greys and opal hushes are here faked up, and rigged out in a style cute enough to tickle the heart of a skin-flint.

Dismal—The tidiest handful of Celtic goods that a heart bowed down by weight of woe ever panned out. All gilt-edged, good paying dirt, or I'm only a walking tremulous grey.

Miss M.—Oh, Mr. *Goblin*, they're all just lovely. Such sweet despairing dreams, rythmical twilights, purple shadows, red winds, oh—

Gob.—They'll paint the town red, and make it a second edition of Tir-nan-Og, eh?

Miss C.—Oh, they are all so utterly beautiful that they remind me of a sea of opal fire covered over with diamond boats having rainbow sails, and sapphire paddles.

Gob. (aside, inspecting the goods)—A little fairy whispers in my ear that our handiworks are all going out of fashion. Look at some of these, they strike me as positively dirt cheap, and shop soiled at that. The most of them will go for a song. This firm will go to the dogs and become like the place where there is nothing unless we look alive, and make fresh excavations into Time and Space. (Aloud)—Well, let us get to business. Bellman, strike up.

They all bustle about briskly, while the bellman at the door bangs away, and keeps shouting:—"This way, ladies and gentlemen; this way to the great Celtic Note sale. The great Celtic Note sale is now about to commence. This way, ladies and gentlemen; this way." Celts of both sexes, the majority of whom look not in the least inclined to weep Celtic, come pouring in, also a few Gaelic Leaguers, and gradually the room fills up. Then *Goblin* takes up his hammer and begins.

Gob.—Ladies and gentlemen, we are now about to put up for auction the very choicest selection of Celtic goods, culled from the markets of Space, Time, Eternity, and Tir-nan-Og—(A Voice, "And the 'Smoke'")—Sapphire Seas, Opal Lakes, Wells of Truth, Enchanted Woods, and Shadowy Waters have laid bare their mysteries before the eyes of our adventurous explorers, and all the secret beauties, magic treasures and enchanted merchandise, discovered in those hidden homes of Time's eternal wonders, we now offer to you for sale at moderate prices. Dreams, visions, symbols and metaphors of all shapes and sizes, from a needle to an anchor, you will see going before your eyes for prices calculated to make angels and fairies weep. Now to begin. Lot One—(Porters, show up Lot 1)—you will observe contains some really first-class tremulous greys, opal hushes and rythmical twilights, all but very little the worse of the

wear, and made on the premises. (Cries of "Oh, how handsomely gorgeous; how nicely sublime").

1st *G. Leag.*—They have a "Smoky" look.

Gob.—Well, ladies and gentlemen, please make an offer.

2nd *G. Leag.*—Fourpence halfpenny.

Gob.—Who will say five pounds. Five pounds for the tremulous greys, opal hushes and rythmical twilights.

1st *Celt.*—Two-ten.

Gob. (in a sort of trance)—Cold blows the wind of trade, and its sad burden is two-ten. (Waking up)—Two-ten bid. Any advance on two-ten. Two-ten for the greys; two-ten for the hushes. Going for two-ten. Two-ten one, two-ten two; going, going, gone for two-ten. The next lot, ladies and gentlemen—(porters, show up Lot 2)—consists of fifty pieces of opal dawn, forty-nine and a-half yards of rainbow, and some beautiful red winds, blue winds, green winds, and orange winds. (Cries of "Oh, how hugely dazzling; how prodigiously pretty").

3rd *G. Leag.*—You're not a bad hand at raising the wind.

Gob.—Well, ladies and gentlemen, any offers, any offers?

4th *G. Leag.*—One and a tanner.

2nd *Celt.*—Five pounds.

Gob. (in a sort of trance)—I hear the voices, and I see the faces. And I also see little blooming chance of making much spondoolicks out of this crush. (Waking up) Five pounds bid. Any advance on five? Five pounds for the dawn, five pounds for the rainbow and the winds. Going for five. Five pounds—one, five pounds—two—going, going, gone—gone for five pounds.

Lot three, ladies and gentlemen, is made up of a very pretty and miscellaneous collection of sweet, despairing dreams, speechless yearnings, some archetypal ideas, only slightly soiled, a gross of pint bottles filled with shadowy waters, half a gross of quart bottles brimming over with (cries of "John Jameson") water from the Well of Life, a large sack of visions from Tir-nan-og, and an ass load of buttercups and daisies from the windy meadows of the dawn. (Cries of "oh, stupendously nice, dazzlingly radiant;" mingled with cries of "cabbage and turnips.")

Now ladies and gentlemen, offers please.

5th *G. Leag.*—Who'll oblige me with the change of a threepenny bit?

3rd *Celt.*—Ten bar.

Gob. (in a sort of trance)—Our gross civilization must surely be a success, and dreams and visions relegated to the halfpenny place, when Tir-nan-og itself is valued at less than ten bob. (Waking) Ten bar—I mean ten shillings bid. Any advance on ten? Going for ten bob—I mean ten shillings. Ten—one, ten—two, going, going, gone for ten shillings.

The last lot, ladies and gentlemen, (porters, show up lot 4) is perhaps the blue ribbon of the pack. It contains the best and choicest articles found on the markets of the seven woods. Here we have a whole Jewman's load of dreams of the first quality, the real Simon Pure, and warranted not to shrink, those dreams which follow from wind to wind, and whisper to the green boughs of Time the way to keep evergreen; here we have roses of beauty, and stars of infinite desire which positively defy competition, and are guaranteed to hold their own against all comers. Among them you may also perceive, ladies and gentlemen, a white unicorn, with a tin horn and a brass tail; (sensation) a black and tan owl, wearing a crown made out of a druidical moon; (continued sensation) an enchanted stag with antlers made of chain lightning (increased sensation), and last, though not least, a flying donkey with electrical hind legs, warranted to deliver a kick that would knock splinters out of the moon, sun or any other heavenly body visible to the naked eye (tremendous sensation, accompanied

with some shrieking, during which several nervous old ladies and gentlemen made a rush for the door and disappeared). This astounding collection of eternal beauty, and everlasting zoological delight, ladies and gentlemen, we now offer for the small sum of, say fifty pounds.

Who says fifty?

6th G. Leag.—A gentleman named Echo.

4th Celt.—Fifteen quid.

Gob. (in a trance)—There may be loosenings of the deep, but there are no loosenings of the pocket here, as far as my vision serves me. The unmanifist eternal commands but a poor show of manifest temporal filthy lucre. The invisible world is a visible slump in the market, and Celtic visions have dwindled away to the small end of nothing. Fallen is thy throne, oh, Symbol. (Waking) The idea of only fifteen quid—pounds being offered for the seven woods enchanted international exhibition shocks my economic sense, ladies and gentlemen. Alas—Fifteen pounds offered for lot four. Any advance on fifteen. Fifteen—one, fifteen—two, going, going, gone for fifteen.

Ladies and gentlemen, that concludes the sale. Next time we expect to put entirely new styles and patterns on the market, and until then, we earnestly hope to remain on the threshold of your memory, and your patronage. Exeunt Celts and G. Leaguers.

Dis.—This night spells a blue look-out for us.

Gob.—It does, and so we'll crown it with a blue wind. (He lets loose a blue wind which seemed to linger long and lovingly around the heads of the Celtic Note Limited Liability Company. Gradually the blue wind turns to a tremulous grey, then into a rhythmical twilight, then graduating through various scarcely perceptible hushes it at last settles down into the ordinary, colourless, commonplace wind which is often heard amusing itself whistling through the reeds).

Gob.—The sands in the old Celtic hour-glass runs low. Gone is our cup of freshness, snuffed out our candle of illumination. But cheer up, if all goes, we have still left the place where there is nothing.

Curtain descends to the accompaniment of a banshee's wail.

A. M. W.

THE ROOT OF THE EXODUS

THERE are so many associations at work in Ireland just now, so many "movements," and so much general propagandism that, through sheer dint of getting used to the thing, one is inclined to take a lot of it for granted, pass a deal of it by with a shrug, or a muttered "too long to read" at the sight of many-columned reports of this convention or that meeting. We are inclined to study only the movements we are interested in—even these, perhaps, not deeply enough—and to jump the rest.

There was lately held at Limerick a little convention of one of our many bye-movements; it was a convention of the Land and Labour Association, a purely South of Ireland movement, so far as I can see, and on a rather humble scale even at that. Branches were represented from places like Moyasta, Garranemore, Cahertigaul, Shanakyle, Conna, Skule, Boherlode, and other *loci* which, whatever their local importance may be don't signify much to the mind of even the most sympathetic reader. Three M.P.'s graced the occasion, Messrs. J. J. Shee, Kendal O'Brien and D. D. Sheehan; a J.P. from Ennis, Mr. P. J. Linnane, took the chair. No other name of note, or notoriety, surged above the surface of the proceedings, which appear to have been most orderly, and on the whole intelligent. The chief speaker was Mr. Sheehan, M.P., and I may as well confess that I began the reading of his speech rather on the hunt for extravagances than in the hope of any new light on the Irish question. On the whole, I was rather agreeably disappointed. Mr. Sheehan has, of course, touches of the exaggeration and rhetoric which no M.P., whether Irish or anti-Irish, seems able to do without. Allowing,

however, for all this inevitable froth, I think there was an under-current of real sense and earnest feeling in the speech. The speaker pointed out that since the Labourers Acts came into operation only some 20,000 cottages had been erected, whilst some two hundred thousand families were still left without the opportunity of living the lives of human beings amid decent surroundings. Mr. Sheehan proceeded:—"During the twenty years the Labourers Acts had been in operation close upon a million of their race, principally drawn from the working classes, had left their shores, and it was to his mind idle nonsense to talk of stemming the tide of emigration until they were in a position to provide proper housing accommodation and suitable allotments of land for all sections of their labouring population." The circumstance which this passage brings out is that the *emigrating* classes are, mainly, the *labouring* classes, and if, as Mr. Sheehan says, only one-tenth of this great class has been decently provided with cottages in twenty years, we need not wonder that emigration continues, nor need we wonder if it gets worse than ever, under the influence of the fierce competition among the Transatlantic Lines. Steerage rates have now been cut so low (thirty shillings is said to be the latest figure!) that we may expect to find an exodus greater than ever, relatively at least to the population left in the country. The poor man living in a damp, dilapidated cabin, amid wretched, cheerless surroundings, is not likely to find much encouragement for staying in Ireland when he thinks of the slow rate at which new cottages are being provided for him and his like, and we need not wonder that the young people reared up in such cabins are more anxious to get out of Ireland than to stay in it. Here is the real root of the emigration question. The emigrating classes consist of young men and women to whom all prospect of advancement, and even of decent, humble comfort, seems denied, and there is no use in expecting these people to stay in Ireland unless they have something to stay for.

The farmers have sometimes been blamed for the condition of the labourers, but, when the whole history of the matter is gone into judicially this will hardly seem fair. The farmer himself was the under-dog so long that he could do nothing. The whole land system in Ireland differs from that of England. There the landlord provides a going concern, house, farm-buildings, drainage, fences, and all. These he lets to the farmer, who expects the landlord to keep the fences in good condition. In Ireland the landlord lets land; the tenant is expected to provide everything else (unless the previous tenant—no thanks to the landlord!—has done so) and to keep all in repair. A man saddled in this way, without fixed tenure, and regarded as the natural, legitimate prey, not only of the landlord, but of the agent, was hardly likely to become ardently philanthropic in providing for the labourer. Denied fixity of tenure himself, he was in no mood, and indeed in no condition, to give it to others, while the fact that he had to provide everything himself (except the soil, and sometimes even part of that!) left him very little means or inclination to provide for the labourer. I speak, of course, of the past, though even to-day the tenant-farmer of Ireland has not ceased to be the under-dog. A farmer with safe tenure, and holding his already-equipped farm on favourable conditions could afford to do something for the labourers on his farm; in Ireland it was different. He could not well afford to do anything, and as a fact he did nothing. How did the labourers of Ireland provide themselves with even the wretched cabins they have? Goodness knows! Barring the cottages built under the Act of 1883 there is hardly such a thing as a decent labourers' dwelling in Ireland; these being about a tenth of what are wanting, the outlook for betterment on this head seems gloomy, indeed. This, too, is a bad outlook for all Ireland, since human society is an organic structure, of which one of the parts cannot be neglected or allowed to die out without prejudice to the rest. The wholesale emigration of the labouring class would re-act, not on the farmer alone, but along the whole social gamut of Ireland. Thus, no

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labourers means inadequate farm help; crops not produced, or when produced not efficiently saved in trying seasons. The loss of crops means loss to the farmer, landlord, shopkeeper; to everybody in Ireland it means actual or potential loss.

This question cannot be neglected. The enormous growth of grazing in the West and elsewhere means a great lessening of cultivation, with consequent loss of employment to the labourer, and hence another source of emigration. The "American letter" has, doubtless, done a lot of mischief, but it has not done it all. We want two things before we can even partially stop emigration; we want better dwellings for the poor labourers, and an economic condition (whether through protection, or superior agriculture, or both combined with occupying ownership), which will make tillage a more profitable form of enterprise than it now is.

Amongst other things, Mr. Sheehan said that the cry of "Back to the land!" meant something more than the phrase of a dreamer. No doubt it does, though it seems to me that keeping the people *on* the land—the people who are there already—is the crucial question for our public men. When men and women have once left the agricultural way of life for the towns, wild horses would not draw them back again to the soil! When the stir, the show, the bustle and excitement of city life, the call of the newsboy and the bell-clang of the electric tram,—when these things have once laid hold of them they feel little eagerness to get "back to the land." No, the problem is not precisely how to get the people *back* to the land, for back they will never go; the real question is how to *keep* them on the land, and make that way of living attractive to them, or at all events, not dismal and dispiriting. If Mr. Chamberlain's great panacea does for the tillage interest all that he claims it will, then it should do us some good, though I think we should first have our house in order, so that our friend the landlord cannot possibly get the lion's share of the good things, either directly or ultimately. If the Chamberlain scheme succeeded, it might, with occupying ownership and improved methods of tillage, help to dry some of Erin's eternal tears, and perhaps even the wolf-dog might wag his tail gently with joy.

One thing is certain: that as the labouring classes are the emigrating classes, some way will have to be found of fixing them on the soil if emigration is to be stopped at all. Anyone who has passed through much of the South and West must have felt some touch of compassion for the poorly-housed labouring class in the country parts, and must have won insight enough into the matter to see that there is need for a speedy change. After all the matter is one of national importance, whatever our suburban Johnnies swaggering through the Horse Show may think. The labourers' question is a big one down the South, and let Wrauthmines mince its accent as it will, the claims of Shanakyle and Crossagalla will have to be heard.

IMAAL.

SIR HORACE PLUNKETT'S BOOK.

XX.—(Continued).

THE Protestants of Ireland are at present paying the natural penalty of past monopoly, in their want of industrial efficiency. Competition is the life of trade, and they had no competitor in Ireland. But, as competition comes on them from at home or from abroad, it finds them lying fallow. Towards their Catholic fellow-countrymen they are trying to live on their reputation for business ability, as their colleges used to live on their educational prestige till the Catholic colleges got an opportunity of measuring merits with them, and made the bubble burst. Their industrialism was a growth forced by favouritism; and their reputation had not an absolute value, but only shone out on the industrial apathy of the Catholics, who for generations put out little energy because they were left little hope. Let us take two illustrations which have come before the public dur-

ing these days. The Provincial Bank is almost exclusively managed by Protestants, and all its Directors except one are English or Scotch; yet during the past half-year, its profits have fallen by £8,000, and its deposits by £92,000, whilst the business of the Munster and Leinster Bank, which is managed mostly by Catholics, has improved. The Great Southern and Western Railway is also notoriously managed by Protestants, and yet the value of its stock has fallen to an alarming degree. But how have they dealt with the difficulties and criticisms which aggrieved shareholders set before them at their recent meeting? They parry them with "We have come here to do business; we are men of business and we cannot waste time over those trifles." They parry appeals for proportionate Catholic representation on the Directorate with—"This is a non-sectarian meeting; we cannot allow religious matters to be discussed." That is, their spirit of sectarianism having manned the directorate with their own, they call it sectarianism for Catholics to complain. For them, non-sectarianism means monopoly; to attack their monopoly is to intrude sectarianism.

I have now said all that I have thought necessary to say on the present state of material progress in Ulster and its metropolis. One word on the evidences of human progress to be found there. As to religion; a friend of mine tells me that, during a recent visit to a town in Antrim, he was struck by the contrast between the well-dressed sameness of the Protestant worshippers and the Catholic variety of the Papists, as he saw each congregation leave their respective churches on Sunday. He saw in it an illustration of the thrift of the one, and the thriftlessness of the other, until he was informed that the Protestants feel that their presence in church is not desirable unless they can afford to appear in proper Sunday elegance; and those who cannot dress well do not go. As a body, they bottle up their devotion through the year, in reserve for the religious practices of the 12th July, when their piety pours forth like a volcano, polluting everything with a mixture of intoxication, blasphemy, bolts, and blood. But, then, they have the "civic virtues and efficiencies," and we are asked to take that as the test of civilisation, since it is the religious ideal of naturalism. Of literary life, there is a painful absence in wealthy Belfast; it has not produced even a respectable newspaper or magazine. Of art, they seem to have little conception. The practical life they live unfits them for the ideal. I suppose it is a sign of the "economic sense"; for Sir Horace Plunkett thinks we should put away the thought of art in our churches, and wait for "the native artistic sense and industrial spirit now beginning to seek creative expression." But if Belfast means to wait for its art till a Giotto or a Fra Angelico has arisen, it will have to wait a long time. No national art has ever grown in that way. The artistic genius is created, or rather discovered, in the process of growth. If the people of Perugia were like the people of Belfast, Perugino would probably have gone to his grave unhonoured and unknown. And the "industrial spirit seeking creative expression" has simply no meaning in aesthetics. The highest point in the way of art which the industrial spirit could reach is a photograph; but that is not art, unless we impart elasticity to the word. Sir Horace's

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æsthetic philosophy reminds me of a paper I heard read on this subject a few years ago by one of his fellow-workers; he impressed me as one who had studied art in guide-books, and never saw a master-piece.

Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis, at ille
Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

On the same principle, I suppose, they have waited till they are wealthy, to build a cathedral. Verily, "the children of this world are wiser in their generation" than the Catholics of Cloyne and Cashel, of Limerick and Armagh, who have anticipated their wealth, and the "ready cash" which their cathedrals have cost. One thing is certain—Belfast is not the Athens of Ireland.

XXI.

CATHOLIC *v.* NON-CATHOLIC SUPERSTITION.

We have not yet sounded the depths of priestly responsibility in Ireland. "But after all," Sir Horace writes, "these criticisms are, for the purposes of my argument, of minor relevance and importance. The real matter in which the direct and personal responsibility of the Roman Catholic clergy seems to me to be involved is the character and *morale* of the people of this country." And he proceeds to say that after making full allowance for historical influence, "I still think that with their unquestioned authority in religion, and their almost equally undisputed influence in education, the Roman Catholic clergy cannot be exonerated from some responsibility in regard to Irish character as we find it to-day. Are they, I would ask, satisfied with that character? I cannot think so." Neither do I think so. But let us consider how he discerns the want of character and *morale* in Irish Catholics. Later on, but not in this series, I will examine how far the influence of the priests in education has been undisputed. Meanwhile, let us consider the following:—"The impartial observer will, I fear, find

amongst a majority of our people a listlessness and apathy in regard to economic improvement which amount to a form of fatalism; and, in backward districts, a survival of superstition, which saps all strength of will and purpose" (page 110).

From Sir Horace's point of view, not only Irish Catholics in backward districts, but every Catholic everywhere is superstitious in many things.

He, of course, thinks that our belief, for instance, in the Real Presence is a superstition; even the King, on assuming the sceptre to rule us, had to call on God to witness that he believes it of us. And there is no doubt that the Blessed Eucharist is the object of either the sublimest act of human worship or of the most abject superstition known to civilisation. Sir Horace will reply that he does not think us superstitious in that belief; to which I rejoin that he must think us so, under pain of inconsistency. As I, or any other Catholic, kneel down to receive the Blessed Eucharist we adore as God what is in appearance only bread. Sir Horace, I am quite sure, respects the sincerity of our belief. But that is not the question. Our sincerity will excuse us, but it will not do away with the superstition. If it were otherwise, those superstitions which he tells us play such moral havoc in backward districts, would likewise cease to be superstitions; because those poor folk to whom he alludes are no doubt quite sincere as to the righteousness of their beliefs or customs. He does not specify what those "survivals of superstition" are, and he therefore precludes me from discussing them on their merits. Does he allude to the notorious Tipperary witch case? Pre-scinding from the question whether the chief actor in that tragedy was a lunatic, or not—and religious maniacs are to be found everywhere, that his was a singular case appears from the fact, carefully concealed by our traducers, that he was hooted by his neighbours whose moral instincts were shocked by his action. We are supposed to be always on the defence, making apologies for our beliefs or customs; even held responsible for

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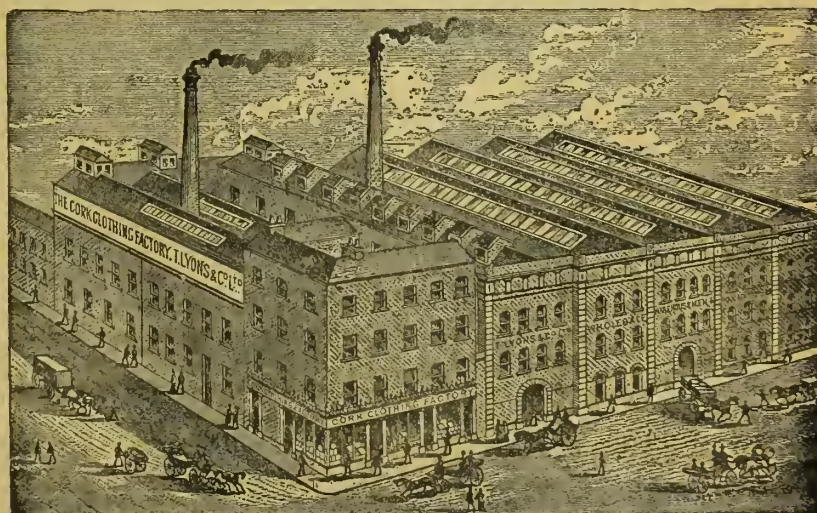
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the conduct of fanatics or fools. But the home of the "simpler Christianity" across the Channel has been the home of superstition and fanaticism from the days of the Lancashire witches and Johanna Southcote down to the faith-healers, the spirit-rappers, the crystal gazers, the traders in borderland yarn, the Elijahs and all the other-world messengers of to-day. I do not want to make a point out of the witch case which was tried at the Marylebone Police Court last week, nor of the fortune-teller who was lionized last year by crowds of visitors to Blackpool. I have before me a list of society palmists, Christian scientists, crystal gazers, clairvoyants, psychometrists, psychic developers, and other borderland interpreters, open to receive clients or to attend "at homes," from which it appears that they are doing a profitable trade. About a generation ago the name of Biddy Early had spread far and wide from the hills of Clare where she resided. Now, Biddy was of the same trade as those to whom I have just referred. There was only this difference:—Biddy was not known as a crystal gazer or a "scientist," but as a "knowledgeable woman"; and whereas her English sister divinities charge fashionable fees, Biddy was satisfied if her clients brought her a bottle of whiskey. Would Sir Horace point out the difference between the *pishogue*-makers and the fashionable fortune-tellers who are called palmists? I will tell him; the latter make more dupes and more money than the former, and the former are extinct in Ireland, whilst the latter are living and thriving in London and in other centres of material progress and the industrial spirit. Superstitions are to be found in forward as well as in "backward districts" of Ireland, England, America, and everywhere. But, which bears the brand of degradation deeper—the superstition which refuses to use basic slag recommended by the Department, or the faith-cure which refuses medicine and keeps out the doctor? Sir Horace does not specify the superstitions to which he alludes; but, after a fair experience both of England and of the Continent I am bound to say that Catholic Ireland is by comparison very free from those excrescences of the human fancy which are common to scepticism and faith. Pascal used to say that the age of incredulity is the most credulous age. Those who affect scientific acquirements may with im-

punity nail a horse-shoe to their halldoor for luck, or a New York girl may sew a lock of her hair in her friend's wedding-gown as a charm to make her own turn come next; but an Irish Catholic peasant dare not turn home when he sees a lone magpie under pain of having himself and the Catholic faith which he professes set forth in terms of pity or contempt by writers who imagine they are philosophers. What are those superstitions to which he particularly alludes? Is it that Catholics "in backward districts" wear scapulars? Many eminent Catholics devoutly wear them. I may mention the late Lord Emly, as an instance, as the fact was published in the newspapers after his death. Is it that they use Holy Water? Every Catholic does so. Is it that they "pay rounds" at holy wells? That is one way of reducing the Catholic doctrine of the Invocation of Saints to practice, and I think it is a very excellent way. The Duke of Norfolk used to take his late son to the Grotto of Lourdes and to St. Winifred's Well. To the mind of his Grace, it was an act of faith; according to the mind of certain philosophers it was an act of foolishness; to the feelings of elite souls it was an act of superstitious vulgarity, the stain of which could hardly be washed out by "all the blood of all the Howards." The late M. Pasteur used to practise similar "superstitions" when, for years before his death, he yearly visited Arbois to take part in their parish Feast with the inhabitants of his native village. He will find similar "superstitions" in Belgium and in the Rhenish Provinces of Germany, and yet they lead the way in phases of economic life where England lags behind. The fact is, Sir Horace is incapable of interpreting the thoughts of the Catholics in those "backward districts" to which he alludes. They may have some practices which a Catholic should condemn as superstitious. I cannot say, for he does not name any. Everyone who believes in Divine Providence and in the influence of the Supernatural in the world runs a risk of being at some time or other, in some practice or belief, superstitious. Superstition is an excrescence on supernatural faith in the person who believes; and it is morally certain to exist amongst a people who realise the unseemly. But, for those who disown belief in any supernatural influence to act as if they did, is the mark of men whose minds are out of gear. Last year a very

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severe illness kept me for some time on the balance between death and life. I had the benefit of medical care and skill than which I would not seek in Dublin or London any on which I would place more trust. Yet I believe that my recovery was very much due to the prayers of the people. I suppose that some who read this confession will say: "The superstition only of an ignorant Catholic!"

Be it so; but having accepted Catholic principles, I shall not let myself be thought the coward to disown, or the fool to refuse the consequences. I will insist in believing that "more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." Sir Horace, with the best intentions, cannot understand us; but he evidently thinks that he does. He has in several matters fallen into precisely the same mistake to which he, too charitably I fear, traces English misrule in this country: namely, he has "standardized" us.

It is so with Lecky also. He writes with off-hand contempt; "St. Januarius, it is true, continues to liquify at Naples;" and he says in general that, even amongst Catholics, no educated person would accept a miracle to-day on any evidence, and he adds, "they are repudiated, not because they are unsupported, but because they are miracles." As to the particular instance he gives, I had the privilege of examining the phial containing the Saint's blood on one occasion when it was said to liquify. I withhold the impression that was made on me; I merely observe that Cardinal Newman thinks that there is evidence of the liquifaction quite enough to convince one. To dispose of the assumption that no educated person believes in modern miracles, it is enough to place Newman on one pan of the balance and Lecky on the other. They will not even consider the evidence for a modern miracle. An occurrence

cannot be a miracle, because miracles do not happen now. I wonder when had such men as Lecky a letter from heaven, announcing that from a certain date back in history the Hand of God was to be shortened, and that miracles were to be no more. A Catholic does not reason in that way; he weighs the evidence in each case and decides for himself, as every Catholic is free to do as to the alleged miracles at Naples or Lourdes. The Catholic founds his judgment on the evidence of fact; the rationalist draws his conclusion from a preconceived fancy—miracles do not happen. Thus they reason who deplore Catholic superstition.

There is far less superstition even amongst the Catholic illiterate folk in Ireland than outsiders think. But if I went in search of downright and unexceptionable superstition I would go to Protestantism of all shades, from Church of England orthodoxy to agnosticism. What is "Christian science" but a superstition? The notorious Dowie, whom a Catholic might in charity think a lunatic, was taken for Elijah on his own testimony in America, the Mecca of the industrial spirit. He had the "economic sense," and he traded successfully on their superstition till he rose—or fell?—from a pauper to a minor millionaire. And had he not let his prophetic *afflatus* mislead him to preach at the king when he came to London he would have filled every hall there with superstitious audiences and his pockets with their cash. Superstition in a rationalist is much more degrading than superstition in a Popish peasant of a "backward district." There is reason at the root of the peasant's superstition—which is but an excrescence on the living tree of faith. The rationalist who is afraid for instance to sit down to dinner, one of a party of thirteen, or who follows the "Christian science" craze, simply sets his principles and his practice by the ears. A rationalist, whose conduct in any way at all implies the reality of the supernatural, is a square circle, is a hollow sham who accepts sometimes what he affects to deplore in others at all times. Error is bad; inconsistency is worse; superior wisdom affected in inconsistency is contemptible. Standing on those premises, I declare this opinion, that the most illiterate Catholic old crone I have ever met, taken with some superstitions accidental to her faith, is higher in the scale of rational civilisation than some of those who abuse reason and try to sublimate the result of the act by calling it rationalism. Those always remind me of a sign-board bearing the inscription "Spirit store and tea emporium" which I once saw over the door of what was little better than a huxter's shop. We hold ourselves open to the criticism of all; but let those who undertake the task do us the justice, or rather let them do their reason the respect, of first taking the trouble to understand what they criticise in us. If a Catholic, borrowing their overweening spirit for a moment, turns on them and treats

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caobruig le déantúsaíocht na héireann.

them as ignorant they resent it. When they refer to Catholics as ignorant, it is their natural privilege; if a Catholic refers to them as ignorant, it is due to his want of culture. But we are thought fair game for all classes of critics, from the well-meaning man, such as Sir Horace is, down to those who malign us for money.

In a book just published in London, called *Father Clancy*, the author represents a Catholic girl as replying to a priest who asked her what she wore around her neck—"Oh! it's a scapular I have, yer Riv'rence; there is the Blessed Eucharist in it." The author must have got his knowledge of the scapular from some book on etymology; and the idea of having the Blessed Eucharist in a scapular is not only unreal but simply shocking. I have taken the trouble to get from an illiterate old woman living in one of the lanes near me her idea of the intelligence of this writer; and without wasting space on the circumstantial ornaments, I give the substance of the conversation:—

"I read in a book lately of a woman who kept the Blessed Eucharist in her scapular."

The old woman—"Yerra, Lor', Father, who said that? Sure, no wan ever heard of the Blessed Sacrament in a scaffer?"

"Well, it is in the book at any rate."

The old woman—"Yeh! yer Riverence, he was a Prodishtant or somethin'. Whoever said that didn't know no betther." "What would thim know about scaffers or the Blessed Sacrament—no more than Jack there," pointing to a dog lying comfortably in a snug corner near the fire. And after a few moments' pause, turning her eyes towards heaven, and gathering beads between her thin veiny hands, she continued—"Sure, but for the goodness of God and His Blessed Mother, I might be as ignorant meself! God help us! an' 'tis thankful to God we ought to be. I was taking out me bades to say a few prayers when your Riverence came in. 'Tis nothin' else I am able to do now! Blessed be His Holy Name!" Anyone who understands Catholic teaching will discern behind those spontaneous utterances of that simple woman a clearer conception of the meaning of the Supernatural, of the impotence of the human intellect to grasp the mysteries of faith, or of the human will to do meritorious acts than is to be found in the brains of half the critics who are wise in their own conceit.

Those superstitions found by Sir Horace in "backward districts, sapping all strength of will and purpose," are as imaginary as the peasant who refused to spray his potatoes lest he might be guilty of denying the Providence of God. That ubiquitous peasant has been met by every itinerant economist in the country, from Clare to Donegal. But one understands such chestnuts, all plucked from the same tree. It is possible that some shrewd countryman made the excuse as a good-natured way of getting rid of an agent for spraying machines. The Irish peasant is very sceptical of every *deus ex machina* that comes to kill microbes and revolutionize agriculture. Any neighbour who affects these novelties they call "The Scotchman," in memory of the Scotch farmers who came over here a few generations ago, worked their farms on improved methods, and went away paupers. Nevertheless, the Irish peasant is the purest of empiric philosophers, inasmuch as he will spray his garden, without meaning any offence to Divine Providence, once he sees fair grounds for thinking that the process will prevent the potato blight.

I would remind Sir Horace that, not superstition, not fatalism, has "sapped all strength of will and purpose in the backward districts" and in the forward districts of this country, but the intolerance, the injustice, and the despotism of those for whom he makes himself the well-meaning, but not very logical apologist. The fatalism which he has found amongst the people was caused by the insurmountable barrier which the law built up between them and all improvement. Even a drowning man strikes out strongly as long as he has hope to reach the shore, but he sinks helplessly to the bottom when all hope is gone. Their fatalism arose not from the inexorable laws of nature, but from the inexorable laws of man.

M. O'R.

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Convent of St. Louis, Monaghan.

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5 Book Prizes,	" 14

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2 Middle Grade Exhibitions, tenable for two years,	" 110
2 Retained Exhibitions, Middle Grade,	" 80
5 Prizes for Irish Composition,	" 18
2 Prizes for Latin Composition,	" 7
16 Book Prizes,	" 16

1903.

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(By Order),

P. E. LEMASS,
W. J. DILWORTH,
Secretaries.

Office of National Education, Dublin,
27th Aug. 1904.

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THE PRESIDENT.

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THE LEADER.

A Review of Current Affairs, Politics, Literature, Art and Industry.

Vol. IX., No. 2.

{Registered as a
Newspaper.}

DUBLIN, 3rd SEPTEMBER, 1904.

Price One Penny.

CONTENTS.

CURRENT AFFAIRS:—

The Town Tenants	...	17
A Limerick Firm and the "Irish Church Missions"	...	18
Galway and the Industrial Revival	...	18
The Cork Drapery Dispute	...	19
The Great Sourface Railway	...	20
The Industrial Exhibition	...	20
Riverstown P.O. and the Irish Tide	...	20
Etc., Etc.		

ARTICLES:—

Tan Éir Iread a Tuigtear Sad Beart	...	22
Dublin's Very Biggest "Diversion"	...	22
Co-ordination—II.	...	23
On the Necessity for School Hygiene	...	24
Sir Horace Plunkett's Book—XXII.	...	25

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CURRENT AFFAIRS.

What do the town tenants want? We wrote an article some years ago rather throwing cold water on the ardent spirits of the new movement and we have not followed its fortunes closely since. The Town Tenants held a conference; and a movement that lasts over two years and holds a conference at the end of them must have, at least, something in it and is entitled to a reconsideration. Mr. Jeremiah Cronin, of Macroom, who is one of the pillars of the Town Tenants movement, presented us with a copy of "Town Tenants' Case Stated," by J. M. Coghlan Briscoe. This pamphlet by Mr. Maw Briscoe comprises an account of a debate that occurred on the floor of the British House of Commons and of some remarks and reflections of his own. We have read the lot and cannot say that at the end we have any clear notion of what the Town Tenants want. Mr. Briscoe's contribution is not very illuminating and it is not free from *raimeis*. The long range of Mr. Maw Briscoe's sympathies take in not only the short leaseholder but the weekly tenant. The position of monthly and weekly town tenants, he says, is one that no self-respecting community should tolerate. If through illness or any other misfortune a weekly tenant cannot pay his house rent he is, no matter how long he may have been a weekly tenant, entitled to no consideration, and is at the absolute mercy of the owner. Well, what law, if any, does Mr. Maw Briscoe suggest should be passed to remedy that state of affairs? If through illness or other misfortune a man cannot continue to pay his milk bill or his bread bill, he is entitled to no consideration from the milk man or the bread man no matter how long he may have been taking his milk or bread from him. He is at the complete mercy of the milk man or the bread man. In practice, in the case of the rent he would probably be allowed to run a bit into arrears, and

in the case of the bread and milk he would probably get some credit or "tick"; but surely it would be as reasonable, or as foolish, to expect a law to interfere in the one case as in the other. We note that Mr. Maw Briscoe is Hon. Sec. of the Town Tenants. We think the Town Tenants would be wise if they gave Mr. Maw Coghlan Briscoe a week's notice, or less, as a pamphleteer. Whatever strength there may be in the Town Tenants' case we have our grave doubts that Mr. Briscoe is the man to unfold it.

The Town Tenants' Association is very valuable in so much as it focuses attention on the urban house problem; that is a good in itself. Any change in custom or in law that will induce people to improve their house property by assuring them against confiscation will work out for the greater good of the commonwealth. There is scope for reform even though those who are possessed strongly of that conviction may not yet be quite clear as to what precisely they want.

Any reforms that would mitigate the evil of the tenements of such places as Dublin would command any humane person's support and sympathy; we suspect that Mr. Bung has a good deal to do with the up-keep of the tenement system and slum misery. If the people were reasonably emancipated from the worse than landlord's grip of Mr. Bung, Patriot, the slum problem would not be as grave as it is. A large section of the Dublin workingmen are more interested in "bona" drinking and betting and British "sporting" papers than in having a suburban cottage, with a bird-cage over the door and some geraniums on the sill of the window. If the Dublin workingmen were, as a body, not Anglicised; were they less in the grip of "patriotic" traders like Dan Tallon and Alderman Delahunt than they unfortunately are, a good deal of pressure would be taken off the slums. We have no quarrel with the Dublin workingman who drinks as much as agrees with him and as much as he can afford; but what a great popular building development could take place on the legitimate saving in terms of money that might be made on the annual Dublin drink bill, not to talk of the great increase in *morale* and efficiency.

Short leases in cases where people want long leases or freeholds are a grievance, but, on the other hand, many a tenant would prefer a short lease to a long one; there is a question of risk on both sides. In cases where one owner or a combination of owners of a particular locality stop industrial progress or building development by the shortness and stringency of their leases, legal or some other kind of pressure is urgently needed. Fair rents, fixity of tenure, and compensation for improvement sound very well; but we are doubtful of the wisdom of calling on the Government to fix our house rent; there is no parallel with rural Irish rents, for the chief evil with regard to the latter was that where adequate alternatives were absent there were no forces tending to put an economic rent on land; and the law had to step in in order to save the country from unrestrained landlord rapacity. In the case of urban land there are usually alternatives, and it seems to us a workable arrangement to leave urban rent generally to the tender mercies of supply and demand. What does fixity of tenure in this connection mean? We rent our offices for a fixed period; we don't want fixity of tenure in them and would not take it if it were offered us as it might be inconvenient in a few years when we might want to leave for larger offices. Compensation for improvements is another fine phrase, but what does it precisely mean? People don't build or improve their premises with their eyes shut; if their leases are not long enough they simply do not improve the premises. In

cases where the absence of a lease of sufficient length deliberately hinders development it is desirable that that hindrance should be got rid of; but really we fail to see how people can be asked to stand under the catch-words fair rents, fixity of tenure, and compensation for improvements, and march with Mr. Maw Coghlan Briscoe and his friends with a grand uncertainty as to where they are going or whither they want to go.

Messrs. Cannock and Co., of Limerick, are trying to wriggle out of their subscription to the notorious Irish Church Missions to which we directed attention in our issue of August 20th. The following is a copy of a letter which appeared in a Limerick paper:—

“PROSELYTISING IN LIMERICK.

“CITY FIRM'S DISCLAIMER.

“Dear Sir—Our attention has been called to an article in a Dublin weekly paper in which we are mentioned as subscribers to the Society for which Dr. Long works in the city. We would like to be allowed to say that we never subscribed—nor would we—to Dr. Long. We have for upwards of thirty years contributed to the charities of the city of all denominations, but we would not knowingly subscribe for any proselytising purpose, and we feel it is due both to our Catholic and Protestant friends to say so.—Yours faithfully,

“CANNOCK & CO., LTD.

“Limerick, 23rd August, 1904.”

Now, where does the “disclaimer” come in? Messrs. Cannock and Co., who live largely on “Idolatrous” custom, subscribed in their official capacity as Messrs. Cannock and Co., of Limerick, to the notorious “Society for Irish Church Missions to Roman Catholics.” They say they never subscribed to Dr. Long; we never said they did; but they subscribed to the society that runs Dr. Long. Messrs. Cannock and Co.’s subscription to the notorious Irish Church Missions is duly acknowledged in the Annual Report for 1903-4 of that body. The report of the body to which Messrs. Cannock and Co., of Limerick, subscribed devotes two paragraphs to Dr. Long. We quote again some of the stuff that concerned the amiable and soul-healing doctor:—“The Committee review the year’s work in Limerick with feelings of gratification and humiliation. Humiliation that Dr. Long and his family should still be denied, in a professedly Christian community and under British rule, the means of locomotion provided and licensed for the use of every citizen. The Committee again protest in the strongest manner against the attitude of the authorities towards the Romish persecution to which Dr. Long and his family are exposed in this matter.” Messrs. Cannock and Co. may wriggle as they like, but they subscribed £1 to the society from whose report that is an extract; let them “disclaim” that if they dare. Again the report of the society to which Cannock and Co. subscribed £1 says:—“The Committee feel that they cannot too earnestly thank God for the loving and forgiving spirit which He has enabled Dr. Long to manifest. The Society’s Mission Nurse has rendered him invaluable help in the same spirit of love for the souls of the people, and the Society’s Scripture Readers in the city have been instrumental in disseminating a large amount of Scriptural teaching among the people.” What is the value of Cannock and Co.’s statement that they never subscribed to Dr. Long in face of these facts? They say they would not “knowingly subscribe” for any proselytising purpose. Are Cannock and Co. so innocent? is their centre of gravity so much in the other world or somewhere else that they did not know the nature of the Irish Church Missions? Perhaps, they thought it was the Gaelic League they were subscribing to, or the United Irish League, or the Town Tenants! The letter of Messrs. Cannock and Co. is a weak business; they have been found out and they don’t like it. We are not aware that another Limerick firm, Messrs. Todd and Co., made any effort to wriggle out of the fact that they subscribed 10s. to the fund of the notorious Irish Church Missions.

A paper by the name of the *Galway Express*, which we understand is edited and owned by a “saved” Scotchman, was moved to say something on the Irish Industrial Revival by some recent notes in the LEADER. Our contemporary in the course of its notes says:—“There is, we are told, no real Irish revival in the town and that the people are not educated up to asking for articles of Irish manufacture. If that means that the people of Galway will not accept Irish goods, simply because they are home made, when they are inferior to foreign goods offered at the same price—then they are not educated up to any such revival.” Of course, this is pure twaddle. The Irish Industrial Revival movement pioneered by the LEADER is based on the general condition that Irish products must stand the test of competition in the market. Does Galway support, or has it made any effort to support, Irish industries on these conditions.

We have never asked people to buy anything regardless of price and value, because it was Irish. If wealthy people like to treat themselves to the luxury of champagne or to the luxury of indulging a questionable patriotic feeling by paying extra for an article because it is Irish, that is their private concern; we make no objection; in exceptional cases where the purchasers know of the facts relating to the production of some particular article they are in a position to form a sound particular opinion on the matter, and if they decide to give it more than a preference they do so with their eyes open. But the only sound, general business basis for a revival of Irish industry, in so far as the Irish consumers can co-operate in it, is that the consumer should give a preference to Irish made goods that can hold their own in the market, or that are, in other words, as good and as cheap as their competitors. A movement, by the way conditioned in that manner, will, as a matter of fact, carry a certain amount of sentimental preference with it in practice. A movement based on vague sentimental preference, founded on sneers at any who would utter the base and nefarious words, value and price, would be scouted out of existence; were it the recognised basis of the Industrial movement from the consumer’s point of view, the movement would be dead in a month. A number of scatter-brained, though well-intentioned, people who are incapable of thinking out any general economic problem to its conclusions appear to be annoyed at the “as good and as cheap” condition. It smells of commerce and does hurt to their tender souls. In some cases no doubt they are against it largely, if not wholly, because the nefarious LEADER promulgated it; in many cases the opposition arises from the combination of a soft heart and a weak head; in other cases again sentimentality is at the bottom of it. The sentimentalising young lady who loves to flatter herself that she is “making a sacrifice for the cause” or “striking a blow at the Saxon” every time she buys a pennyworth of anything out of her pin money, wants to be, or to feel like, a heroine at any price; the principle of “as good and as cheap” is too solidly statesmanlike for her; what does she care for a ha’penny now and again if the squandering of it makes her feel that she is a self-sacrificing heroine! The sentimentalist like the tin-pike government clerk will be always with us.

But to return to Galway and the Scotchman’s *Galway Express*, the Scotchman takes occasion to puff a company for manufacturing brushes which is being launched in Galway. We know little or nothing of the prospects of this company and offer no opinion on its merits or demerits; but we observe that the Scotch proprietor of the *Galway Express* is a director of it. Our Galway-Scotch contemporary says:—“To talk about the evident waste of water power is easy, but let anyone go try and lease a wheel or increase by half a horse his existing water power and see what a row there is amongst the myriad authorities appointed by law to see that the Corrib river runs unmolested to the sea! It is a bad state of matters surely; but it is not the fault of the people of Galway.” But how is it not the fault, or partly the fault, of the Galway people? Have they nothing to say to “the myriad authorities appointed by law”? Cannot they do something? Are they waiting for some Canadians or

Corkmen to go to the city of ruins and tackle the "myriad authorities"? Why don't the "Idolators" of Galway shake themselves up and say boo to the "saved" and to the Freemasons? That would be a beginning any way. After a while they might get at close quarters with some of the "myriad authorities" that look after the Corrib.

A correspondent, in the course of a letter, writes:—
"Dear Sir—I have constantly seen notes in your paper, urging on manufacturers the necessity of combination for the detection and punishment of frauds on themselves. Here is an instance of such fraud, which seems to me peculiarly impudent. Less than a fortnight ago a lady, a stranger to Dublin, bought in one of the two or three biggest shops in — Street a collarette of Limerick lace, for which she paid 6 guineas. Two days after, when examining it she found a loose end in the lace and pulled it, whereupon the hand-made lace unravelled like a Balbriggan stocking. The lady took it back at once to Messrs. —. The sales lady at first insisted the lace was genuine hand-made, but, when the unravelling was continued for her edification, the evidence was too strong for her. There were ample apologies and regrets for the mistake, and the money was handed back. It is probable that the woman who sold the lace was an innocent party, but what of the expert lace-buyer of this big house. Is she a knave or a fool?" When, may we ask, does the Department intend to take the field against Daddy Swindle-Fingers; it has already, as our readers know, come out against Daddy-Long-Legs.

There is a labour trouble in connection with Cash and Co., of Cork. If one lived in Cork it would probably be no easy matter to get at the bottom of such a dispute, and the scrappy information that we have concerning the matter does not tempt us to form cast-iron views. As we gather, Mr. O'Dwyer was a prominent champion of a British Trade Union by the name of the National Amalgamated Union of Shop Assistants, Warehousemen, and Clerks. He was president of the local branch of that body. As our readers know we are not in sympathy with British Trades' Unions in Ireland. Our view is that Ireland ought to manufacture its own trade combinations as well as its own soap. We stand for Home Rule in labour matters as well as in law making. We are consequently not over in sympathy with Mr. O'Dwyer, a local champion of this British Trade Union. There is in Ireland an Irish Drapers Assistants' Association, an independent Irish organization to which all Irish men concerned should belong, as we do not see that the business of Irish drapers' assistants can be better done by anybody than by the Irish Drapers' Assistants themselves. Well, Mr. O'Dwyer, of the British Trade Union was, on the occasion of his going on holidays on the 1st August, given a month's salary and told that he need not come back. The assistants of Cash and Co., or some of them, concluded that this action on the part of the management was due to Mr. O'Dwyer's activity in the cause of the organisation of drapers' assistants. Now, some of the staff of Cash and Co. belong to the British organisation, and some to the Irish organisation. Had the forces not been divided, had the members of the staff that belonged to any organisation been members of the Irish body no doubt counsel would have been taken with the Executive of that body before any of the staff made a move. As it was it appears that the employees concerned proceeded altogether on their own initiative. They requested that Mr. O'Dwyer should be re-instated; the management denied that their action with regard to Mr. O'Dwyer had anything to do with his activity on behalf of a particular organisation, and refused to re-instate him. The assistants concerned then determined that they would resign unless he was re-instated by a certain time; the Lord Mayor of Cork intervened at this point with kindly intent, but his efforts were not successful, and eventually on the 20th August, at 9 o'clock a.m., the assistants sent in a notice that unless Mr. O'Dwyer was re-instated by 10.30 they would not go back to business. A curious feature in the matter is that, as early as August 3rd, it is stated that

at least twelve Scotch drapers' assistants were in Cork. Twenty-seven assistants and twenty apprentices are involved in the dispute and have left Cash and Co's. Sir John Arnott is the principal proprietor of this concern.

Unfortunately the facts of the dispute do not place a clear and simple issue before the Irish public. The fact that the quarrel arose on account of sympathy with a man who was supposed to have been victimised for his activity in connection with a British trade combination complicates matters at the very start. We do not know what evidence the men have to support their view that Mr. O'Dwyer was victimised for his trade union activity, but the fact that 27 men threw up their posts is strong evidence that the men were convinced, whatever the evidence may be, that he was victimised. Then a reaction comes when we consider that Mr. O'Dwyer's activity was displayed in favour of a British trade combination that desires to take over Ireland in face of the fact that there is an independent Irish organisation in the field. Perhaps, the British Trade Society will support the men in a struggle that originated out of sympathy for one of their champions; it appears a bit topsy-turvy that the Irish association should be dragged into a quarrel that arose out of a situation created by a champion of a rival and British organisation. Unity is strength and Ireland wants Home Rule; it is a great pity that the drapers' assistants of Cash and Co. were not united in one Irish organisation—a great pity that a large number of them were members of a British union. It is bad enough to have to put up with the evil effects of the legislative union without having so many people anxious to voluntarily walk into labour unions with head-quarters in England.

However, all that in a way is past history as far as the present crisis is concerned. Twenty-seven men and twenty apprentices have thrown in their weight with the cause of a man whom they believed was victimised for his interest in the common welfare of the drapers' assistants. That is the fact above all that strikes the public mind and evokes the sympathy of the public heart. The people of Cork, to a great extent at least, as evidenced by a public meeting already held, are in sympathy with the men. The Executive of the Irish Drapers' Assistants have generously decided to give full support to them. Though the men and masters may be in no humour for backing down, our feeling in the matter is that it is a pity that the struggle should go on to the bitter end. We think Cash and Co. would be well advised if they made an earnest effort to end the struggle by acceding as far as possible to the demands of the men, and so put an end to the regrettable deadlock that exists. If Cash's made a fair and generous public offer to end the dispute then the assistants, if they showed any unreasonable, or a too uncompromising, spirit in rejecting such an overture, would alienate public sympathy from them. We are all in favour of the right of trades to combine for their own protection and advancement, and Cash and Co. will be ill-advised if they take up a hostile attitude in this crisis that will tend further to provoke the public against them. A little give and take on both sides ought to be sufficient to bring about a working arrangement.

A Postal Assistant Superintendent from Stoke-on-Trent, a Mr. J. Barnes, has been sent over to this green isle to be postmaster at Fermoy; a lady sorting clerk and telegraphist from Dumbarton has been sent over as postmistress at Limavady. A man from Birmingham has been imported to fill the position of electrical engineer, telegraphs, Limerick; this is a post worth about £300 a year. A Mr. Oatway, from G.P.O., has been appointed postmaster at Cork. This man is, of course, "saved" and was imported some years ago from England.

The three Jesuit Colleges, Mungret, Clongowes and Belvedere, one Vincential College, Castleknock, where the famous College Ass came from are, as far as we have observed, the only Catholic and so-called Irish Colleges that have appeared this season in the advertisement columns of the Anti-Catholic *Dust Bin*, the cruel and convicted libeller of Canon McInerney. As we have

already noticed one "Irish" ursuline convent, St. Mary's of Waterford, graced its columns; and we have since observed that a second "Irish" Catholic Convent the Dominican Convent of Wicklow, makes its bow in the notorious anti-Catholic organ. Since writing the above we note that in Monday's attenuated eight-page issue of the *Irish Times*, the "Catholic University School" announces itself.

The official figures concerning the recent vote at the Great Sourface Railway Meeting, necessarily exclude two items of significance. Holders of less than £250 Ordinary Stock, have no votes and the proxies of 351 voters which Mr. Sullivan received representing £43,400 were rendered null and void on that account. Most of these ineffective voters only wanted an addition of a few pounds to their holdings in order to make them effective, and we would suggest to them that they should before next meeting increase their holding to the required amount of £250, and so become enfranchised for the purpose of thwarting the designs of Brother Goulding, the Inner Guard Sword Bearer of the Irish Freemasons. A second item necessarily excluded from the official figures was that of proxies representing about £20,000 that were handed in too late. If we add these on to the vote representing Enlightenment and Progress, we arrive at a total of about £620,000. No wonder Brother Goulding was irritated, and displayed the manners of the manure yard. It is likewise a significant fact Mr. Sullivan and his friends *know* that there are 2,800 Catholic shareholders on the Great Sourface Railway—they know of so many, but of course, as a matter of fact there are more. Well, only 1,100 replied. What of the remaining 1,700? Are they all "tame"? We trust that these 1,700 will do their duty next time, and that those various shareholders whose holdings are too small to confer voting power, will increase their stock to the required amount.

We will be a green people till the end of the chapter. The *Anglo-Celt* contains a report of some local Petty Sessions proceedings up North from which we take the following:—

"Sergeant Allen summoned a man named William Walsh for being drunk and disorderly on the public street on the evening of the 12th inst. He interfered with a couple of Orangemen returning from Castle-saunderson.

"Chairman—What have you got to say for yourself

"Defendant (loudly)—I have got this to say, that I will never give in to English laws or to the militiaman that has the making of them (laughter). I will die for the Green Flag of Ireland, for the Freedom of Ireland like my noble friend, Michael Harte, of Carrigallen, who died for the Green Flag in America.

"Defendant was sentenced to one month's imprisonment."

Evidently the bold William Walsh is something of a "hero," or he would hardly have ventured to interfere with a brace of Orangemen on the "Twelfth," coming too, from Castlesaunderson. How is it that the humbler class of green Irishman cannot get tipsy without his patriotism fermenting, as it were, and "getting up in his head"? Shall we have to bury that blessed Green Flag along with "Erin" and some other bothersome things?

The following advertisements appeared in a recent issue of the *Dust Bin*:—

"General Drapery—Young Lady Assistant (Protestant Required, with knowledge of millinery. Apply H. S. Burd, Ballymahon. Parcels Office and Correspondent—Wanted, Lady Clerk, Protestant, with good experience; state full particulars and salary expected.—501, this office. Wanted, a Youth (Protestant), for a Merchant's Office; must be a good writer and quick at figures; wages 6s. per week.—H 500, this office. Wanted young Lady for Spirit Trade, Protestant preferred. Address 'Z 193, Assistant,' this office. Coachman wanted, Dublin suburbs; I.C., unmarried; state wages and send copies of discharges. Address 'Z 113, Coachman,' this office. Pantry Boy or young Footman wanted; thorough

knowledge of business; Protestant; state terms; must have good references. Apply, sending copies discharges, Captain Walker, Kildare Street Club, Dublin. Wanted, for County Waterford, a married Yardman, Protestant, to look after 7 or 8 cows; milk, feed calves; must be sober; competent, and well recommended. Address, stating age, wages expected, and number of family, 'Z 45, Man,' this office. Wanted, good, intelligent Workman, whose Wife can cook for farm; character must bear strictest investigation; family objected to; Protestant preferred.—H 476, this office. Wanted, Protestant, married, Under Gamekeeper. Send copies to Fraser, 15 Fleet Street. Gardener—Wanted, experienced Working Gardener, married, Church of Ireland. Copies discharges, etc., to Hon. and Rev. B. J. Plunket, Aghade, Tullow, County Carlow. Wanted Sewingmaid, Protestant, for Public School, Dublin.—H 697, this office. Wanted, immediately, good Upper Housemaid; Protestant; good needlewoman. Apply to Mrs. Lewis Riall, Old Conna Hill, Bray."

Could any reader inform us if there are any ink jars made in Ireland? A correspondent who has occasion to use them is anxious to have them of Irish manufacture.

We do not think that the Irish Revival Industries League will stand to gain much by continuing to tack on their exhibition to Horse Show Week. The Horse Show, no doubt, brings a crowd to Dublin, but, on the other hand, the number of fixtures to which it gives rise tends to counterbalance this advantage. Would not some other excursion week be more suitable for the holding of an exhibition of Irish industries?

The collection of exhibits at the Antient Concert Rooms was considerable and representative of many forms of Irish industry—woollens, hosiery, carpets, lace, dolls, brushes, matches, toilet requisites, stained glass, metal work, pottery, and furniture were some of the Irish productions which were brought together.

The Irish market for furniture strikes us as one that is worth a special effort to capture. Take one branch of it—the chair industry, of which interesting exhibits were shown from Athlone and Dublin. A big proportion of these articles are, we understand, imported into Ireland from special chair factories in England, and in the wicker line even from Madeira. Messrs. Holahan and Son showed wicker chairs which were made in neither of these places, but on their own premises in Dublin. Two firms from Athlone showed fine specimens of the ordinary wooden chair. This is a popular line for which the demand must be great. As an instance of the possibilities of the industry we learn that the manufacture of this class of chair is carried on at Mullinahone in the county Tipperary, where it gives employment to about 40 people. The manufacture has existed there for some years, and, we are informed, represents a weekly wages bill of about £40. This is no small item amongst a community of hundreds. We understand that the output of the Mullinahone factory is readily swallowed up. But why do not the manufacturers develop it and give employment to 400 instead of 40 people.

The smutoscopes were again at the Horse Show this year. What sort of people are in authority at the R.D.S. that these things are allowed year after year notwithstanding our frequent protests. By the way, there was a man selling cigars at the Show, and it was announced that French, Italian, Spanish, Greek, Arabic, were spoken at the stall. An Irish visitor went up to the man at the stall and asked, "An Úrúit Saetúinn ΔΣΑΤ"? The cigar man blandly replied, "We don't stock them!"

We drew attention to the spiteful anti-Irish tactics of the great and potent post office authority at Riverstown, Ballymote, County Sligo, in returning letters addressed in Irish to a Catholic Curate at Riverstown. The great pro-English postal authority at Riverstown has reason to know that terrible Catholic Curate. We have before

us as we write a copy of a recent issue of the LEADER addressed to the reverend gentleman whose Irish name is "unknown" to the post office people of Riverstown. Now the only thing in Irish on the wrapper is the name of the clergyman, the rest is as follows:—"Riverstown, Ballymote, Co. Sligo." We find the wrapper endorsed, "For translation, R.L.O., Dublin, M.A.S." We note by a post stamp that the wrapper found its way to Riverstown all right; but the dreadful Irish curate whose name is set forth in Irish is "unknown" in Riverstown! Now this is pure, unadulterated, anti-Irish bigotry, and if the potent postal authority of Riverstown thinks that it is going to succeed in stopping the Irish tide, the postal authority at Riverstown is greatly mistaken. We trust that this "unknown" subscriber will now put us in possession of the whole history of this case for publication.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BOOKS FOR THE POPE.

DEAR SIR—Will you kindly permit me through the medium of your paper to draw the attention of your correspondent, Robert Elliott, to an article on the "Definition of the Immaculate Conception," by the Right Rev. Monsignor Hallinan, V.G., published in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, for June, 1904. In the light of that article your correspondent's "Books for the Pope" is surprising reading. "On the 19th March," writes Monsignor Hallinan, "the Abbé Sire wrote to the Very Rev. J. Bennett, President of All Hallows College, asking him to get some person competent to produce the translation (of the Bull *Ineffabilis*) in Irish. The latter enclosed the letter to the Very Rev. Canon Ulick J. Bourke, Tuam, who freely undertook the work, for which there were few, if any, in Ireland, better qualified."

When Canon Bourke had completed his translation, he was fortunate in securing the co-operation of two Religious of the Mercy Institute in the 'preparation and execution of the vellum manuscript on which the translation was penned. Sister Mary Joseph (*née* Corr), of the Convent of Mercy, Tuam, executed, he informs us, 'the Gaelic calligraphy with great taste and simple elegance, while Sister Mary C. Augustine (*née* Moore), of St. Vincent's Convent, Goldenbridge, who is perhaps the best in Ireland at illumination, bestowed all the rich tracery of her unrivalled pencil in ornamenting in the grandest style of Art the first, second and third pages, and the initial letter of each paragraph. The style was that of the early Irish period, a style chaste and rich, and quite in harmony with the language and the subject.' It was well that on this historic occasion there were found persons in Ireland not unworthy of the great traditions of the country in the Art of transcribing and illuminating."

Later on in the same article, Monsignor Hallinan tells us that the Countess de Maistre (*née* Byrne) spent the sum of £400 on a second copy of the Bull in Irish. "This," he writes, "was beautifully executed, splendidly bound, and signed by all the Bishops of Ireland. Thus there were two copies of the Bull in Irish laid at the feet of the Holy Father, the one by Canon Ulick Bourke, and the same version, but more richly and elaborately executed, of the Countess de Maistre."

It is curious that your correspondent could only see the Latin version from Ireland in the room assigned to these books at the Vatican. In Monsignor Hallinan's article there is also given a poem in Irish, written by Dr. MacHale, in Rome, on the occasion of the promulgation of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception.—I am, sir, faithfully yours,

M. J. MEAGHER.

IRISH EMIGRATION.

The Anti-Emigration Society,
6 D'Olier Street, Dublin.

DEAR SIR—In the last number of the LEADER your contributor "Imaal" advances two propositions, namely, (1) that our emigrants are almost all drawn from the agricultural labourers, and (2) that the emigration tide cannot be stemmed under existing conditions.

It is true that 67 per cent. of the male emigrants are returned as "labourers." It should, however, be borne in mind that this classification includes the town labourers. Moreover, the enquiries of the Anti-Emigration Society go to show that these emigrants are largely the sons of farmers, shopkeepers, tradesmen, and cottiers who emigrate soon after leaving school and who have not served as "labourers."

The results of the enquiries of the Anti-Emigration Society in this direction are borne out by persons whose knowledge of the country cannot be gainsaid. His Eminence Cardinal Logue is reported in the *Freeman's Journal*, of 29th October, 1903, as follows:—"Judging from the newspapers, you all seem to be under a false impression that it is principally among the labouring classes. It is principally among the sons and daughters of the small farmers, speaking of Ulster. I presume it is the same in the South."

The Rev. Father Clancy, P.P., Killimer, Co. Clare, in an interview, quoted in the *Freeman*, of the 28th December, 1903, said—"It has been argued that the labouring classes are leaving the country in far greater numbers than the farming classes. But the statistics quoted do not prove that that is really so, for every farmer's son leaving the country is tabulated as a 'farm labourer' and every farmer's daughter leaving the country is put down as a 'domestic servant.' In my neighbourhood, out of a total of about 20 who left the parish within the last year, at least 15 were farmers' sons."

And Mr. Michael Davitt, in an address to the United Irish Societies in Chicago, on the 15th August, 1901, declared—"It is not now the poor who come here from Ireland to improve themselves, but the fairly well-to-do sons and daughters of comfortable farmers. It is the poor who are left behind."

A more detailed classification of unskilled emigrants is now being made in the emigration returns, and this classification, from 1905, will help to clear up the question as to the composition of the emigrating classes. Meanwhile the position of the agricultural labourer can hardly be taken as the root of emigration, though it is a contributory cause.

In regard to the statement that emigration cannot be checked under existing conditions, I beg to point out that the decrease in emigration for the first half of the present year as compared with the first six months of 1903, is 4,381 or 24 per cent., and that the falling off took place month by month, though the reduced fares to America were calculated to send up the May and June returns. This decrease shows that a considerable amount of emigration has been stopped by the action of the people themselves.—Yours truly,

MARGARET O'REILLY,
Honorary Secretary.

SLIM MR. BUNG.

SIR—On my way home last night, between the hours of 9 and 10 o'clock, in High Street, I witnessed an assistant of a drunkery on the other side of the street, in his shirt sleeves, hand a big jug of porter to a little child at her own hall-door. The age of this child would appear to be only about 6 or 7 years. I would like to know what will be the benefits of the new Act for the prohibition of selling drink to children of tender age in unsealed vessels, if the police wink their eyes and allow Bung to carry on this system of supplying little children at their own hall-doors.

VERITAS.

TAR ÉIS ISEAD A TUIGTEAR GAC BEART.

Taós: 'Do éiríodair arí 'Dóinnal ua 'Conail, a 'Doncáó, agus ar na h-uairib a bí i n-Éirinn le n-a linn. Cuirir i 'scuirgint sup b' iad na h-uairle rin, 'do péir 'do éadurme, pé n'oeáir an fáilic go léir a tugad ra 'Gaeluinn, agus sup b' iad pé n'oeáir an taircuirne a tugad oi agus an oíoc mear acá uiréi.

'Doncáó: Táim 'deimhigheac dé. 'Bí pé 'doinsean i n-aighe na n'aoine sup éaint uaral i. 'Éiríor na mílte ó baile go minic cún éirteacé le peanmóin máit 'Gaeluinne. Nuair a labraó 'doinsearal focal 'Gaeluinne leó tugaróir pé n'oeára go 'scuirtead pé fársad 'n-a béal agus carad 'n-a 'Glor, oíreac pé mar a béad eagla air go 'raileóc' an 'Gaeluinn 'Ghána, éitac a béal. Anrair, nuair a 'o' iompóc' pé ar an mbéarla sup 'oíoc leat air sup mil a béad pé n' 'fíacalaib! 'Cao péadpad na 'doinne bocta a 'cuirgint ar ran ac, 'da 'feabhar agus 'da uairleacé i an 'Gaeluinn, go raib an 'béarla peacé n-uairie níor 'féar agus níor uairle 'ná i? 'Ní 'oíoc 'liom go raib uairle 'maí ar an 'raogal ir 'féar a 'tuil a 'geioacó 'ná mar a 'tuil euid 'o' uairleib 'Gaeólaacá na h-Éirean é 'timpal na h-aímpirle rin 'Dóinnail uí 'Conail. 'Díorair as 'búipe a 'geioide a 'o' 'rairó ceart éigin a 'baint amaé 'do muintir na h-Éirean, ó muintir 'Sápana. 'Agus an t-aon 'treabhar aínám a 'ceip ar muintir 'Sápana 'maí a 'baint 'de muintir na h-Éirean, 'do 'éabhuig uairle na h-Éirean leó cún é 'baint oíob. 'Cao é an tairbhe 'deanpad "Repale," 'ná "Emancipation," 'ná "Home Rule," 'ná 'píde 'puro náé iad, 'do muintir na h-Éirean an uair a 'béad an 'Gaeluinn imighe agus gan i 'rliocé 'Gaeóal i n-Éirinn ac 'píuas 'dallacáin gan 'de máct-nam 'n-a n-aighe 'ná 'de éaint 'n-a mbéal acu ac, "de horse," agus "de cow," agus "de pig," agus "de pint o' porther!"

Taós: 'Go 'péir! a 'Doncáó. 'Tair éir íreac a tuigtear gac beart. 'Dá 'Gíoraic an aimpir ó bí 'Dóinnal ua 'Conail beó tá 'aéarú' móir ar an 'raogal. 'Ní' le 'feirgint i 'peanacur na cine 'daona, i n-aon 'páirt 'de n' 'dóman, agus an 'tuiracé 'o' 'áipeam, a 'leiréio 'de cor ar bolg 'o' 'déanam as náirín ar náirín eile agus bí 'o' 'déanam as muintir 'Sápana ar muintir na h-Éirean i n-aímpir 'Dóinnail uí 'Conail agus 'póimír rin. 'Conaie 'Dóinnail ua 'Conail ná raib aon 'puro ba má a 'cuir ar 'cúmar 'Sápana an cor ar bolg ran 'do 'déanam 'ná muintir ná h-Éirean a 'beir gan aon focal 'béarla. 'Ní raib bac ar namraib na h-Éirean pé cúntar ba máit leó a 'éabhair ar a 'ngnócaib anro i n-Éirinn agus ní raib 'doinne cún oíreac agus "tugair 'o' éirteac" a 'páó leó. 'Ní raib bac oíreac an tuid 'do cuir 'n-a 'Gael ar an 'raogal móir i 'tcaob n-a h-Éirean agus i 'tcaob an éirle a bí acu 'o' 'déanam i n-Éirinn, agus ní raib 'doinne cún an tcaob eile 'de'n 'rGéal a 'o' 'inirint. 'Siné cuir 'do 'Dóinnail ua 'Conail a 'páó go "Mb' 'féar leir go mbéad an 'Gaeluinn peacé léis pé uirge ra 'bpaige tair!" 'Dá mbéad an 'béarla as muintir na h-Éirean 'o' 'féadpóir a 'tcaob péin 'de gac 'rGéal a 'o' 'inirint or 'cómair 'Sápana agus or 'cómair an 'dóman, agus 'do 'rcaonpí ó'n 'geor ar bolg le coirp náipe mura 'rcaonpí uair le h-aon cuir eile. 'Tuig 'Dóinnail ua 'Conail an méro rin.

'Doncáó: 'Ac mair an méro 'reo 'dóm, a 'Taós. 'Cao 'n-a tcaob náir 'raoipuirgead an 'béarla agus an 'Gaeluinn i n-aonpeacé? 'Cimeadpad ran aighe na n'aoine beó. 'Ní 'déanpí 'dallacáin oíob mar a 'déinead inr na 'rsoileanaib 'Gallta.

Taós: 'Níor 'táinig lá 'o' 'a' 'cuíneam cún 'Dóinnail uí 'Conail, 'ná cún 'doinne eile a bí 'ruar le n-a linn, go n'oeanpad an 'béarla an 'lot a 'dém pé ar éaint agus ar aighe na n'aoine. 'Ní 'éireopá-ra é, a 'Doncáó, mura mbéad go 'bpeicean tú é. 'Tair éir íreac a tuigtear gac beart.

peadair ua 'laogaire.

DUBLIN'S VERY BIGGEST "DIVERSION."

THERE is something pathetic in Dublin's way of looking forward to the Horse Show. If the Show were a Horse Show pure and simple, then the interest of Dublin in the matter would be a healthy, cheering sign; a token that a real interest is felt in one of the chief industries of the country, namely, horse-breeding. But the Show is not a Horse Show pure and simple; it is a big, outdoor, society function, which brings visitors trooping into Dublin from the provinces and from England. These visitors are commonly people who have money to spend, and are likely to spend it. Hence they are regarded by the parasite, unproducing classes as grist to their mill. The car-driver (laziest of earthly men!) the hotel-keeper (most pliant of all men in his politics), the lodging-house keepers, and the "paying-guest" people (snobbiest of the snobby, these latter), all find their account in the Horse Show, to say nothing of the "swell" shopkeeper, who may sometimes belong to the "Irish" Church, but who seldom belongs to that unfashionable thing, the Irish nation. This is the point of view from which Dublin finds the Horse Show so interesting; the connection of the Show with our Irish industry finds no place in Dublin's consciousness. If you want any proof of this you have only to consider the attendances at the Spring Shows or the Winter Shows. "Society" is not much interested in store cattle, or sheep and rams; these Shows don't fetch Society to Dublin, nor bring any grist to Grafton Street. Hence we find that our friends the parasites take no interest in these things, and the Spring Show is consequently never regarded as a paying-guest. In truth the notoriety of the Horse Show is the most deadly proof we have of the industrial coma and lethargy of Dublin, just as the relative failure of the Cattle and Sheep Shows yields the clearest proof how little Dublin is the capital of agricultural Ireland.

It occurs to me, indeed, that there is a sort of qualified resemblance between Dublin and Galway,—in economic conditions, I mean, not in external appearance; we have not fallen *that* low yet! Galway is the capital of a province, but a capital from which the gentry have withdrawn, and from which trade and industry have ebbed. Dublin, no longer the seat of a legislature, is also, to a large extent, a gentry-denuded city, and, like Galway, one out of which crafts and manufactures have either fled or are flying. Galway is always waiting for something to turn up; so is Dublin. The chief difference is that in Dublin something does occasionally turn up,—a Horse Show, a Royal Visit, or a visit of the Channel Fleet; the thing on which Galway has set its fond heart—*i.e.*, making the *Citie of the Tribes* a port of call, or a mail-packet station—never turns up. Poor old Galway! Dublin has the official classes to live out of, being the seat of the executive Government; it has also the military. Galway, less fortunate, has to live on its fat, and on shop-keeping for the country people round about, and for the Salthill visitors in the bathing season. Industries it has practically none, being in that respect all the more like the city of the Pale.

But there is another, and an equally unhealthy point of view from which Dublin finds the Horse Show attractive: it is a diversion. After all, we are a simple, poor people! Look, for instance, at the crowds of people standing at the corner of Nassau Street, merely *watching* the people going to and from the Show; look at the crowds at the end of Clare Street, and along the side of Merrion Square; what a lot of innocents we are to be sure, and what a small thing amuses us! If Dublin went *en masse* to the Horse Show it would be intelligible; but to see the Show, as it were, by proxy is ridiculously unbecoming—in a "metropolis!" Once I wrote an article in these columns on "Diversions." Well, the Horse Show is Dublin's prime diversion in the year, just as I verily suppose Donnybrook Fair must once have been. Of course, if I were a high-falutin' journalist, skilled at sewing—or at least "tacking"—on frills and flounces of false romance to everything, I should probably call this annual diversion our Grand Equine Carnival Week or something of that sort, but all the poetry

(of that sort, anyhow) seems to be gone out of me, and I only see in the Show Week a great Shoneen Carnival and a huxtering parasites' windfall. The worst of it is, we have got into the habit of believing in this sort of thing,—I mean Dubliners have. You see it "gives such a stir!" It "puts a power o' money in circulation!" This of course is the shopkeeping—rather, the huxtering—idea down to the very ground. This kind of "stir" no more creates new wealth, *new commodity*, than you do when you lift a handful of silver out of one pocket into another. But I have little hope the huxtering, diversion-loving public will ever climb up to this view of the matter. "It gives such a stir!" Yes, cars dash about, cabs with trunks on the roof roll through the streets, the trams are filled, the railway stations bustling, Grafton Street thronged, the theatres crowded, the hotels well-patronised, the tea-shops and restaurants busy, the shops in the swell streets packed,—Dublin feels for a whole week as if she were actually alive; possibly the poor old jade begins to dream of the days of the "Irish" (Sour-face Irish) Parliament in College Green, when we had resident Lords and Commons of our own, and Grattan and Flood and Bowes Daly and Plunket and Hussey Burgh speaking so eloquently, and with such (Plantation) patriotism that the mere Irish went off their heads with high-falutin' hopes, and expected the Millennium to knock at the door personally at any moment, and beg leave to pay down at once a large instalment of General Prosperity on account. Well, salvation came not by eloquence, nor by Plantation patriotism; neither will it come by Horse Shows. We have just got to work, work, work!

The fact is, Horse Show Week is becoming an extravagant diversion. The Show itself is and was always a legitimate thing, and I say nothing against it; it is what the Bath footmen's invitation to Sam Weller called "the usual trimmings," that I object to strongly. The Show is now sandwiched between a pair of race meetings, Leopardstown and Ashtown, the idea being, apparently, to prolong the diversion as much as possible. In addition to all this we have become liable, during the Grand Equine Carnival Week, to an invasion of "entertainers"—of the "variety" and other sorts; to an influx of hippodromes, and such like; to an incursion of swell mobsmen,—more mobsmen than swell, I guess!—and to the visits of Jews, Scots, Angles (from Cockneyopolis, accents and all) and sundry such people who have "stands" at the Show: a demoralising rout to have poured in on top of us. The fact is, plenty of 'cute people from the other side have found out Horse Show Week, and are quite willing to work it for all it is worth. Everybody is anxious to take advantage of the "stir" to get some of green Paddy's money out of him,—and they get some of it, too.

The question is, when will we Irish get *well*? When will we get so healthily sane that we would as soon think of giving ourselves up to this kind of fictitious excitement as of going to a penny gaff? To get sound and whole: that is what we want, and—work! IMAAL.

CO-ORDINATION II.

CO-ORDINATION AND REPRESENTATION.

THE importance of the proposal to co-ordinate education in Ireland, comes rather from the side issues that it involves than from the proposition itself. Whether the two Boards constituted in very much the same way—the Intermediate Board and the Board of National Education should remain separate as at present or be fused into one, is little more than a question of convenience in administration. It is the circumstances that would be likely to accompany the change that are really the matter of importance. For with the project of co-ordination there is generally understood to be associated a much graver undertaking, that is a change in the whole control of education.

Leaving aside Trinity College and the Department of Agriculture, there are at present three authorities which

control the greater part of public instruction in Ireland, the Senate of the Royal University, the Board of Intermediate Education and the Board of National Education. They are all three made up in very much the same way, being constructed on the half-and-half, or one-and-one principle, and the balance of religious carefully maintained. They are in practice independent of exterior control, but are subject to the retarding action of the British Treasury, in any new scheme involving the expenditure of money, such as for instance, the appointment of Intermediate Inspectors. Moreover, the half-and-half principle brings about another very curious result; each board tends to split up into two half-boards, the Catholics and Protestants managing their respective halves of the business separately as far as possible. It will thus be seen that we have in reality six boards managing Irish education instead of three. This, of course, is a result of that sham secularism which satisfies the non-conformist conscience, and has given birth to a large part of the huge system of legal fictions under which Irish government is carried on.

The constitution of the Boards as regards their individual members is also somewhat peculiar, at least as far as the Catholic half is concerned. Each Board is a sort of small Parliament, but it is a Parliament that represents no one. On each there are usually a few ecclesiastical members. They, to a large extent, voice the opinions held by the people, and they would be certain of being chosen as representatives if the Boards were open to popular election. Consequently they form in practice a small representative element on the Board. But as to the lay Catholic members of these Boards who form the majority of the Catholic representation, their position is a most extraordinary one. They seldom know anything about education. They are sometimes even uneducated. They represent nobody. They are as a rule, the last men in the world, who would be chosen to act if the Irish people had anything to say to the choice. Moreover, little qualified as they are for their duties, they often add neglect to incompetence. Being unpaid and non-elected, and therefore responsible to no superiors and no constituents, they very often regard their positions rather as posts of honour than of duty and act accordingly.

In a word then, the central control of Catholic education in Ireland is conducted by three half-boards, composed of a few satisfactory ecclesiastical representatives and a number of very unsatisfactory lay ones. These half-boards are, of course, also greatly hampered by their enforced association with the Protestant half-boards with whom they can or at any rate, ought to have very little in common. The natural and logical remedy for this state of affairs would be a very simple one. The enforced union should be dissolved. There should in each case be at least two boards, a Protestant and a Catholic, and whilst the Protestant Board should be elected on whatever principles were satisfactory to the members of that communion, the Catholic Boards should be reconstituted. The ecclesiastical members should remain. But the places at present reserved for lay-men should be made elective, the nomination being either in the hands of the County Councils or of some broader constituency.

As such a scheme, however, would involve the abolition of the non-sectarian sham, and as election of the Board pure and simple would place the Protestants in a great minority, no scheme of the sort has been mooted. On the contrary, a new scheme of shams is in the air. The new scheme of co-ordination proposes to give the control of education more into the hands of educationalists. Yet though this has been attacked, it is not really the objectionable part of the project. Let the immediate control of education be given to educational specialists. That is not subject to objection. The real point is, who is to have the ultimate control? Where is the sovereign power in education to rest, and are our people to have any share in it? At present the power is, as I have shown, vested in a few people who represent the Irish people and a larger number of neutral

incompetents, with perhaps an occasional competent exception. The new scheme proposes to make educational bodies ultimately responsible to Parliament, which means, as everyone familiar with the true constitution of Ireland is aware, ultimately responsible to the "old firm" in Dublin castle. For Parliament is, as everyone knows, quite incapable of exercising any active intelligent or continuous control over any Irish institution.

If then we had to choose between the control of the present partly representative Boards and the control of Parliament, knowing what the latter means, I should certainly prefer the former. But of course the true remedy is responsibility to the Irish people. And equally, of course, this can only be secured by separating the Catholic and the Protestant hemi-chorus and openly confessing that Irish education is denominational. Needless to say, however, I do not intend my remarks to apply to Higher Education. A University should be self-governing, and the present scheme of control in the Royal University is an educational monstrosity.

Quite a different scheme for popular control has, however, been put forward. It has been suggested that as in the case of the Department of Agriculture, popular control should be exercised by an elective board that should derive its authority from a power of withholding supplies. Thus it is argued you would have the same power of control that Parliament has over its ministers. This scheme has, however, always seemed to me to come from a mistaken conception of the British constitution. Many of the best authorities now hold that the British Parliament does not derive its power over the ministry from its faculty of withholding supply, a method which has only once been tried, and on that occasion unsuccessfully, but from quite other sources. Hence I think that those who say that a mere supply-granting body would not be able to exercise a sufficient control over education, have strong theoretical reasons on their side. In conclusion, I consider that the question of co-ordinating boards is in itself a matter of minor importance, but the question of how representative institutions will be developed or curtailed is the real one at issue in the problem of primary and secondary education in Ireland.

CHANEL.

ON THE NECESSITY FOR SCHOOL HYGIENE.*

THE sense of parental responsibility has been greatly lessened by the operations of a Compulsory Education Act, and now the public look to Educational Authorities for that training of the child, both mental and physical, which may fit it to be a good citizen. The need for some knowledge of reading and writing is surely not more pressing than the necessity for the development of a vigorous and healthy frame, for sound teeth, for well developed muscles, for keen eyes, for steady nerves. As all these can be obtained or improved by intelligent training, an obligation rests with the local authorities to supply not only competent instruction in literary or technical instruction, but skilled advice available for the proper physical development and examination of the pupils.

Not only does Compulsory Education demand the possession of the child for half the day, but it monopolises it for all the period during which the parent might otherwise obtain expert advice regarding its teeth, its eyes, its nose, its throat, its chest, its spine, etc., and thus the parents can scarcely be blamed if they neglect these matters and allow the children to grow up comparatively deteriorated specimens of humanity.

The comparative ease and cheapness with which the examinations of a medical attendant can be effected in a school should be a sound economic argument for their more universal adoption. It is possible to get the ser-

vices of an ophthalmic surgeon of considerable skill to overhaul the eyesight of every scholar in a school of a couple of hundred in a comparatively short time, and for a moderate fee; although the services of such a specialist would normally be outside the powers of the family of any one of the scholars. Skilled rhinologists are available to detect the various abnormalities of the nasopharynx, and so save a lifetime's discomfort to many a child. The numerous osseous abnormalities which deform so many of our young scholars are notoriously easy of rectification or prevention where the skill of an orthopædic surgeon or of a scientific instructor of gymnastics is utilised.

A cry has come forth from almost every doctor in the kingdom calling on the Government to provide for the regular scientific teaching of young scholars in the principles of temperance and hygiene, and thus the foundation of healthier and happier homes must be laid. The Socratic principle, that vice is due to ignorance, and not to innate depravity is becoming recognised as the proper guiding rule for the State when it takes on itself the training of children, and this principle is perhaps even more potent when dealing with physiological than with psychological sins. Habits of hygiene, acquired in the school days are obviously of much more influence than spasmodic efforts to attain sanitarial righteousness, when attained in later life.

The researches of Dr. Kerr seem to incontrovertibly prove that a grave deterioration occurs in the health of children whilst at school, for which the system of education is responsible. Thus he found that, whilst about ten per cent. of school children had various defects of vision, only about three per cent. were abnormal on entry; it was proved that the vision of seven per cent. of school children had become affected by some circumstances of their training—circumstances which should be avoidable and preventible under an enlightened scheme of examination by competent medical officers.

It is well known scarlet fever, measles, whooping cough, mumps, phthisis, and such ailments as ringworm, ophthalmia and itch ensue on aggregation of children at the most susceptible ages in ill-lighted, ill-ventilated, and often dirty school-rooms. The deaths from measles occur almost entirely under the age of five years, and in nine cases out of ten epidemics may be traced to the infant departments of schools. Seventy per cent. of scarlet fever cases are stated to occur amongst children who would attend such schools. In some districts 25 per cent. of the cases of diphtheria are between the ages of three and five, and nearly all the cases of whooping cough occur in children attending school. Regarding phthisis, statistics are less exact, but there is little doubt that numerous deaths, classed as due to convulsions, typhoid fever, brain fever, and the like, are really cases of tuberculous meningitis, contracted in school-rooms, whilst the large part of deaths classified as due to bronchitis, under the age of ten, are really examples of broncho-pneumonia of a tuberculous origin, and the *fons et origo mali* is a source of infection in the schoolroom.

In his Harben lectures, given this year, Dr. Hueppe asserts that the three factors which give rise to consumption are predisposition, stimulus, and condition. Now, in our schools children come together from all kinds of homes—from the most depraved and filthy to the more highly respectable; some of them are half starved, and some not physically fit to acquire any knowledge. Where such a crowd of children are huddled together there is a slow undermining of health from the want of fresh air which soon establishes a favourable condition for the development of phthisis; the predisposition is only too often in the family, and the immediate stimulus is fairly sure to be brought in unless the children are periodically inspected and the more delicate ones removed. Should an inspection be made at the beginning of every term, every child in the room should be examined by a medical officer, those suffering not only from infectious disease, but from itch, ringworm, vermin, etc., those apparently unfit to receive instruction

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* A Paper read at the Folkestone Congress of the Royal Institute of Public Health by J. C. McWalter, M.A., M.D., D.P.H.

through delicacy, or those in any doubtful condition, could then be sent home and not re-admitted until they produced a certificate from their own doctor that they were fit to resume. The problem of excluding phthisical children is a common one, but is best dealt with by a periodical weighing of all the children, which can easily be done by an intelligent teacher under the direction of the medical officer. If a periodical progression, according to a given scale, be not observed, the child must be subjected to further examination.

Then open air instruction ought to be availed of far more freely than at present. Nothing is more notorious than that phthisis and other communicable diseases prevail to an enormous extent in many parts of the country where all the natural advantages make for the most perfect health, but the healthiness of dwellings and schools is often in the inverse ratio to the salubrity of a locality—the worst examples of sanitation in schools and rooms is found in the best parts of the country. I am constantly shocked by the number of cases of phthisis which I find in a seaside village which ought to be a health resort; even a few home industries there appear to be mere *foci* for infection. The morbid horror which certain country people exhibit for air or light in their bedrooms, and their contemptuous disregard for sanitation are of course the cause. If the teacher of the village school was compelled to conduct his operations in the open air, where practicable, his health and that of his charges would alike benefit.

A valuable means of detecting the incipient signs of ill-health is obviously the weighing machine. No teacher can be expected to exhibit such proficiency as to enable him to detect diphtheria or adenoids or astigmatism, but every school superintendent is competent to take the weight of his pupils periodically, and to see if they answer to a certain scale. It is, of course, well ascertained that no surer sign of disease exists than insufficient increase in the weight of a growing child, and there is always a proportionate increase when every function is normal. Children who fall below their average can easily be brought under the notice of the medical attendant and subjected to a more thorough examination.

Again the age at which the child must be sent to school ought to be not five, but six years, and no infant under five should be accepted. It is thoroughly proved that children who start schooling at six or seven years rapidly overtake those who commenced at four or five, and to admit infants of such a tender age is merely a concession to the laziness of the parents who seek to get rid of them for five hours a day.

Dr. Martin, of Gloucester, sagely suggests that cases where it is sought to exclude children from school because of their generally dirty or verminous condition should be treated by graduated pressure. First he suggests that an informal notice should be sent the parents, apprising them of the facts, and if this did not avail a formal intimation that the child would be excluded until the trouble was remedied.

When one speaks of a systematic examination of a school the question of cost at once jumps into prominence. Dr. Martin proposes to give the medical officer a guinea for a complete examination of a school of from 50 to 100 pupils, and two guineas where the number goes up to 300. As such a complete examination need not take place oftener than once a term, its cost is not prohibitive. In his district the average attendance is 87.5 per cent., and he calculates that a gain of 2 per cent. resulted from the periodical medical examination of the scholars, which meant in that county £1,600 year.

Habits of cleanliness are of far more educational value to the children who attend our elementary schools than most of what they are taught to learn. It should, therefore, be strenuously insisted on that every school be provided with an adequate lavatory. To have, as is so often the case, a couple of towels for a hundred pupils, is of course to propagate disease and uncleanly ideas.

The Royal Commission on Physical Training has already recommended that provision should be made for

the regular medical examination of school children, but a practical and complete scheme for inspection is still wanting, and it should be the function of a body so representative of every school and class of sanitarians as the Royal Institute of Public Health to supply it. Many authorities consider that a child should be overhauled at least three times during its school life, but on the other hand the cost of such a scheme would be very high, as it is calculated that the whole time of a medical officer of health would be taken up examining the school children of a town of 100,000 (say, with 16,000 school children). But obviously a Congress such as this will lead to the better informing of public opinion, when the cost will no longer be regarded as unprofitable.



SIR HORACE PLUNKETT'S BOOK.

XXII.

IRISH CATHOLICS LOSE THE FAITH ABROAD; ARE
INTEMPERATE AT HOME.

SIR HORACE finds another proof of the want of character in Irish Catholics, which he thus expresses:—"Nor can the Roman Catholic Clergy altogether console themselves with the thought that religious faith, even when free from superstition, is strong in the breasts of the people. So long, no doubt, as Irish Roman Catholics remain at home, in a country of sharply defined religious classes, and with a social environment and a public opinion so preponderatingly stamped with their creed, open defections from Roman Catholicism are rare. But we have only to look at the extent of the 'leakage' from Roman Catholicism in the United States and in Great Britain, to realise how largely emotional and formal must be the religion of those who lapse so quickly in a non-Catholic atmosphere."

That is to say: even in our faith as distinct from our superstitions, we are wanting in character. Those who write about the "leakage" remind one of the scientists who tell us the age of the earth. The discrepant information they give us only brings us deeper darkness instead of light. I have no personal knowledge of America, but I could quote American bishops and priests who have spent their lives there against the exaggerated account of the "leakage" which Sir Horace quotes from Father Shinnors, who little more than passed through it giving missions, and whose knowledge of it must be superficial. But, of England, I can speak to some extent. I have been on the mission in London for some years; lived in three different parts of it; attended during the time two large hospitals, a large infirmary and a workhouse. The necessity of the case must be my excuse for publishing that I visited every house, and in tenement houses every room, in the districts where I lived—non-Catholic as well as Catholic, in order to find out the Catholics. Having made my census, I kept repeating my visits as priests usually do. I still preserve the census I then made. Now, in the course of that sifting I do not remember having met one Irish-born Catholic who had really lost the faith. Many had grown careless in the practice of it, but that is quite another thing. I remember one with a very Irish name who was thought by his neighbours not to be a Catholic, for some time after his arrival in their neighbourhood. I visited his house, saw himself, and asked him if he was a Catholic. "No, Sir," was the reply, with the door ajar and his head half through. I said to him—"Now, perhaps you mean that you are a bad Catholic?" At once he brightened up and said "That's right, Father—I am a careless and bad 'un; worse luck." The poor fellow had been careless, though not very much so, and he speculated on the denial as the best way of escaping the importunity of the priest. But his faith was as firm as my own. I believe that the "leakage" in England, such as it is, has mostly come through the children of mixed marriages brought up in indifference, and through orphan or pauper children who, having been sent to Protestant institutions, were not brought up in their own

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faith. And when I say that many Irish emigrants in England have grown careless in the practice of their religion, I mean that they neglect to go to the Sacraments, not that they object to go, as if denying the duty. The Irish emigrants in England have been for the most part the poorest of the poor. They did not go to America or Australia because they could not afford the passage-money. They found themselves penniless and strangers in some large English city, and consequently had to live in the lowest lanes and alleys, in a physical and moral atmosphere so different from their surroundings at home and from the pure air that blew across their native hills. Moreover, priests, churches, were few and far between. They found themselves few in the midst of many, and few of those many ever left their homes on a Sunday morning to go to any place of worship. They found themselves lost in the midst of surroundings where they noticed no pulse of religious life ever beating. I am not now writing hearsay; I write what I know; and considering their circumstances, the wonder to me has always been, not that so many of them have neglected the practice of their faith, as that so many have remained faithful to it. I own that the spiritual wilderness through which I daily passed, had a depressing influence on the activity of my own faith. And let me not be understood to say that the negligent never go to their religious duties, they do go, though not often; but in danger of death, the most careless become the most careful. Hence, I conclude that Sir Horace cannot find in the fate of Irish emigrants in England the proof of their want of "character and *morale*" which he thought he had found in it. By the way, if losing one's faith be a sign of want of character, multitudes in England, the home of "strenuous qualities," have little of it. I have known whole streets and lanes where the only inhabitants who thought of any place of worship were the Irish Catholics who resided there. With that fact before us—and I am writing what I know—I now invite Sir Horace to apply his own test of character and *morale* to English Protestants living amidst the surroundings of their birth, not emigrants cast, few, penniless, and strangers, in the midst of multitudes. I could give instances from my own experience of Protestant husbands or wives becoming Catholics owing to the influence or example of their Irish-Catholic partners, and of poor Irish workingmen and women bringing Protestant neighbours or acquaintances to the priest to be instructed. I remember one poor old Englishman, living in one of the lanes about Clare Market, off the Strand, who asked me to receive him into the Church. Whilst I was instructing him, I once asked him why he desired to be a Catholic, and his reply was:—"When I was a young man, sir, I had a chum—he was an Irishman—a Roman Catholic. He's a good bit dead now—a very good man he was, sir—a very good man, sir—and I thought as I should belong to that man's religion, and I want to die in it."

Sir Horace is good enough to avow that in Ireland "open defections from Roman Catholicism are rare." Now, to my mind, that spontaneous avowal, with its apparent impartiality, is one of the most blameable expressions in all his work. The *open* defections are rare! But the *secret* defections;—how many are they?

That is the plain implication. I do not deny the possibility of such cases and of such persons. Judas was one of the Twelve, and his apostacy was not a case of *open* defection; he was at Communion with the other Apostles at the Last Supper, and he kissed his Saviour even later on. Is the notorious compiler of "Five Years in Ireland," one of them? For looking over that compilation, the fact which appeared to me to be specially obtruded, brought out as in *alto relievo* from the whole picture, is that he is a "Roman Catholic." If they are of that class, we make a present of them, or rather we return them with thanks, to the "simpler Christianity," in the Institutions of which they were brought up, and learned their Catholic teaching, besides their "character and *morale*." There are some "*open* defections" from the faith in Ireland, but they are "*rare*." I do not deny it. Every tree in the course of a long life produces branches which, not absorbing and assimilating the sap, die by degrees, and finally fall rotten to the ground from the living trunk. A very distinguished Canon of the Anglican Church, Sydney Smith, said that the only accessions which Protestantism gets from the Catholic Church are the weeds which the Pope throws over his garden wall. And those "open defections from Roman Catholicism" in Ireland have, as far as I know, invariably taken place under suspicious circumstances. In the "bad times" those defections were spasmodic, and were never very numerous. But where are all the Mick McQuaid converts of West Kerry and Connemara, who during the famine went over to the "simpler Christianity," to have their souls saved, with their bodies in the bargain? How long did they stay in the school of their new Apostles? I believe that Dean White had the joy of receiving back to the fold the last remaining "convert" of Carrigaholt, who, like the others who had preceded him homewards, had been decoyed away by bread and soup when the weakness of hunger was upon him. Not far from where I spent my boyhood there used to be a warren of those "converts;" it lasted but a short while, and it lay desolate even beyond my memory. One or two who held fast by their new faith were appropriately "planted" on small freeholds on the slope of Knockfierna, the retreat of all "the good people." I used to hear persons speak of them, and I remember in my early boyhood looking with mystified feelings towards that historic hill across the valley where I lived, wondering what sort of beings those two strange races were—the fairies, and the few solitary "converts" who had their home there. In good time those few also, I am told, turned homewards, like the "converts" of Carrigaholt and elsewhere. Sir Horace will, I am sure, agree with me that those showed character in coming back to that faith in which they inwardly believed, and which they had only externally forsaken. And when they were leaving the faith of their fathers "for the time being," I would ask him which showed the worse "character and *morale*?—those poor perverts of famine and infamy, or the thousands of wealthy subscribers who, taking advantage of the famine created by themselves, although they used to throw the blame of it on God, paid for Bible-readers and proselytisers to persuade those poor people that "not in bread

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"One doth man live," but in meat also? These are not proofs of industrial character, I admit; they show character, nevertheless. And before I leave this point I wish to give Sir Horace a few thoughts for meditation. If Irish Catholics become as industrial as he would wish to see them, had acquired all those strenuous qualities which form his ideal man, and if withal they came to disregard their faith and lost the prestige for morality which they have earned for themselves, raising for instance their percentage of illegitimates as high as the English, the Scotch, or the industrialists of Ulster, would he then think them a people of "character and morale?" He seems to me to be colour-blind as to the meaning of "character," and an earnest meditation on that point may cure him.

Another proof of want of "character and morale" in Irish Catholics he finds in their abuse of intoxicating drink. He deals with this question also in relation to economics and character; and he says—"I do not think it unfair to insist on the large responsibility of the clergy for the state of public opinion in this matter, to which the few facts I have cited bear testimony." I wonder is there any Irish evil at all, social, industrial, economic, or moral, for which the priests are not responsible. But let us consider the "few facts" to which he refers. He admits that "the Roman Catholic clergy have an honourable record amongst temperance reformers." He also admits that the Irish drink less than the English or the Scotch. But he adds that we can afford it less:—The economics of the question come in here. But he says that "police statistics as well as common experience discloses that we drink more to intoxication" than they do. Does he mean to say that nobody gets drunk to intoxication except those whom the police catch "incapable" in the streets? Yet, they are the only cases of which police statistics or common experience can take note. And having thus deceived himself by his use of "police statistics and common experience," he proceeds to establish still more the temperate habits of our neighbours by pointing out that "many a temperate man drinks more than the village drunkard." I admit the axiom; but I must then call him back to his economics, and ask him if he thinks that, because a man can without getting drunk consume a gallon of whiskey with a few bottles of champagne thrown in, within a week, he can therefore afford to pay for it all better than the village drunkard can afford to pay for his few gallons of porter.

He finds another excuse for our neighbours which he thinks the Irish Catholic has not, namely, "The Irishman is, in my belief, physiologically less subject to the craving for alcohol than the Englishman, a fact which is partially attributable, I should say, to the less animal dietary to which he is accustomed." Now, physiologically there is a keener craving for stimulants inherent in women than in men, as anyone must know who has ever tried to wean a woman from drink. Therefore, following Sir Horace's physiological philosophy, we are to conclude that they eat more meat. I should rather say on the other hand that the texture of the Irishman's constitution is more nervous and delicate, and is more disposed to that excitement which the use of alcohol provides.

Again, he tells us that "by far the greater portion of the drinking which retards our progress is of a festive character. It takes place at fairs and markets, and sometimes, even yet, at 'wakes,' those ghastly parodies

on the blessed consolation of religion in bereavement." And this he says "is intensified by the almost universal sale of liquor in country shops 'for consumption on the premises'; an evil in defence of which nothing can be said, but it has somehow escaped the effective censure of the Church." I have never heard of any ecclesiastical censure on licences for the sale of drink, to be consumed in or out of the premises; and what has not existed can have been neither effective nor ineffective. I have heard of censures in connection with drink at "wakes" and funerals, and they have been effective to the extent of almost blotting out the abuse. Those who go to fairs and markets, not by proxy, but in person, and whose information on these matters comes by experience and not from floating reports and hearsay, tell us that there is not at all the drinking at fairs and markets that there used to be. But there are, unfortunately, fresh centres around which the curse of drink has been gathering in Ireland. Those are the creameries of the country. Thus, his own solution of an economic problem is breeding another problem to be solved. If they happen to be in or near a village the temptation is ready made; if they do not approach the public-house, the public-house approaches them. A house is built, and a licence is got. Oh! but then, what are the priests doing?—Verily, the people soon cannot choose between Orpingtons and Plymouth Rocks, or take the eggs to market, but the economists and the new-fangled reformers of every sort will cry for the priest, demanding the presence of the local *parochus* to superintend the business. I have known some cases where the parish priest protested against the granting of such licences, and their efforts were effective; I have known others where the licences were granted in spite of the priest—and not by Morley magistrates, let me remind those whom it may concern. In justice to the Morley magistrates, with whom it has been the fashion to find fault, I think it well to recall the fact that they are still in a

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minority, and therefore have not the power to restrict or to extend licences against the will of those who are set up as model magistrates; moreover, that the great increase in the number of public-houses had taken place before the Morley magistrates came. The Recorders of Dublin, Derry, Cork, and Belfast, are not Irish Catholics; they have the control of licences, and yet licences have grown wild in those places.

Now, I ask by what right does Sir Horace hold the priests "largely responsible for the state of public opinion in this matter"?—"And to which," as I have shown, "the few facts he has cited bear" no "testimony" whatever. One would think that Catholics have the drinking vice to themselves; or that ether-drinking and opium-eating which in Ireland is peculiar to the North, is not more degrading and deadly than whiskey-drinking which the North has also in common with the South. Public opinion in this as in every other thing is the outcome of generations of practice. And who have placed the hall-mark of social respectability on getting "as drunk as a lord"? I unwillingly refer to this; and I merely invite my readers to learn it from some quotations which I have already made from Lecky and Froude.

I do not say that some of the priests might not have done more determined battle against the drink enemy; but I say that whatever has been done has been done almost exclusively by them; and if their efforts have not made things better than they are, they have kept them from having become a great deal worse.

Sir Horace Plunkett is certainly not to be blamed for not understanding the difficulties against which temperance reformers have to fight, and the amount of effort which is spent in little apparent result. I do not speak of the platform reformers, those who draw up schemes and let others work them, or those who set about solving the problem by sitting down at Committee meetings. Experience has persuaded me that those "temperance reformers" who make most noise do least work. Those

who have worked hardest and have achieved most real success, who have persistently worked on individuals one by one—only they can realise the difficulty of the task. He attributes the failure of the priests "to deal with a moral evil of which they are fully cognisant to the fact that they do not recognise the chief defect in the character of the people, and to a misunderstanding of the means by which that character can be strengthened." Now, is it not a strange thing that the priests do not understand the people and their shortcomings as well or a great deal better than he does? For that reason I would respectfully suggest to him the possibility of the mistake and the misunderstanding being all on his side.

But he makes an exception of the Anti-Treating League. He says of it that "it is a happy augury for the future of Ireland that many of the clergy are now leading a temperance movement which shows a real knowledge of the *causa causans* of Irish intemperance." Nobody who knows me will, I think, suspect me of prejudice against or of indifference to any movement directed to the destruction or to the decrease of intemperance. Yet, as one who, I daresay, has more experience in that matter than Sir Horace Plunkett, I may say that whilst I am in sympathy with the Anti-Treating League, I do not set the same value on it that he does. I think that there is much truth in what a home-spun philosopher from the hills said last year to his parish priest who asked him to join it:—"Yerra, Father, you know that I was never dhrunk in my life. But, sure, that Laigue you have now lets a man get dhrunk as often as he likes, as long as he does it *manely*." Sir Horace also finds that even the Anti-Treating League is not fundamental enough:—"It makes no direct appeal to character, and so acts rather as a cure than as a preventive of our moral weakness." That is to say, let it be granted, as they say in the geometries, that every one of the Irish people unswervingly act up to this resolution not to get drunk, and we shall have a sober Ireland. I quite assent to the proposition. But, then, men are not

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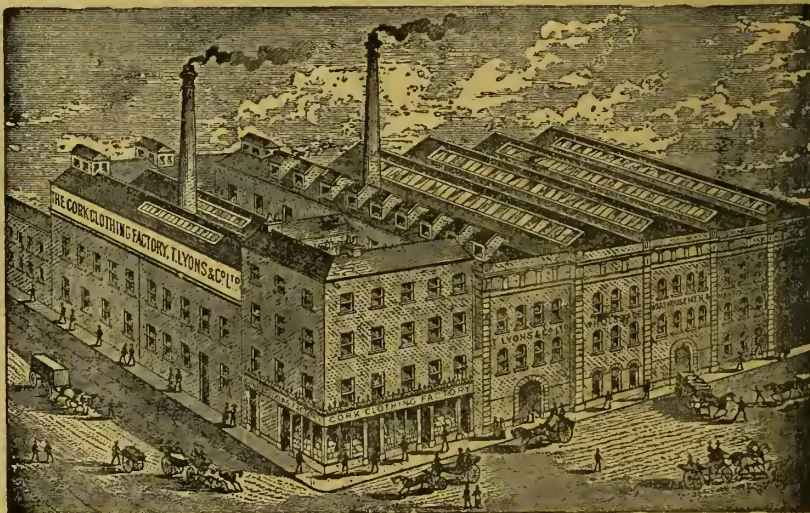
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made of cast steel. It is not my business now to propose a remedy. But I know priests who are so successful in their temperance work, considering the obstacles which the licensing laws and many of those who administer them have thrown in the way, that if the temptation to drink were cut down to one-half of what it is by the lessening of public-houses, they would soon make Ireland sober, by another way, however, than by the Captain Bobadil method suggested by Sir Horace. As long, however, as temptations in the shape of public-houses meet the eye on every side and at every step, many of our people will fall in their weakness. Irish Catholics, any more than the most perfect Buddhist on earth, do

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RE-OPENING DAY SEPTEMBER 7th.

THE TERMS ARE MODERATE.

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Class will be resumed on 1st September.

For terms, apply to MOTHER PRIORESS.

LIST OF THIS YEAR'S SUCCESSES, INCORPORATED SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS, LOCAL PRACTICAL EXAMINATIONS.

PIANO—Grade II. (Pass)—Halpin, May; Kohler, Ottilia; Lawless, Marie. Grade I. (Honours)—Brenan, Justina; Cummins, Mollie; Mitchell, Mollie; Rigney, Annie. Grade I. (Pass)—Armstrong, Eva; O'Malley, Minnie; Plunkett, Rosie; Rigney, Harrie. Preparatory Grade (Honours)—Harman, Annie; Hoey, Olive; Lawless, Ivy; Scully, Katie. Preparatory Grade (Pass)—Butterly, May.

VIOLIN—Grade I. (Honours)—Lawless, Marie. Grade I. (Pass)—Gilsenan, Nettie; Jammet, Kathleen; Kohler, Ottilia.

DOMINICAN CONVENT, SION HILL, BLACKROCK, DUBLIN.

Classes will be resumed on 5th September.

Pupils are requested to return
punctually.

Dominican College, ECCLES STREET, DUBLIN.

School RE-OPENS on MONDAY, 5th SEPTEMBER

Punctual attendance of Pupils is requested.

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II. Arts	4	„	all	„
I. Arts	16	„	12	„
Matric.	16	„	14	„

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THE RECTOR.

CONVENT OF THE HOLY FAITH, GLASNEVIN, DUBLIN.

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Conducted by the Sisters of Faith.

The situation of the Convent is unrivalled for healthfulness and beauty.

TERMS MODERATE.

Classes will be resumed on THURSDAY, September 8th, 1904. Further particulars can be had at the Convent. Conveyance by Tram to Convent Gate.

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SCHOOL RE-OPENS ON SEPTEMBER 5th.

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HIGH SCHOOL, CLONMEL,

BY THE

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THE LEADER.

A Review of Current Affairs, Politics, Literature, Art and Industry.

Vol. IX., No. 3.

{Registered as a
Newspaper.}

DUBLIN, 10th SEPTEMBER, 1904.

Price One Penny.

CONTENTS.

CURRENT AFFAIRS:—

The Irish Reform Association	...	33
The Pan-Celtic Farce	...	33
Great Sourface Railway Examinations	...	34
The Bishop of Waterford and Irish Ireland	...	34
The Rathmines Wards	...	35
Retrenchment at Cusack and Family	...	36
Etc., Etc.		

ARTICLES:—

Dóinnal ua Conaill	...	37
"A Sober Nationalist"	...	37
A Sandy Row Symposium	...	39
Sir Horace Plunkett's Book—XXIII.	...	40
An Irish Exhibition	...	46

NOTICE.

THE LEADER will be sent, post free, to any part of Ireland or Great Britain for three months, on receipt of Postal Orders value 1s. 8d.; six months, 3s. 3d.; one year, 6s. 8d. The rates of subscription for foreign postage are:—Three months, 2s. 2d.; six months, 4s. 4d.; twelve months, 8s. 8d.

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The Editor will endeavour to return unsuitable MSS. when a stamped, addressed cover is enclosed, but he cannot undertake to be held responsible for them.

Business Letters should be addressed to the Manager, at the Offices, 33 Lower Abbey Street, Dublin.

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" WILLIAMS AND BULLARD, 47 Little Britain, E.C.

CURRENT AFFAIRS.

A few landlords have formed an Irish Reform Association. Well, it was time they did form something. The landlord class of Ireland owe restitution to Ireland that it can never repay. The undoing of a nation is largely on their souls. The people have no need to feel any gratitude for anything the landlords might attempt to do even if they attempted to do something. Property has its duties as well as its rights, and there is a fine old pile of arrears of duty to the debit of the landlords. A private meeting of the late Land Conference Committee was recently held, and the Earl of Dunraven was in the chair. Most of those present represent only names to us. No Irish Irelander need thank these gentlemen for starting at this later period an organisation that proposes to be for the furtherance of the Irish common weal. If they did a hundred times more than at their best they probably could do they would still have done a hundred times less than what restitution to the outraged Irish nation demanded. We are not much interested in their verb "to say" in the shape of the sketch of their programme; we await the appearance of the verb "to do." We note that they wish to discourage sectarian strife. We trust then that they will throw in the weight of whatever influence they have in the cause of the Catholics' fight for Tolerance, Justice and Fairplay; we trust that they will discourage such bigots as John Jameson from publicly advertising that his estate carpenter must be "saved," that they will show no tolerance to the intolerant fact that, as per public advertisement, the under-housemaid at the Viceregal Lodge must be "saved," and so forth; we hope they will denounce the awful intolerance that we have shown up as existing in the Provincial Bank, in the Royal Dublin Society, in the Great Northern Railway, and the rest. If their verb "to say"

concerning their wish to discourage sectarian strife means anything we look to it blossoming out into a verb "to do" in the shape of a campaign against the awful bigotry of the "saved" against the "Idolators," a campaign against the "saved" exclusiveness that is such an ugly fact in Irish affairs, and which militates so grievously against Progress and Prosperity.

The following advertisements are taken from the *Irish Times* of Saturday last, and we commend them to the attention of the new Dunraven Reform Association, one of the professed objects of which is to allay sectarian animosity in this country:—"Carpenter wanted for country place; must be good iron worker; Protestant; state qualifications—John Madden, Hilton Park, Clones. Drapery, Grocery; Co. Wexford; Protestant Girl to learn; small salary given to one who would assist at housework. Address 'Z 637 Girl,' this office. Wanted, Under-groom, Protestant, single, light, accustomed hunting.—Captain Brisco, Scraggan Manor, Tullamore. Wanted, a useful Maid (Protestant); good needlewoman; for three children; foreigner preferred.—Mrs. Huband, Ashford, Co. Wicklow. Wanted, young Lady, Methodist preferred, for House-furnishing, Drapery, and Harberdashery, provincial town; reply, copies testimonials, photo. Address 'Z 467, Lady,' this office. Wanted, General Man, I.C., understands flowers, tennis ground; wife laundress.—Ogilby, Sallins."

Many of our readers will remember the sort of circus procession fiasco that some irresponsible busybodies precipitated in Dublin some years ago in connection with the Pan-Celts. The farce was reenacted in Carnarvon last week; and we are not surprised to find that anti-Irish papers like the *Irish Times*, that do their little worst to boycott the Irish Revival, gave prominence to reports of the farcical proceedings. But then the head of all this farce, the clown-in-chief as it were, is one Lord Castletown, the Grand Secretary of the Irish Freemasons. Probably Alf and Ardilaun's papers, the *Express* and the *Mail*, got the "sign" and accordingly climbed the Pan-Celtic Kopje. There was apparently a lot of tomfoolery of a quasi-symbolistic nature concerning the so-called six "Celtic Nations," including Cornwall! One would have to go perhaps to the "symbolism" of Bottom the Weaver and his friends whose genius was equal to a make-believe wall and a moon, for a parallel to some of the fooling that was seriously enacted at Carnarvon. Six harlequins laid each a piece of granite or chanev-ware of some sort on top of one another, and this was called the building up of Lia Cíneil, whatever that is. If any intelligent child was present at this ceremony he would probably be curious to know from his mother where the sausages were; as sausages rather than bits of granite are associated with pantomimes. A man by the name of Fournier—nothing very Irish about that name—with characteristic impertinence and cheek "laid the nether stone in the name of the Irish nation"! This man ought next to go out to Dalkey Island and induce Castletown, the Grand Secretary of the Irish Freemasons to crown him High King of Ireland; and then he should organise a regal and triumphant entry into Dublin on a donkey and cart with Hwfa Mon at the steed's head and Mr. Hutchinson, the Lord Mayor, with the arms of Lord Donaghmore stuck in his green Forester's feather, bringing up the rere of the regal procession.

Certainly Mr. Hutchinson, a plain man, though he is Lord Mayor of Dublin and though he did lay hands on the arms of Lord Donaghmore, ought to have more sense

than to take part in this farce. We read that Mr. Hutchinson wore "his official robes." Why did he not appear as a green Forester, feathers, umbrella and all?

The Grand Secretary of the Irish Freemasons, Castle-town, the ineffective, is, as we have said, President of this humbug. He delivered his presidential address. He talked of the Gaelic League and leagues in other countries and with the absurd impertinence that one so often finds in such people he stated that "the Pan-Celtic Congress united and unified these efforts." That certainly was not bad from the Grand Secretary of the Irish Freemasons.

How much confidence, or lack of confidence, ought the people have in the bona-fides of the Competitive Examinations in connection with the Great Sourface Railway. A youth who wished to present himself for competition for the service of this railway, made application in the usual way. As a preliminary, he was subjected to a Directors' Examination and was rejected. What is the use of talking of a free and open competitive examination if the very much "saved" Directors can knock "Idolatrous" competitors out of their chance to measure their capacities in examination with other aspirants to clerkship in the Great Sour, and without specifying any reason? The following is the substance of the Directors' examination that led to the rejection of the youth we are referring to:—

Question.—What is your name?

Answer.—

Q.—Your father is a tailor?

A.—Yes Sir.

Q.—A working tailor?

A.—Yes Sir.

Q.—How long has he been at the trade?

A.—About 30 years.

Q.—Had he constant employment during that period?

A.—Yes Sir.

Q.—Who are his employers?

A.—

Q.—ARE YOU A CATHOLIC?

A.—Yes Sir.

Q.—What have you been doing up to the present?

A.—Attending school.

Q.—Where?

A.—Christian Schools, Synge Street.

Q.—How often were you in for the Intermediate?

A.—Three times.

Q.—How often did you get Honours?

A.—Three times.

Q.—Are you strong?

A.—Yes Sir.

You do not look it then; you may go.

Subsequently this promising "Idolatrous" youth who had received Honours three times in the Intermediate—we know that a "saved" bishop has sounded a warning note about the unsatisfactory condition of the second education of the "saved"—received the following letter, dated August 27th, and signed by the smug bigot who was, or is, Hon. Sec. of a "saved" Boys' Home, Mr. Fras. B. Ormsby:—

"Dear Sir,

Clerkships—G. S. and W. R.

"Having reference to your application. As you did not pass the Directors' Examination on yesterday, 26th instant, I beg to return herewith your Certificate of failure, two testimonials, and entrance fee—ten shillings, receipt of which please acknowledge."

Now is not this little tale sufficient to throw more than suspicion on these so-called competitive examinations of the Great Sourface Railway? Why was the youth asked if he was a Catholic? We thought the Directors did not introduce the matter of one's religious creed into business! Why was he asked his record in the Intermediate? When that record proved very good, why was he subsequently refused the chance of competing for a clerkship? Would he have been let go

on against the undereducated "saved" youths if he had said that he had never passed the Intermediate? Was he rejected as a competitor because his record in the Intermediate would indicate that he would run away from all, or many, of his "saved" competitors if he were allowed into the examination hall? This Directors' Examination, on the face of it and in view of the composition of the directorate, is a possible source of corruption and foul-play and should be abolished. The Civil Service authorities do not ask a boy whether his father was a working tailor or whether he ran a bone-manure yard. Even a manure man's son would be allowed to stand level with the son of an honest working tailor in the examination hall where aspirants to the Civil Service compete. The whole arrangement leaves the door open for a lot of corruption and thimble-rigging, and we have no confidence that fair play is administered. We make no explicit charge of foul play, but we have no confidence in the arrangement, and it is not business to allow the open door for thimble-rigging.

Arising out of this case, we may point out the responsibility that rests upon the Christian Brothers and the Irish Colleges that give their boys what is called a literary education. If they train boys for certain classes of work and more or less unfit them for other classes of work, they should throw their full weight with the fighters for Tolerance, Justice and Fair Play, who desire to strike down sectarian barriers and leave a fair field and no favour for the clever boy, whether his father made manure or made suits of clothes. What is the use of educating a youth to be fit for a railway clerk if an effort is not made to clear the way for his entry into the ranks of that honourable if, up to this, rather exclusive calling. It seems absurd to have Synge Street training a boy fit to compete for a clerkship on the Great Sourface Railway but who is balked by the Directors, and then find the Artane Band sent to play tunes at an affair for raising money towards a church and school for the Presbyterians.

We note that two so-called fortune-telling palmists, a Madame Ariel and a Madame Elvira were each fined £25 and costs or, in default, three months imprisonment, at Blackpool, England. What about this class of people in Dublin? Why are they not proceeded against?

The *Dust Bin* of Saturday only contained ten pages of eight columns each! That looks rather shaky, for as far as our observation and memory serves us, the bigot paper usually sports twelve pages on Saturdays. Mungret College, Limerick, sticks to the *Dust Bin* like a barnacle.

His lordship of Waterford, Dr. Sheehan, opened the *Feis* at Clonmel last week and made a speech. In the course of that speech, as reported, his lordship said:—"There is in the heart of the people of every nation as a people a certain set of contingencies, a certain mode of thinking and of speaking and of acting; there is given to the people as a people certain powers of body and mind; and if you attempt to take hold of these and wrest them from their natural bent or tendency, if you endeavour to put into the minds of these people the spirit of another people totally opposed to theirs, nature for the time being may appear to yield, and for a time the olden ways may appear to depart from the country, but in the long run, if that people be anything in the world of a people, their real nature will assert itself; they will push away the overgrowth with which it has been sought to overlay their nature, and they will assert themselves, in the long run, in their true and natural light." Now translate that into something concrete in relation to the Anglicised city of Waterford. What has this vain attempt to turn the flank of nature, to which the Bishop of Waterford referred, accomplished in Waterford? Observe Waterford as it is and you will receive a ready answer. Take your stand by the clock-tower and watch the procession go by any day—

the aping upstarts, the 26-shilling-a-week bank clerks, the members of the patriotic club, where they organise an annual sweep-stake in connection with an English horse-race—the prosperous upstarts and the familiar rest. How many of the “young gentlemen” and “young ladies” who pass by, those, for instance, who interest themselves in bazaars and the like, how many of that class would not turn up their poor, foolish noses at a *Στοριόδεσς*. Poor old nature is not quite “class” in Waterford; the *peonini* have improved on the designs of Providence down there! What are called laws of nature may be good enough for low-down philosophers; but Newtown is not “at home” to them—philosophers are nowhere compared to “tony” Bunges. If it may be said without irreverence, when God made Ireland and the Irish, He forgot to take such “select” people as the Waterford upstarts into consultation, and so the nation has to be partly blotted out and altered by the superior genius of the Waterford *peonini*.

Irish Ireland is represented in Waterford by a comparative handful of people of character and brains who can think and can do, and they have to struggle against all the dead weight of imitation social rubbish. Dr. Sheehan said:—“For my part, I cannot understand how there should be any man in the land whose heart will not go out in sympathy to this movement.” Well, we must say that we think we have a partial understanding concerning this matter. The hearts, even of the Waterford *peonini* may, potentially, be passing fair, but the crusted habit of blind imitation has permitted their hearts to be dominated by sham respectabilities and false and absurd standards. After all the poor *peonin* is to be pitied as well as whipped. Dr. Sheehan said:—“Why in the world should not every man in the land welcome the effort that is made to do this, and if he has the opportunity, take hold of it, in trying to help the Gaelic League in so blessed a work.” Why, indeed! Mr. Tony Bung might answer that it was not “class” according to the prevailing views in his “set.” One prosperous upstart might say that they did not play hurling in Cawstleknock—which advertised in the *Dust Bin*—where Georgie was being “finished;” and another might remark that the prevailing view at the English College where his Cecil was being educated, was that Britain was the head and tail of modern civilization. If his lordship would repeat the brilliant speech he delivered in opening the *Féis* at Cloumel from every pulpit in Waterford, he would create a sensation that might be the forerunner of a mild and badly wanted revolution in West-British Waterford.

What sort of an incompetent corporation is the Local Government Board of this country? It will be remembered that the Dublin County Council, after an exhaustive enquiry, sanctioned or ordered a division of the Rathmines Urban District into five wards in place of the present preposterous arrangement of two wards. The Sourface Commissioners of Rathmines, who have so scrupulously kept matters of religious belief out of the exercise of their patronage that out of a total of twenty-five jobs—these do not include scavengers, etc.—in the gift of the Council proper, on or about the date when our article appeared in our issue of January 17th, 1903, there were only 21 jobs held by “the saved”—these Sourface Commissioners appealed to the Local Government Board against the decision of the Dublin County Council; and the Local Government Board ordered a sworn enquiry into the matter. That enquiry was made some months ago, but it was only last week that that competent and wise corporation by the name of the Local Government Board made known its decision to the public. The Local Government Board, with its staff of highly paid officials that are such a shock to the “economic sense,” having ordered an enquiry, came to the conclusion—a very just one from one point of view probably—after several months reflection that the Local Government Board is an ass—in other words, that, having ordered a sworn, an exhaustive and an expensive

enquiry, it decided after several months duration that it had no legal power in the matter, and that therefore its enquiry was a wasteful and a ridiculous excess! How can a country prosper that pays a Board that takes several months to discover that it is an ass? Did ever one hear such a story? We commend this example of “strenuous qualities” and “civic virtue” to Sir Horace. Why did the Local Government Board not know this, or if they knew it, why did they not say it at the proper time and before they called into being an expensive and exhaustive appeal enquiry in which a law officer of the Crown, the Solicitor-General, who is also a slanderer of the Catholic Association, held a brief on the Sourface side? If the Local Government had decided that the County Council had no power there would have been no enquiry before the Local Government Board, and the nimble fee lifting Solicitor-General, one of the law officers of the Crown, would be poorer by his fees as counsel on the Sourface side. The Solicitor-General, like all that breed, has his “economic sense” very strongly developed. It was a good thing for the bigot Solicitor-General that the Local Government Board was so belated in its discovery that it was an ass in this connection. What are the Local Government Board authorities paid for if they are such a brilliant lot of geniuses that they allow an enquiry and then after several months discover that they had no power in the matter? If a poor woman tried to run an apple stall with a display of such capacity she would soon be bankrupt.

The decision is a slap in the face for the Metropolitan County Council of Ireland. The Local Government Board has said that a solemn and formal decision of the Dublin County Council is illegal. If it is illegal they took an uncommonly long time to find it out. Does the Dublin County Council intend to take this blow lying down? Do they intend to allow themselves to be called “fools” by the Local Government Ass without a struggle? Will the Dublin County Council, that ordered the division of wards fight out the point of law with the Local Government Board, or otherwise teach that Board a sharp and salutary lesson?

We have heard from a reliable and independent source another version of Cannock and Co.’s subscription to the notorious “Irish Church Missions” that puts the matter in a far more favourable light than did the firm’s own clumsy so called “disclaimer.” We understand that the subscription to the notorious “Irish Church Missions” dates back forty or fifty years when the firm was known as Cannock and Tait. Through the varying changes that took place in the firm since then the custom of subscribing to the notorious society in which so many “souters” have at least an “economic” interest was allowed to stand, probably in consequence of a sort of routine that no one questioned. In fact, we hear that when the firm was known as Clery and Tidmarch (both of them “Idolators”) the annual subscriptions went on as before. It was probably a custom carried on in consequence of inertia; and heaven knows inertia amongst Irish “Idolators” in recent years has done its share towards the undoing of the Papists of Ireland. Now that we have questioned the matter, we have no doubt that no further pound sterling from Cannock and Co. will find its way into the coffers of the notorious “Irish Church Missions.”

We know of no reason why Irish Ireland should weep at the news that Father Murphy, ex-President of Blackrock College, has been changed to a college in Bath, England. Rev. Dr. Crehan, ex-President of St. Mary’s College, Rathmines, takes up the place vacated by Father Murphy. We look forward to an improvement in Blackrock College, from the Irish Ireland point of view, as a result of the appointment of Rev. Dr. Crehan as President. If they would shift the College Ass and a few other Normans from Castleknock to England and place some thorough-going Irish Vincentians in their places we would welcome the change.

Recently the Duagh Amateur Dramatic Society, in conjunction with the Brosna Amateur Dramatic Society

and the Gaelic League, we read "prosecuted a highly successful and popular grand variety entertainment and Gaelic concert at Ballybunion to a representative and enthusiastic audience." Father O'Flynn, C.C., Duagh, was present at this "prosecution"; indeed, the "prosecution" was carried out under his patronage. We read in the newspaper report that—"The rev. gentleman has invariably identified himself very practically with the Gaelic movement and the revival of Irish characteristics at all times." A farce by the name of "More Blunders than One" was "prosecuted" at this entertainment, and another item was a boxing contest between Messrs. M. and D. Moriarty. The report is silent as to whether any "claret" was drawn at the "prosecution" of this encounter. Another "laughable farce" was entitled "The Disappointed Bride." We read that Mr. J. Stack, stage manager, exhorted the audience to study the Irish language and cultivate Irish characteristics in every practical way. It is true that some Irish songs were sung on this occasion where the combination "prosecuted a highly successful and popular grand variety entertainment." Once upon a time a man drew something on a blackboard and he wrote underneath it, "This is a pig." Had he neglected to write that interesting piece of information the drawing would remain a puzzle to this day. It was well that the newspaper before it printed the words, "Ar Aering Aessun cia hee," prefixed the information that they represented an Irish song! Perhaps, the particular branch of the Gaelic League connected with this affair would be well advised to play its entertainments off its own bat in future and not go into partnership with either the Duagh or the Brosna Amateur Dramatic Society for the purpose of "prosecuting" a variety entertainment.

We hear that the Directors of the Midland Great Western Railway, otherwise known as Cusack and Family, are retrenching. There is plenty of room for economising in the fat lands where the Directors browse. These Directors divide a preposterous sum amongst them in view of the average amount devoted to directors on the other two big railways of Ireland, an outrageous sum when we consider the condition of the Company with its comic reserve of £350. Have the Directors decided to give back a year's fees to the unfortunate ordinary shareholders, and to reduce their fees by one-half during such time as the Company is in its present most unsatisfactory state? Grasping Ralph and his colleagues are not made that way. Whatever happens the ordinary shareholders' property the Shylock directors will stick to their fees if they can. Instead of lopping off from the scandalously over-paid directors of this line with a comic reserve of £350, the directors have decided, that a more congenial way to economise is to lop off from the tradesmen of the Locomotive Department. These tradesmen, we are informed, have been put on short time instead of the bloated directors putting themselves on short pay. On last Saturday we are informed these tradesmen were put on a five-day week. No doubt this, from one point of view, is a better way of dealing with the matter than to dismiss a portion of the tradesmen. On the face of it this is an effort to work up a dividend for the next half-yearly meeting. How much time on the average do the scandalously over-paid directors of this railway put in for their preposterous remuneration? Could not a little carving be done off the directors' joint? Are the Company still importing engines, waggons, etc., even though the tradesmen of the Locomotive Department are put on a five-day week?

Given fine weather, the Drogheda Agricultural, Fruit, Flower, etc., Show and Irish Industrial Exhibition, to be held on Wednesday and Thursday, 14th and 15th inst., ought to be a grand success. The first show held just twelve months ago was very satisfactory, the entries numbering 689. As we go to press we understand that this year they number 1,027. Particularly gratifying is it to note that the great increase comes from the labourer (rural and urban) and artizan classes. The Drogheda Cottage Industries are well to the front, principally in the wood-carving line. Last year 21 stalls were occupied

in the Exhibition Buildings by the Irish manufacturers. This year the number already booked is 29. The Committee of Management have received no fewer than 127 entries in the Pigeon section alone, many of the birds listed at top market prices. We wish the project every success, for in movements of this kind we recognise a very desirable conversion of the eternal verb "to say" into the new-found verb "to do."

CORRESPONDENCE.

LIMERICK SAVINGS BANK.

DEAR SIR—During the course of this week the governors of the Limerick Savings' Bank will be filling a vacant clerkship for their offices in Glentworth Street. It may surprise many to know that there is not a Catholic clerk in this office, although the Bank is supported largely by Catholic depositors. In fact, I can learn that the Catholic, as compared with the non-Catholic money in the concern, is in the proportion of 9 to 2; and yet for the past twenty years not a single Catholic has been appointed to a clerical position in it. There are some Catholic governors on the Board—the Mayor for the time being is an *ex-officio* member—and if they bestir themselves they might do something towards having the attention of the depositors and the public directed to the bigotry and intolerance which have been practised for years by this ring who last year refused to have the advertisement board of a Catholic *fete* and bazaar placed within close proximity to their premises.—Yours faithfully,
JUSTICE.

M. O'R. AND THE ANTI-TREATING LEAGUE.

DEAR SIR,—In his contribution to your current issue, M. O'R. appears to give his "imprimatur" (albeit in a half humorous manner) to a statement which, to say the least of it, is most surprising to find one who is usually so careful about his facts repeating even in the way he does. Referring to the Anti-treating League, he writes:—"I think that there is much truth in what a home-spun philosopher from the hills said last year to his parish priest who asked him to join it: 'Yerra, Father, you know that I was never dhrunk in my life. But, sure, that Laigue you have now lets a man get dhrunk as often as he likes, as long as he does it *manely*.'" Now, as even a light remark of this kind coming from such a source is calculated to do harm, I would respectfully remind both M. O'R. and his "home-spun philosopher from the hills," that the Anti-treating League permits nothing of the kind, as its pledge not only binds its members to abstain from treating in public-houses, but also to be at all times *strictly temperate themselves*.—Faithfully yours,

LOUIS J. WALSH.

STATUTORY NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE GOODS OF RICHARD ROONEY, LATE
OF 29 UPPER ORMOND QUAY, IN THE CITY
OF DUBLIN, ARMY PENSIONER, DECEASED.

NOTICE is Hereby Given, pursuant to the Statute 22nd and 23rd Vict., chap. 35, that all persons claiming to be creditors or otherwise to have any claim or demand upon the estate of the above deceased, who died at 29 Upper Ormond Quay, Dublin, aforesaid, on or about the 9th day of September, 1901, are requested, on or before 1st October, 1904, to furnish (in writing) particulars of such claims or demands to the undersigned Solicitor for Mary Rooney, the widow of said deceased, to whom Letters of Administration were granted forth of the Principal Registry of the King's Bench Division (Probate) of the High Court of Justice in Ireland, on the 9th day of August, 1904; and, notice is hereby further given, that after the said 1st October, 1904, the said administratrix will proceed to distribute the assets of said deceased, having regard only to the claims of which notice and particulars shall have been given as above required.

Dated this 5th day of September, 1904.

JOHN GORE, Solicitor for said Administratrix,
4 Cavendish Row, Dublin.

"A SOBER²⁴ NATIONALIST."

“Doncáto: líioir b' fear é do rtaonpaó nioim doáine
“cperoeamínaca.” Ír tapadó a túbairt pé leo, ar
ócáto áirigíte, go nglacpaó pé an Cperoeam ó
Cátair na Róma, ac nár b' fear leir áit 'na bpaó
pé a gnó pígeacá 'na ó Cátair Conrtantín. Tá easal
omn. a táro, náe pó uirpé tuit Dómnal na Conail
do éoraint, cóim fada agur do téirán an Gaellinn.
Uéin pé obair mhóir i ngnótaib eile gan amhar, ac
uar liom-ra, uéin pé dearmáto mhóir i tsaob na
Gaellinne. Dearmáto ana mhóir ab ead a mear gur
maínt an fuo eirigé airtí ar fao, ar don trašar
cleap ná pérún.

peador ua laogaire.

WILLIAM

THE cult of the spooks and the "intellectual minority" supply their fair share of comic relief in this hard pressed country. There is a bird's nest of peculiar and "superior" people that we have had under observation from the start; indeed, we have played with them from time to time. They patronised us occasionally and we being level-headed, thinking people condescended to allow them to be of passing use to us. If the bird's nest of peculiar people thought that we were actually or potentially peculiar or "superior" also, that was their mistake. The little coterie of "superior" unconscious comedians probably were convinced in their make-believe way that the source of intellect in Ireland must necessarily be within their unconsciously comic circle; when the vigorously intellectual LEADER appeared they concluded that the LEADER should be "one of us." We knew better all the time. We knew our own minds and in our conscious strength we were not averse to a little play with the "superior" coterie, some at least of whom without being superstitious have a dispensation for seeing spooks and things. The "intellectual" coterie patronised the LEADER much to our quiet amusement; and the level-headed LEADER laughed up its sleeve at the bird's nest of peculiar people. In the initial transition state of things that accompanied our birth, and our endeavour to stimulate thought in Ireland, the modest help of an odd handy man from the coterie was not altogether to be despised; and there was the speculative chance that some of the coterie might be licked into Irish shape in course of developments. We flatter ourselves that we used some of the coterie, just as we used Sir Horace in our attack—considerably successful—on the *raimeis* of the then trend of political so-called thought. The coterie is now out in the cold like a withered tree under injury, and some of the coterie feel sore and are barking. They float unheeded in tremulous greys and mystic twilight and where there is nothing and such like nebulous places; they are not of the mere Irish; they cannot or will not think, but they gabble "thought" as ducks gabble "quack, quack."

Unfortunately some of them committed themselves. We once had a reputation as thinkers amongst the coterie. In our first number Mr. W. B. Yeats wrote "Now, sir, you and I have paid each other a very pretty compliment, for when you wrote to me for a letter, you must have thought that I would not be influenced by the many attacks you have made upon me and upon the movement I represent, while I, on my side, have written this letter because I am convinced from what I have read of your writings, that you are one of the few in Ireland who try to go down to the root of public events and who seek the truth, with earnestness and sincerity. . . . I will therefore close this long letter with a hope that the LEADER may enable you to complete the powerful analysis of Irish life which you have begun in the *New Ireland Review*."

It will be seen that, according to the judgment of Mr. W. B. Yeats we were sincere thinkers then; we have continued the analysis of Irish life since, and in our analytic progress we discovered, amongst other things, the elements Sourface and Bigot. We did not get frightened—being sincere thinkers who tried “to go down to the root of public events” when we discovered these malignant elements, but we followed straight on where the light of Truth led us and allowed quack “thinkers” to bark at us as they might. We were too thoughtful for the coterie; we had not fairy blinkers to our eyes; we discovered Sourface and Bigot in our analysis and we had the courage to put them on a stick for all men to see, for some to bark at, for any that had the temerity to join issue with us on the merits of our discovery. With some narrow and bigoted natures thought ends where thought upsets their prejudices and their particular dogmas. Parenthetically, perhaps, we ought to note here that in our view the fact of what is called temperament necessarily implies a certain narrowness in the sense that all definition and finity must be narrow; nations are in one sense necessarily narrow; men of individuality are likewise narrow; in fact, all men and nations that are men and nations must be in a

Tuire, a measure; a standard measure.

sense definite and therefore narrow; it is only intellectual quacks or bigots who lack understanding to see this, or who will not see it. The French, perhaps, are "obscurantist" because they are satisfied with being French, and are not constantly organising Royal Commissions to enquire if it would not be better for them to attempt to be like the Japs, or the Russians, the Chinese, the Germans, or the English. May we remark, and the remark applies to the mere Irish like ourselves, that it is not narrowness but nature to grow according to the vitality that is in you. But to return to the coterie. We did not go after the coterie; rather the coterie, or some of it, made it its special business to come after us. The unconsciously funny old gentleman who is now "saved" and presumably "making his soul," sought us out and said flattering things to us; but a level-headed man with a knowledge of the world, particularly of the shallow and very human depths of literary "gents," spook-seers, artists and the rest is not too easily flattered. The unconsciously comic gentleman was from the start a source of amusement to us; he wrote an article for us on Mahaffy, and used to come to our offices carving the air with his gesticulations. We treated him with great tact, and smiled when he departed. When we jumped on the obnoxious play, "Diarmuid and Grania," we probably ceased to be "sincere thinkers," and mayhap became "obscurantists" in the estimation of the now "saved" old gentleman.

Another gentleman of the coterie, Mr. Standish O'Grady, wrote of us, at least his then paper, the *Kilkenny Moderator*, wrote:—"The Editor is a man of knowledge and understanding, and deals with our various social, economic, and political problems with a frankness, courage and sincerity which are much to be commended. He seems to have a perfect horror of shams, cant, and insincerities of all kinds, and is endowed somewhat with the gift of satire which so often accompanies these qualities."

In an article which Mr. George Russell, the minor poet and official of the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society, who writes over the *nom de plume* A. E., contributed to the LEADER, he said—"Those who delight in beautiful things are rare and difficult to find as the flower of the fabulous Bogay Tree. But, if there be such in Ireland, they are probably amongst the readers of the LEADER." That was written before, in the course of our analytic progress we had discovered Sourface, and before we properly opened out on the bigots! Alas, we have analysed to such purpose that we have ceased to be "thinkers." Our "sincerity" is gone; we take it we are only low-down "partisans" now! For our own part we smile back blandly at the irritated but ineffectual coterie.

This eminently business-like and skilfully advertised minor poet, Mr. George Russell, wrote an article recently that has landed him several peaks beyond the top-most height of Parnassus; for the article, we observe, procured for him the commendation of our anti-Irish friend of the imported British Editor, the *Bigot's Dust Bin*. This ineffectual and "superior" person appears to have tilted at the LEADER. He, no more than Lord Justice Fitzgibbon, does not like "Sourface"; perhaps, he has an uncomfortable suspicion that the name fits him! He writes—we quote from the quotation in the *Dust Bin*:—"It seems to be the way for many in Ireland, either through hatred of thought or through incapacity to think, to content themselves with abuse. They shout 'bigot,' 'sourface,' continually; and at any attempt to reason out the right or wrong of a question, the chorus of abuse grows more vehement and angry, until the shouters are at last stupefied and happy, having deafened themselves to anything but their own voices." And when, pray, may we ask, did we refuse to reason the right or wrong of any question we interested ourselves in? We remember that a young Cambridge University man, a Mr. Hone, joined issue with us on the bigotry question and we gave him space; in reply we argued the rights and wrongs of the question, and we flatter ourselves that we wiped the floor with Mr. Hone; any way, we silenced him. Is Mr. George Russell anxious for a trial of brains with us? We are ready for him and invite his

attack; let him join issue with us on the Bigotry or Sourface question and we will give him space, and we think we can promise him further that we will give him his answer, too; and an answer that he might take some time to forget. We have made out the case of anti-Catholic bigotry up to the hilt and beyond it, and the bigots have no reply; but it hurts the "saved" sense of Mr. Russell that we should cry "bigot," and he does not like Sourface. Poor fellow! it is a pity to ruffle what we may call his tender "saved sense." Mr. Russell takes up the cudgels in a scattered and general way for Sir Horace and his unhappy book. It is a public fact—and therefore we do not hesitate to refer to it—that this Mr. Russell is a paid servant of the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society, to which Sir Horace is reputed to donate all his official salary; therefore, Sir Horace is, to an extent, Mr. Russell's employer and paymaster and under the circumstances Mr. Russell would show better taste, we submit, if he left the attempted burnishing of Sir Horace's muddy boots to some more disinterested person. Let Sir Horace reply to "M. O'R."—if he can. We drew attention to the fulsome article on Sir Horace's unhappy and ill-considered book that appeared in *The Homestead*, a paper run by the I.A.O.S., of which Sir Horace is the chief mainstay, and commented on the lack of taste in such a flunkey exhibition. Are we to take these sort of things as samples of that "civic virtue" which we ought to suppose pervade one of the oases of "Idoltrous" Dublin, the address of which is 22 Lincoln Place? Indeed, so satisfactory is Mr. George Russell's article from the point of view of our anti-Irish and Irish Ireland boycotting friend, the *Bigot's Dust Bin*, that it dubs him "A Sober Nationalist." Picture the fairies of Rathgar peeping out from the flowering shrubs of the tin-pit villas at this "Sober Nationalist" as he rides along on his bicycle seeing visions and feeling hurt at "Sourface." We had always thought that the fairies were imps of some spirit, and what can the fairies think of a man whom the *Dust Bin* styles "A Sober Nationalist." But, perhaps, the fairies of Rathgar have become "saved" like our comic friend, Mr. Moore! We think it used to be the fashion for the coterie, or some of them, to talk slightly of the *bourgeois Irish Times*; and now it has come to that anti-climax that Alf taps one of the prophets of the coterie, Mr. G. Russell, on the back with his flash cane and exclaims, "Arise, Sir Sober Nationalist!"

Irish Ireland has left the coterie, and their amateur paganism, Celtic Note drivel, and posing high and dry, and the coterie is rather naked and ashamed. The people do not mind them. Irish Irelanders are too busy thinking out and tackling living problems, and can spare no time except for a passing laugh at these withered leaves of a sickly tree that has almost died to its roots. Even the sun rose as usual over Mayo on the day that funny, old Mr. G. Moore became "saved." Some of the coterie are a good "rise" now and again during lighter hours to strenuous and thinking men. As for ourselves, we have always enjoyed them, and frequently when we are with boon companions such as Imaal or A.M.W., the rafters ring with merriment at the expense of the comic coterie and their fairies and fads and tomfooleries. If one were writing a strenuous comedy of Anglo-Irish life, Mr. George Russell and his like would come in handy as comic relief. The creatures, God help them, think or make-believe to think that they are Irish as well as "intellectual," and that is a cause of further laughter. Many of them jumped round us for a time chirruping "sincere," "thought," and other nice words, and as we forged on ahead looking neither to the right nor to the left, not caring for the coterie, indifferent whether we pleased them or trod on their æsthetic toes, they commenced, some of them, like bold bad boys, to put out their tongues at us; and now, after four years, we are still forging ahead looking for new obstacles to conquer on the road to Irish nationhood, awakening thought throughout the land as we go, and one of the prophets of the coterie is now, in the immortal words of the anti-Irish *Irish Times*, "a sober Nationalist."

There is an air of smug unctuous rectitude about the

sermon of the "sober nationalist." He is not as other people. He says—"It is amazing to hear these cries of 'bigot' from people who refuse to argue, and 'shallow' from people who do their thinking by proxy." Well, we have cried "bigot" and will continue to cry it; and we are spoiling for an argument, but the bigots, including the snugly superior Mr. Russell, don't appear anxious to join issue with us. Perhaps the fate of Mr. Hone has taught them prudence; even Mr. Russell's friend and admirer, the *Bigots' Dust Bin*, refused to review or tackle "Three Railways and a Bank." We have called Sir Horace "shallow," but as for doing our thinking by "proxy," no doubt we would be models of "independent thought" if we said ditto to the sermons of our friend the "Sober Nationalist!" Why does not Sir Horace reply to M. O'R.? Mr. Russell is very much annoyed at the reception accorded to the unhappy book of Sir Horace. If Sir Horace was fool enough to write himself down an ass, it is natural that his henchman should be annoyed. But let his henchman reply to M. O'R., if he can, and give up screeching if he is not able to argue. This very superior "thinker" who is not as other people says. "His (Sir Horace's) clerical critics were proud where they should have been humble, and humble where they should have been proud." What a pity our unworthy clergy do not all reach to the height of this noble henchman of Sir Horace Plunkett, this paid official of the I.A.O.S. The "Sober Nationalist" observes:—

"The life of a country is in its heretics, its doubters of all accepted faiths and formulas, who yet have faith in an ideal." It is not surprising that the anti-Catholic and anti-Irish *Dust Bin* whose columns recently reeked with bigotry taps this superior young man, who is not as other people, on the back and dubs him a "Sober Nationalist." Alas, for the comic foreign-minded coterie of which this "Sober Nationalist" is a flickering candle. We may expect the very spooks to become "highly respectable," and croon in a Rathmines accent now that that great organ of intellect and thought by the name of the *Irish Times* has lifted its white silk hat in salutation before Mr. George Russell, and with a flash of unexpected genius immortalised him as "A Sober Nationalist."

A SANDY ROW SYMPOSIUM.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Hottentot—Deputy Grand Master, No. — Lodge.
Savage
Glutton
Black
Hogg
Brothers.

—Prominent Lambs.

SCENE—The interior of No. — Lodge, Sandy Row. On the right stands a figure of King William and on the left stands a figure of Oliver Cromwell, both shaped out of Boyne mud. Scattered around in various nooks and corners are busts of some later departed spirits of the mighty dead, cunningly chiselled out of Shankill paving stones. Mottoes and prayers, both of very original and fanciful design, adorn the walls, and at the head of the hall behind the Grand Master's chair is a large and beautiful picture of Erin in the act of placing a laurel crown upon the brow of Arthur Trew on the Custom House steps. Time, the night of the 12th.

Enter *Hottentot*, *Savage*, *Glutton*, *Black*, *Hogg* and *Brothers*, in full war paint, and all in a very boisterous, lamb-like mood.

Hot. (after a prayer which was plentifully punctuated with amens, and cries of "To hell with the Pope")—*Brothers* and lambs, washed and scrubbed clean in the purifying waters of the Boyne, another joyful anniversary of the triumph of Protestantism and liberty over Popery, brass money and wooden shoes is drawing to a

"GENUINE" TRINIDAD COCOA SHELLS "EX-CELSIOR" BRAND; the best procurable; buy no other.

close, and we are now come here after a right good day's work upon the Papists to wind up with a speech and a song. We have all proved, I hope, to-day, to all whom it may concern that the Orangemen of Sandy Row are not the fellows to sit down and groan under their foul nefarious wrongs, while there are paving stones handy, and Papists to use them upon. (Cries of "Not likely"). But, brothers, despite of all, and with tears I have to say it, Popery is not dead yet, nor anything near it. (Groans). The deadly reptile is alive and kicking still, and not only that but more full of venom and danger than ever. (Groans). The dangerous monster has worked its way into Dublin Castle—(groans for Sir Antony)—it has worked its way into the British Cabinet—(groans for Balfour)—aye, and it has wriggled its way into the very heart of the British Court itself—(cries of "To hell with the King"). The fact of the matter is, my brethren, the whole British Empire itself is undermined with Popery from top to bottom (groans). The Pope is virtually Commander-in-Chief of the Army, High Admiral of the Fleet, and Secretary of State for War, all bundled up into one (groans). Why are our ships held up upon the open sea with impunity? (Cries of "Popery"). Why is the mad Mullah still to the fore without a feather out of him? (Cries of "Because he's a Jesuit"). Why are Chinese coolies imported into South Africa? (Cries of "Popery, and Sir Antony McDonnell"). And why is there war between Russia and Japan at the present moment? (Cries of "Popery"). Yes, my brethren, as you say, Popery is at the root of all. The whole world is saturated with Popery like a wetsponge. Ireland is eaten away into a regular Sahara with Popery, leaving only a few bright spots, or oases, here and there like Sandy Row. But let the whole world be drowned in Romish superstition and darkness, and Sandy Row, like Noah's Ark, will still float with its saved cargo, safe, sound and serene upon the placid waters of the Boyne. (Applause). I now propose this resolution:—"That we, the Orangemen of No. — Lodge, Sandy Row, do hereby firmly hold on to the belief that the present inefficient and incompetent state of the British army, navy and administration is due to Popery alone, and that the only way to save the British Empire from ruin would be to appoint the Earl of Erne prime minister, Colonel Saunderson, foreign secretary, and Arthur Trew, chief secretary for Ireland." (Applause).

Sav.—In seconding the resolution, I must say that Brother *Hottentot* has opened our eyes wider than ever to the evils of Popery. We now plainly perceive that Romanism and priestcraft can only be measured by parallels of latitude. (Groans). In face of such universal Popery, Orangemen never will be free until they have an army and navy of their own. (Hear, hear). With a hundred thousand men, say, properly armed and equipped, we could easily bombard all the churches and convents, outflank and capture the Catholic Association, and turn on a few guns upon Sir Antony McDonnell and the Castle (excitement). But, alas, we haven't such, and we must only make the best we can out of the paving stones, and such diplomatic propositions as the present resolution. (Groans).

Glut.—I move, as an amendment, that Brother Sloan's name be substituted for Arthur Trew in the resolution proposed. (Groans and cheers).

Black—I second the amendment. Sloan is the most loyal and true. (Cheers, groans and cries of "You're a liar").

Hogg—I stand for Trew; and to hell with Sloan. (Here a free fight ensues, which lasts for several minutes, during which *Hottentot* puts the resolution and declares it carried. When the combatants are exhausted, *Hottentot* sings).

HIGH PRAISE FOR LIMERICK WORKMANSHIP.

The Rev. J. O'Neill, P.P., St. Mary's, Milton, New Zealand, writes:—"Gentlemen,—The 'Shannon' Cycle which I purchased from you some time since has given me every satisfaction. I have given it a very fair trial, and have thoroughly tested its quality. I am glad to know that your Limerick workmanship is competing successfully with the foreign article. Every genuine effort to foster home industries must naturally command the entire sympathy of Irishmen who wish to see their native land prosperous and happy.—Faithfull yours, J. O'Neill, P.P."

"To Cole, Nelson, and Co., Ltd., Limerick."

"27-6-04."

Hot. (sings)—

Peace, brothers, peace; let holy love
Light up your spirits dark.
Be mild and gentle as the dove
Which flew from Noah's Ark.

The little birds agree, we know,
And 'tis an awful sight,
To see the lambs of Sandy Row
Fall out and curse and fight.

Oh, brothers, let our prayers and groans
For this great blessing sound,
That we won't break each other's bones,
While Papists can be found.

Come, now, Brother Savage, you throw some more oil on
the troubled waters with a song.

Sav. (sings)—

Away down upon the Lagan river
Where drumsticks play,
There's where my heart is turning ever.
There's where the old folks stay.
Up and down this Papist nation wearily I go
Still longing for a demonstration, longing for old
Sandy Row.

CHORUS—

Oh, I'm never glad or cheery anywhere I go.
Oh, bigots, don't your hearts grow weary,
Thinking of old Sandy Row.

All round that merry place I paraded when I was young,
There many Popish homes I raided, many's the brick I
flung.

Oh, my heart is ever sighing for days long ago,
When Papishes were driven flying all round old Sandy
Row.

Oh, I'm never glad, etc.

Here living in a rebel city I must keep still;
Here Papists are, and more's the pity, strong enough to
have their will.

Here no lambs with fervour churned paving stones may
throw,

For they would have the tables turned, not the same as
Sandy Row.

Oh, I'm never glad, etc.

Hot.—Now, Brother Glutton, more oil, please.

Glut. (sings)—

Immortal sons of Billy brave with joy we celebrate
A splendid Orange victory our members gained of late,
When in the Castle's inmost den the Popish foe they
braved,
And o'er McDonnell's minions gained a triumph for the
"saved."

Up came the fiery Saunderson, his voice with brimstone
hissed,

And said to Wyndham, "I am here for Anderson dis-
missed.

His re-instatement I demand; for through illegal course,
And Popish persecution he was driven from the force."

"If you don't send this peeler back the force again to
join,

By royal Billy, I will kick the crown into the Boyne.

With Hazlett, Sloan, and all the rest my force I will
combine,

And with Lee-Metfords, Maxims, pikes the ditches
we will line."

George Wyndham trembled at these words so terrible and
tall,

And said, "Oh, mighty Saunderson, have mercy on us
all.

The doom of England's Empire in old Ireland would be
sealed,

If Cavan's famed militiamen you brought into the field.

Oh, mighty son of Mars, I see this peeler was deprived
Of his position through a plot by Popery contrived,
And reinstated he shall be in spite of foreign foes;
For Anderson I judge to be a saint in peeler's clothes."

All honour to great Saunderson, all honour, too, to Sloan,
And all our members who, like bricks, can throw the
paving stone.

Long may they live upon the Gaels, the mud and dirt to
throw,

And be they ever as they are, the pride of Sandy Row.

Hot.—Now, Brother Black, polish off something.

Black (sings)—

The finest spot of all the lot upon the shamrock shore,
Is that famed town of Portadown, that's Orange to the
core.

The "saved" ones there I do declare beat all the others
brown,

For giving socks with sticks and rocks to Papists in that
town.

Come, boys, awake, your weapons take, uphold your
great renown;

Let Papists feel once more the steel of boys of Portadown.

When windows crash with mighty smash, and yellings
fill the air;

When flying feet along the street their frightening message
bear;

When peelers rush and bang and push in charges up and
down,

They're at it hot that holy lot, the boys of Portadown.

Down cowl and cope, to hell with Pope, and all of
Romish gown,

They'll never spare the Papists there, the boys of Porta-
down.

(Here the shouting and yelling of some belated Orange
contingent is heard outside. A brick comes crashing in
through the window, and then with various shouts of
rage, and mischievous glee the brethren of No. —
Lodge rush out *en masse*).

A. M. W.



SIR HORACE PLUNKETT'S BOOK.

XXIII.

HOW THE PRIESTS CAUSE EMIGRATION.

THERE is still another account which he has
thought it his duty to settle with the priests in the
name of economic Ireland; namely, they cause emi-
gration—without knowing what they are doing, how-
ever, he is good enough to say. He traces the connec-
tion between cause and effect, as follows. The dulness
of life in Ireland causes the people to leave the country;
want of amusements cause that dulness of life; the
priests cause want of amusements by having discoun-
tenanced them; to prevent the association of the sexes
has caused the priests to discountenance amusements;
and to secure the chastity of their flocks, has caused
them to oppose the association of the sexes. That is a
chain of far-reaching philosophy; and I now propose to
consider how it can bear examination.

It is only fair to him to separate the position he
takes up from that taken by the Author of *Ireland at
the Cross Roads*, an Ulster Protestant named Filson
Young. Mr. Young traces not only emigration, but
also the increase of lunacy in Ireland to the extrava-
gant chastity of the Catholics; and he says that "a
hundred bastards would be a more gracious and healthy

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sign than a lunatic." I can understand the view of this philosopher when I recall the fact that from 1879 to 1889, there were 322 illegitimate births in Co. Mayo, out of a population of 245,212—how many of these should be assigned to non-Catholics I cannot say unless I guess by analogy drawn from statistics elsewhere; and that during the same ten years there were 2,034 illegitimate births in Co. Down, out of a population of 272,107. It is "more gracious and healthy" to be without a tail than with one, said the fox that had lost his, to other foxes that had kept theirs. I merely add that those who decry and disregard chastity, qualify better for a lunatic asylum than those who practise it. With those observations I pass on to Sir Horace.

He says (page 115) that "in the inculcation of chastity the success of the Irish priesthood is, considering the conditions of present life and the fire of the Celtic temperament, absolutely unique. No one can deny that almost the entire credit of this moral achievement belongs to the Roman Catholic Clergy." I add the following words which Froude spoke in one of his lectures in New York, in 1872. They were spoken in a lecture directed against Catholic Ireland in general and against the priests in particular; those were the lectures to which Father Burke replied during his famous American tour:—"I do not question the enormous power for good which has been exercised in Ireland by the modern Catholic priest. Ireland is one of the poorest countries in Europe, yet there is less theft, less cheating, less house-breaking, less robbery of all kinds than in any country of the same size in the civilized world In the last hundred years impurity has been almost unknown in Ireland. This absence of vulgar crime, and this exceptional delicacy and modesty of character are due, to their everlasting honour, to the influence of the Catholic clergy." Sir Horace thinks that chastity has become so much like second nature to Irish Catholics that "a gradual relaxation of the disciplinary measures by which it is insured might be safely allowed without any danger of lowering the high standard of continence which is general in Ireland, and which, of course, it is of supreme importance to maintain." I wonder would he apply that canon to any other treasure in his possession which he thought of *supreme importance* to secure. I also take leave to suggest that those who, according to himself, have done so much to form that chaste character in the Catholics of Ireland, might be better authorities than he or others who criticise them, as to the best method of preserving it. The presumption is, at any rate, on the side of those who have admittedly done so much in this matter; although there is a vast amount of presumption, but of another kind, on the side of their critics who have done nothing, unless to place obstacles, or to find fault. I do not at all agree with Sir Horace's sliding-scale method of morals. Neither does St. Paul; who, after all his heavenly visions, said that there was a "thorn in his flesh," and that "there is a law in our members that wars against the law that is in our mind." But St. Paul was not aware that Irish Catholics are made of alabaster. I am living with a priest who has a total abstinence sodality of about 1,700 women, the great majority of whom have been very faithful to their pledge since it was started a dozen years ago. On this sliding scale principle might he loosen the discipline a little? take away the system of sections and prefects through which the sodality is organised? in fact tell them that, as they are such confirmed abstainers they may now lean on their acquired virtue without a pledge or a sodality to sustain them? Although I much admire the natural virtue of Cato of Utica, of Epictetus, and of Marcus Aurelius, I cannot follow Sir Horace quite into the School of the Stoics. Chastity is as delicate as the lily, and as easily tarnished.

He writes—"This kind of discipline, unless when really necessary, is open to the objection that it eliminates from the education of life, especially during the

formative years, an essential of culture—the mutual understanding of the sexes." I have no fault to find with the views expressed in that passage. But, as it stands, it is only a thesis, which determines nothing for or against the discipline which he condemns. The practical question is, what discipline is, and what is not necessary? From whom, then, am I to learn? From Sir Horace, Filson Young, and other outside ethicists? or from the parish priests who, after a formal course of Ethics and Moral Theology, have matured their speculative knowledge by long experience? Let us then be empiric, and try to learn from fact. The non-Catholics of Ireland, England, Scotland, America and Australia, are not subjected to this mistaken discipline during their formative years? They learn what he calls "the pathology of the emotions," and are rightly educated into that "culture" of which he speaks. Well, then, their formative years are passed and what is the result? I call himself to witness; I call Froude to witness; I call to witness the statistics of illegitimacy, of what is known in New England as "fashionable murders," of matrimonial infidelities which overwhelm the divorce courts of those countries, of sexual unnaturalness which threatens to depopulate them. A physician of long experience wrote in the "Boston Medical and Surgical Journal" for 1879—"I have never known an Irish mother, no matter how poor, or how many little ragged children around her, that did not receive every new-born babe with emotions and expressions of gratitude as a blessed gift from God. This sentiment, however rudely expressed, has never failed to win my admiration, and I take pleasure in pointing it out as the finest trait of Irish female character."

Now, then, of what precisely does he complain? Of the following:—"There are," he writes, "many parishes where in this matter the strictest discipline is vigorously enforced. Amusements, not necessarily or even often vicious, are objected to as being fraught with dangers which would never occur to any but the rigidly ascetic or the puritanical mind. In many parishes the Sunday cyclist will observe the strange phenomenon of a normally light-hearted peasantry marshalled in male and female groups along the road, eyeing one another in dull wonderment across the forbidden space through the long summer day."

It is regrettable to find Sir Horace falling, in that passage also, to the level of the common anti-clerical critic. He suggests much, and specifies nothing. But I think I can define his indefiniteness. Of course he does not refer to golf, for Catholic peasants cannot play it; and if I am rightly informed, it would be well if some influence curbed the conduct of some of those who do play it. A gentleman has told me that urchins in the neighbourhood of golf-links are demoralised by them, inasmuch as they are utilised as errand boys while they should be at school, and because they learn more than their prayers from the golfers. He cannot refer to hurling or football, since they are the luxury of one sex only. He can hardly refer to the various amusements which come under the Gaelic Revival, since priests are amongst the warmest patrons of these. How then does he make the priests responsible for "the strange phenomenon of a normally light-hearted peasantry marshalled in male and female groups, eyeing one another in dull wonderment across the forbidden space the long summer day?" The plain meaning of his words is that the local priest marshalls them into several groups, and forbids them to come closer to one another than the breadth of the road. But he does not mean, I suppose, anything so absurd. The priest who would or could do that might satisfy his "puritanical mind" much more easily and efficaciously by dispersing them altogether. I am inclined to think that most of those peasant boys and girls pass their lives much more happily than many of those Sunday cyclists who affect pity for them. I suppose that those boys and girls grouped together according to their taste or pleasure.

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Their taste appears not to have pleased those Sunday cyclists, but it pleased themselves; and to please oneself is pleasure. Sir Horace and the cyclists would probably smile at the undeveloped thoughts of those peasants, and those peasants would possibly smile at some developed thoughts of Sir Horace and the cyclists, just as the old woman whom I interviewed thanked God that she was not as ignorant as the Author of "Father Clancey." And what do those Sunday cyclists know of the feelings which govern those country folk whom they spin past at the rate of ten miles an hour? How many of those Sunday cyclists are merely qualifying as *bona-fide* travellers "to enjoy themselves?" Do they bring or find more happiness in their homes in the evening than do those country people whom they pity? These enjoy life in their own simple and quiet way a great deal more than Sir Horace or his Sunday cyclists think; possibly more than he or his Sunday cyclists themselves. The life of the Acadians was monotonous, but their bliss is proverbial:—

Men whose lives glided on like rivers that watered the woodland,

Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting the image of heaven.

And of those Irish peasants who betake themselves in after life to some city at home or abroad, how many keep ringing in their memories—

"Full many a path I've tried since then through pleasure's flowery maze,

But ne'er could find the bliss again I felt in those sweet days."

Persons who have passed their lives in a city, or whose lives have been distracted by the hurry of business, or by the turmoil of politics, cannot realise the pleasure of a quiet country life because their dispositions have been formed in other ways; and I would myself find the country lonely, although I may live as a solitary in a city. But that does not measure the feelings of those who have passed their lives in the country, whose habits have been formed there, and whose interests are centred there. Happiness to some persons is a sort of Jack-o'-lantern; their happiness never reaches beyond the hope of finding it, but they waste away their lives in the pursuit. They mistake hunting after happiness for the thing itself—they are the Micawbers of pleasure. St. Francis de Sales, one of the wisest and most accomplished men of modern times, writes in his crisp way, "It is easy to discern the gaiety of a light head from the gaiety of a light conscience."

I presume then that what Sir Horace is driving at is this latest war-cry raised by the secular Salvationists of Ireland against the priests—Oh, you priests! you curse of our country! You obscurantists and despots of our beautiful peasantry! Why do you rob our country life of its charm by killing cross-roads dancing? You have laid the "rigidly ascetic" hand of death upon that fine old pastime of the people, and your "puritanical mind" has cast a cloud over the sunshine of their lives. And then, "Oh! for the days of the Kerry dancing," is caught up as a Jeremiad by a chorus of fangled philanthropists who, till quite recently, have shown very little care for the people or their pastimes; nor do they really care a whit more now than they have ever cared. And the irony of this tragi-comedy is that most of those who are raising this and other like cries belong to a class with such strong Sabbatarian proclivities that, as happened in the case of the Banbury cat, they would almost pass sentence of death on one of those useful animals for pursuing its domestic avocations on a Sunday.

Now, it is a curious thing that before the "bad times" the dance-stage was to be seen, and "the ring of the piper's tune" was to be heard more generally than ever since, on Sunday afternoons throughout Ireland. The people had their dance at the cross-roads or beside the bridge, or at their homes in the night time, without

let or hindrance; and I have never heard that the parish priest even expected that under ordinary circumstances they should consult him or ask his permission. For the dominant note in the religion of Catholics is love, hope, and joy; in contrast to the religion of non-Catholics, the dominant note of which is pietistic solemnity and fear. St. Francis de Sales writes that one of his books which was "approved by the most grave Prelates and doctors of the Church did not escape the rude censure of some who did not merely blame me but bitterly attacked me in public because I tell Philothea that dancing is an action indifferent in itself, and that for recreation's sake one may make *quod libet*." (*The Love of God*—Preface, page 14). Gaiety naturally becomes an Irish Catholic; it sits sorrowfully on his neighbours, and somehow presents the appearance of awkward artificiality. How then has it happened that those dances have become so rare which were once so common? If persons tell me that it is because the priests objected to them, they will also have to tell me how it happened that the priests did not object to them before the famine times, when the people danced as they listed, and when the priest's influence over the social relations of his parishioners was much more unquestioned than it is now; when they would have only to say the word, and dancing was dead in every parish in the country. The fact is, Cross-roads dancing began to fall away when the famine bent the spirit of the people; then came evictions when homes were broken up, and families were dispersed:—

Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October

Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean.

Then came a terrible struggle for life between those who remained, which warped or broke the old bonds of friendship that had bound families together as one, without formality or suspicion. I was not then born; but I will let the late A. M. Sullivan describe the social transformation which followed those events; he witnessed it all, and he knew the people well, much better than their present critics. "It is impossible for anyone who knew the country previous to that period, and who has thoughtfully studied it since, to avoid the conclusion that so much has been destroyed, or so greatly changed, that the Ireland of old times will be seen no more. The losses will, I would fain hope, be in a great degree repaired; the gains entirely retained. Yet much that was precious was engulfed, I fear, beyond recovery. 'Here are twenty miles of country, sir,' said a dispensary doctor to me, 'and before the famine there was not a padlock from end to end of it.' Under the pressure of hunger, ravenous creatures prowled under barn and storehouse, stealing corn, potatoes, cabbage, turnips—anything, in a word, that might be eaten. Later on the fields had to be watched, gun in hand, or the seed was rooted up and devoured raw. This state of things struck a fatal blow at some of the most beautiful traits of Irish rural life. It destroyed the simple confidence that bolted no door; it banished for ever a custom which throughout the island was of almost universal obligation—the housing for the night, with cheerful welcome, of any poor wayfarer who claimed hospitality. Fear of 'the fever,' even where no apprehension of robbery was entertained, closed every door, and the custom, once killed off, has not revived. A thousand kindly usages and neighbourly courtesies were swept away. When *saive qui peut* had resounded throughout a country for three years of alarm and disaster, human nature becomes contracted in its sympathies, and 'everyone for himself' becomes a maxim of life and conduct long after. The open-handed, open-hearted ways of the rural population have been visibly affected by the 'Forty-seven' ordeal. Their ancient sports and pastimes everywhere disappeared, and in many parts of Ireland have never returned.

The outdoor games, the hurling match, and the village dance are seen no more."

As the population became sparse, and the youth of the country were departing, Cross-roads dancing and other rural pastimes gradually disappeared. Then came the three waves of political agitation which have stirred the country since the great exodus began. A continued series of monster meetings drew the young men Sunday after Sunday, from year to year, to the political centres, and kept their thoughts turned from local amusements. Passing along the country during the past few years, I have seen a few dance platforms lying against the road-side fences, a sign that they are still used on Sundays. But, I have more than once asked persons living in the country why these dances are not so common as they used to be, and the answer has invariably been—"Oh! the people are all gone—There are no people in the country now." When Sir Horace and other critics tell me that Cross-roads dancing was stopped by the priests, I invite them to tell me also by whom was hurling, football, etc., stopped? There was surely no sexual danger in those amusements that could trouble the conscience of the most puritanical priest; yet they also had well nigh disappeared for many years. Would not the same causes account for the disappearance of cross-roads dancing? The truth is that the purity of Irish Catholics is an eye-sore to their critics, because it is a rebuke. It is a living fact which they dare not deny; whilst it is a standing reproof which they cannot bear. Hence the flat philosophy, and the tears shed specially over that one departed pastime which gives it colour.

If cross roads dancing prevailed as it once prevailed over the Catholic parts of Ireland, and if statistics at the same time showed Co. Mayo to be more immoral than Co. Down, those critics who now shed tears over the departed cross-roads dancing and who accuse the clergy of having killed it, would then denounce them for having let it live. With them it is a game of "heads I win, tails you lose;" but I willingly withdraw Sir Horace Plunkett from the class to whom I allude.

I must not be understood as saying that the priests have never opposed dancing. I have no doubt that they have often done so; not, however, because of the dancing, but because of some evils connected with particular cases; and I know that in many such cases the objection comes first from the parents of the young people, who make complaints to the priest. Perhaps those evils have been in some cases more imaginary than real. If that be so, the priests who happened to be mistaken acted I suppose according to their light, just as the economists and the industrial specialists act even when they make mistakes. If a priest stops a dance in any parish up or down the country, and thought he was right in doing so, how in the name of reason can Sir Horace or his Sunday cyclists undertake to say that he was doing wrong? "Oh! but persons told them who know," he will reply. Indeed! and the priest who did the deed knew nothing? Has Sir Horace asked the parish priest what *he* has to say? Whether those priests have been mistaken in any or in many such cases, I do not know; but I do know that a priest who is responsible for the moral character of his parish, and who knows intimately the local influences at work there, can form a much safer judgment on such a question than

any outsider can. At any rate, I would not like to commit myself to the foolishness of passing sentence on the action of any responsible man acting officially, under circumstances which he knew well, and of which I knew nothing.

Let me suppose that I paid a visit to the Department in Dublin, and after a superficial inspection, condemned the arrangements of the place, I wonder what would Sir Horace say—well, politeness would, I expect, prevent him from saying all he thought. A friend of mine remarked to me not long ago that wherever a dance has disappeared from where it used to be, it is either owing to the fact that the young people of the place have become too few, or because the parish priest opposed it on account of some scandal or the danger of one, or because the local fiddler died. I have never heard of a priest who objected to a dance from pure prejudice against dancing in itself. But if there be any such priest, I differ from him as widely as Sir Horace does, except with regard to certain kinds of dance which are graceless without being graceful. Priests have sometimes also set their face against certain hurling and football matches, but not certainly because of any moral evils contained in those athletics. Quite recently the Bishop of Kildare wrote a strong protest against some sports which were announced to take place in a town of his diocese; but surely his Lordship did not denounce them for any evil he saw in the athletics themselves; he sent in fact a subscription towards some sports held in the same place about the same time. A priest who has actually fitted up a dancing apartment in connection with a Women's Total Abstinence Institute for the use of the members and their friends, tells me that he stopped a dance in a parish where he lived some years ago. There was another dance in the same place which he in no way discouraged; nevertheless it gradually died from natural causes, partly because of a dwindled population, and partly because of the political meetings which became a greater attraction for the young men. There is an instructive lesson to be read in facts like these, if critics will only read and learn it.

So far, Sir Horace has been speaking from hearsay, or in theory. "But of my own knowledge," he adds, "I can only speak of another aspect of the effect upon our national life of the restriction to which I refer. No Irishmen are more sincerely desirous of staying the tide of emigration than the Roman Catholic Clergy, and while, wisely as I think, they do not dream of a wealthy Ireland, they earnestly work for the physical and material as well as the spiritual well-being of their flocks. And yet no man can get into the confidence of the emigrating class without being told by them that the exodus is largely due to a feeling that the clergy are, no doubt from an excellent motive, taking joy—innocent joy—from the social side of home life."

That is the final link in the chain of reasoning by which he shows how the priests cause emigration. He is good enough to give them credit for "excellent motives," and he exonerates them from guilt inasmuch as they do not consider the consequences of their action. He blames not their guilt but their innocence. Now,

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let me speak plainly—Sir Horace shall not hide himself under those cheap condescensions by which he apologises for the priests. I know not their motives; I deal with their actions.

I live in a parish the Catholic population of which is about 22,000. The district which I am told off to look after is the poorest and most populous part of it. I think I know that district better than anyone living. I have made a thorough census of it, which I have revised three times over, and in some parts more; my census contains, besides other things, the occupation of the adults and the ages of the children. The purpose of my argument must be my excuse for mentioning these details. I am here now several years; I am daily amidst the poor; they daily make known to me their trials, and give me their confidences. I have known many of them who have emigrated within that time; some of whom have come to me before they left, others I have bled in their homes. Their families are living here still, and I meet them every day. Now, it is a curious fact that none of those emigrants, nor any member of their families whom they have left behind, has even once confided to me the secret that they left for want of amusement at home. They left chiefly for want of work at home; and I am surprised that a professed economist is not satisfied with that simple cause of emigration, without fishing for its philosophy in the realms of poetry. As far as I know, such a secret has not been confided to any of the priests with whom I live, nor to any priest in the country. It cannot be through fear of appearing to reprove us for "taking joy—innocent joy—from the social side of their home life." For, besides the Women's Temperance House which I have already mentioned, there is in the parish a large Total Abstinence Society for men, carefully looked after by another priest, in which the members have various means of amusement, and can have dancing whenever they desire it. Yet the people emigrate, and they never confide to us the cause to which, we are told by Sir Horace, their "exodus is largely due."

I am not to be understood as implying that priests should inaugurate schemes for the amusement of the people. That is not a priest's business; it is not the business of anyone except of those who want to amuse themselves. Amusement is spontaneous, else it is not amusement; and those who, when they may, will not start it, do not desiderate it; at least, will not run away to America for want of it. Has Sir Horace ever reflected on how a Presbyterian spends Sunday? Yet, many of them have emigrated from the North, and not surely, in search of Sunday amusement, or from want of it. Who ever heard of a Protestant longing for amusement on the Sabbath? I have no doubt that some persons are induced to emigrate by the flattering letters they get from their friends; and in that way, emigration may to some extent, be caused by the promised pleasures of life abroad. But the same influence attracts persons from the country into the towns and cities at home. The same influence has depopulated some of the country parts of England, having drawn the people into the cities. From the nature of things, the country cannot supply that variety of distractions which are to be found either in American or in Irish cities. If Sir Horace or his Sunday cyclists set about providing Irish country districts with amusements to rival those of New York or Boston, I should be curious to know how they would do it? The vast majority of Irish emigrants, in leaving Ireland for America, are running away not from loneliness in search of pleasure, but they are simply answering an American letter which contained their passage ticket. I think that the passage ticket causes a great many more to emigrate than the dulness of home life or the promised pleasures of the States. The parish priest of a country parish, who takes a very wide interest in his people, has told me that he has kept a list of the emigrants from his parish during the last two years, and of these only two paid their own passage; and he shrewdly and truly added that, "giving those who thus tempt the people with passage tickets and flattering promises credit for

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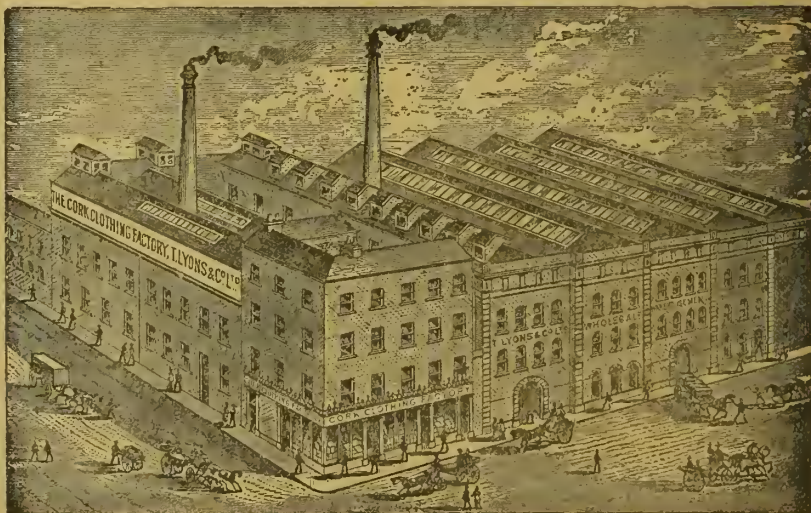
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the best intentions, they are the greatest Emigration Agents we have." My friend anticipated the Registrar-General. Hitherto no statistics have been made out to show how many go to America on prepaid passage tickets. Such statistics have just been given for the first time, and they inform us that of 12,784 emigrants to the United States during the June quarter of this year, 5,204 have gone on passage tickets sent from America. Besides those, a considerable number emigrate, paying their own passage out of money sent from America for that purpose. Therefore, at least, one half of those who go to America at present are tempted away from home by the sight of the passage ticket and the passage money, and by the fancy pictures of Lagenian mines which are exhibited in the American letter, and seldom realised by those who go across, "allured by the gleam that shone."

I think that what I have written justifies me in concluding that it is not "the deadly dullness of rural life in Ireland" that causes emigration, as it has been phrased by a well-known rhetorical politician, but that it is emigration has caused "the deadly dullness of rural life in Ireland." One would think that country life in Ireland is exceptionally dull, beyond the country parts of England, the backwoods of America, or the Australian Bush. The philosophy of these critics consists in phrases.

Until lately the cry amongst a certain class of the community was—clear the congested districts by emigration; the priests, against all laws of economics, encourage the unfortunate people to stay in their misery. Now, the cry is—stop emigration, or Erin is no more; the priests are the cause of it all, because they will not let "a naturally light-hearted peasantry" enjoy themselves. Sixty years ago, Sir Robert Kane published his book on *The Industrial Resources of Ireland*, and at that time there were, according to him, 4,600,000 acres of improvable waste land in Ireland. At that time the population of the country was double what it is to-day. What happened? Poulett Scrope, in a letter to Lord John Russell, in 1847, says that there were 500,000 acres of waste land in Co. Mayo which might easily be

cultivated if the owners would only let the peasants do it. "But the landowners of Mayo," he says, "prefer driving the people out of the country to America or England, or starving them out of existence, to encouraging them by long leases to settle on waste lands at home. This is why Mayo appears to be over populated, when the contrary is, or ought to be, the fact." In 1839, a meeting of landlords was held in Loughrea for the purpose of raising funds to benevolently send the "surplus tenants" of the district to Australia. They showed they had "the economic sense." Loughrea was threatened by the Poor Law, which had just been passed; and they speculated that it would be cheaper for them to pay for transporting the poorest abroad, than to pay for supporting them at home; and they would have the glory moreover of doing a philanthropic deed. The inhuman fun which they found in the scheme may be read in these words of the chairman, as cruel as they are uncouth:—"We may select that quantity of land in the best situation, and call it Loughrea; and there may be a handsome lake, too, attached to it; and thus, those settlers may fancy themselves still in their dear Loughrea, with their associations and friends about them."

According to Father Lavelle's, *The Irish Landlord since the Revolution*, the number of houses levelled in twenty years (1841-1861) was 270,000; which meant so many families dispersed and gone, the evictor cared not whither. According to the same work, the Marquis of Sligo left not a soul, except a few herds, in wide areas of the West; and "the clearance" tragedies which were enacted in the West, went on more or less in the East, the South and the North. The people did not run to America in search of amusement from life's monotony in those parts; but, driven from their homes, they ran there for their lives, and their absence caused "the deadly dullness of the rural life" which they left behind them. From 1840 onwards, when the system of "consolidating lands" was adopted by landowners for the purpose of increasing their rents and of lessening their poor-rates, the number of small farms went on constantly decreasing, and the number of large ones con-

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stantly increasing. But I have said enough. There was no need for Sir Horace to come before the public, with his philosophy in swaddling-clothes, to seek the cause of Irish emigration elsewhere than in the economic necessity thus artificially made. The root of it is to be found in those facts, of which I have given but a few, for a sample. What thus began in necessity became in time also a custom, and it has now grown into a tradition. Most of the people have friends in America; some have more relatives there than at home. Children learn from their childhood that their destiny is America; and as they grow up, the thought is set before them as a thing to hope for—Going to America is to be their way of living. And it is so: public wrong has made it stern truth. Children are *intended* for America, as they are *intended* for carpenters, labourers, masons, or smiths. These are facts, not fancies; and Sir Horace would, I think, have done more wisely to have learned them and faced them straight rather than to have taken the trouble of thinking out for us that “many of the clergy ignore the vast difference between the ephemeral nature of moral compulsion and the enduring force of real moral training;” which distinction there is not a priest in Ireland, or anywhere else, who does not understand quite as clearly as he does; and very many of them, I am sure, a great deal better.

M.O'R.

THE ANTIEN CONCERT ROOMS EXHIBITION.

THE Ancient Concert Rooms have seen many forms of entertainment. Balls, dinner parties, concerts, good and bad, even debates, find shelter within these walls. The same chambers have—if I remember aright—heard a lady declare her reasons for becoming a theosophist. Not long since they were occupied by the sanguine promoters of the Dublin *exposition universelle*. Fate's irony filled them with the answer, “the Irish Revival Industries Show,” a few days since. Seldom has there been a display more instinct with life. There was a sort of proud eagerness in its visitors. All that negative enthusiasm which the Internationals so admirably succeeded in arousing in the Irish people, seemed to appeal as a positive feeling in support of this national exhibition. There was something more in the visitors than the common curiosity of sight-seers; there was a personal feeling, a sentiment of proprietorship; the humblest Irishman who passed in could not but reflect that these things were his very own.

Of themselves, bricks are, I fear, uninteresting; they are by no means novel objects, and even the Dolphin's Barn Brick, in large quantities—about which one might say, in the words of the Roman

Si fractus illabatur orbis impavidum ferient ruinae

—would pall, if dependent solely on its own attractions. Nor would he, that had grown weary of bricks, find in

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soap a sufficient solace. But it was not the mere seeing of things that one enjoyed, it was seeing what Ireland could produce, and knowing that every stick and stone displayed had a place in our national life and a meaning and importance viewed from the standpoint of Ireland as a whole.

Such an exhibition was not, of course, got together on ambitious lines. Compared even with the Limerick local exhibition, it was altogether of smaller dimensions, though somewhat more varied in the nature of its exhibits. But yet it is small shows that really do the work; it is the constant instilling of the industrial lesson, the lesson of industry allied to nationality that will in the end produce the saving change in our individual ideas and aspirations. Few people in Ireland regard manufacture and industry with quite the same mental attitude that they did five years ago. Few idealists now despise the practical. The poet, the painter, the man with aspirations no longer looks with contempt on that which is in truth the sinews of Art. Those that have thought for the National mind have long since come to recognise that full development of the soul is compatible only with the soundness of the National body, that is, with the material prosperity of the country as a whole.

But such expositions have half their work to do. The thinker has become practical. The practical man has now to be made to think. The man that believes in Nationality has been convinced of the value of industry. The man that looks chiefly to the financial aspect of life has to be convinced of the close relation between Nationality and national prosperity, to be shown that a national mind risen from slumber will soon find work for its hands to do. To day our industries may be small in comparison with those of some countries; but we are beginning to think of them, to turn our mind into industrial channels, to reckon up our industrial riches and find that we are better off than we had imagined. To-morrow the spirit may bear fruit; there may be a great uprising like that of Germany, the teeming industries of thirty years hence may be the outcome of the efforts for revival of to-day.

That which most astonishes the average visitor to even a small exhibition of Irish manufacture is really their unexpected number and exuberance. If we could only multiply the factories in the case of the several industries we possess, we could become a great manufacturing country without starting any new industries at all. This exhibition was of moderate dimensions, yet it is impossible to treat of its individual items, for there were over seventy industries represented. Everything from chickens to bicycles found a place in it. Some of the most interesting exhibits were those from convents, showing that celibacy is not necessarily opposed to the industrial spirit. Of course, woollens were well represented, both home-spuns and the product of the mills. It is in wool that our greatest hope lies. Perhaps, the most interesting items in the exhibition were, however, the various art manufactures.

To the ordinary visitor these are naturally the most attractive. But these industries may also have an im-

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portance far out of proportion to their present dimensions. In them are combined the two spirits—the ideal and the practical—of which I have already written. If there be really any truth in Irishmen having the artistic spirit at heart it is here that it should manifest itself. We have all heard to the point of weariness of Ireland's skill in artistic work of old. It may well be possible for us again to win a similar repute. The exhibits of art work on this occasion were both beautiful and original. The Dun Emer exhibits were especially worthy of praise. They had a certain quaint charm and distinction that was peculiarly pleasing. Then there was metal work, carving and mosaic, together with those commoner forms, in which art, good or bad, is brought home to all of us, such as carpets and furniture.

Of course, in regard to the best and therefore the dearest art work we labour under one disadvantage in

Ireland. We lack the rich people who can afford to purchase them in our own country. Nor have such rich people as we possess any very enlightened taste. As a compensation, however, we have a people ready to spend money without stint upon religious art. In the golden age of Greek art the conditions were not very different. If the public taste can be educated—and such shows as this tend in a considerable degree to do so—not only will there be a demand for true art on the part of such rich men as we have, but there will certainly be a great desire for ecclesiastical art of a high order. The creation of a native school of decoration and design may very well be the ultimate result, and the benefits of such a school to our industries will assuredly be great indeed. Let us then, congratulate the promoters of this exhibition both for what it was and what it signified.

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CONTENTS.

CURRENT AFFAIRS:—

The New Reform Association	...	49
The Seige of Port Riverstown	...	49
The Orange Institution...	...	51
A Collection of Father O'Leary's Irish Articles	...	51
Etc., Etc.		

ARTICLES:—

"A Sober Nationalist" and the LEADER	...	52
Coop Fianaiseacta	...	53
The Rathmines Scandal	...	53
The Irish Buddhists	...	54
"How much he wants Tay"	...	55
Sir Horace Plunkett's Book—XXIV.	...	56
Memoir of Sr. M. G. Beale	...	58
An Irish Philological Journal	...	58
Candid Criticisms of Armagh Cathedral	...	59
Books for the Pope	...	61
Sinn péin pinn péin	...	62

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CURRENT AFFAIRS.

Captain Shawe-Taylor has been interviewed in London. He is one of the new Reform Association people. We have a certain regard for Captain Shawe-Taylor, but it is more than probable that he is not as important a person as he thinks he is. Captain Shawe-Taylor talks of Irish landowners—he evidently meant "landlords"—being debarred from Parliamentary, County Council and Rural Council careers. As far as Nationalist Ireland is concerned this may be substantially true; but it is well to bear in mind that it is not really the country that expels the landlords from these careers, but the landlords themselves who have gone adrift from the country. After all, though a green we are not altogether a foolish people; and if the landlords with their past behind them, and their present, think that they have a grievance because they are expelled rather than absorbed by the popular bodies of a nation that they have done so much to thwart they must be very simple indeed. Leaving out the past—and that is a large order—what are the landlords as a class doing for Irish Ireland? What have they done for the Irish Industrial Revival? What title have they to anything but writs of ejection? The landlords would like to have it both ways; they would like to be full of "superiority" as "England's Faithful Garrison," and at the same time they would like to attain to the ranks of rural and county councillorships and membership of Parliament. When they become Irish they will find that they will at least stand level with other aspirants for the position of rural councillorship, etc. According to Captain Shawe-Taylor "progressive, able and

active men will rebel against such social and political ostracism." There is certainly some unconscious humour about that remark of the gallant Captain. Might not the Catholics as well say that they are ostracised from the select vestries of the Church of England's Faithful Garrison in Ireland? How can people who deliberately and malignantly stop outside a nation be said to be ostracised by that nation?

Captain Shawe-Taylor talks of the Irish landlords going off with their capital in their pockets to some other countries. Well, the small Galway landlord, who is a big man three miles from a Galway village, would not be much in London or Paris or Madrid, and he may think twice of exchanging the state of being a "gentleman" in Galway to being an unnoticed young man in lodgings in Kensington. What would they do if they went away to the Continent? Drink and gamble their capital and then "follow a horse" or drive a 'bus for a living? Captain Shawe-Taylor says that the landlords include "men of education, position, refinement and ability." Where are they and how many of them are in it—that is from an Irish Ireland or Irish entity point of view? How much landlord "ability" has been placed at the service of the Gaelic League? We wonder does "refinement" stand for West Britonism? The landlord class, of which Captain Shawe-Taylor is a unit, owe restitution to the outraged Irish race, and there is no use their trying to let on that they have a grievance. The LEADER is over four years old and the people are thinking now, and that sort of thing won't go down. It is the Irish nation that still has the grievance against the landlords. Sackcloth and ashes would better become them than grievance-making. Captain Shawe-Taylor is a man of some parts, but if we heard that even his permanent address was shifted from Castle Taylor to a German Hotel we would not exactly give up hope for Ireland! If the landlords, when they have their money, would prefer to spend it in Germany and afterwards earn their living in that country when the money was spent, let them go and welcome; their record, as a blot on the chequered history of this country, is not one that would induce any honest man to shed a tear after them.

The landlords' Irish Reform Association is a Unionist experiment; well, let it experiment on the Unionist; let it preach tolerance to the Orangemen. We thoroughly agree with one thing that Captain Shawe-Taylor said:—"The Association has, therefore, a wide field of action." Well, in the name of common sense, let it act then and not have so much talk. Could it not start an industry, for instance, or form a branch of the Gaelic League?

The Post Office, in relation to Irish, constitutes an important question. The policy of Irish Ireland is to unload as much Irish addressed matter as possible daily into the letter-boxes of the country, and to complain to the Postmaster-General at London of every delay, or other irregularity in connection with the delivery of such letters. We would advise our readers to give over complaining to the imported secretary at Dublin—he is only small fry; Irish Ireland should only deal with principals. Irish Irelanders should in all cases send their complaints to the Postmaster-General at headquarters. The Riverstown Post Office is fighting a local curate out of pure anti-Irish spite, and we trust that the curate will lay his complaint before the Postmaster-General in London, as well as take measures to otherwise outflank the anti-Irish post office of Riverstown. Irish Ireland is getting on nicely; but we think it could hold a larger number of fanatics in solution. We lack fanatics; we are fighting too much with sugar-sticks for our taste. The Post Office army corps should be followed up with alertness and

vigour until it is compulsory that every man or woman entering the Postal service knows sufficient Irish to enable them to deal with letters addressed in Irish. Picture an anti-Irish bigot village postal authority having the impertinence to put itself in the way of the inrush of the Irish tide! That is ridiculous enough; but picture the Irish tide staying in its course because the bigot puts up its finger. *Fás an beatac!*

Port Arthur and Mukden are interesting places to all the world just now; but Irish Ireland has a particular interest in the hamlet of Riverstown (*Baile na Ríve* *na Ríve*) in the County of Sligo. There is a sort of a siege or battle going on there; some postal officials with brooms are attempting to stop the Irish Ireland tide; the battle is raging as we write, and no man knows the fateful moment when the Riverstown defenders will throw up their hands and their handkerchiefs and let the tide swamp that great and famous stronghold of pure English civilisation.

When the Irish tide, in the shape of an Irish Ireland "Idoltrous" curate, first encroached on the rock-bound English fortress of Port Riverstown, in the wild County of Sligo, the gallant defenders treated the tide with even more than indifference. They helped it; they dug holes in the sands, as it were, in order to facilitate its ingress. No voice from the stamp counter uttered the words, "Watchman, what of the night," to the village Postman; Long Tom was not mounted on the sorter's desk. Letters addressed in Irish were not only harboured in the great British fortress, Port Riverstown, but the contraband was delivered with fair regularity to the foul enemy who was biting at the foundations of English civilisation within the gates. The foul enemy unmasked his batteries and the Guardians of Port Riverstown opened their eyes. The foul enemy started a treasonous Irish Class in Port Riverstown and preached nefarious Irish ideas. The gallant Sourface on the watch at the Post Office Fort in Port Riverstown looked to the powder and the guns; the tail of the British lion had been twisted over much; the Irish traitor pecking at the foundations had presumed too far. The Post Office officials shook their lions' manes. The Irish traitor within the gates gave some stings to the "tame" "Idolator" and the *Seoinín*. The servant of the Irish enemy was told at the Post Office Fort, at Port Riverstown, that his master was getting into a bad habit in having letters addressed in Irish through the post, and that his master ought not to get them. The master had the temerity to write to the imported British Secretary at the G.P.O. in Dublin, who replied that he was assured that no discourtesy was intended. Well, one could not expect much satisfaction from this imported G.P.O. Secretary at Dublin.

These were only preliminary skirmishes; after that the open war commenced. All, or almost all, the nefarious Catholic Curates' letters, etc., addressed in Irish were packed back to Dublin for translation. The British lion at Riverstown had taken the field against the Irish wolf dog; but the Irish wolf-dog fortunately has teeth. The Curate has been at Riverstown for about seventeen months and several hundred letters were delivered to him, but he is still officially unknown at the Post Office Fort, and his letters have to be forwarded back to Dublin for purposes of translation. But as even Jove nods, the British lion sometimes takes a snooze at Port Riverstown and an Irish addressed letter passes in direct without going back to Dublin for alterations and repairs.

Needless to say the British lion at Port Riverstown is a Sourface. The Irish wolf-dog is not turning tail; he is showing more of his teeth and some of his claws. Hitherto his were the only Irish addressed letters sent to Port Riverstown; now he purposes asking his class to have letters addressed to them in Irish in future. Of course, it is admitted that the Irish Curate's name is well known in the Post Office Fort, but the common ruck at the fort are, we take it, under orders from the head British authority at Port Riverstown.

We are interested in this siege of Port Riverstown, and we hope to make our readers interested in it also. If we had a daily paper we would issue a daily bulletin from the seat of war concerning the siege. When will Port Riverstown fall—that is the great question? We trust all our readers who know anyone in the famous fortress will pour in contraband Irish letters there in bundles; it would be a pity not to give such a noble British authority plenty to do. Give them Irish right, left and centre; protest to the G.P.O. at London. We would have the eyes of Irish Ireland turned on Port Riverstown and its gallant Sourface Horatius.

The following is from the *Irish Times*, of September 10th:—"Wanted, Protestant Couple, to live in employer's gate-lodge (5 rooms); man to work on walks, and keep premises tidy; woman attend to gate; pensioner preferred. Apply to Colonel St. Leger Moore, Killashee, Naas."

Professor Rhys, in the course of an address at the Pan-Celtic Congress, as reported in the *Dust Bin*, said—"That when last over in Ireland he saw all his friends were learning Irish, and he was anxious as to the result. This was one of the aspects of a great awakening of national life in Ireland, an awakening which extended to industries, art, music, pastimes, and Irish life generally. (Cheers). The perverse policy of trying by all means to make the Irish people English had been tried for hundreds of years, and had proved a failure, as it deserved to be. (Laughter and cheers). Nobody tried to make Scotsmen into Englishmen, and it would be a sad result to achieve. (Laughter.) It was much better to let the Irish develop on the lines of the Western Gael." And the poor "*Irish Times*," of the imported British Editor, tries its little best to boycott the Irish Revival, and ostrich like puts its head in the sands where it cannot hear the ominous rumblings and workings of the Irish revolution in progress. The sub-editor who allowed that report of Professor Rhys's remarks into the *Dust Bin* should be paid off and sent about his business at once.

The friends of Mr. A. J. Lalor will be glad to learn that he has been appointed manager of Messrs. Hayes and Finch's Candle Factory, Eustace Street, Dublin. Mr. Lalor has been connected with this firm for a number of years. We wish him success in his new position.

What is the value, speaking generally, of a "resolution" in Ireland? What is the value of a "resolution" setting out that a preference is to be given to Irish speakers. The mastership of Gort Union (Co. Galway) was recently vacant owing to the resignation of the late master. The resignation was tendered on the 20th August, and an advertisement was ordered to be inserted in the local papers on Saturday, August 27th, and the election was fixed for, and has since taken place on, Saturday, 3rd September. The advertisement appeared without as much as a word about a knowledge of Irish being desired, though we understand that everyone of the inmates is an Irish speaker and some of them can speak no other language; a large percentage of the rate-payers of the Gort Rural District are, also, we are informed, Irish speakers, and of the Board of Guardians 39 speak Irish and only two—members of the landlord class—are unable to speak it. How is it that Mr. Myler J. Burke, the Clerk, stated nothing about Irish in the advertisement? There were three candidates for the post, one of whom was an Irish speaker; the others, we are informed, were not Irish speakers. The Irish-speaking candidate was no other than Mr. Thomas Hynes, son of Mr. Bartly Hynes, whose prosecution by Policeman Hussey will be in the recollection of our readers. Well, Mr. Hynes only got eight votes; the following were those who voted for the Irish candidate:—Messrs. Corless, J.P., Co.C.; M. Mitchell, B. Carr, John Crehan, Tom Clayton, J. Kane, John Quinn, and John O'Dea; twenty-six of the "true and independent" Gort Guardians

voted for the other two. What is the value of a resolution after that? The candidates were not examined with a view to finding out whether they were Irish speakers or not.

A new Temperance Hall, at the cost of £600, has been built at Grange, Co. Sligo, and the opening ceremony, by the Most Rev. Dr. Clancy, is to take place on Sunday, the 25th September. There will be a solemn Mass at 12 o'clock, after which a suitable sermon will be preached by Father Cummins, of Roscommon; and at 4 o'clock the opening ceremony by the Bishop will take place. After an address by his Lordship, a concert will be held. We wish a long and useful career to the Grange Temperance Hall, and we hope that Irish Ireland and Temperate Ireland will advance hand in hand there.

The following advertisements are from the *Glasgow Herald*, of August 25th:—"Auditor's Clerk (Chartered preferred) Wanted for Dublin; thoroughly experienced.—Full particulars and salary expected, which must be moderate, to "Correct," care Eason's advertising agents, Dublin. Wanted, by a Firm of Carriers in Ireland, a first class Canvasser who thoroughly understands his business, and has had some experience of the management of carters, loading, etc., state age and experience; salary, £130 per annum.—Address Box 613, care Eason and Son, advertising agents, Dublin. To Coach Trimmers.—Wanted, a man with experience; constant employment to a competent man.—Apply Mullins and Sons, Cork. Fishmonger.—Smart, energetic Lad Wanted as junior hand.—Apply, giving fullest particulars and wages wanted, to Storr, Duncairn Buildings, Belfast." What! Is not the capital of the Intellectual Sahara of Ireland equal to supplying a fishmonger's lad for Storr of Belfast!

We have seen some samples of the socks and stockings turned out by the newly-established Dunleary Woollen Industry, and as far as we could form an opinion—of course, we could only look at them with an ordinary eye and not with the insight of an expert—they were excellent productions and reflected great credit on the Dunleary industry. We were shown socks that ought profitably to be sold by retailers at 1s., 1s. 3d., and 1s. 6d. a pair; they also make a line of socks which we were informed could be sold retail at 9d. a pair. We saw knicker hose that ought to be had retail at 2s. 3d. or 2s. 6d., schoolboy stockings and children's stockings that ought to be retailed at 1s. 9d. and 1s. respectively. The industry is already in good working order and those of our readers who, in the course of business deal in hosiery, would do well to write to the Dunleary Industry for their wholesale terms.

We note from a report in the *Western News* that, after a meeting at Aughris, near Templeboy, Sligo, a concert and dance was held at Kilrusheighter in aid of the Gaelic movement. The stewards decided that half the dances should be Irish. This decision was evidently too much for a party of West Britons from Easkey in the western part of the Barony; and these champions of West Britonism attempted to intimidate the stewards into deleting the Irish dances from the programme. However, the stewards headed by their secretary, Mr. John Connellan, were not easily intimidated; anyway, the aristocrats from Easkey were not equal to turning them from their decision. The general opinion of those present supported the stewards, and the programme with the hateful Irish dances was carried out. The aristocrats of Easkey did not leave by way of protest, however; and they stayed out the whole programme. Possibly during the periods occupied by the Irish items the Easkey contingent retired to the refreshment rooms and sang songs of "The Old Kent Road" type and performed some coster dances.

We have before us an interesting booklet entitled "Laws and Ordinances of the Orange Institution of Ireland," revised and adopted by the Grand Lodge of Ire-

land, June 3rd, 1896. It was printed at Dublin by Brother James Forrest, 76 and 77 Capel Street. In a paragraph headed "Basis of the Institution" we learn that the institution is composed of Protestants, and that they are united for, amongst other things, "the defence of their own Persons and Properties." If the "Idolators" formed an association exclusively composed of "Idolators" having for one of its object "the defence of their own Persons and Properties" what an outcry there would be amongst the "lambes." The paragraph headed "Qualifications of Candidates" is amusing reading. Amongst the qualities which a candidate must satisfy the master and members of every Lodge that he possesses are that "his deportment should be gentle and compassionate, kind and courteous; he should seek the society of the virtuous, and avoid that of the evil." This is sadly humorous reading, indeed! Another thing that the Orangeman should do is "abstain from all cursing and profane language." We take it that the Grand Master dispenses the Brethren in the matter of "To hell with the Pope." We smile again at this clause:—"His conduct should be guided by wisdom and prudence, and marked by honesty, temperance and sobriety." Amongst the "Particular Qualifications" is "That he is not, and never was, a Roman Catholic or Papist, or married to one (unless in cases under the third law)." Another clause is—" ; and that he will not, in any manner, communicate or reveal any of the proceedings of his Brother Orangemen in Lodge assembled, nor any matter or thing therein communicated to him, unless to a Brother Orangeman, well knowing him to be such, or until he shall have been authorised so to do by the Grand Lodge."

Apparently there is a "purple" as well as an "orange" order. There is a paragraph headed "Qualifications for Admission into Purple Order." It runs as follows:—"Faithfully to keep all matters and things confided to him as a Purpleman, as well from an Orangeman as from one who is not a Member, unless authorised by the Grand Lodge to impart them; and not to admit any Candidate into the Orange or Purple Order, except only while rightfully acting as Master of a Lodge; nor admit or assist at the admission of any Member in any other Order, purporting to be part of the Orange system, than the Orange and the Purple, which are the only Orders recognised by the Orange Institution."

Here are a couple of "General Laws":—" (3) No Person who at any time has been a Roman Catholic, or married to one, shall be admitted into the Institution, except by a unanimous vote of the Grand Lodge and of the District and County Grand Lodges, founded on testimonials of good character, and a Certificate of his having been duly elected (pursuant to 2nd Law) in the Lodge in which he is proposed. (4) Any Member dishonouring the Institution by marrying a Roman Catholic shall be expelled; and every Member shall use his best endeavours to prevent and discountenance the marriage of Protestants with Roman Catholics, such intermarriages generally occasioning domestic unhappiness, and tending to the injury of Protestantism."

Many of our readers have often wished for a volume containing a collection of Father O'Leary's Irish articles that appear in the LEADER from week to week. The Irish Book Company, with commendable enterprise, have now placed such a volume on the market. It is entitled "Sgothuata," and it is a marvel of cheapness at 6d. The Irish Book Company have been, and still are, pioneers in the Irish publishing world. This sixpenny volume contains 90 pages of solid Irish besides over two pages of a vocabulary of certain difficult words! There are 48 essays in all. It is encouraging, but of course not surprising, to find this go-ahead enterprise associated with the Irish Revival. It was only the other day that this firm gave the country a complete edition of *Séana* which stands, and probably will stand for a long time, the book of the Irish Revival Era; and now we have this excellently turned out book of about 100 pages containing 48 of the unique essays of Father O'Leary, by common consent the first man in modern Irish literature,

offered to the public for sixpence. As the book is made up of essays that have already appeared in the LEADER, it is not for us to offer any particular opinion on their merits. In any case Irish Ireland knows full well already the unique merits of these famous weekly contributions from which are collected the contents of "Sgobuatao."



"A SOBER NATIONALIST" AND THE "LEADER."

ON Tuesday, as we were preparing for press, we received the following letter from Mr. George Russell, whom the *Irish Times*, it will be remembered, admirably dubbed "A Sober Nationalist":—

"SIR—I observe in your leader 'A Sober Nationalist,' you have taken up the cudgels on behalf of the journalism criticised by me in my article, 'Physical Force in Literature.' What you have written seems to me to illustrate so well the methods of this new Irish journalism that I would like to give it a little more publicity, and therefore ask your permission to reprint it along with my article in a pamphlet at my expense. Your attack on my article will constitute my defence. I am content to make no further comment, but to leave it to those who will read both articles to decide whether mine was justified and whether yours was a fair commentary. I do not wish to benefit by your undeniably greater popularity, and, if by any chance the pamphlet should cover its cost, I will hand over the surplus to the Gaelic League. Though you seem to imply that I advertise myself well, you can hardly in this case deny me the extra publicity, seeing that it will be none other in character than you yourself have chosen to give me. If you will believe me, I no more desire to advertise myself by this step than I wish to advertise you. I only wish to bring some public opinion to bear on the problem I discussed. I wrote an article on fair play in journalism. You retort, not by argument, but by trying to make me personally appear foolish and mean to your readers. If I were all you hint, it would still be no answer. I wish to have the question at issue discussed, and can find no better way than by submitting both articles formally to the Press in Ireland for comment. I know to a great extent Irish journalists were with you in your attitude on Sir Horace Plunkett's book, and that here again I must suffer by running counter to their previous opinion. But I have sufficient confidence in their sense of fair play (once the issue is put clearly as to whether such personal attacks are rightly within the journalist's prerogative) to submit my article for their verdict. You have invited me to argue the matter out in your pages, but for the judgment I wish it would be to no purpose. Do you give me the permission asked for?—Yours truly,

"GEORGE W. RUSSELL.

"25 Coulson Avenue, Rathgar.

"12th September, 1904."

[It will be observed that Mr. Russell refuses our challenge; he refuses—notwithstanding that he publicly abused us on the points—to join issue with us on the questions involved in the terms "bigot" and "sourface." We cannot say that we were sanguine that he would show fight as willingly as he showered abuse. Mr. Russell is quite incorrect in stating that we took up the cudgels on behalf of any class of journalism. We certainly took up the cudgels to defend ourselves from some grotesque and abusive libels from Mr. Russell. He suggested, as we read his article, that certain people who cry "bigot" and "sourface" were either through hatred of thought or incapacity to think, content merely to abuse; and that at any attempt to reason out the right or wrong of a question, the abuse grew more vehement and angry. As our thoughtful campaign is associated with the terms "bigot" and "sourface," we took that charge as being levelled at us. In so far as it was levelled at us it is, as our readers know, grotesque and merely represents unrestrained abuse from Mr. Russell. The best way to reply to a charge, a grotesque charge, of a refusal to argue is to openly offer space to your abuser for any arguments he has to offer. We made that offer to Mr. Russell, and by so doing put him in an untenable position from which he is now running away and making a clumsy attempt, that will deceive no

sensible person, to cover his retreat by waving a pamphlet in which there is to be no attempt to justify his abuse of us! He swaggered up in this way to us:—"Go 'long out o' that, you can only cry 'bigot,' you can't or won't argue, you proxy-thinking fellow." We gently replied that as a matter of fact we were spoiling for an argument, and offered him space to engage in a trial of brains with us. Mr. Russell, whether "either through hatred of thought or incapacity to think," declines to take space, and our readers can draw their own conclusions! We may remark, by the way, that we see no crime in making a public writer look foolish if he writes foolishly in public.

Mr. Russell having declined to attempt to make good his abuse of us, hit on the expedient of attempting, as we have said, to cover his precipitate flight from a field into which he so foolishly and so unthinkingly entered by an offer to bring out a pamphlet containing nothing new! Of course, as far as we are concerned, if it pleases him and lightens up his heart along the line of retreat to bring out a pamphlet, it likewise pleases us, and we make no objections. He certainly has our full permission to reprint our article. If Mr. Hone, of Cambridge University who joined issue with us on the bigotry question, and to whom we replied, would think of bringing out his article and our reply in pamphlet form, we would not only give him permission, but we would gladly subscribe to the expense. We trust that Mr. Russell's pamphlet containing our article will have a very large sale and that it will be extensively reviewed, for, though we say it ourselves, we think it was a specially good and vigorous article in our best style, and that it deserves extra publicity.—ED. LEADER].



CORRESPONDENCE.

PRIESTS AND AMUSEMENTS.

SIR—In M. O'R.'s article on Sir Horace Plunkett's Book, in this week's LEADER, I find the following:—

"I am not to be understood as implying that priests should inaugurate schemes for the amusement of the people. That is not a priest's business; it is not the business of anyone except those who want to amuse themselves."

On the face of the latter sentence, one would conclude that M. O'R. considers it absolutely out of place for a priest to inaugurate schemes for the amusement of the people. But I don't believe this conclusion would square with M. O'R.'s opinion on the matter, and that what he really holds is that a priest is *not bound* to inaugurate schemes, etc.

Of course, the priest is not bound to do so, but he will be doing something good if he does so. In many parishes there are no amusements for the people. Why? Because there is nobody to inaugurate them except the priest. In such parishes why should not the priest do something in the shape of getting up some amusement for the people that will keep them from the public-houses and give them something else to think about besides backing horses. The best natural remedy against evil is the counter attraction of some lawful amusement.—Yours sincerely,

P. McD.

ST. KEVIN'S PARK, STILLORGAN.

DEAR SIR—May I ask your good offices in contradicting a report which I learn has been recently circulated to the effect that St. Kevin's Park, Stillorgan, has been closed as a holiday residence for business girls, in consequence of the establishment there of the new Training School of Domestic Economy; this, I am particularly anxious to have known, is not the case; so far as the accommodation at our command will permit we are both willing and desirous to welcome tired workers during the Autumn and Winter as well as during the Summer months. If you would insert this letter in your forthcoming issue, I should feel myself very particularly obliged.—I am, yours faithfully,

A. F. PROCTER, *Superintendent.*

St. Kevin's Park, Kilmacud, Stillorgan,
Co. Dublin, Sept. 8th, 1904.

CORP FIANÁIGEACHTA.

CAOIS: ní'í don d'ab' ar, a' d'óna'ó, 'n'á go b'fuit an ceap' ra méio' fín a'gac, pé 'n-éipunn é. D'earm'ao ana mói' ab' ead' a' m'ear' i' n-aon' cor' sup' m'ait' an puo' éipúge aip'ci ar' paó. Ac' d'á mbéi'ópá-ra i' n-áit' d'óinnail uí' Conail' a'gac go b'p'eic'pá go foiléir' ná' paib' don b'p'eic' ar' i' f'aoct'p'ú' d'áip'p'ib' an uair' rin, ead' a' d'ean'pá?

D'óna'ó: D'á mb' f'ear' mé ná' p'caon'p'ad' noim' d'aoine' c'p'eit'p'eam'na'ca' n'ioi' d'óic' liom' go b'p'eic'pinn' cómh' foiléir' rin ná' paib' don b'p'eic' ar' i' f'aoct'p'ú' d'áip'p'ib'. Uí' d'aoine' g'ear'cú'p'ea'ca' do d'óic'ín a'gac i' n-éipunn' p'eic' m'blia'na ó' fín a'gac' cóna'ca'p'ar' go foiléir' an uair' rin ná' paib' don b'p'eic' ar' an n'gaeluinn' do f'aoct'p'ú' d'áip'p'ib'. Cóna'ca'p'ar' é cómh' foiléir' a'gac' cóna'ic' d'óinnail' ua' Conail' p'iam' é. A'gac' cóna'ca'p'ar' puo' eile. Cóna'ca'p'ar' go foiléir', pé' b'p'eic' a' b'í' n'ú' ná' paib' ar' an n'gaeluinn' do f'aoct'p'ú' i' n-aip'p'ir' d'óinnail' uí' Conail', ná'p' b'ao'g'al' go paib' don b'p'eic' aip' p'eic' m'blia'na ó' fín. D'ear'p'p'ioir' leat' go paib' éip'e go léir' a'gac' la'baip't' na g'aeluinn'e i' n-aip'p'ir' d'óinnail' uí' Conail', a'gac' d'oinne' a' b'í' á'ba'la' ar' i' la'baip't', sup' p'ó' b'ea'g' an t'p'uib'loir' a' m'úine' d'ó' conup' i' léig'e a'gac' conup' i' p'g'p'í'. D'ear'p'p'ioir' leat' sup' mói' an d'eip'p'í' g'ea'c't' a' b'í' ioi'p' an aip'p'ir' rin a'gac' an aip'p'ir' a' b'í' acu' p'eim' p'eic' m'blia'na ó' fín, nuair' a' b'í' na p'goileana' g'all'oa' ta'p' éip' na g'aeluinn'e m'úca'ó' in'p' g'ac' don ba'll' ná'c' mói', a'gac' nuair' a' b'í' nó'p'a' g'all'oa' a'gac' uair'p'lea'c't' g'all'oa' ta'p' éip' a'ig'ne na p'p'aoine' do d'alla'ó' a'gac' do' éip' am'ú' i' t'p'p'ea'ó' ná' paib' d'e' m'ac't'na'm' 'n'á' d'e' p'muín'eam' acu' ó' m'ait'oin' go h-oí'ó'ce ná' ó' lu'au' go Sa'c'ap'an' ac' conup' ab' f'ear' a' éio'p'p'ad' leó' b'p'eip' g'all'oa'c'ta' éip' op't'a' p'eim'. D'ear'p'p'ioir' leat', a'gac' b'ea'ó' an f'ip'p'inne' acu'. ná' paib' an g'all'oa'c't' ta'p' éip' g'p'ea'm'a' b'p'eic' i' n-aip'p'ir' d'óinnail' uí' Conail' ac' ar' an m'bea'g'án' d'aoine' go paib' p'oca'lin' d'ear'p'la' acu'; go paib' an éio'c't'ia'na' c'a'c't' p'aoi'p' p'ó'p' ó' don g'p'heim' d'e'n' t'p'ó'p'io' p'an: go paib'p'ar' p'ioi' g'ae'ó'la'c', 'n-a' g'p'p'io'í'd'e' a'gac' 'n-a' n-aig'ne, 'n-a' m'bea'p'ib' a'gac' 'n-a' nó'p'ib' a'gac' 'n-a' m'bea'c'a, a'gac' d'á' t'p'up'nuig'c'í' d'áip'p'ib' ar' an n'gaeluinn' a' b'í' 'n-a' m'beal' acu' do f'aoct'p'ú' d'óib' go n'g'ea'p'p'ioir' leip' an f'aoct'p'ú' go t'ug'c'a' a'gac' go d'úil'na'p'. Ac' d'ear'p'p'ioir' leat', na d'aoine' rin' a' d'eip'p'im' a' la'baip't' d'eic' m'blia'na ó' fín, go paib' an aip'p'ir' rin im't'ig'c'e' a'gac' go paib' na d'aoine' a'gac' na nó'p'a' a'gac' an in't'inn' g'ae'ó'la'c' im't'ig'c'e', a'gac' d'á' b'p'ig' fín, pé' b'p'eic' a' b'í' ar' f'aoct'p'ú' na g'aeluinn'e i' n-aip'p'ir' d'óinnail' uí' Conail', 'n'á' pé' caoi' a' b'í' aip', go paib' ioi'p' b'p'eic' a'gac' caoi' im't'ig'c'e' g'an t'uaip'p'is, a'gac' ná' b'ea'ó' ac' corp' p'ianaig'ea'c'ta' a'gac' p'iantaip' ann' ta'baip't' pé' n-a' leic'c'ero' t' obaip' an uair' rin, 'p'é' rin' d'eic' m'blia'na ó' fín. Ac' d'eic' m'blia'na ó' fín d'í'p'ea'c' ip'ea'ó' do t'ug'ad' pé' 'n' b'p'iantaip' go léir'. Cá' b'p'uit' an p'iantaip' anoip'? Cá' b'p'uit' an f'ianaig'ea'c't'? Má' d'eime'ad' an obaip' cómh' m'ait' a'gac' g'an i' t'up'p'ú' go t'c'í' ná' paib' in't'i, d'ap' le g'ac' d'oinne, ac' corp' p'ianaig'ea'c'ta', cá' m'beim'p' anoip' léi' d'á' t'p'up'nuig'c'í' uip'c'í' i' n-aip'p'ir' d'óinnail' uí' Conail'?

CAOIS: Ip' p'eioi'p', a' d'óna'ó, g'an d'ab'c' ar' d'óinnail', a' lán' do p'á'ó' ar' g'ac' cao'í' d'e'n' p'g'eal'.
D'óna'ó: Ip' p'eioi'p', a' CAOIS, a'gac' d'ear'p'p'ar'. 'n-a' t'up'ac' ip'ea'ó' a'c'á'c'ar'.
p'ea'p'ar' ua' la'og'aire.

THE RATHMINES SCANDAL.

THE Dublin County Council very properly resent the notorious conduct of the Local Government Board in the matter of the Rathmines Wards; and judging by their meeting last week they do not intend to take lying down the insulting slap in the face delivered by the Local Government Board. One of the legal advisers of the Crown in Ireland, the bigot, harangue-making Solicitor-General, held a brief for the Sourface side at the appeal enquiry and raised a point of law; and after about three months, and at a convenient time when Parliament was not sitting, the Local Government Board, of which this greedy fee-lifter and notorious bigot, the Solicitor-General, is a law adviser, announces its decision. The remarkable decision is that the legal point which a legal adviser of the Crown, in his capacity as paid counsel for one side in a case in which the Local Government Board were judges, raised at the enquiry, is good law; and that the Local Government Board in sanctioning an enquiry did not know its business and sanctioned an expensive and exhaustive enquiry that they now say was altogether irregular. The Board states that "they are advised" that the County Council had no authority. Who advised the Board that that is so? All the evidence and trouble and expense concerning the putting forward of the case before the County Council and afterwards before the Local Government Board was all energy and expense thrown away, if the Local Government Blunderers be now right.

Who is to pay the various pipers now, including the law officer of the Crown, the Solicitor-General, who had a brief for one side? Surely in equity the various individuals who compose the Local Government Board should be surcharged for permitting the County Council to hold the enquiry and for sending an Inspector to hold a sworn enquiry into a matter in which they now say they had no power.

Who are on this blundering Board? The soft-spoken Mr. Wyndham, an imported Britisher, is President, and the Vice-President is the Right Hon. Sir Henry A. Robinson, P.C., K.C.B. Now, who, in the name of common sense, is he? We do not remember to have ever seen his name in print or heard of his existence until we looked up the Directory to find out who composed this blundering Board. The only further information that we can find about this man in the Directory is that he lives in Foxrock, and that his house is rated at £94. He ought to be well able to afford a substantial surcharge on account of the blundering of his Board. The other members of the Board are the Under-Secretary for the time being; the present Under-Secretary, as the Orange party know, is a man by the name of Antony McDonnell, but he is so busily engaged in Guy Fawkes plots that we may assume that he had not time to give attention to the Rathmines Scandal. Another member is one W. L. Micks—a suggestive name where blundering is in question. And who, pray, is W. L. Micks? All that we can learn about this man Micks in the Directory is that he lives in No. 3 Palmerston Villas, Upper Rathmines (in the area about which the scandal has occurred), and that he is rated at £50. As this man is a voter in the Rathmines District and presumably a West-Briton and a "saved," it is to be expected that he is, personally, a champion of the antiquated two-ward arrangement; therefore, a healthy suspicion is not unreasonable in the case of Mr. Micks. The remaining member of the bungling Board is one T. J. Stafford. We cannot find this man's name in the portion of the Directory devoted to the "Nobility, Gentry, Merchants and Traders." Perhaps, he lives in the country. And these are the individuals that are responsible for creating all the muddle! Do these men get any salary, and, if so, how much? The Secretary is a H. W. Swaine. According to the Directory he lives at No. 9 Eden Park, Kingstown, and is rated at £48; the Assistant Secretary is an A. R. Barlas, and Mr. Barlas lives at 17 Bushey Park Road, Rathgar, and is presumably a voter in the Rathmines District.

Mr. P. J. O'Neill, the Chairman of the Dublin County Council, very lucidly showed what fools the Local Government people had made of themselves in the matter.

In the course of his remarks, as reported, he said:—"Twelve months ago a petition was presented to the Council praying that they would take steps to hold an inquiry into the condition of things in the Rathmines Urban District. The prayer of the petition pointed out the section of the Local Government Act which empowered Councils such as theirs to carry out that duty. The Council, believing that the prayer of the petitioners was a reasonable one, nominated a committee of the Council to hold an inquiry. The Local Government Board were fully cognisant of all those proceedings (hear, hear), because the minutes of the Council went to the Local Government Board, and the duty of that Board was to supervise the action of such bodies as theirs." The Council eventually adopted the report of the committee advising that the present two wards should be divided into five. All this time the Local Government Board said nothing. Some of the Rathmines people did not like the proposed just and equitable re-arrangement, and they petitioned the Local Government Board to hold another enquiry. The wise Local Government Board ordered this enquiry, and sent an Inspector of theirs to make it. All this time the law was the same as it was on the 31st August, when the Local Government Board—Parliament not being sitting—announced their decision that they had played the fool all along. An exhaustive and expensive enquiry was held before an Inspector of the Local Government Board, and the Inspector made his report. The Local Government Board, we assume, sat on the report for months, and the chicken did not emerge from the egg until August 31st, when Parliament was not sitting. As Mr. P. J. O'Neill said—"If the Local Government Board were satisfied with the result of their own action in this matter the only thing he could say was that he had no desire to be a member of the Local Government Board. An injustice was done to the ratepayers, not alone of the Rathmines District, but of the entire county of Dublin, for law costs, as they all knew, were a county-at-large charge, and the inhabitants of Garristown and Lucan would be asked to pay for the blunder of the Local Government Board."

As Mr. Field said—"If the Local Government Board desired to bring law and order into contempt in this country they could not do it more effectually than they had done. If they had wished to advertise their own incapacity they could not have taken a proceeding that would have better enabled the country at large to judge of the intellectual calibre of these gentlemen who were supposed to watch over the interests of the Irish people. The members of the Local Government Board were not responsible to the people. And now, what did they find? The Local Government Board had allowed this inquiry to go on with their full knowledge, and then the whole business was skilfully engineered, and the decision was not given until Parliament had ceased to sit; and it was done for an express purpose, in his opinion, so that no debate could arise in the House of Commons on what might be called a public scandal."

Of course, there is the point, the very important point, that the interpretation of the law by the Local Government Board is as blundering as its whole procedure in this matter. Perhaps, the legal adviser, or advisers, of the Board is, or are, wrong; it is curious that the Local Government "experts" took three months to make up their minds. If the decision is wrong, what then? Are we to take it that the "experts" will sit another three months on the merits of the enquiry. And if they do, and if they have to decide in justice that the County Council's order was just, equitable, and proper, will the next Rathmines election of 21 members, in consequence of the nimble delay, take place under the old two-ward arrangement. A good many things could be done by the Commissioners during this respite from Justice and Fair Play. The Dublin County Council ordered that their solicitor should obtain counsel's opinion on the legal point, and so matters rest until a further meeting of the Council.

Is money of the Rathmines ratepayers to be thrown away on this now declared superfluous and wasteful enquiry? The Rathmines ratepayers we take it, have to

pay the fees of the bigot Solicitor-General, and of Mr. Gordon, M.P.! Why did not these fee-lifting men succeed in convincing the Local Blundering Board that the Enquiry was useless—as it is now said to be? Why did the Local Blundering Board after about three months' cogitation, come down on the Sourface side of the fence? For the issue must have been very much in the balance if we are to suppose that the Local Government Board were weighing the matter and not merely waiting until Parliament rose. Did the Local Blundering Board come down on the Sourface side because they thought that these electors of Rathmines who had moved in the cause of Enlightenment and Progress would not have the resources to properly contest the decision, and would perforce lie down under the blow? Perhaps with all their cunning the Local Bungling Board miscalculated the humour of the premier County Council of Ireland and the calibre of its distinguished chairman, Mr. P. J. O'Neill. Mr. P. J. O'Neill, or we are very much mistaken, is not a man to shirk an issue where the prestige of the premier County Council of Ireland, of which he is the distinguished chairman, is involved. After all blood counts for something, and an O'Neill ought at least be a match for a Micks. The question has now burst beyond the confines of the parochial interests of Rathmines, and is a national question. Every County Council in Ireland is interested in it, and every County Council in Ireland should give all the aid in its power to the premier County Council of the nation that has taken such a firm, reasonable and dignified stand in the matter.

We are inclined to the opinion that it was not only a barren victory, but worse, for the reactionaries of Rathmines when the blundering Local Government Board, after sitting on the question for months decided, in their favour on a legal point and wrote themselves down asses in the process. With all their manœuvring the Rathmines reactionaries have played into the hands of Enlightenment and Progress. They have got the back of the premier County Council of Ireland up against the unrepresentative and blundering Local Government Board. We suspect they will live to regret very much their temporary victory over the cause of Justice, Toleration and Fair Play. After all the real issue is a general one—Progress *versus* Hole-and-Corner Government, and the affairs of the parish pumps of Rathmines can wait; the issue is chiefly important as it affects the great national questions of Justice, Toleration and Fair Play. The public emphasis of the incompetence of the Local Government Board in the matter of this Rathmines Scandal has its useful side, and it is a good and wholesome fact that the County Council of Dublin should have turned its guns on to this unrepresentative and muddling Board.

THE IRISH BUDDHISTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Destiny—Vice-President of the Society of Irish Buddhists.
Stables—Editor of the Irish Tarbrush, and Hon. Member of the Society of Irish Buddhists.
Grabber—Another Hon. Member.
Pennyboy—A deep thinking, tame Catholic, also an Hon. Member.
Buddhists.

SCENE.—The interior of the Buddhist Hall in Eternal Beauty Street. Enter Destiny, Stables, Grabber, Pennyboy and Buddhists. Destiny takes the chair and begins.

Des.—My Buddhist brothers tutored well to read
 The dire effects of dogma, and of creed,
 I'm here to-night to give my soul relief
 And to your hearts unload my heavy grief.
 I long had hopes all creeds and classes would

"GENUINE" TRINIDAD COCOA SHELLS "EX-CELSIOR" BRAND; the best procurable; buy no other.

In harmony unite for Ireland's good ;
That some would leave the past forever dead,
And never on a bigot's toes to tread ;
But Penal ages are, alas, exhumed,
And my fair dreams to failure all are doomed.
For still ungentele zealots of that creed
Which fetters mind, and fosters earthly greed
Our combination in the land assail,
And call us nation-killers of the Pale ;
And Sourfaced bigots, mean intriguing band
Who grab at all worth having in the land ;
Who all fair play and justice undermine
With hidden tactics and Masonic sign ;
Who strive to quash all competition fair,
And oust and boycott Papists everywhere.
Oh, Buddhists, those attacks I do deplore
Those charges wound my spirit to the core.
It is not fair ; this pen manœuvred spite
Reveals a mind afraid of open fight.
I here declare there is more honour in
The men who'd take the field with pikes of tin
Than those in secure seclusion caved
The lightning forge to launch against the " Saved."
Oh, when will Irish Catholics essay
To know the hidden truths of night and day ;
To know that things which now so noxious seem
Are but a part of some eternal scheme ;
That even Sourfaced bigots, as they say,
Are things of beauty passing on their way ;
And Bungs, Freemasons, Orangemen, and all
In mystic motion more to hidden call ;
That railways, banks, their " Saved " officials draw.
Because they're bound by some eternal law,
And well-paid jobs to Protestants descend
To serve some grand predestinated end.
When Catholics those truths can understand
Prosperity and peace will bless the land,
And speechless yearnings then will come in vogue
For life eternal and for Tir-nan-Og ;
For hidden beauties, infinite desire,
And all that touch the heart with living fire.
When Papists rise to such seraphic things
No earthly dross will ever soil their wings.
Then universal love will bless our shore
And Sourface, bigot will be heard no more.

Stab.—Oh, what a blessing on the land would light
If Irish Papists read those matters right,
And saw 'twas simply philanthropic zeal
Induced the " Saved " to grab with hooks of steel.
If they regarded slanders on their creed
As kindly meant to show reform's need,
And insolence received in spirit best
All hostile feelings would be laid to rest ;
All creeds and classes would in friendship join
To foster Ireland and forget the Boyne.
But, no, alas, whenever pen is raised
And Romish Church is slandered, or dispraised
The friendly critic's nailed without delay
And to the court for libel hauled away.
No Irishman can even advertise,
For Cockney, Scot, or Protestant for spies.
And some are held as bigots deep enslaved
Because their under-housemaid must be " Saved."
Behold Rathmines, you hear its Council Board,
Described as preserve of a bigot horde,
Which little else beyond a sweeper's meed
Will ever give to those of Romish creed.
Prosperity we'll never see, alas,
While things like these are not allowed to pass.

Grab.—This new manœuvre of the priest-led flocks
My economic sense severely shocks.
It grieves my heart to see our great elect
Assailed with laughter by the Roman sect.
Behold, poor Brother Goulding of the bones,
The butt and mark of journalistic stones,
Because he's chief director of that line
Where " Saved " advance, but dividends decline ;
And plums and prospects mostly all in line
To those who know salvation and the sign.
Then, there's Sir Ralph, poor man, he cannot grab
His fees immense without a public stab,
Or stuff positions with the Cusack sept

But he is dubbed a parasite inept.
Poor Plews again, because he takes his stand
Upon the creed which ought to own the land,
Is branded bigot, and in public shown
A mark for Papist jeer, and Papist stone.
And poor *Alf Fox*, because he had a feast
Of liquid mud upon a Romish priest,
Was hauled before a court like common jade
And in his purse an awful hole was made ;
Not only that, but this poor *Alf* distressed
Is now the butt of ribald jeer and jest.
Oh, friends and Buddhists, 'tis an awful state
The way the " saved " are ridiculed of late.
It is enough to make a person think
Our holy mission is about to sink,
And doubt 'twas ever God's own good decree
That we should grab the land from sea to sea.
I greatly fear we're on the downward track
When Papists dare attempt to hit us back.

Penny.—My masters first I'd have you understand,
That in this vulgar game I have no hand.
I don't believe in giving nasty rubs,
And hitting out with journalistic clubs.
This brutal treading on ascendant toes
Against my grain and very nature goes.
Such conduct to no better purpose tends
Than stir to rage our dominating friends.
If Catholics, instead of giving blows,
And treating " Saved " as " Sour," and greedy foes
The mind ascendant tried to understand
There would be peace in this divided land.
The Papists then would see that Penal Laws
Could be assigned to psychologic cause,
And Cromwells, landlords, greedy bigots blind
Are but strange phases of the human mind.
And people, too, whom now they sorely hack
As cases hard might not appear so black.
There's John Mahaffy, now a bigot tough,
Perhaps, if known, he's tolerant enough.
There's Tony Traill whom Catholics despise,
Who knows but he's an Emmet in disguise ;
And Dowden, too, if rightly understood,
Might prove a Tone in rebel Irish blood ;
And Goulding, Plews, and all the Cusack corps
Might prove on knowledge Paddies evermore ;
And Sandy Row, to pure and enlightened mind,
Might show its Grattans, and such noble kind.
I here declare that Papists great and small
Should love the " Saved " despite of kicks and all.

Des.—My brothers all, the meeting now is closed.
I'll sing this little song I have composed.
(Sings)—
We are good jolly fellows who love a happy hour ;
Let no one ever tell us our features they are sour.
Let's heed no such reviling our faces we can see
So rosy, fat and smiling ; right jolly chaps are we.

CHORUS :—

We are the " Saved " right jolly chaps are we,
And were never sour or dreary ;
We are the " Saved " who love ascendancy,
And we're always bright and cheery.

Some call us bigots merely, but such is not the case ;
We love the lucre dearly ; we love the job and place.
We like not competition for honour, place, or power ;
To lose a big position would make us very sour.

CHORUS :—

(Curtain).

A. M. W.



"HOW MUCH HE WANTS TAY."

SOME of your readers have been interested in the articles which appeared in the LEADER on the question of " Food versus Drink." Drunkenness in Ireland appears to be not so much the outcome of Irishmen having had too much drink as of their having had too little to eat. The LEADER lays a heavy hand sometimes on Mr. Bung, but with temperance reformers on both

sides of the Irish Channel the object to be aimed at is not so much the ending of Mr. Bung as his mending. Total prohibition would not make Ireland teetotal—the illicit manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor would be the only result. Lord Grey's scheme for the regeneration of public-houses in England is not looked upon with a favourable eye by the members of the Trade, and one of its organs stated some time ago that this nobleman's intention was "to replace malevolent brewers and degraded potmen by large-souled philanthropists and seraphic bar tenders." Lord Grey's intentions are good, even though they are controlled by an eye to the main chance—a five per cent. interest—and an Irish Lord Grey, or a thousand Lord Greys, is what Ireland wants at the present moment.

The total abolition of public-houses in Ireland is impossible, but, at least, an increase in the number of houses where intoxicating liquor is sold may be prevented. In the year 1900 there were 17,477 Irish public-houses; in 1903 this number had increased to 17,671! While in Great Britain, with a rapidly increasing population, the total number of alehouses, inns, etc., had decreased by 33. The increase in Ireland is due, in a great measure, to the complaisance of the magistracy; the decrease in Great Britain to the well-directed efforts of the various licensing benches. Some time ago the English magistrates called for plans of the public-houses—these plans were made at the tenants' expense. In all cases where the magistrates were not satisfied that proper public, and proper sanitary, accommodation was provided, changes in the structure of the licensed houses were ordered, and these had to be completed to the satisfaction of the licensing authority before the licences were renewed. Another salutary order was also given—that there should be no means of egress from the rear of the premises. Irish magistrates do not trouble to inquire whether the accommodation at the average Irish public-house is sufficient or satisfactory, though either may be proved without personal inspection. As I have said, there are, in Ireland, 17,671 publichouses. Of these, 7,583 have a yearly valuation for Revenue purposes at amounts varying from ten shillings up to £10. 5,730 houses are rated at between £10 and £20 per annum—that is, seventy-five per cent. of Irish publichouses afford accommodation not so good, or a little better, than may be had at a decent labourer's cottage. Contrast this percentage with that of Great Britain, though, of course, there is a different system of valuation for each of the three countries. Only 15 per cent. of the houses in England are valued at under £20, while not nine per cent. are similarly valued in Scotland! There must be something radically wrong with a licensing system—or, say, with the licensing authority, which permits houses little or nothing better than a labourer's cottage to be licensed. We are not, in Ireland, shocked because there are no sanitary arrangements attached to the greater number of licensed houses, but it is because we are accustomed to scenes in the neighbourhood of public-houses which would not be permitted in even the worst districts in England. What I have been writing is the business of the licensing bench, but it has only a subordinate relation to the quotation which heads this contribution.

Some twelve months ago I spent half-an-hour in an Irish wayside public-house, and during my stay a cyclist, evidently an Englishman, arrived and asked the landlord if "he could have some tea." "No, sir, herself is out, and we don't have tay until half-past seven" (it was then 4.30 p.m.). The cyclist's face expressed surprise, but he contented himself with a few biscuits and a "gin and ginger beer," and left soon afterwards. The landlord turned to me, and expressed himself strongly on the strange request of the cyclist, winding up with: "The divel take him; how much he wants tay." The Irish publican, with his cry of "How much he wants tay," is far behind his English brother, whose advertisements show that "teas are provided," or that one may have "meals at short notice." The Irish publican has for his business motto: "Drink and be merrier"; the Eng-

lish inn-keeper keeps before him the fact the more one eats the more one may drink. That the average public-house in Ireland is a poor place, no one who has been through the country districts in Ireland can deny. The public accommodation consists of the bar, which is a "stand-up" room, or where you may seat yourself on the top of a barrel; a "snuggery" behind the bar, available generally for the better class customer; and "the upstairs," where "lading min" or lovers take their bottles of porter and cakes. The "shop" is covered over with flaming advertisements of foreign tobacco, or of lines of steamships for emigrants. Of anything approaching the comfort of British public-houses the Irish publican knows nothing. He has sprung from a different stratum of society. While his British brother has been butler or groom to the local squire or nobleman, the Irish inn-keeper is a "descendant of kings," or has, in some manner, "aristocratic" relations or connections locally which preclude him for catering for a public which may want food.

Paterson's "licensing laws" states that the "licensed person, if he keeps an inn, is bound to find board and meat and drink (for travellers), which drink need not in all cases be intoxicating drink." According to the same book, "an inn" is a "house in which shall be sold by retail any excisable liquor to be drunk on the premises." And again, an "inn" is a "house" where a traveller is furnished with everything he has occasion for whilst on his way." The Legislature would seem to have intended that all Irish public-houses should supply other things besides drink to the public, *if these things are asked for*, but a legislative intention cannot make much headway against the conservative ideas held by the type of man who asks "the divel" to take his customers—"how much they want tay." JAY.



SIR HORACE PLUNKETT'S BOOK.

XXIV.

WHAT GOVERNMENT HAS GOT AND GIVEN BACK.

IN strictness, no duty devolves on a priest to take an active part in the political or in the industrial work of his country; that is, in normal circumstances. When I made up my mind to become a priest I did not count on having to face such work. On the contrary my natural disinclination from such duties had more to do than any other natural motive in determining the choice of life-work which I made. And am I to be told that I share responsibility as to the material condition of the country if I abstain from work which I expressly set aside on making up my mind to become a priest? One might as well say that a barrister neglects his duty because he does not compound medicine as well as plead causes. And it is a curious inconsistency that those who would most vociferously assert my duty towards such work under one set of circumstances, would under a different set of circumstances not only ignore my duty but even repudiate my right. I do not say that a priest is under all circumstances to be absolved from such public duties. Exceptional circumstances, will impose obligations which under normal conditions do not exist. Such circumstances did exist when, in the early part of the last century, the people of Ireland woke up from the lethargy of the penal times, and dared to assert that they had wrongs to redress. Before that time they had, from sheer helplessness, lapsed into a state of resignation to their fate. It was but natural that the priests took a leading part in working for a removal of religious disabilities. They merely did what they ought to have done. But the political and economic interests of the people came only indirectly in their way; and they would never probably have taken to the political platform if the material interests of the people had not been neglected, ruined,

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and ignored by those whose business it was to guard them, or if the people's wrongs had been voiced and their cause pleaded by those who had the power, the position, and the gifts to do so. The priests went out of their way and took up the place which those who ought, refused to fill, and they have occupied that position down to this day. Why is it that no other persons in the country, taken as a class, are expected to work for the temporal interests of the people? Why is it that no other class are rebuked or abused for not doing so? Why does Sir Horace not upbraid, for instance, the medical or the legal profession as sharing responsibility for the industrial shortcomings of the people? Why not the parsons? He will say that they are not numerous enough? Between Episcopalian, Presbyterians, and Methodist ministers, they number 2,724 of them for a little over a million Protestants. He will say that these do not belong to the religion of the people? But do they not belong to the country of the people? And, indeed, Dr. Bunbury, Dr. O'Hara, Dr. Chadwick, and other Protestant bishops have been assuring the country in chorus that they, and they alone, take a really deep and rational interest in the people. And, descending from a social to a commercial level of thought, they have received vastly more of Irish public money for personal uses than the priests have ever got. The truth is, we have become so accustomed to see the priests interest themselves in the temporal as well as in the spiritual concerns of the people that we have come to look on it as a matter of course and as a matter of duty. Thus, their supposed responsibility in the present is begotten of their free and generous action in the past. Hence it has come to pass that every political, social, or economic evil in the country is laid at their doors, as if those on whom duty as to those things devolves, indirectly and by accident, were the only class in the country who had any duty in the matter at all, and as if those whose duty as to those things is direct and indisputable at all times, had no duty or responsibility at all. But, he will say, having such "undisputed influence," they might be reasonably expected to — yes, they might be reasonably expected to do what is their duty; but he censures them because, having done more than they were bound to do, they have not done still more. One would think that their "undisputed influence" was a gift that dropped down from the moon, and therefore entails responsibility; whereas whatever popular influence they possess has come from their having taken the part of the people, when those who might have done much to relieve the people's wrongs not only ignored but helped to intensify them.

I now propose to review what the representatives of Government, the landlords, and the Protestant Church have taken from the country, and to ask what have they done for it in return, politically, industrially, or socially? And 1st as to Government:—

On 26th May, 1800, Grattan, protesting against the relative taxation of England and Ireland arranged by Castlereagh, said that "Ireland, like every enslaved country, will ultimately be compelled to pay for her own subjugation." And so it has been. Wealth is created by industry, but it is saved by thrift. The Union left Ireland little power to create, and it left her as little power to save. O'Neill Daunt says that the "aggregate drains of income have been estimated by careful enquirers to amount to £13,000,000 per annum"; which means that during the century £1,300,000,000 has been transported from Ireland to England, besides the loss sustained by being deprived of the profits which would have come from the use of it at home. In that estimate are included over-taxation, absentee rents, money spent in English manufactures owing to the destruction of home industries, etc. At the Union the debt of Ireland was only one-sixteenth of the debt of England, but they were assimilated in taxation, and Ireland was made to pay one-seventh as her share of the

burden. Thus, from the start instead of sharing England's wealth she shared only her debt. To trace the consequences to the present day, I take the following from an article contributed to *The Nineteenth Century*, for March, 1886, by Mr. Giffen, Secretary to the Statistical Department of the Board of Trade:—"I desire to call special attention to the fact, which has come out incidentally, that Ireland is over-taxed in comparison with Great Britain. It contributes twice its proper share to the Imperial Exchequer."

I should begin with the initial cost in carrying the Union. Twenty-six Members of the Irish Parliament were created peers, for which they sacrificed their country to their selves. £1,500,000 was spent in bribing the holders of pocket boroughs to vote away the independence of their country. Over and above that sum, £60,000 a year was spent on pensions to secure the same treachery. Then, insult was super-added to injustice by saddling the Irish people with the entire expenditure; that is, they were made to pay the cost of their own degradation. The popular outcry and resistance which was raised by that wrong, made it necessary for the Government to keep up a military force in the country of 137,000 men, at a cost of £4,815,367 a year. For that also the people had to pay. But that does not fill the measure of iniquity; because the soldiers, although their expense had thus been provided for, were for the most part quartered on the people, and the savings thus made were appropriated by the officials of justice and order. Is that a sign of the "economic sense"? At any rate, that is how the Government and those who were paid to distribute justice in the name of law, consulted for the economic interest and for the industrial regeneration of Ireland.

The Report of the Financial Relations Commission has revealed that Ireland has been paying £3,000,000 a year in taxes more than its share. Again, there are in Ireland 12,307 police at a cost of £1,418,562 per annum; besides whom there are 7,142 police pensioners at a cost of £365,476. How they are distributed over the country will be understood from the following:—In Antrim and Down they are 13 to 10,000 of the population; in Armagh they are 15 to 10,000. In Limerick, Tipperary, King's County, Galway and Dublin they are 33; in Meath, 34. In England there are 45,544 police; in Scotland, 5,107. That is to say:—In Ireland a policeman is set to mind every 360 of the population; in England a policeman is considered enough for every 715, and in Scotland for every 885. Yet, in England 8,631 persons were convicted for criminal offences in 1901, and there were 3,112 convicts; in Scotland, 1,872 were convicted for criminal offences, and there were 289 convicts; in Ireland, 1,211 were convicted for criminal offences and there were 261 convicts. And what has government done for all those expenses imposed? Much less than nothing. Dr. Johnson was a prophet when he said to an Irish acquaintance in 1779, "Do not unite with us, sir; we should unite with you only to rob you."

M.O'R.

P.S.—With regard to the letter signed Louis J. Walsh, in your last, I am sure that few have misunderstood me as he has misunderstood me. I think that the Founder of the Anti-Treating League knows well that my sympathy is with the movement. But Sir Horace Plunkett wanted to show that it is the *only intelligent* attempt yet made in Ireland to put down intemperance. I wanted to express my dissent; and for that purpose I quoted the peasant's reply to his P.P.—his way of putting his idea of it. I think it has its drawbacks; but that does not imply my disapproval of it, or of any such genuine attempt in the same direction. I do not think it necessary to say more. The Founder of the Anti-Treating League will understand me rightly, and that is enough for me.

M.O'R.

[In last week's chapter the following sentence occurs:—

"I can understand the view of this philosopher (Filson Young) when I recall the fact that from 1879 to

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1889, there were 322 illegitimate births in Co. Mayo, out of a population of 245,212—how many of these should be assigned to non-Catholics I cannot say unless I guess by analogy drawn from statistics elsewhere; and that during the same ten years there were 2,034 illegitimate births in Co. Down, out of a population of 272,107." The number of illegitimate births in Co. Down in the period mentioned should have been put at 3,034 and not, as by printer's error, only 2,034.—ED. LEADER.]



MEMOIR OF SR. M. G. BEALE.*

A PUBLICATION dealing with the St. Louis Congregations in Ireland should find many readers. Irish Ireland has reason to look kindly on it, as the schools of the Order have become honourably identified with the revival of the national language. From first to last the Memoir of Sr. M. G. Beale, by a sister of St. Louis, Monaghan, is most interesting reading. Sr. M. Beale, the foundress of the Sisters of St. Louis in Ireland, was English born, and originally a Protestant. When twenty-three years of age she came to Ireland and was subsequently received there into the Catholic Faith. Afterwards leaving for France, she entered the St. Louis Novitiate at Juilly and in due course received the religious habit, being professed in 1848. In 1859 she was selected with two others to go to Ireland in response to the request of the Bishop of Clogher, who had applied for a foundation of the Order to meet the educational needs of the diocese. Thus was the Community of St. Louis established at Monaghan. It was a small and humble beginning. A little cottage served as a school and dwelling. We read—"The same room served their chapel, school-room, community room, and refectory, and when the question arose as to where they should procure a table, reverend mother sent for the cabinet-maker, Mr. McGough, and said to him, 'We want a table, but we have no money to pay for it; however, if you send us one, we will in return teach your daughter.' The terms were accepted and the table procured; and so in many other cases, the parents giving the nuns payment in kind in return for the education of their children." The memoir, with its letters and maxims, shows Sr. Beale to have been a woman of intense piety, commonsense and strong character, well fitted for the work before her, of laying the foundations of a big educational structure. How well these were done is best testified by the number of branches of the Order now existing in the country.

Besides the subject indicated by the title, the little volume also contains an account of the origin of the congregation in France, which is by no means the least interesting part of it. The chapters relating to M. Bantaine, and his brilliant young associates, display a group of personalities embodying an ideal type of single-mindedness. The doubt and uncertainty of early years, their gradual gravitation to one circle and determination to work henceforth for the uplifting of their kind. Their final discovery of the best means whereby to do so form a story full of fascination.

O.



AN IRISH PHILOLOGICAL JOURNAL.†

IT is a healthy sign of the vitality of the Gaelic Movement that the language of Ireland interests so many different classes. The subject itself is indeed wide and manifold. It appeals not merely to the ardent Gaelic Leaguer, whose dearest wish is to acquire a mastery of the spoken language. The student of history has grasped the elementary fact that, if you want to understand the real life of a nation you must look at it from the inside, and that the light cast upon Ireland's past by English State Papers is too often only darkness visible. As for the lover of literature—why, even the man in the street, whose verdict is like that of a Greek chorus, has

made up his mind that the real "Celtic Note," whatever it may be, will never be heard from the "scrannel pipes" of a purely English-speaking coterie. Happily Irish literature does not depend upon the patronage of these latter. Then the scientific philologist finds in the study of Irish, especially in its earlier stages a subject after his own heart, and feels all the true scholar's inexpressible delight in dissecting one of the most provoking yet fascinating forms of speech. Shall I add the would-be *prima donna*, whose Irish song (at least it was Irish according to the programme) won her such plaudits the other night at—well, not 200 miles from Athlone? Or the journalist whose Irish vocabulary (five words in all) gives such an up-to-date tone to his paragraphs? True, the common ground upon which all these meet is still somewhat limited in extent, but it is growing wider as one section absorbs another. After all, it takes all sorts to make a nation.

On the purely scholastic side the Movement has hitherto been poorly represented in Ireland. Naturally the vast majority of those who set themselves to learn a difficult language like Irish will always do so from "practical" or patriotic motives, not because they are particularly devoted to the study of linguistic science. Besides from various causes, economic and otherwise, scholarship of any kind is scarce enough in the "Island of Saints and Scholars." So it is not surprising that Ireland, which ought to be the home of Celtic studies, has still to look for guidance to the works of the great continental philologists.

It is now four and thirty years since the famous "Revue Celtique" was founded by Henri Gaidoz. Seven years ago a brilliant rival appeared in the "Zeitschrift für Celtische Philologie." I wish some of the benighted creatures still masquerading as educated men and women in our midst could be compelled to read so many pages a day of these high-class French and German reviews. Their pet phrase, "Of course, there's no literature in Irish," would soon become obsolete. For the amount of Irish literature that has been published in France and Germany is enough to put Irish publishers and the Irish reading public to shame. However, even in Ireland a start has been made. The other day the School of Irish Learning published Dr. Strachan's admirable "Selections from the Irish Glosses," and now the first number of the School Journal is before the public.

I cannot better express the scope of *Eriu* than by quoting from its preface.

"The school has been founded, in the first place, to train students in the scientific study of the Irish language, and in reading and interpreting Irish manuscripts. Its final aim is, with the help of students so trained, to investigate the history of the Irish language from the earliest times to the present day, and to open up, by means of texts and translations, the rich treasures of Irish literature. The present number contains the first-fruits of the studies of several students of the school. Its varied contents, including grammar, literature, and history, will give an indication in which directions the studies pursued in the School mainly lie."

The editor's own contributions are of the high standard one would expect from scholars whose brilliant achievements in Celtic research have long since made their names familiar as household words in the ears of students. Dr. Strachan discusses some obscure points in old Irish accidence, a subject he has made peculiarly his own, while Dr. Meyer edits and translates a number of Middle Irish poems, and an archaic setting of the famous tale, "How Cuchulainn slew his own son."

Mr. J. H. Lloyd examines, with his accustomed wealth and minuteness of detail the impersonal passive (or "autonomous") forms of the verb "to be," both in the literature and in the spoken language, and furnishes a useful comparative table of old, modern, and dialectic forms. Mr. E. J. Gwynn, F.T.C.D., contributes an Ossianic ballad on the "Burning of Finn's House"—a grim tale of savage vengeance. And this brings us to a weak spot in the School equipment. Certainly the poem contains several difficulties, and the available manuscripts are very corrupt, but there is a fair sprinkling of inaccuracies in the editing which a sounder knowledge of the spoken

* Dublin: Messrs. Sealy, Bryers and Walker. 2s.

† *Eriu*, the Journal of the School of Irish Learning, Dublin, edited by Kuno Meyer and John Strachan, Sch. of Ir Learning, 28 Clare Street, and Hodges, Figgis & Co., Ltd.

O. J. BERGIN.

24 South Main, Corn.

In the Byzantine you can "let yourself go" on gold to whatsoever limit your heart listeth, and your purse—which is, as it were, your financial heart—will allow; but in Gothic the case is different, and a tinselly glitter upon its chaste walls is odious, a capital offence surely in the æsthetic sphere. Surely Gothic should be a decoration in itself? What else are its graceful lines for? Had I my way I would have the inside of a Gothic church like the outside. I would have the clean-cut stone looking out upon me and down upon me; no mosaics, no painting, no plastering, no anything but the honest stone itself. I suppose there are people who would get fits at the site of the inside of the (Protestant) Cathedral at Kildare. There you have the stone and mortar honestly face to face with you; no trimmings or frills of any kind at all,—and yet Street was the architect who restored the church. What on earth decoration is wanting on the inside of a Gothic church, more than upon the outside, if only the church be truly in taste? Give me none of your mosaics!

One feature of the newly-done works I applaud, namely, the groining of the aisles, etc. But then the groining is part of the legitimate architectural design, and is, of course, in stone; hence it naturally looks all right, simply because it is, in fact, an organic part of the structure. On the other hand look at the Rood Screen; it is a shock of white marble to the eye. Here the element of glare reaches its highest point and absolutely shrieks. Observe, I am not at all criticising the *design* of the Screen; it is to the material in which it is carried out that I object vehemently. There is a harsh contrast between the unrelieved white marble of the Screen and the sober freestone of the columns along the aisles that there can be no getting over. Then we have the High Altar, which stands in front of the Screen, executed also in "the purest statuary marble," with the result that we have white posed against white, yielding no contrast at all! Yet one enthusiastic writer tells us that the Rood Screen forms a glorious background to the High Altar,—white thrown in against white, giving us

a background like unto the foreground. To add to the agony we have the pulpit, another shock of white—marble and painted wood—to the eye. I rebel against this invasive glare of white, this rage for "the purest white statuary marble." Give me quietude in colours; give me harmony, moderate contrasts, repose. Had I my way I should have had that Rood Screen in a stone harmonious with the columns and the groining; else I should have had it in oak,—real oak, mind, not that awful Austrian stuff. Even in the High Altar I would relieve the (apparently inevitable) white marble as much as reasonably might be; as for the pulpit, that I would have in oak. I cannot look at the Armagh pulpit without an uneasy consciousness of the canopy, which, you see, is only of timber, and painted white to match the inevitable "purest statuary marble," whereof most of the pulpit is made. I say I should have the pulpit in oak,—the oak of these islands, not the Austrian abomination; at all events, of real proper oak. Why, there is a pulpit of carved oak in the Catholic Church of SS. Peter and Paul in Cork city which is incomparably a finer work of art, in my poor estimation, than the showy affair in the Armagh Cathedral. Reader, the first—or the next time you are in Cork, go and see that pulpit; it will be a liberal education to you as to what can be done in that line; it is certainly the finest pulpit I have seen—in Ireland at all events.

In the front of the Organ Gallery there is more "pure white statuary marble;" plenty of it, indeed. However, one only sees the gallery front coming out of the Cathedral; you can escape it while conducting your devotions, not like the Rood Screen. The Primates' Throne seems right enough at a distance, the canopy of it, certainly. On the various side altars I shall pass but little judgment; there seems a rather made-to-order monumental-sculptor style about them which yields no inspiration to the onlooker. As for the lighting arrangements, they involve an amount of gleaming brass-work which provides an opportunity for introducing more glare; methinks I should have had bronze. Then

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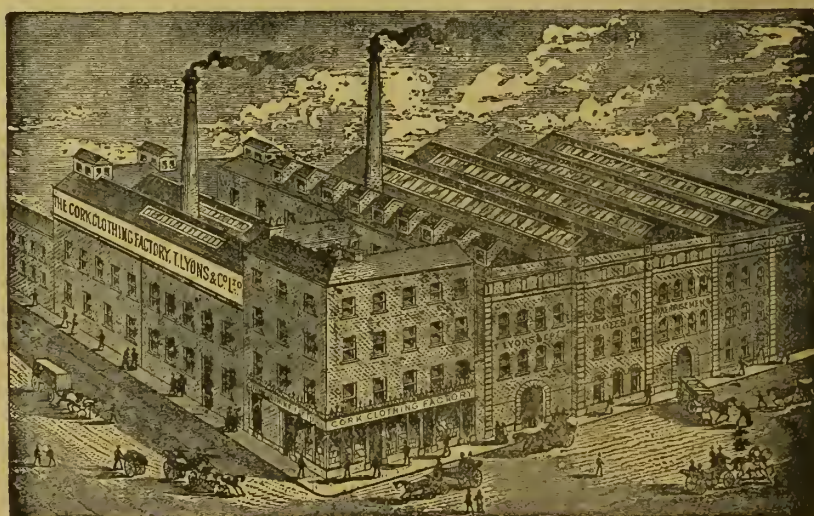
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as to woodwork—I have been dropping hints about Austrian oak—all I can say is that it might have been better. If Austrian oak be as cheap as it looks it should be about the most inexpensive material going; but things that look cheap are always dear, let them cost what they will. The woodwork in the much-praised porch has a cheap air, to my mind. No, messieurs, I would not have the oak of the Austrian at any price; as for the Gallery front, I should have had it in Bath stone or freestone (like the columns) or Caen stone, something of that sort. It remains to give a good word to the Sacristan's Lodge, to the Sacristy and Synod Hall Buildings, and the fine Entrance Gates and Piers. One of the things I most admired about the exterior of the Cathedral was a matter in which the aid of nature was called in. I refer to the tall, stately hedges of green that flank the long seven-terraced ascent to the great Western door; they have a fine effect, these hedges,—not much glare about *them*, thank goodness.

On the whole, I have only to repeat my verdict, that the exterior of the Cathedral satisfies my taste vastly better than the altogether over-bright, not to say gaudy, interior. Had I the doing of the matter I would have chosen a scheme of decoration more in harmony with

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the austere and severe lines and tints of the outside. I believe the Cardinal is credited with having got a great deal of work done with a limited sum of money. I think the work might have been done for the same money, and done better. "VITRUVIUS."



BOOKS FOR THE POPE.

IT was but yesterday (the eighth of this month), on my return to Dublin, that I read Mr. M. J. Meagher's letter about my article which appeared on the 20th August. I have been unable to see a copy of the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, for last June, even at the National Library, but taking Mr. Meagher's quotation from

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Monsignor Hallinan's article as sufficient and unqualified, the reading of that quotation has puzzled me somewhat. For it seems (the whole gift was on *French* initiative, cabinet and all, by the way,) that a translation of the Bull of the Immaculate Conception in the Irish language and character, nay, two of them, were "laid at the feet of the Holy Father." Yet in that representative room at the Vatican, a large tawdry volume, with Latin text, is shown as Ireland's contribution to the collection!

My article, of course, just hangs for reasonableness on a simple matter of fact; and that fact is, that this Latin book is exhibited as representing Ireland among the many and various Catholic nations and people's who sent books to Rome in their own vernaculars. France has several: Basque, Breton, French, Pyrenean, etc. Ireland has one on view—in Latin! Whatever His Holiness may have stowed away in the more private recesses of the Vatican I do not know; nor, so far as the immediate point at issue is concerned—whether my article was wrongly conceived or not—does it matter. If, at the end of June, or the beginning of July, there was no *Irish* book in that room, as an observer and one more interested in Ireland than in Italy, I had fair ground for allowing my reflections to follow the course I recorded on Monte Secchieta. I saw what was exhibited for the every day world to see—and no more—and I had not read the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*. If my article be "surprising reading," which it may well be, the letter of Mr. M. J. Meagher makes the matter in general more "surprising" still. For surely at Rome, where there are Irish ecclesiastical seminaries of repute and of considerable influence, there must have been a certain apathy to Ireland's honour so far as her language was concerned. If the Irish manuscript at the Vatican exists for the traveller from Ireland only as what the LEADER would term a "dark brother," one can hardly be called to task, or at all events, blamed, for escaping his acquaintance; if not for denying his tangible reality.

If, however, on the other hand, there was a volume in *Irish* on view in the cabinet constructed for the special purpose of exhibiting the books, I am quite prepared to admit myself of "surprising" haste and of faulty observation, and no intention of mine will lessen these defects. In that case I beg to withdraw that part of my article referring to those books at the Vatican. But if there were none such in *Irish* on view, then my article seems reasonable enough and needs no withdrawal or explanation. Am I to understand from Mr. M. J. Meagher that there was such a book exhibited? His last paragraph certainly seems to suggest it.

For the rest, had I read that article in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, for June, I should doubtless have made enquiries concerning the Irish version; but the magazine in question is one that I have never seen, strangely for my needs, maybe; possibly to my loss, do it enlighten its readers at times on events of such uncommon experience.

ROBERT ELLIOTT.

♦♦♦♦♦

sinn péin sinn péin.

I have often seen this sentence quoted. I do not remember to have even once seen it quoted in such a manner as to show that it was understood. It is not an ejaculation. It is not two ejaculations. It

is a complete sentence, consisting of subject, predicate and copula. The first pair of words constitute the predicate. The second pair of words constitute the subject. The copula is understood. The literal English of the sentence is: "We ourselves are ourselves." That is to say, "All our interests are exclusively our own, and no one outside us has any right to interfere in them."

To place a comma between the first "Sinn péin" and the second "sinn péin" is to place a comma between the predicate and the subject. It is to show that the writer has no idea of what the sentence means. To say "Sinn péin, sinn péin amháin!" is to say a thing which I, for one, have never heard from the mouth of an Irish speaker.

I have heard two other forms of the expression. I have heard a person asked to interfere in a quarrel in order to make peace. He felt that he was too much of an outsider, and that it would be unwise for him to interfere. So he said to the parties, "Sib péin sib péin," i.e., "You yourselves are yourselves"; i.e., "Both you and your affairs are so exclusively your own that I should only be interfering in what I do not understand." If a third party asks that person to interfere, he answers, just in the same sense, "Iao péin iao péin." "They are a class of people in themselves." "Their business is their own."

PEADAR UA LAOGHAIRE.

♦♦♦♦♦

All Lovers of Justice should procure a copy of "Three Railways and a Bank."

SOLAR NA nGAEÓEÁÍ.—All Irish Irishmen should insist on getting the New Irish Match, made in Dublin by PATERSON & CO., and thus support the Industrial Revival.

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Sligo, 26th August, 1904.

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Applications must be delivered at my Office not later than 4 o'clock p.m., on Wednesday, 21st September, 1904 (the envelope to be endorsed "Art Master"), and must state the age, qualifications, and experience of the candidate. Copies of testimonials may be enclosed. The person appointed must be prepared to take up his duties forthwith. The personal attendance of candidates may be required. The Committee do not bind themselves to make any appointment.

JOHN F. O'BRIEN, Secretary.

Town Clerk's Office, Clonmel.

8th September, 1904.

The Irish Revival Industries League.

AERIDHEACHT

Sunday, September, 18th,

AT THE

'Thatch' Grounds, Drumcondra.

CAMOGUIDHEACHT

The Second Match in Dublin of the

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FOOTBALL, DANCING, &c.

The Band of the Blind Asylum, Drumcondra, will attend.

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A Review of Current Affairs, Politics, Literature, Art and Industry.

Vol. IX., No. 5.

(Registered as a
Newspaper.)

DUBLIN, 24th SEPTEMBER, 1904.

Price One Penny.

CONTENTS.

CURRENT AFFAIRS:—

The Siege of Port Riverstown—A Night Attack	65
Irish Exhibition for Cork	65
Birr and the King	66
Great Sourface Railway Posters	66
Gneeveguilla and the "Omnipotent" William	67
Some Advts from the <i>Dust Bin</i>	67
Etc., Etc.	

ARTICLES:—

Λέιππςμωρ ἰ Ρίοετ Κοραντα	69
78a Rathmines Road	69
Devolution	70
Some Rathmines Goblins	70
Sir Horace Plunkett's Book—XXV.	72
Mid-Autumn	77

NOTICE.

THE LEADER will be sent, post free, to any part of Ireland or Great Britain for three months, on receipt of Postal Orders value 1s. 8d.; six months, 3s. 3d.; one year, 6s. 6d. The rates of subscription for foreign postage are:—Three months, 2s. 2d.; six months, 4s. 4d.; twelve months, 8s. 8d.

The inland postage on *THE LEADER* is a halfpenny; to any foreign country the postage is one penny.

The Editor will endeavour to return unsuitable MSS. when a stamped, addressed cover is enclosed, but he cannot undertake to be held responsible for them.

Business Letters should be addressed to the Manager, at the Offices, 33 Lower Abbey Street, Dublin.

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CURRENT AFFAIRS.

News from Port Riverstown is scant this week, but we have no doubt that the attacking and defending forces have been busy. A band of young Connacht Cossacks, fifty strong, made a frontal attack on the Sourface stronghold last week. A man of the Cossacks having read the account of the fighting which appeared in last week's *LEADER* was inspired with the idea of sending in a volley on Long Tom that is mounted on the sorters' desk at the famous English stronghold in the county of Sligo. On the 16th inst. there was a stir in the Irish camp at St. Francis Seminary, Mount Bellew, in the wild county of Galway. Young Connacht Cossacks were moving about hither and thither, taking counsel with one another and talking in groups preparatory to their loading their carbines for the attack that was to be made on the morrow on Long Tom at the sorters' desk. The Connacht Cossacks went to rest early with their loaded carbines by their sides. On the morning of the 17th fifty loaded carbines in the shape of fifty letters addressed in Irish to the foul and treacherous Irish Catholic Curate, at Port Riverstown, were dropped into the letter-box. They did not go off with a bang, but the postman took them in his bag and long before this paper is in the hands of our readers the fifty loaded carbines from the Connacht Cossacks of Mount Bellew College will have put the gunners of Long Tom on the sorters' desk at Port Riverstown on their mettle. Did the gunners at the Fort succeed in a turning movement and force the fifty letters back in orderly retreat on the R.L.O. at the Dublin General Post Office of the imported secretary, or did the gunners throw up their hands like Imperial Yeomen and let the fifty letters march through to the nefarious and foul Irish Catholic Curate? We do not know as we

write. Of course, it is a penny a shot and the penny goes to the Government, but still it was a happy thought that sent these fifty missiles whizzing into Port Riverstown from the Irish encampment at Mount Bellew College. Perhaps, some other concerted movement might be made on the noble Sourfaces who hold the pass so valiantly at Port Riverstown.

We would be glad to hear of any other ports such as that of Riverstown where the champions of pure English civilization are holding back the onward march of Ireland. Perhaps, it might be possible to take them in detail; and instead of spreading our shot over too wide an area, focus it on one Fort such as that at Riverstown, in the wild Irish county of Sligo, and reduce it to submission, and then pass on to another. It is sound policy to harness as much sport and amusement to your propaganda as possible. There is no reason why the attack on the various British Postal Forts in Ireland should not be made as interesting as, at least, football matches. Next season tourists may travel specially to Port Riverstown in order to see the sorters' counter where Long Tom so stubbornly defied the Irish forces; and perhaps Horatius might be engaged for a lecturing tour in England.

What is the value of a resolution? According to one John Bergin, who was chairman at a recent meeting of the Birr Union, the value is certainly *nil*. According to a report in the *Leinster Leader*, the chairman remarked that the passing of a resolution that was under discussion would not bind them! It was passed! The resolution came from the Tullamore Branch of the Gaelic League. The discussion brought to public notice the existence of a great political philosopher by the name of George Hackett. According to the report in our contemporary, Hackett said:—"It would be time enough to consider that proposal when they had got some other reforms. He put the settlement of the land question first, then secondly, the right of self-government, and in the third place, the Gaelic League movement. His opinion was the Gaelic League was beginning at the wrong end of the stick." We understand that this great political philosopher is a leading light amongst the local "tried and true." He and the chairman of this assembly, who advised the passing of a resolution as it would not bind them, are in themselves enough to make Birr famous in the annals of statesmanship.

The exhibition of Irish manufactured goods, industries, arts and crafts being organised by the Cork Industrial Development Association will open at the Cork Assembly Rooms, on Monday, October 3rd, and will be continued every day during the week. The Committee claim that the exhibition will contain the largest variety of Irish manufactures every brought together under one roof.

The *Independent*, the one-time champion of the obnoxious "International" scheme, in the course of an article on the successful show and exhibition recently held at Drogheda, said:—"The most prominent feature of the show was the Irish Industrial Section, which contained not only exhibits by Irish manufacturers of high standing, but all sorts of small cottage industries, the encouragement of which should be one of the chief aims of all exhibitions of the kind. The skill, the taste, and the inventiveness of the competitors are by this means tested, and the strongest incentive is given to the development of these qualities. No better means could be found for fostering the spirit of self-help, which is the prime ingredient of an industrial atmosphere." This

is rather humorous, coming from the champion of the discredited obnoxious "International" scheme. But one is inclined to rub his eyes in wonder when the recent mud-pelter at certain members of the Gaelic League over the "International" outrage on civil liberty at the Antient Concert Rooms, goes on:—"It is pleasant to note that in the organisation of the Drogheda Show a leading part has been taken by the local members of the Gaelic League. The committee of that body, which has devoted itself to the development of native—and more especially local industries—has done a work which must serve the propaganda proper to the organisation. It has proved that an exhibition of Irish industries on a fairly comprehensive scale can be run on commercial lines, affording much needed instruction to the visitor and profit to the individual exhibitor." What has become of the "International" project of the *Independent*, and the voluminous if not forcible contentions that were shovelled out in its favour?

Referring to the forthcoming Cork Exhibition, the "only national" of that city said:—"More pretentious exhibitions may have had their advantages. But it cannot be pretended that they were of any considerable value to local or more generally Irish industries. A good many people will be found to suggest that they simply consisted in setting up a series of shops in rivalry to the shopkeepers of Cork." That is a rather nasty knock from the "only National" at the two Cork "International" Shows.

We take the following from the *Irish Times* of September 16th:—"Wanted, Pharmaceutical Chemist (Protestant, married), shortly, to open and conduct branch; reply with references. Address 'Z 1174, Provincial,' this office. Apprentice wanted for Hardware and House-furnishing Business; a respectable Protestant Boy (country preferred); good town; comfortable home. Address 'Z 1165, Apprentice,' this office. Watchmaker—Wanted, Assistant or Improver, Protestant, indoor; provincial town. Address 'Z 1234, Watchmaker,' this office. Wanted, good Laundress; also Plain Cook; Protestants preferred; country.—Miss Edgeworth, Gurteen, Edgeworthstown. Millinery and Sales, at once, Good Milliner; energetic at sales; Protestant preferred; state experience, salary, and enclose reference. Address 'Z 1147, Milliner,' this office."

On the same day, it is only just to say, we noticed the following advertisement in the *Irish Times*:—"Woman wanted for polishing furniture, week days, four hours daily; 3s. week. Reply, with references, J. 1207, this office." Evidently this remunerative and responsible post is open to the competition of all irrespective of religious views. Six days of four hours each amounts to twenty-four hours; and three shillings for 24 hours polishing furniture, work out at the remarkable sum of 1½d. per hour for the polishing. The applicants for this wonderful job, it will be noted with satisfaction, need not necessarily be "saved."

The Urban Council of Birr presented an address to the King, and now there is a difficulty about the paying of the bill. It appears that £5 had been given to a lady in Dublin for illuminating the patriotic Urban Council's address, and that the paying order had been signed on behalf of the majority by Messrs Dooly and Loughrey. The latter was opposed to the address, but nevertheless he, as well as Mr. Dooly was surcharged for the £5 by the Local Government Board Auditor. This is rather hard considering that the members got nothing for their address. A Mr. John Delaney said:—"What matter, but we got nothing out of it. If some of us got the prefix 'Sir' to our names it would be cheap at the money." The Clerk stated that the Auditor had told him that, if the Council asked the Local Government Board to remit the surcharge, that he would raise no objection, and it was eventually decided by the loyal and patriotic body to apply to the Local Government Board concerning this "loyal" £5. This is certainly a rather

mean and shabby ending to a burst of Birr loyalty. Those who voted for the address ought to pay for it, even though they all have not been made ridiculous, as some others have been, by being made knights. Let each Birr Urban Councillor who voted for the address pay his share and let them agree, by way of recompenses, to address each other as "Sir" for the future; and perhaps they might toss between themselves later on as to who should be called "My Lord" amongst the loyal and patriotic Urban Councillors of Birr. If you are not knighted by a mean-minded King upon whom £5 was spent, well then why not knight yourself.

What is to become of our railways? We quote the following from the *Mail*, of London, and place it before our readers for what it is worth:—

The railway war for the Irish traffic promises to assume gigantic proportions. Until recently Ulster traffic with England was practically a monopoly for the London and North-Western Railway Company. But the Midland Company changed all that. They acquired the Northern Counties Company, which serves the major portion of Ulster north of Belfast, and the Donegal Railway, an important feeder in the west. They opened their new steamer route between Heysham and Belfast, so that goods delivered to them in any part of Ulster could be carried, without leaving their custody, to any point on their English line. The men who rule at Euston, however, are not inclined to lose their Irish traffic without an effort. They are contemplating the purchase of the Great Northern of Ireland and the Belfast and County Down systems, together with the harbour at Greenore. Already negotiations have proceeded a certain distance, and there is good reason to believe that an agreement with one of the Irish companies, if not both, has been all but reached. The acquisition will be a large undertaking, financially. The Great Northern Company of Ireland is the largest railway in the country; its main line stretches from Dublin to Londonderry, with a line to Belfast. It is the only means of communication between the two greater cities, and has a monopoly at Drogheda, Dundalk, Newry, and other important towns. The dividend on the Ordinary stock averages 6½ per cent. yearly, and the price in the market to-day is 160, the Preference stock and Debentures standing equally well. The County Down line is a small but important concern, which depends chiefly on the tourist traffic of the Mourne Mountains district and the County Down coast. It pays a dividend of 5½ per cent., the Ordinary stock standing at 119½, while the Preference is quoted at 159. The acquisition of these two lines, with the harbour at Greenore, will place a larger tract of country in the hands of the London and North-Western Company than that opened up to the Midland by their recent purchase. Some of the most fertile of Ireland's counties will be tapped, and important tourist districts made accessible. Greenore will become the port of shipment for heavy traffic as well as passengers.

If Cusack and Family and the Great Southern Railway were taken over by one or more of the big English lines then it would be "How is poor old Ireland, and how does she stand"? What chance would there be of any consideration being shown for the interests of Ireland an entity? The country had better keep a sharp look out on the great transit question.

There is an amusing article in a recent issue of an enlightened newspaper of Belfast, the capital of the intellectual Sahara of Ireland. It is composed of ingredients that the virtuous and pious Orangemen find agreeable to their delicate palates. There is an ungrateful thrust at West British Waterford in the article. Surely after the effusive welcome to the King that recently was enacted in that city that yet remains proudly "unconquered" by the Irish Ireland Enemy, an Orange newspaper of Belfast ought to find something softer than a bolt to fling at it. Recently some soldier unknown, according to the verdict of a coroner's jury, killed a young lad with a bullet fired from the barracks there. Surely that noble act on the part of an unknown Tommy ought to have thrown a mellow light—as seen through the serene eyes of our Belfast contemporary—over the city that yet proudly stands "unconquered" by the Irish Ireland Enemy. That great organ in the capital of the intellectual Sahara of Ireland, says:—"And yet it is to the loyal and Protestant North, not to Sligo or to Waterford, where a soldier dare scarcely appear in the streets, and where as the result of Nationalist fomentations a crisis has been brought about and life lost, that the Lord Lieutenant comes to preach tolerance." What a dreadful place Waterford is to be sure! We suppose if "soldiers dare

scarcely appear on the streets," it would be as good as death to one of them to risk his mouth inside a patriotic Waterford drunkenry!

Our Belfast contemporary that is so ungrateful to its Southern ally, that has so far remained "unconquered" by the Irish Ireland Enemy, referring to the Anderson case—one would think the Orangemen ought to have had enough of that case—the Ballinasloe case, and a matter which it calls the Sligo case, says:—"Anything more glaring than these three cases is inconceivable, and yet a Unionist Government, supposed to be specially solicitous for the welfare of the Loyalists of Ireland, refuses to take such steps as would render the perpetration of others of the sort impossible. They amount to a gross and open misdirection of justice, a trampling of loyal Protestants under the Nationalist heel, which in this case is also the heel of Rome. And yet Irish Unionists are expected to be loyal! The net result of conduct such as this is that the only loyal section of the Irish people is being driven against its will to rank disloyalty, whilst the openly disloyal is not being transformed—and will not be. Such conduct is suicidal, and it is only to be hoped it will terminate before developments of a much more serious nature are brought about." We see visions of Purplemen and Orangemen marching with tin-pikes on Dublin Castle! Come along, boys; if you have any money in your pockets, Mr. Nationalist Bung can console himself that it will be good for "trade" when you penetrate as far as Dunphy's corner.

A Irish correspondent living in England, in the course of a letter, writes:—"In view of the recent remarks of Brother Goulding at the G. S. and W. Railway, the following particulars about their treatment of Irish Industries may be worthy of notice in the LEADER. During the eight years I have been in this country I have, when going home for holidays (I have gone every year), written in English to the G. S. and W. for their Time Table. It has always been sent by return. This year, however, I made application for it in Irish. That was two months ago, and it has not yet come to hand, nor have I had any communication from the Company. In the meantime I have been home, but not by the G. S. and W. route. As for Irish Industry, the G. S. and W. large posters which have been posted all over Manchester this summer bear the address of a printer in London, and just at present they have a poster up here with the address of a Paris firm—so much for Irish Industry."

The "tried and true" members of the Clonmel Union have before them the task of electing a man to the position of Master of the Workhouse. Now the last man that free and independent U. I. Leaguers, "last drop o' me bloods," and such like, would, one might think, be likely to elect to this position is an acting police sergeant! Surely these men would give ten thousand lives if they had them before a "foul minion of the British tyrant" in the shape of an acting police sergeant was taken from "the force" in order to be made master of the Clonmel Workhouse! As is known our views concerning the police are moderate and commonsenselike; and on principle we have no objection to either a policeman or an ex-policeman being elected to any position if he is the best man in the field. Mr. Bung, as we know, is a dreadful patriot; but nevertheless Bung likes to keep on friendly terms with the "minions of the British Law" in the shape of peelers. It would be a curious coincidence if an acting peeler offered to sacrifice his position and prospects in "the force" in order to take up the burden of master-ship of the Clonmel Workhouse, and if all the Bungs voted for him. We hope that the Guardians will elect the best man that offers himself as candidate for the Clonmel position.

It would appear that organised political opinion in Gneeveguilla is flowing strongly in favour of the People's

William. A meeting of the Gneeveguilla Branch of the U.I.L. was recently held, and a statesman by the name of T. Gleeson moved, and another statesman by the name of T. Moynihan seconded:—"Resolved—That we hail with feelings of inexplicable delight the action taken by Cork city, the acknowledged capital of Irish Nationality, in securing the omnipotent services of the unconquered and unconquerable Mr. William O'Brien, for Ireland and the Irish people." What particular brand of delight is "inexplicable delight"? It is given to few men to be heroes in the estimation of their fellows, but we think that the People's William occupies a unique position amongst the ruck of common humanity in being hailed by some astute English speakers of Gneeveguilla as a man of *omnipotent* powers. We do not know whether this great resolution was passed or not by the English speakers of the Gneeveguilla U.I.L. in meeting assembled, for the newspaper extract before us is torn off immediately under the resolution. This resolution would be fair game, we think, for the laughter and enjoyment of an English paper; as for ourselves it is the sad side of it that strikes us most. Gneeveguilla is, we believe, a little village with two burgeries, in the parish of Ráit Mór, East Kerry, and ought to be an Irish-speaking district. Is it not sad that men should cast aside from their own doors their great language heritage and fall to chattering like parrots in English about the "omnipotent services" of a son of Adam. It calls up before the mind's eye a pitiful spectacle, indeed.

A correspondent sends us the following from the *Glasgow Observer*:—"Orange Advocacy of Boycotting. The Orangemen of Ireland have been making such an outcry over what they call 'Catholic intolerance'—the intolerance consisting of an attempt to abolish creed lines in public employment in Ireland—that it is worth while quoting some sentences from an Orange oration in another part of the world where Orangemen do not appear to possess, although they desire, a commercial monopoly. In Adelaide Town Hall, on July 12th, 1904, Brother the Rev. A. J. Clarke, in his speech, declared—'He was there that day to advocate a boycott—that in the matter of trade Protestants should deal with Protestants. They were going to carry on the battle. He wanted them to thunder out to the Commonwealth the declaration that they as Protestant people would deal only with Protestant tradesmen. He was there that day to preach a boycott against Romish candidates for any position in the public service—be it civil servant, councillor, alderman, mayor, politician. If they were true to their pledges they would boycott them all. Catholic controversialists should pigeon-hole that paragraph. It cannot fail to prove serviceable.'"

We take a few advertisements from the attenuated *Irish Times* of Monday last. The *Dust Bin* on that day fell to eight pages of nine columns each! If we had a Long Tom in the shape of a *Daily Leader*, there would be a panic in the office of the *Dust Bin*:—"General Drapery—Young Man (Protestant), just out of his time, required for Drapery, Boots, and Ready-mades; country town. Address 'Z 1332, Drapery,' this office. Drapery—Junior Assistant (Protestant), with knowledge of boots, wanted—H. S. Burd, Ballymahon."

In this attenuated issue of the anti-Catholic sheet that cruelly libelled Canon McInerney, we find a number of announcements of marriages and deaths concerning "Idolators." We notice three announcements of deaths that contain the foul and nefarious letters smelling of treason and "Idolatry" "R.I.P." It is a wonder the anti-Catholic *Alf* allows these letters to disgrace the first of its eight pages of nine columns each. We notice two "Idolatorous" marriages announced in Monday's issue.

The following item of news from the Gold-reef city which we clip from the *Cape Argus*, will have a sad

interest for Irish readers, and it may act as a warning to Irish people who may contemplate emigrating in that direction:—"Johannesburg, August 24th. This morning the body of a young man was found lying in a doorway at the Carlton Hotel works. He had been the victim of retrenchment on the part of the Railway-Telegraph Department, and had failed to find other employment. He had also been without food for several days, and yesterday received some assistance. Death ensued from over-eating after a period of semi-starvation. His name was Michael Moynihan, and he was a native of County Limerick, Ireland."

The following is a paragraph from the Prospectus of St. Colman's College, Fermoy:—"The Irish Language occupies an important place among the subjects taught. Three of the Priests of the College speak Irish, and teach the language to all who do not object to learn it. The Students pursue this study with the greatest eagerness." Here is another—"Parents are requested in their own personal interests, as well as in the general interests of the country, to ask for and give a preference to articles of Irish Manufacture when providing a Student's outfit." The Intermediate results go to show that the paragraph concerning the Irish Language stands for something, for we notice that nineteen students passed in Irish (eleven of whom got honours) in the middle grade; thirty students, of whom ten secured honours, passed in Irish in the junior grade. A St. Colman's College boy secured first place with gold medal in Irish in this grade. Five students passed in Irish in the Preparatory Grade. In all, including those who obtained honours, a total of fifty-four St. Colman's College boys passed in Irish. We would be interested to hear the results of other Colleges.

We have already referred to the remarkable success which has attended the revival in Dublin of the Boot Blacking Industry by Messrs. McMenamin and Malone. In their extensive premises at Great Strand Street this well-known firm are now manufacturing, in addition to their boot blacking, several kindred articles, including boot creams, furniture, metal and floor polish, for which the demand by the Irish Ireland public should also be very considerable. The market for metal polish in Ireland, for instance, is a large and popular one, and we are informed that practically, if not actually, all used here has had to be imported. We wish the firm as much success in their latest line of enterprise as they have had in the blacking.

CORRESPONDENCE.

GAELIC LEAGUE ADVERTISEMENTS ON DUBLIN TRAMCARS.

SIR—On August 19th, at Dublin Tramway Co.'s Office, I personally requested that advertisement slips for "Aerideacht" of Philip Barron Branch of the Gaelic League might be allowed to be placed on Tramcars.

An official of the company stated that all such advertisements had been stopped in consequence of contract with advertising company, to whom that department has been let.

I pointed out to him that slips for "Polo in Park" were at that moment on Tramcars. He replied that the Tram Co. had retained the right of affixing slips for certain public functions, and named "Kingstown Pavilion," in which the Tram Co. are interested, "Ballsbridge" and "Polo in Park," but that all others even "Swimming competitions" had been stopped, and that neither the Tram Co. nor Advertising Co. could permit them.

He, however, undertook to consult the manager, or managers, on the matter, and after having done so repeated the foregoing.

Since then I have observed on Tramcars slips for "Leopardstown Races" and "Channel Fleet," and in consequence interviewed the Advertising Co.'s (J. W. Courtenay, of London.) representative, Mr. Wolf, of O'Connell Street.

He states that he has not seen the contract between Messrs. Courtenay and the Tram Co., and is not aware of any stipulation in it *re* the temporary advertising slips.

He has not objected to any of them, and is not aware of Messrs. Courtenay having objected to them.

The practice of affixing such temporary slips (advertising) for increasing tram traffic was in existence when Messrs. Courtenay took the contract for advertising, and, so far as Mr. Wolf knows, has not been objected to by his firm or himself.

Surely in this matter the Gaelic League has equal right with "Ballsbridge," "Leopardstown Races," "Polo in Park," and the "Channel Fleet."

Mr. Wolf concurs in this view, and so far as he knows the matter rests with the Tram Co., as his instructions are to deal with permanent advertisements.—Yours, etc.,

H. L.

"BOOKS FOR THE POPE."

Dublin, Sept. 17th.

DEAR SIR—Kindly allow me a little space in which to reply to a question of your correspondent, Mr. Robert Elliott, in reference to "Books for the Pope." He asks—"Am I to understand from Mr. M. J. Meagher that there was such a book exhibited?" Well, all I can say is, that Monsignor Hallinan's article in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* seems to imply that there was. At all events he says that such a book was sent to the Vatican. With regard to my saying that Mr. Elliott's article was surprising reading, I merely meant by that that if the Irish books were there it was surprising he had not seen them, and if they were not there it was equally surprising that having been sent to take their place among the others in the Cabinet they should have been excluded. I may add that I certainly did not mean to take him to task as he appears to imagine. I merely wished to bring the article in the *Record* under his notice, as from what he had written I judged he had not seen it, and that it would be one likely to interest him. I can assure him most truly that my intention was not discourteous, and, if unwittingly I have seemed so, I regret it.—Faithfully yours,

M. J. MEAGHER.

MORE RAILWAY GENIUS.

10th September, 1904.

DEAR LEADER—The cycle trip over the Wicklow Mountains from Blessington *via* Sally Gap to Arklow is one of the finest in the county. It runs over the base of the triangle of which Dublin is the apex, and the systems of the Dublin and Wicklow Railway and the Blessington Tram Co. are the sides.

I organised a party for this trip and sought out the Tourist Programme of the Railway Co. for an excursion from Arklow. I found that the tickets could be issued only from Dublin. Assuming that the Railway Co. would be ready to issue these excursion tickets from Arklow I applied to the Manager. In answer to my letter the Stationmaster at Arklow called upon me and told me that I could get these tickets by applying to the Manager for them. I pointed out that I had written to the Manager on the matter and would take the tickets there and then. The man said that this could not be done, as the Blessington Tram Co. would object to tickets unless they were issued from Dublin. My surprise must have annoyed the Stationmaster, as on being asked for an explanation he told me that I could not upset the arrangements of this Company, and so the interview ended. Now, I should be glad to know do the Blessington Tram Co. insist upon such an absurd condition. One would think that, if they got their proportion of the fares, they ought be satisfied, and that the more tickets issued the better for them.

TOURIST.

LÉIRSGRÍOS I RÍOCT COSANTA.

TAOS: 1r féidir, a 'Doncá, mar a túbairt, a lán do pád ar gac taob de'n ríéal. Nuair a labhran tupa ar taob dé tagaim-pe do coinnib go minic, agus go deimhin féin agus go dearbha ní foláir dom a domáil, sup ró minic a bion mo éaint as gabáil do coinnib agus mo éirgint as gabáil leat. Nuair a máctnuigim ar an gcuma 'na raib éire agus muintir na h-Éirean le linn aimpire 'Dóinnail uí Conail, agus ar an obair uatbárad a déin 'Dóinnail ua Conail, agus ar an aigne mádartha a bí as muintir Šarana go léir i gcoinnib na h-oibre rin agus i gcoinnib na h-Éirean, ní maic liom gan páirt 'Dóinnail uí Conail do gabáil. Bí an aigne mádartha as muintir Šarana do muintir na h-Éirean agus bí ar a gcumar do muintir Šarana an aigne mádartha ran o' imirt ar muintir na h-Éirean a gan fíor do 'n traošal, oíreac do péir a doile féin. Mo éruas na caoíre nuair a bion neart do'n máctíre a éoil a o' imirt ortha a gan fíor do 'n traošal. Mo éruas na ceapca nuair a bion neart do 'n máda ruad a éoil a o' imirt ortha. Ac ní raib ruam i máctíre amearš caorac, 'ná i máda ruad amearš ceapc, ac amadán, éun oíobála déanamh, reacrú muintir Šarana i n-Éirinn i n-aimpir 'Dóinnail uí Conail. Ní déinean an máctíre ac an ruo ip tual agus ip túbairt do a déanamh. Ní déinean an máda ruad ac an ruo ip náóir do a déanamh. Do déin muintir Šarana i n-Éirinn, i n-aimpir 'Dóinnail uí Conail, eugcór i rioct an éirt, ainolíš i rioct olíge, olc i rioct maicapa, léirgšior i rioct coranta. Cuireadar an cleap ran i bpeiróm cóm coitcían agus do leanadar cóm ríorúide dé sup buailead ipreac 'n-a n-aigne do muintir na h-Éirean ná raib ceapc ná olíš, oíon ná coraint, acu féin le pášail ó olíš-éib rígeacra Šarana ná ó 'n muintir a bí éun na n-olíšce rin do éur i bpeiróm i n-Éirinn.

Nuair a bí na neite rin ar an gcuma ran, a 'Doncá, o' eirgš 'Dóinnail ua Conail agus éus pé ašaró, i n' donair, ar an eugcór agus ar an ainolíš agus ar an léirgšior. Éus pé ašaró ar an aigne mádartha ran, an aigne Šarana, a bí 'šá gcur i bpeiróm i n-Éirinn. Éur pé a cor i otalam agus o' féuc pé gan rtaonad ior an oá fúil ar muintir Šarana agus túbairt pé go oána go gcaitpí feartha rtao de'n eugcór agus de'n ainolíš, agus ó bí éire agus Šarana, do péir domála Šarana féin, ruirte pé don olíš amáin, go gcaitpí don éur i bpeiróm amáin a beic ar an n-olíš.

Conaic muintir na h-Éirean 'Dóinnail ua Conail as eirge ar an gcuma ran agus as fearam ar an gcuma ran. O' aipgšoir an éaint do labair pé. Bí iongna ortha. "Ó," a veirúir, "an fear boct! Ba ceapc to cial a beic aige! 1r móir an truas é! Šeallaim túit sup gear go mbéarpar air agus go gcurpar ipreac é!" Conaic muintir Šarana é. Bí iongna agus alltaet ortha-ran leir. Bí a leicéio rin o' iongna ortha ná raib fíor i gceapc acu ead ba ceapc toóib a pád 'ná a déanamh. "Ó!" a veirúir, "ar aipbúir é rúo! Deir pé go gcaitpí muintir na h-Éirean ceapc pášail cóm maic linn féin! Ar aipš doinne ruam a leicéio!"

1i ceapc túinn feucaint ríomáin go maic, a 'Doncá, rap a noéimíro loctú' ar an obair a déin 'Dóinnail ua Conail i n-Éirinn.

peadar ua laogaire.

78a RATHMINES ROAD.

WE are sure that the Solicitor-General and Mr. Gordon, M.P., as well as our readers in the Rathmines district will be interested to hear that the season's activities will commence at 78a Rathmines Road, on October 1st. The premises 78a Rathmines Road, are the local habitation of that band of Guy Fawkes' by the name of the Rathmines and Rathgar Catholic Association. Those who were present at the hearing of the Enquiry before the Inspector of the Local Government Board concerning the division of the wards—the Enquiry which has covered the Local Government Board with well-earned ridicule—will understand why we emphasise the a. We forget whether it was Campbell, the bigot-haranguing Solicitor-General or the smooth and bland Mr. Gordon, M.P., who thought he had discovered a great joke, or a great subterranean secret by frequently mentioning the address 78a with emphasis on the a. Whichever of them it was will be specially interested perhaps in the news that the session will commence on October 1st at 78a. The rooms, of course, have been open during the summer recess and the cycling and touring club connected with this dreadful den has been active, and many tours and excursions have taken place. But the delightful social functions that, by themselves, have already endeared 78a to the hearts of many of the "Idoltrous" residents in the district were, of course, discontinued during the holiday season. The Irish language class will be resumed and a class for teaching Irish dances is to be formed. The formation of a choral singing class is also contemplated. Some of the young ladies have established a camóšeaet Club and the formal opening will take place at the grounds at Muckross Park, Marlborough Road, where on Saturday next, the 24th inst., a camóš match will be played. The dates of the social reunions will be announced in the usual way from time to time. The Catholic Association at 78a has filled a great want in the Rathmines district, and it has done lasting and excellent work in many directions since its establishment. It deserved support and it has received support, and we specially commend it to all our "Idoltrous" readers in the district. The coming Winter Session, if we may style it so, promises to surpass the last; and those eligible for membership and who can avail of its many attractions, will be only doing an injury to themselves if they do not join it. Remember the address 78a. We feel sure that if the Solicitor-General would go round some evening to the dreadful address that he would create much amusement, and as a source of amusement would be heartily welcome.

What about the Rev. Dr. Hogan's paper at Maynooth? When may we expect something tangible to come out of the Maynooth proceedings? It is quite a long time now since the Maynooth proceedings sent a cold shiver down the back of the *Irish Times*, and yet we have not heard that any new organisation to back up the Maynooth proceedings has been established. Dr. Hogan's paper was read at Maynooth as far back as June last. In the course of his paper, after enumerating some of the organisations of the Protestants, Dr. Hogan asked:—"Now, against all these organisations, and many others besides, what have we? Practically nothing. We are living from hand to mouth, without making any organised effort to help ourselves or to help one another. These people plot, intrigue, shout, beat the Orange drum, and terrorise Governments and statesmen who show any inclination to do us justice. We, on the other hand, look on and fold our arms and trust in the advent of some golden age, when the corn will spring up of its own accord and fruit will fall from the trees without as much as an effort being required to stand and pluck it. I am glad to think, however, that there are many signs which show that we, too, shall know how to combine. We realise at last that we have been too long deceived, flouted, and tricked, and that the thing is not to go on for ever. Great though the dangers of an Association may be, and stormy the prospect before it, I do not think the country should hesitate to have recourse to it, seeing that all other available machinery has left us in

the helples plight I have described." When may we expect the country to move in the matter? In the meantime 78a Rathmines Road is one of a few good facts shining in an apathetic country.



DEVOLUTION.

IRELAND is living in an era of abstract nouns. After six months of "co-ordination" we now seem to be about to enter on a similar period of "devolution." The question which this latter controversy first calls up in one's mind is whether "devolution" has merely come to take the place of "Catholic University" as the new topic of discussion for the Irish silly season. Is a paternal government only exerting itself once again to give us matter for discussion during the lengthening nights of the autumn? Is anything more than a contradiction at Christmastide heralded by excursions and alarms to which we are being treated?

No doubt the movement started a few days since is outwardly the work of private individuals. In exterior form it displays no more than a broadening of mind on the part of some Irish landlords. But Lord Dunraven has shown himself before instinct with the fire of inspiration and we may very reasonably assume that—if the whole thing is not a sham—the new movement foreshadows a change of feeling in other places than the baronial mansions of our native land. If this be true, the movement takes on a new meaning. It indicates that an offer of "devolution," whatever it be, is about to be made to us, is, in fact, being made to us in an indirect way at the present moment, and that a certain number of aristocratic, Irish Conservatives will be parties to the offer. The question that we have to consider is whether this offer is a sincere one and whether, even if it be so, it is worthy of our acceptance.

It is not really a question of Nationalists and neo-Unionists working together. For, as long as it is a matter of *working*, it is better for them to remain apart. The two armies are not fitted to fight in concert. But though their fighting forces be ill-assorted, yet their governing bodies may well be suited to join in a peace. Landlords and Nationalists cannot demand Home Rule with a common voice, far less can they combine in a struggle for minor reforms, but they may eventually promote the passing of any scheme by a common assent. It would be impossible that Nationalists should at present join hands with Lord Dunraven. It would not help him if they did. In a final settlement, however, both parties may come together with advantage. As long as the fighting continues, moderateness of demand on the part of Nationalists is only a source of weakness. When the terms of peace come to be settled, then is the time for reasonable concessions.

What, then, is "devolution"? The question is one that at present admits of no satisfactory answer. Nobody has defined devolution, nobody has ever come down to particulars about it. To Local Government it would seem to be more than kin and to Home Rule less than kind. It is somehow Home Rule on the Hire Purchase system, some subtle arrangement of payment by instalments. Now, as anybody is aware, who has ever had the misfortune to be paid after that fashion, the acceptability of the process depends largely on the size of the instalments. An initial dividend of 15s. or even 10s. in the £ makes a very substantial beginning, but where the first payment is, say, a sum of about 1s. 8d., the later dividends are wont to be enveloped in a gloomy mysticism that is highly unsatisfactory. And so with devolution; until we have some idea of how many units of devolution go to make up a unit of Home Rule, it is impossible to pass any definite judgment on a proposal in itself utterly indefinite.

The only attempt to define devolution commonly made at present is the statement that it is to be "gas-and-water" Home Rule. But surely there could scarcely be a less appropriate description. Water is already under popular control. The Vartry flows uncontaminated from a Corporation tap. Whilst as to gas, it is a substance that has shown itself much less fraught with political consequences than its rival electricity, which is likewise

under corporate management. Of matters of this sort there is nothing to devolve. What then does remain. If you take up a directory you will see that the principal departments of Irish government—excluding local and military authorities—are the following:—(1) The Viceroy and his Household; (2) The Chief Secretary's Office; (3) The Local Government Board; (4) The Board of Works; (5) The Prisons Board; (6) The Police Authorities; (7) The various Educational Authorities; (8) The Legal Establishment. To these are to be added the two new departments, the Congested Districts Board, and the Board of Agriculture, together with the Irish branches of certain English institutions, as for instance, the Post Office, the Board of Trade, and the Revenue Departments.

Of these the Viceroy must, under any scheme, presumably remain pretty much as he is, except that he would become definitely non-political. The Congested Districts Board and the Department of Agriculture are under popular control to a limited extent. Education is, as I have shown in a previous article, self-governing. Its reform is a separate question from Home Rule, though Home Rule would no doubt be a cutting of the Gordian knot in our Irish educational tangle. It is not then upon any of these that a scheme of devolution could operate. Therefore, in so far as devolution is to be devolution of government and administration, as apart from legislation, that is, in so far as we are to be permitted to rule ourselves and carry out laws as apart from merely making them, it must be in some of the other departments mentioned above that it will take effect.

We have, therefore, reached this result that, though we do not know what devolution means, we can define its limits to a certain extent. If we are to be allowed to rule ourselves more than hitherto, the extension of power no matter how far it goes must operate in some one or more of the following departments:—(a) The control of police; (b) The control of legal business, including the appointment of judges and magistrates; (c) The Chief Secretary's Office, with the subsidiary Local Government and Prisons Board; (d) Revenue matters. Of these, the last is almost the most important since it includes the question of a separate exchequer, separate taxation, and that superior control of the Treasury over all departments which Irish authorities of what may be called benevolent constitution find so irksome at the present day. This much, then, seems clear that, if devolution means anything at all, on the side of *government*, it must deal with some, and probably all, of the four above divisions. At present the first three are the exclusive preserve of the Irish bureaucracy, the fourth is entirely under English control. The line of improvement lies in bringing them under popular influence. Of course, all I have said refers to administration, the question of making laws is a separate matter. I hope to deal with it and with the relation between the two in another article.

CHANEL.



SOME RATHMINES GOBLINS.

"'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn and goblins loom in sight."—
Shakespeare.

Once upon a time there was a "Saved" seer who was in the habit of going about late at night looking out for ghosts, goblins, fairies, and leprechauns. As he wandered through the most likely places to drop across some of those nocturnal feather-weights, he used to keep repeating to himself some incantation which ran like the following:—

Goblin, ghost, or fairy light,
Hanging round the verge of night,
Come within my mortal sight.
From the air, the earth or sky,
Where your mystic realms lie
Eerie forms now draw nigh.

Night after night, for a long time, he went about spook-hunting without result; but at last one beautiful

moonlight night, just at the very witching hour, as he stood in ghostly meditation in a certain lonely grove around Rathmines, a semi-transparent figure, as he imagined, suddenly bobbed up before him out of nowhere. "Got him at last," exclaimed the "Saved" seer, exultingly, "a ghost, or I'm no judge of horseflesh." Then, remembering that ghosts should be addressed in a proper, awesome, melodramatic manner, he threw himself into the most correct, tragical attitude, as practised in the Gaiety on such solemn occasions, and said impressively:—

Oh, angels good, and ministers of grace,
Defend and guard me in this haunted place;
Be thou a healthy soul, or goblin damned,
With holy airs, or hellish sulphur crammed,
I'll speak to thee, though I be courting woe,
And try thy hidden destiny to know.
Oh, tell me being who has passed the goal,
The secret troubles of thy living soul.

To this the figure replied solemnly:—

I am a Popish spirit, and my plight
Is now to walk the dark and dreary night,
And be debarred from life's eternal day
Till all my earthly dross is purged away;
Till dogma's fetters, from my soul are clear
Beneath the moon I'll have to wander here.

"Oh, my prophetic soul, priestly obscurantism," exclaimed the "Saved" seer triumphantly. Then, after fumbling for a moment in his pockets, he whipped out a pencil and note-book, and began:—"Now, tell me, thou earth-bound wanderer of the immensities,"—when to his intense disappointment, he found that the ghost had disappeared. "Oh, cursed spite," he exclaimed, "he has vanished from my sight." "Anyway," he continued exultingly, "I now know that I was born to set it right." And then, as if treading on air, the "Saved" seer flew homewards to write pages about the soul-destroying upas tree of religious dogmatism, unheeding in his ecstatic haste, the low laugh which followed him from the place where the ghost had vanished.

"You did that well," said a voice somewhere about the haunted spot.

"Yes, I imagine I passed muster as a real eighteen carat supernatural," came the reply in the very voice of the poor world-tied ghost.

Next night the "Saved" seer was at the same place at exactly the same hour. No ghost, however, turned up as large as life as on the previous night; but still he was amply rewarded, for here and there about the grove he saw strange, beautiful lights flitting about to and fro, while a ravishing choir of heavenly voices, as he thought, sang the following verses:—

Happy, happy Pagan souls,
Pagan souls are we,
Dwelling where the morning rolls
Through eternity.

Bathing in the opal dawn,
Or some ruby sea;
Gliding o'er the rainbow lawn,
Happy souls are we.

Motion rhythmical we keep
Through the starry throng;
Blending with the sapphire deep
In eternal song.

Opal hushes, trembling greys,
In our chorus blend;
Joining in our songs of praise,
Songs that never end.

Fadeless beauty's fineless dome
Is our mansion free,
And our soul-perfecting home
Through eternity.

When the heavenly chorus died away, the "Saved" seer fancied that the sun, moon and stars, as well as himself, had been standing listening in an awestruck hush to the celestial harmony of the heretic souls who had at last found their native moons, and stars of infinite desire. "Oh, my prophetic soul," he exclaimed as before, "well hast thou taught me to dive into the measureless ocean. Behold those Pagan spirits, who, while in their muddy vesture of decay, had never allowed themselves to be fettered by orthodoxy, or to have their thinking done for them by proxy; behold, how, when they threw off their mortal coils, they flew to their native rainbows with the same instinctive facility as a lark rises to greet the morning sun. Then look at the poor Papist ghost who has still his centre of gravity in the world among his thought proxies, and see how his muddy vesture of decay still clings to him like balloon ropes. Oh, 'tis all just as I thought," concluded the "Saved" seer triumphantly, as he bounded home on wings to write up a few pages upon the heavenly heritage of Paganism, unheeding of the loud laugh which followed him from the celestial choristers.

Next night at the witching hour, as usual, the "Saved" seer was there again ready to receive stray visitors from over the border. He had not waited long before a very portly looking ghost materialised before him. Quickly falling into the most approved melodramatic attitude the "Saved" seer delivered the following lines in his best declamatory style:—

Leprechauns and fairy hosts,
Save me from all evil ghosts.
Spirit from the mystic shade,
Why again in clay arrayed?
When you sank a case for bier,
Whither did thy spirit steer?
Soul, whose flesh in earth is graved,
Tell me, tell me, art thou saved?

To this momentous question the ghost speaking in a hollow voice, which sounded as if coming from an empty cask, answered as follows:—

Saved. Oh, no; my doom is drear,
For I still must haunt my bier;
Round my vault while years elapse,
I must wander giving taps.
To the bier my soul has clung,
Such the doom of me, poor Bung.

"Alas, poor Bung," said the "Saved" seer pityingly; "thy spirit to be thus bottled up in vaults, and kept on the premises, instead of being allowed to soar up, and mingle with elect in the starry music halls of the empyrean. Wert thou a Pagan in the flesh, oh Bung," he again questioned the spirit.

"List, oh, list," moaned the ghost, and then with woe-laden voice he spoke the following:—

Oh, man, I knew not in the flesh
The secret of immortal youth;
My mystic balm was porter fresh,
And Guinness was my Well of Truth.

No symbols e'er in life I found
No waters shadowy with fate.
My speechless yearnings spun around
The region of St. James's Gate.

No trance or vision on me played,
No second sight to me was sent.
When people drank their beer and paid
I jogged along and was content.

Through bubbling seas of opal beer,
And crystal lakes of whiskey hot,
I steered my cargo straight and clear,
And let all others go to pot.

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Alas, alas, for greed and gold,
My selfish cup at last was filled;
I kicked the bucket; now behold,
The spirit of a Bung distilled.

"Ah, poor Philistine, he was snared in the meshes of the metallic tangibles," soliloquized the "Saved" seer, turning aside while Bung disappeared; "so now when he is called homewards he cannot obey, but must still keep tapping away about his centre of gravity. He is vanished, I see," he continued, as he turned around again. "Well, farewell, poor Bung, may the angelic recorder soon give thee thy full spiritual license," and with these words the "Saved" seer turned, and flew homewards to write up a few pages on the metaphysics of spirit tapping.

Next night he was not long on the spot when a very surly looking goblin emerged out of the shadow.

Attitudinizing, as before, the "Saved" seer thus addressed the surly looking goblin:—

Spirit from the vasty deep,
Why dost thou this vigil keep?
What has chained thee to this earth,
From thine own scaphic hearth?

To this challenge the surly goblin answered solemnly:—

Oh, mortal, I am here this hour,
Again in earth's confines,
Because I was a bigot sour,
The sourest in Rathmines.

You start; but doubt not of my fame,
Nor think I talk too loud.
The bigot championship I claim
Of that famed Sourface crowd.

But wretched, wretched is my fate;
For here I have to hold,
And see the Papists growing great
Within our township old.

"What, a Rathmines bigot, and only a common ghost, instead of a 'delighted spirit bathing in fiery floods,'" exclaimed the "Saved" seer with wild dramatic intensity. "I'll not believe it; perish the thought. Avaunt, false goblin, to the nether shades; begone, fleshless libel upon Rathmines immortality; hence horrible shadow, unreal mockery, hence." During this outburst the ghost retired unperceived into the shade. "Ha," continued the "Saved" seer, "the malignant creation of night is gone back again to monstrous chaos, and now I will leave this unhallowed spot for ever, and never more return to breathe its infected air." With these words the "Saved" seer slowly and sadly left the place, and was never seen to haunt it again.

A. M. W.

SIR HORACE PLUNKETT'S BOOK.

XXV.

WHAT THE LANDLORDS HAVE GOT AND GIVEN BACK.

LET US NOW see what the landlord class have done for the country during the past century.

According to the evidence given before the Exchange Committee in 1804, by Mr. Puget, the remittances from Ireland to absentee landlords at that time were more than £2,000,000 a year. In 1830, according to the evidence of Mr. Ensor, before a Parliamentary Committee, absentee landlords took away annually £4,000,000; or, as he said, one-third of the whole rental of Ireland. He stated, on the authority of Dr. Jebb, the Protestant Bishop of Limerick, a man of note in his day, that £300,000 was thus taken from County Limerick, and £150,000 from County Kerry. Thus the absentee drain on the country was doubled in less than thirty

years. Those landlords in being absentees not only helped the prosperity of England and of other countries where they spent their money, but also in the same ratio helped to impoverish their own. There was a *damnum emergens* and a *lucrum cessans*. If their rents had been fair, the loss would have been great, though less. But they left their agents in Ireland to grind out exorbitant rents, and they stayed abroad to spend them. They acted no doubt according to their principles, because they arrogated all rights and disowned all duties towards the country whence they drew their revenues. Ireland was their country in the sense that it belonged to them, but not in the sense that they belonged to it; and the unguarded confession recently made about "England's faithful garrison in Ireland" reveals the same principle of conduct at work to-day.

Mr. Sadler, an English Tory member of Parliament, in a work published in 1829 (*Ireland and its Evils*), writes:—"Are we still to garrison a defenceless country in behalf of those whose property was, generally speaking, originally conferred on the special condition of residence, but whose desertion occasions all the evils under which she has groaned for centuries—property so treated that it would not be worth a day's purchase were the proprietors its sole protectors. But they are aware that their absence is balanced by the presence of a body of military and police, which enables them to conduct themselves with as little apprehension as remorse. And are these so meritorious a class that their utmost demands are to be extorted from a distant and suffering country, and themselves protected in open neglect, or rather audacious outrage, of all those duties, on the due and reciprocal discharge of which the whole frame of the social system is founded. If they persist in this course, let them do so, but let it be at their own proper peril." Such is the view of an English Protestant of how the landlords who lived abroad contributed to the economics of the country. And how about those who lived at home? A writer in *The Dublin Pilot*, of January 2nd, 1833, says—"The Irish country gentleman is, we are sorry to say, the most incorrigible being that infests the face of the globe. In the name of the law he tramples on justice; boasting of superiority of Christian creed, he violates Christian charity—is mischievous in the name of the Lord. Were the Irish Government inclined to govern the country with good policy (which, bless its heart! it is not) the greatest impediment it would find would be in the arrogant, besotted, grasping, rack-renting, spend-thrift, poor, proud, and profligate country gentleman." In a speech delivered at a meeting of the Protestant Conservative Society on 12th August, 1834, the Rev. Charles Boyton, the acknowledged leader of that Society, said:—"If honourable gentlemen and noble lords would look to the title-deeds of their estates they would find it was held, too, under conditions, in all cases a condition of residence; in some, as in the grants of James I., with a reservation that they should pay the tithes to the established clergy; and most, on the expressed compact that these estates were to be tilled by a good Protestant tenantry." Possibly when they found that they were neither able to create Irish Protestant tenants nor to keep British ones, they conveniently concluded that the conditions no longer bound them. Hence, Sydney Smith suggested at the same time that the people should do their duty to themselves, since those who also owed a duty to them neglected it. "As long as the patient will suffer, the cruel will kick. If the Irish go on withholding and forbearing, and hesitating whether this is the time for discussion or that is the time, they will be laughed at for another century as fools, and kicked for another century as slaves."

We have seen how they subdivided lands into small plots in order to manufacture votes through the 40s. freeholders. We have seen how, when those voters had dared to use their natural right in voting as they pleased, their power of voting was stopped. But there they were with their families, and the population was increasing. According to an Official Report of 1836, 2,385,000 men

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were out of work for 30 weeks in the year. Then was introduced the system of consolidating lands, which made matters worse. Now, according to Sir Robert Kane, there were 4,600,000 acres of waste but reclaimable land in the country. If the people were encouraged to settle on these, the wastes would have been cultivated, the poor would have employment and their condition would be improved. But neither in that nor in any other way did those who had the power, do anything for the people. Quite otherwise. Let us look at it in another light. The amount of money accumulated by the people owing to the high prices which prevailed during the Napoleonic wars was enormous. Sir Hussey Vivian, in his evidence before a Select Committee in 1832, estimated the capital of the small farmers at £30,000,000. They were thrifty enough to save it, but they were powerless to use it productively. Some of them committed their savings to the keeping of trustworthy neighbours; others hid it away, to keep it more secure from the knowledge of the landlord, who would either demand it on loan, or would make it a pretext for raising the rent. Of course, they did not think of employing it to improve their holdings; they were made helpless, but they would not be fools. Mr. Dixon Holmes, in the course of evidence which he gave before a Select Committee on Public Works in Ireland, in 1835, gives several illustrations to show how much money the people had saved, but which he says "they had to hoard up for want of the means of employing it." He told the Committee, amongst other things, that he had proposed to an extensive Tipperary landlord to buy up a large quantity of waste land from him. He then went to the parish priest of the place and asked him to recommend him some trustworthy persons amongst his people who had money and were ready to invest it in land. After a few weeks the priest sent him a list of persons who had the money and were anxious to take the land. They proposed to lodge the money in the Provincial Bank at Clonmel, in their own names and in his, to be drawn out for the purpose of being employed on the land as it was wanted. The money contributed amounted to £9,700, ranging from sums of £20 to £600. He found a gentleman in London to join him in the undertaking. They proposed to spend a sum of money on the undertaking, in erecting buildings, making roads, etc., and to require only a fair compensation for the use of it. But when all was ready for work, he found the landlord too unsatisfactory to deal with. His terms were liberal enough, but he would only lease those waste lands for three lives or thirty-one years. That landlord had "the economic sense." He had an eye to eventualities of thirty-one years in the future.

That saved money became the misfortune of many, rather than an inducement to save more. The writer of a very able article in *The Dublin Review*, of July, 1836, says:—"And fatal have been the effects to the peace of families. There is but too much reason to believe, that many an industrious farmer has owed his transportation, in times of disturbance, to the pecuniary accommodation he has afforded to the needy justices of his neighbourhood." In the meantime the absentee drain went on; in 1843 it amounted to £6,000,000.

Let us pass on to another phase of the question, and to a later date. In the *Nineteenth Century*, for June, 1883, Mr. Goldwin Smith became one of the multitudinous cheap advisers of Ireland. The great economic black-spots he saw in the country were "congested districts" and "surplus population"—that, after more than a generation of "clearances," famine fever, evictions, and emigration. His panacea was to help the people out of the country. In the July Number of that Review, the late A. M. Sullivan replied to him, and pointed out that Ireland was not "congested," although certain districts may be so; and that even in these the congestion was not due to the poverty of nature but to the avarice of man, not to the indolence of the people but to the greed of landlords. Instead of discussing the question in my own words, I give his:—"This Irish misery is no mysterious

problem. Irish poverty is created and manufactured before our eyes by a process as simple and direct as the scuttling of a ship. The real wonder would be if Irish farmers as a class were ever much above starvation level. For fifty years past the charge has been specifically urged on their behalf that for time out of mind extortionate rents left them no means of subsistence much above that of cattle. Since Sharman Crawford's time it has been explicitly charged that an excess of £5,000,000 a year has been wrung from them. For eighteen months past this charge has been under investigation in the Queen's Courts by Land Commissioners. In the result, so far, it is judicially declared that the rents have been unfair or extortionate, on an average, to the extent of about 27 per cent. per annum. The rental of Ireland for thirty years past is estimated at £15,000,000 or £16,000,000; so that, at this rate, after allowing a margin for properties fairly rented, a yearly sum of at least £3,500,000, or more than £100,000,000 since 1851 has been wrongfully squeezed out of Irish farmers. Aye, wrung out of them by a process as agonising as the courbash. £100,000,000! How many tragedies of humble life darkened the background of these figures! How much of unrequited toil; how much of cruel injustice, of heart-sinking and hopelessness; of hunger and privation! If this £100,000,000, or even half the amount, were in hand just now for settling Connemara cottiers on depopulated or reclaimable Irish land elsewhere, they would need no help from Mr. Tuke. The lowest computation I have ever seen, but which I have not tested, fixes at another £100,000,000 the net loss—the direct and actual loss—to Ireland in the same period on the disastrous agricultural statistics already cited; while, as if to render inevitable the pauperisation of the country, within the same period the Imperial taxation imposed on and drawn from Ireland has been increased from the yearly amount of £4,006,711 in 1851, to £7,086,593 in 1871. And this was on a falling population. The Imperial taxation of Ireland stood at 12s. 2d. per head for population in 1851. It stood at £1 6s. 2d. per head in 1871—an increase of 14s. per head per year. Within the same period the burden on rich and prosperous Great Britain, with an increasing population, has been lightened by a reduction of 3s. 3d. per head per annum."

I am now, I think, in a position to invite Sir Horace Plunkett to examine his conscience and ask himself—What have the landlords done for the country in return for all they have taken from it? How have they exerted those civic virtues which we are told they possess, or the superior intelligence of which they are for ever boasting, and by reason of which they are for ever asserting their title to privileges? How have they used the privileges, the monopolies, which they have hitherto enjoyed? They originally supplanted the people in their possessions by legalised force, and then, privileged by the same force, they made the people their slaves. They rack-rented, evicted, and "cleared" them off their estates, and after dissipating their extorted revenues abroad and sinking themselves hopelessly into debt, having slept off the intoxication of their lawless power, they drowsily rub the cobwebs from their eyes, wonder that there can be any poverty amongst the people, and can see nothing economically amiss but "congested districts," and a "surplus population." And what has been their remedy for it all? Emigration. Having as landlords "cleared" them off their estates, as philanthropists they would clear them out of the country. Their system of economics was as simple as their Christianity. But I have not yet sounded the depths of their economics. During and after the famine times, not only the people who remained at home, but also those who emigrated helped to provide their rents. According to Lord Dufferin (*Irish Emigration and Tenure of Land in Ireland*, page 3), the Irish emigrants in America sent to their friends at home £13,000,000, within the span of sixteen years, from 1848 to 1864; and most of it was consumed in rents. Thus America, as well as Ireland, was laid under contribution for rent, which was as usual spent mostly in Eng-

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land, or everywhere and anywhere except at home. But I had nearly forgotten that they have proved their sympathy for the people; they did interest themselves once in improving their condition. During the famine years, having absorbed their rents, they appealed to England and to the beneficent of every clime to extend a helping hand towards the starving people. Even the *Times* could not endure it. On September 22nd, 1846, it upbraided them as "a confederacy of rich proprietors craving employment for the poor which they are themselves bound to provide by every sense of duty to a land from which they derive their incomes. It is too bad that the Irish landlord should come to ask charity of the English and Scotch mechanic; but it seems that those who forget all duties forget all shame. The Irish rent must be paid twice over." On February 25th, 1847, it returned to the assault. In Ireland, it said, "Property ruled with a savage and tyrannical sway. It exercised its rights with a hand of iron, and renounced its duties with a front of brass." In 1852 it said that "the name of an Irish landlord stinks in the nostrils of Christendom." It would not be correct to infer that all deserved such a whipping as that. There were some, unfortunately not many, amongst the old race of landlords who, considering the traditions into which they were born, did act on the principle that property has its duties as well as its rights; they deserve great honour for having risen so high above their surroundings. But I am dealing with them as a class, who might and ought to have done a great deal for the country, and who did very much less than nothing.

Let us now see what Trinity College has, as landlord, done for the country. It has estates in seventeen counties; over 200,000 acres in all. It is immediate landlord of 14,404 acres in Kerry, Queen's County, Wicklow, and Louth, besides being head landlord of large estates in the other counties. As a specimen of its action in the other counties I take its action in Kerry. It is direct landlord over 10,341 acres around Caherciveen, a part of the confiscated estates of The McCarthy More. The O'Connell family used to be middlemen under it till about forty years ago, and about 80 years ago they transformed Caherciveen from a mere row of huts into the beginning of a prosperous town. They gave sites for houses at small rents, built schools, and helped it to become a thriving place. With its beautiful position, behind it, the Iveragh mountains, before it the expanse of Dingle Bay, and placed directly on the way of the tourist. Trinity College, with its enormous wealth, might have done a great deal for it, and it has done less than nothing. The only progress which can be laid to the credit of its landlord is progress of rent. It takes a large revenue from this town made by the O'Connells and improved by the people. Allowing it that unearned increment to which it is at least by law entitled, it has not the "economic sense" to see that it would be a profitable investment to spend money on the improvement of the place. There have been schools there under the charge of the Presentation Nuns since the days of O'Connell. The children who attend those schools are the children of the tenants of Trinity College. One would expect that an Educational Institution, and the richest College in Europe, would patronize at least the educational interests of its tenants. Well, the Nuns needed to enlarge their schools some time ago. They bought a plot on which to build, and our wealthy model of educational progress charges them £10 a year rent for it. The Manager, in their behalf, set before Dr. Traill who was then Bursar, and is now Provost of their landlord, the purpose for which the plot was taken, but the reply was a peremptory claim for rent. In the town there is also a Protestant school, attended by a few Protestant children. That school has, I believe, neither rent nor rates to pay; the "non-sectarian" landlord does all. Its conduct towards the country part of its estate is as bad. It extracts the highest rents it can screw out of wastes of moorland and water, and even a wretched row of wayside huts, called the village of Doory, which a village money-lender would be almost ashamed to own, contribute their mite towards educating the students of Trinity.

And how do those poor tenants make the rent? They find most of it in the sea beside them, and in America beyond it. The fish they catch and the American letter they get supply the rent. Some bog freedom which they once enjoyed helped them also, for they used to sell whatever turf they cut over and above their needs. But our versatile University has turned bog-ranger, and allows that freedom no more. Its dealing through all its estates is of the same kind. I am aware that its rents are apparently very low. But the consequent loss to the College brings no gain to its tenants. Only the Provost and Senior Fellows gain by the transaction. Its estates were rented out at short leases, and at every renewal of lease a fine had to be paid.

Fifty years ago, the law allowed the Provost and Senior Fellows to appropriate the fines, the rents to be devoted to the educational interests of the College. The "economic sense" of the College Governors at once felt the advantage—not to education, but to themselves—of a system of low rents and high fines. It was all the same to the tenants, but it was not all the same to the Provost and Fellows. The tenants would have to pay in some form; hence they lost nothing, whilst the Provost and Senior Fellows gained a good deal: The College was made the victim, and education became the scape-goat. Thus it happens that, notwithstanding the enormous wealth of Trinity College, it lags far behind in the educational progress of the day. Its revenues which, like food, should pass to and be assimilated by every part of the body, are prevented by a cancer and are in great part consumed there. Thus it happens that, whilst according to its revenues it should be the best, it is in reality one of the worst, equipped Universities in the world. Thus it happens that, with all its wealth, it is a begging for subsidies; that it has so far failed to fulfil the condition on which Lord Iveagh has offered a subsidy; that the curriculum of its Medical Faculty has been condemned by the Medical authorities. These, however, are incidental to my present argument. What I want to point out is that, like the other landowners as a class, it has given no return to the country for all it has consumed of its substance. It cannot afford to give the country even a first-rate school of science or technics.

M. O'R.
P.S.—P. McD. finds fault with me for saying that "it is not a priest's business to inaugurate amusements for the people." But he is good enough to suggest that my opinion is different but that I badly expressed it, that what I "really hold is that priests are not bound to inaugurate, etc." I said precisely what I meant to say. I think that what one is not bound to do is not his business. P. McD. admits that a priest is not bound to, etc., but yet thinks that it is his business to, etc.—the difference between six and half-a-dozen. I did not say that it is "absolutely out of place for a priest to inaugurate amusements for the people"; nor did I mean to say it.

He says that "there are no amusements in many parishes because there is nobody to inaugurate them except the priest." Now, the chief amusements for country parishes are football, hurling, and dancing. And is there nobody in the country except the priests who could start any of those? Wisha, God help us! and what are we come to at all! How did the people manage to start them a generation ago? If P. McD. will meditate on this, he may agree with me in assigning the causes of the decline of amusements.

As to amusements preventing the "backing of horses," I cannot say if that habit prevails to any considerable extent in country parts; but I am sure that those who have the habit will not be turned from it by amusements; nor would amusements keep persons "from the

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publichouse" as much as P. McD. thinks—i.e., those who are disposed go to such places. Amusements often make them all the more thirsty. I have known priests who started amusements, and afterwards regretted having done so, for that very reason. Sometimes the amusements become rather the occasion than the rival of the publichouse. These questions when tested in the concrete are much more difficult of solution than P. McD. and Sir Horace Plunkett think. I think that a priest, under certain circumstances, would do a good work in starting amusements; but I should not commit myself to the foolishness of blaming a priest for refraining from doing so under circumstances with which he was much more intimately acquainted than I was. I shall gladly try to answer any objections raised against what I have written; but on the conditions that they be worth an answer.



A VERY SUPERIOR LECTURE.

I SUPPOSE I must be one of the "many journalists in Ireland" who are supposed to have accepted that "physical force theory in literature" which appears to be grieving the soul of "Æ." I shall not trouble myself much about the theory in question, for I confess I don't know what Mr. Russell means by it. I shall, however, notice his recent article as a whole, not because it is particularly able or specially worth noticing, but because it affords me an opportunity of saying some things I want to say. I gather, *inter alia*, that the physical force journalist has a "hatred of thought," or "an incapacity to think," and also that "independent thought is forbidden in Ireland," and that Irishmen are "not allowed to think." From all this I should be inclined to infer that Mr. Russell is himself—in his own esteem—a master of argument, and an able thinker. Now, as Mr. Russell is a type of his class, it is worth while examining his thoughts and arguments, just to see the value of his mind, and how it works, and to note, from him as a sample, the mental value of his "set."

Here is one of the Russellian dicta: "it is a curious law in life that what we most condemn, we have most in ourselves." Therefore, by a parity of reasoning, since what Mr. Russell seems most to condemn is "physical force in literature," that is precisely what he has most of in himself? But his writings acquit him of such a charge, for he shows in them no force of any kind, physical or other. Surely this lameness of argument comes oddly from a man who accuses others of "hatred of thought," or "an incapacity to think"? Our professor of dialectics seems himself strangely qualified for making such charges against others. Mr. Russell talks about "people"—us LEADERITES, I suppose—"who refuse to argue"; well, see how he "argues" himself! I shall furnish some more specimens before I conclude. Mr. Russell says that the criticism of "Ireland in the New Century" illustrates the physical force element in argument. He goes on to imply that those who condemned the book had not read it. Does this now apply to the Rev. Dr. Hogan, of Maynooth, I wonder? Or is "M. O'R." one of those "who refuse to argue"? I should rather think that "M. O'R." has given argument enough to the matter, if argument be what Mr. Russell and his friends really want. Mr. Russell refers to Cardinal Logue's not having read the book when he "condemned" it. This is an unfair charge, because the

Cardinal simply confined himself to a criticism of certain views contained in the book, and he publicly stated the source of his acquaintance with them; on the book as a whole he passed no judgment. Mr. Russell goes on to say that the Cardinal "relied rightly upon his fellow countrymen to join him in condemning it also without perusal." What sort of nonsense is this? The Cardinal's "fellow countrymen"—there are some millions of them, remember—did not condemn the book either with or without perusal; they have, in the huge majority of instances, neither read nor condemned the book nor even so much as thought about it. "His [Sir Horace Plunkett's] clerical critics were proud where they should have been humble," says Mr. Russell. One would think whole droves of clerics had criticised the book; I can only think of about six who did so, to which must be added some three or four Bishops. One "clerical" journal actually reviewed the book favourably and appreciatively, but this fact, of course, is passed over with blank, unacknowledging silence by Sir Horace's champion. Again, we are told that the expression of difference of opinion is not complained of. "It is the thoughtless savagery of the expression." Yes, there was a lot of "thoughtless savagery" about Dr. Hogan's article, wasn't there? There is a lot of it about "M. O'R.," isn't there? Verily, for a man who lays down a "law" about having most in ourselves "what we most condemn" in others, Mr. Russell can use some tolerably rude terms. For my own part I shall content myself with wishing Sir Horace a more discreet champion! Mr. Russell comes forward with his article at a time when all criticism upon the Plunkett book had ceased, saving that which "M. O'R." is carrying on with, to my mind, the most gentlemanlike courtesy and moderation in these columns. A discreet time, truly, for Mr. Russell to make his *entree*.

But let me exhibit some of the aphoristic felicities of this accomplished thinker, upon things in general. "Every creed and every party has its own reason for being." Good; what, then, is the Orange *raison d'être*? Can Mr. Russell say? "Its existence has been called forth by some necessity of human nature." Now, what necessity of human nature called forth the Orange Society? Again, if the Orange Society springs out of a "necessity of human nature" may not even the despised physical force journalists spring out of some such necessity? They say that bigotry at the Broadstone, the Kingsbridge, Amiens Street, and other places is (amongst other things) their *raison d'être*, and the partial concessions already gained at two of the places named, their justification. Mr. Russell should have considered these aphorisms in connection with the attack he makes against the physical force journalists, for if other parties have a reason for being, 'tis surely not unlikely that even the journalists have one also. Our critic suggests that, *re* the charge of excessive church-building, the priests should have replied, like the King of Israel, "Behold the Heavens and the Heaven of Heavens cannot contain thee. How much less this house which I have builded." Now, if they *had* made any such answer, does any sane man suppose their critics would have considered it an adequate one? What nonsense! Mr. Russell, in a colossal platitude, tells us that—"One wise voice, speak-

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ing justly for the whole, would be worth all the chieftains of class and creed." The best comment whereon is surely the humorous line, "Thou say'st an undisputed thing in such a solemn way." Methinks that "one wise voice" if it is to "speak justly for the whole" will hardly begin twitting the larger part of the whole with things which certainly do not come within his province; there may be a "right of criticism," but like every right, there are limits within which it must be applied. Mr. Russell tells us, in the course of his philosophising, that he would "sooner live with a kindly Unionist than [with?] a bitter Nationalist." Surely the obvious retort is that we would rather live with a kindly Nationalist than with *any* Unionist, kindly or otherwise? Why must it be assumed that bitterness is the especial attribute of Nationalists? Why, indeed, except it be that the gentleman who apparently can find a *raison d'être* for Orangemen, but not for LEADERITES, is peculiarly ready to give the benefit of the doubt to the other side!

Let us taste some more of Mr. Russell's philosophy. He tells us that "it is the plan of nature that parties, races, and creeds, are only preliminary schools to train the manhood it means to inherit the earth." This is the sort of thing that surely none but an "idealist" either could or would write! What is "nature" as mentioned in this sentence? Is it the force that makes typhoons, cyclones, blizzards, and earthquakes? The force that brings about storms, blight, famine, and drought? If that be the "nature" that Mr. Russell is alluding to, I must tell him that I don't conceive it possible that the aggregation of unconscious powers so summed up can have any particular "plan" for "training the manhood it means to inherit the earth." The earth does not care a hang who inherits it; neither does "nature," and when an "idealist" writes such stuff as that I have quoted from Mr. Russell, one can only murmur in the vernacular of the Cockney, "'Wot rot!" But this is just the sort of thing your mediocre "idealist" loves to write. Mr. Russell says the people of this country are not allowed to "think." Well, one can see the sort of thinking Mr. Russell does; a little of that sort of thing is enough—in a poor country like Ireland.

Now, just a little more of the Russellian philosophy. Mr. Russell "would rather see four millions of Irish people disunited and thinking out policies for themselves, than an Ireland united under any policy at present known to them." Under the Plunkett policy, now? Under the Russell policy—whatever it is? Why this rage for disunion? "Union is strength," says the proverb; apparently Mr. Russell thinks disunion will be the healer of our woes. Well, if Mr. Russell "would rather see four millions of Irish people disunited," etc., I make no doubt whatever that the Irish people's enemies would be perfectly delighted at the spectacle. Our enemies would joyfully let us "think out" millions of policies for ourselves provided we would only remain disunited. It is all mighty fine to decry "a facile orthodoxy," but a people seeking to establish themselves as a nation must be pardoned for not seeing in an anarchy of the country's political mind the straight road to success. If every Jap under Kuroki would only think out a plan of campaign for himself, instead of yielding a "facile" obedience to his officers, I am sure the Russians would be enchanted with delight. Quoth Mr. Russell, "the life of a country is in its heretics, its doubters of all accepted faiths and formulas, who yet have faith in an ideal." Presumably then the heretic is the "one reasonable juryman" who cannot find it in his heart to agree with the common crowd. I suppose, now, that the Albigenses were right, and St. Dominic and the Pope wrong? That Donatus was right, and St. Augustine wrong? The Albigenses and Donatists had faith enough, no doubt, in their own "ideal," but were they right? Why, according to this astounding proposition, you have only to "doubt" and differ, and you are a saved man! I suppose, then, the Muggletonians, the Jezreelites, the followers of Joanna Southcote, and all such, were justified sufficiently by faith in their "ideal"—whatever it may have been—and that the Anglican Church, as compared with these crazy sects, was simply "a facile ortho-

doxy," discredited by the inclusion within its fold of such men as Jeremy Taylor, Tillotson, Waterland, Bishop Butler, Dr. Bull, and such men? "Without such, a country becomes a dead sea of humanity." Aye, but without which? The Muggletonians, or Jeremy Taylor and Bishop Ken? "It may be," says our philosopher, "that the doubters will find the old faiths best after all." If so I think they should offer some apology to those who never doubted, but whom they, in the days of their heterodoxy, slanged to their heart's content for *not* doubting. Mr. Russell should remember the proverb, "The fool does in the end what the wise man does in the beginning." So far as one can see, Mr. Russell's creed might be summed up in the words, "I believe in Doubt." A funny creed, certainly, but then "Æ." is nothing if not an unconscious humorist.

I think the reader has by this time had enough of Mr. George Russell, and can measure him and his little set for what they are worth. There is an air of moral superiority about this gentleman which is simply unendurable, just as there is an equally intolerable air of superiority in mind and culture about his set. A man who twits others with hatred of thought and incapacity to think ought surely to show himself a better thinker than those he twits, whereas if there is one thing more than another which Mr. Russell's article displays it is that he simply cannot think. What Mr. Russell can do is this. He can make charges against others, and then lay down "laws" which hit himself as much as they hit anybody else. He can write pseudo-aphoristic, staccato sentences, disjointed and unrelated, in which he aims at ambitious paradox, but commonly achieves only pompous platitude. He is one of those people who have browsed upon literature till they became smitten with a

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desire to write something themselves, and the result of whose efforts is only a kind of perplexing reminiscence of their reading. Mr. Russell, no doubt, fancies himself a thinker; to me he seems only a man of very second-rate powers, who has bothered himself with books to such a degree that he could not think clearly if he would. So much for Mr. Russell.

IMAAL.

THE "IRISH TIMES" TRIPPED AGAIN.

The *Dust Bin* devoted a leading article in its attenuated issue of Monday last to the alleged interview between the Editor of the *Matin* and Monsignor Geay, late Bishop of Laval. In Tuesday's issue Dr. Delany, S.J., came down on our anti-Catholic contemporary. The *Irish Times* had been smacking its lips over the business. It now turns out that in the course of a letter which Monsignor Geay wrote to the Editor of *La Croix*, he said (we quote from the translation of the letter:—"I can only add thereto in this letter, which you will please publish in your journal, my most vehement protest against the outrageous tone and the grotesque romancing scenes, invented at pleasure, which make up the matter and the form of the last article of the *Matin*." Dr. Delany, S.J., in the course of his letter to our anti-Catholic contemporary, in which three Jesuit colleges, Mungret, Belvedere, and Clongowes, and a Vincentian college, Castleknock, advertised last season—in the course of his letter he says—"As a matter of journalistic honour and fair play, I ask you to give equal publicity to the following letter of 'most vehement' repudiation from the Bishop himself." The *Irish Times* of the imported Editor had to insert Dr. Delany's letter, but it was stowed away on page six, and there was no Editorial apology whatever. The alleged interview was

worked for all it was worth in a leading article; Dr. Delany's letter was stowed away on page six and the Editorial "we" said mum.

MID-AUTUMN.

DO our boys still get essays to write at this time of year on the approach of winter, and do they begin as we used—"Now that winter is at hand?" It all came back to me this evening watching the twittering swallows making ready to fly, just ready to take away summer and its bright things, leaving us, as we used say, winter at hand.

'Tis very beautiful just now here on this hilly by-road that looks down almost into the central squares of this city of mine. Raining all the morning and now the rain is cleared, there is gold in the West, hooded over with heavy clouds, and gold on the landscape not unlike that of budding Spring, red-gold on the sandstone roads and grey-gold in the stubble-fields, yet for all that the swallows say "Winter" quite plain. So one's eyes fall on the city and not on the golden uplands, for in winter—

"Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men.

In the middle of Winter the child sees an old man with white whiskers, warm cheeks, and bright eyes; dark glossy leaves he sees, too, and very red berries: A warm heart he would have in the middle of Winter—isn't there something very human about the symbol that he puts for that brightness in gloom? Here it seems, too, that the child is father to the man. One looks to one's fellow-man when looking forward to happiness in Winter; you expect your neighbour to ally himself with

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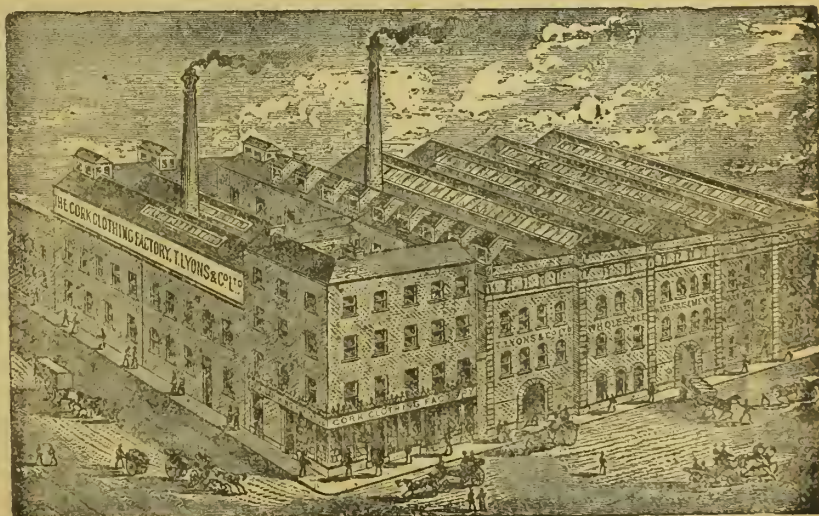
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you against the evil of wet nights. There is no man but thinks this on occasions, unwillingly, perhaps; most likely, imperceptibly, a sensation rather than a thought; yet it comes, again and again, willy nilly, even to the stoic churl who never says to himself the words "fellow-man" or "Winter gloom."

The natural thing for a village to do is to hire itself a barn, or build one, that its boys and girls may dance or sing on the bad nights; the natural thing for a city is to build itself a theatre that its greater number of children may also find some happiness on occasions. But here your sourface philosopher chimes in, not letting you get a word farther, "Foolish soul! what Act of Legislature was there that *thou* shouldst be Ilappy?" What act, indeed, save the act of *being*! But still to quiet our philosopher (for excellent things, not to be doubted, precede and follow that very passage we have copied) we beg pardon and explain that when we got from "barn" to "theatre" we had intended to add something to that of happiness for the citizens as the purpose of a city theatre, namely, right and duty to lead "upwards and on." Now I begin to see whither these poor thoughts tend.

If a city had a life, a heart of its own, which life found expression, as it undoubtedly would, on its local stage, even a small life and uninspired expression, would not the heart of a citizen of that blessed state give quite a jump as walking on a country road of an Autumn evening the thought (brought on swallow wings) suddenly came across his mind that Winter was at hand. For he must think that though the swallows take Summer and its flowers away, who knows but that this very Winter that turns the keys in the theatre doors may bring flowers destined never to die. And he may think, too: These things here made for me (meaning the dramas produced before his eyes) will never be understood by my children as I understand them now for—I myself am a part of them, have had something to do with them—I, with my rate-paying, my coveting, and just-dealing in my offices, making the life that is.

Or he may commune with himself, that same citizen looking down on his own dear city: What dream is *X*

(who be it known is the lyric dramatist of that city) now working into shape for our winter fare; those long purple Summer hours that struck even my mind on its holiday then as being wonderful,—how did *his* mind receive them—I long to know! Yet perhaps 'tis some old legend that has captured our poet's mind in a great vision and which now, it may be this very hour, perhaps, he sits dressing out in wings and armour for our delights. What great lesson will he teach us with those old dead kings of his and their large ways? Or it may be of the other poet, the satirist, that our citizen thinks of wondering what honoured head will receive his clownery as a crown, or what event recently happened in state or city has his mind fastened to—how twists he it into quips and cranks that the Gods may laugh?

Then he falls to thinking of the musicians—their new songs and tunes, glees, and catches, and, bless his heart, if these over-hooding clouds began to drive slant North-west rain against him, would he feel a bit of it walking along there on the bye-road, his eyes withdrawn from golden sky and golden earth to dance at a brightness more golden within.

Again, were one privileged to count himself citizen of such a state, think how you would, on your country walk up the hilly roads, occasionally stop for breath or rest, looking back, wondering at a mystic thing that may happen on any of the coming Winter nights in connection with that human-hearted, neighbourly city that you gaze on. Mystic thing, for may you not behold the "consecrating light" cast suddenly over some city market square or rambling, tumbling byelane which square or lane will never be their own selves again (or is it that they will evermore be, indeed, their own selves only so much more visibly so as to appear strange to us—even new or ages old).

Sixty or seventy years ago, far off from here, some say in Roman cloisters, a rhynster sat himself down and rhymed—made what has been dubbed a "jingle about some local bells"—jingle or no jingle, the bells, gentle, quiet, old bells grew mellow and spoke grand—blushing, one can imagine as they did so; and that mellowness

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Then, again, instead of some locality or shrine being garnished to our mind and eyes, it may be that we get, for riches, the heart of the whole city or perhaps of the whole country or, still more, perhaps of age and country together—time and place, laid bare before our gaze—loves and hates, braveries and fears and all, to our surprise and wonderment, for, all this, we say beholding it, we knew before yet not as we know it now,—now indeed, we see that all of us, great and little, sit in the hollow of God's Hand and still will not be quiet!

Why a citizen of such a state as this would, we opine, give the swallows and such as they, good-bye twice in

the twelvemonths that Winter might not be afraid or ashamed to turn the keys in the theatre door.

"Thus to interpose a little ease.

Let our frail thoughts dally with a false surmise."

That is my excuse for those gentle hopeless thoughts at this gentle time of year, hopeless because, behold on every dead-wall throughout the city, "The Houp-la Girl," and next week when her exit will have been made some near relation of hers, male or female, will strut out to fill her place—at least, there is a hundred chances to one of this thing happening—as if we could not ever sicken of the horrid crew—creatures of another race and, be it said, of another religion. Yet, no shame—anywhere!

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14th September, 1904.

Domestic Economy Instructress Wanted

County Committee of Agriculture and Technical Instruction, Tipperary (North Riding).

The above Committee will on 6th October, 1904, proceed to appoint a well qualified teacher of Domestic Economy subjects. The person appointed will receive an initial salary of £80 per annum, and, in addition, will be paid actual travelling expenses while engaged in the work of the Committee. Her qualifications must be such as will satisfy the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction.

Applications for the post must be addressed to the undersigned not later than the 5th October, 1904.

E. M. WALSH,

Secretary County Committee,
Courthouse, Nenagh.

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Tenders are invited from competent persons for (1) General Repairs, Painting, and Decoration of

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Sealed tenders to be lodged with me not later than 12 o'clock noon, on MONDAY, 26th inst., and be endorsed with the name of the work.

The lowest or any Tender not necessarily accepted.

(Signed),

JOHN F. M'GAHON, Architect.

3 Earl Street, Dundalk,
10th Sept., 1904.

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CURRENT AFFAIRS:—

The Devolution Scheme	...	81
Catholic Truth Conference	...	82
County Cavan and "the Saved"	...	82
The Duhallow Comrte Ceannair	...	83
Etc., Etc.		

ARTICLES :—

Εἶπεν ὁ Κυν Ροβῶτα	84
The Eel in Controversy	84
"What's in a Name?"	85
A Poor Landlord's Live Wake	87
A Minor Poet in Eruption	88
Ruling and Law-Making	90

NOTICE.

THE LEADER will be sent, post free, to any part of Ireland or Great Britain for three months, on receipt of Postal Orders value 1s. 8d.; six months, 3s. 3d.; one year, 6s. 6d. The rates of subscription for foreign postage are:—Three months, 2s. 2d.; six months, 4s. 4d.; twelve months, 8s. 8d.

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CURRENT AFFAIRS.

The Irish Reform Association has come out with its plan of devolution. This is progress—at all events, from the hazy abstract to the definite concrete. You can always criticise a plan; about abstract proposals you can only offer general opinions, pious or damnable, as the case may be. Unfortunately for us, the Reformers' plan only came out on Monday morning, so that it is too late for us to give their "Bill" more than merely a first reading. Their proposals are not only too important to be ignored, but too important to have notice of them entirely deferred to a later issue. We shall then just give them a "first reading," premising that nothing we now say shall be held as debarring us from modifying, or even radically altering, our views on fuller deliberation, and after a longer study of the new proposals. To begin with, we should say that the plan is, on the whole, rather better—certainly not worse—than we expected. If it were adopted and put in action it might not exactly bring in the millennium immediately, but it would probably improve things a bit all round, and give Irishmen a bigger finger in their own pie than they can boast of having at present. The proposals come to this: a Financial Council (half elected, half nominated) to control the general public finances of Ireland, and a Statutory Body with powers to promote Bills for purely Irish purposes, the said body to consist of the representative peers of Ireland, the members of Parliament, and the members of the new Financial Council. The details as to the powers to be delegated to the Statutory Body are not very conclusive, but the scheme looks to be so framed as to admit of expansion on good results being shown. We should be disposed to sum up our views of this part of the plan by saying that, while it is not the whole hog,

it is possibly rather more than half a loaf—a mixed metaphor which our low-down, “unthinking” readers will probably understand easily enough.

The Financial Council part of the scheme is far more elaborate. Here we may at least say a good word without misgiving about the scheme in general. It has this advantage, that even if one part of the plan were not adopted, the other part—the financial—would still remain for consideration. However, the high-and-dry Unionist may bridle up and toss their heads at the legislative part of the scheme, they cannot well oppose the general idea underlying the financial part without appearing before the world as manifest anti-Irishmen. The general idea of the Financial Council is that it shall control the finances of Ireland in the interests of Ireland, and not in the interests of that body without a soul, the Imperial Treasury. The Reformers say in their Report (paragraph II.) that they desire to express their strong opinion “that if local knowledge were brought to bear upon expenditure, the money could be made to go further, and would be more usefully employed than it is under the present system.” As the Report truly says, the Treasury “is now only interested in effecting economies for the Imperial account,” and it is suggested that better results would be attained by an Irish Financial Council, “interested in making savings for Irish purposes.” Only a very hard-pan Unionist, indeed, could cavil at this, especially as the raising and collecting of revenue would still remain in the hands of the Imperial power. The Council would have authority to “control every item of expenditure,” to “propose such reductions as it considered consistent with the efficiency of the public service,” and to apply all such savings and reductions on the annual estimates “to the improvement of the administration and the development of the country’s resources.” This seems all right, we think. Some points we must object to, such as the undue strength of the “nominated” contingent of the Council, and, perhaps, some points regarding the funds derivable by the Council from the Imperial authority. All this, however, we cannot go into here and now.

We have now outlined the general features of the Reformers' plan of devolution, and given it a sort of at least provisional goodwill, so far as it goes; the Bill has passed the first reading with us—so far as it goes. The *Freeman*, in criticising the new plan in a fairly friendly article, asks at least one pertinent question. "But why if this Statutory Body, representative of the Irish peers and people, is to be created should not the financial administration of the country be under its control? Why, of all questions, should expenditure and taxation be withdrawn from its cognisance?" This is a root question, and the Reform party should not leave it unanswered. But now we ourselves must ask a question, and we lay the flattering unction to our souls, that, despite our "hatred of thought" (or "incapacity to think") we are about the first to ask the question: *What about the Executive power?* In plain words, what about Dublin Castle? Who is to be in power there? Who will appoint the judges, high court and county court? Who will appoint the higher government officials? Who will control the police? In paragraphs XIV. and XV. mention is made of things that "the Irish Government" should "take over" or "control." Now, what, we ask—cavilling far apart—what *is* the Irish Government. Does it mean the Financial Council? Or the Statutory Body? Or does it mean Edward, Baron Ashbourne, and the rest of the Privy Council, and the official bigwigs at the Castle? Are the Financial Council and the Statutory Body to engage in laborious, unpaid work for the

benefit of Ireland, while the Old Guard, the Sacred Band at Dublin Castle fobs the spoils? Are the Old Firm (as "Chanel" has called them) to "carry on business during alterations" and afterwards? Not if we know it! Any devolution that does not devolve that precious party to somewhere else, will be a dreadfully incomplete scheme of devolution, indeed! However, this question apart, the Reformers' scheme deserves some attention. It should be regarded as at least matter for thought, not material for the wrecker.

The formal opening of the CamóS Club, that has been established in connection with the Rathmines and Rathgar Catholic Association, was, from every point of view, a pleasant and successful function. The match was played in the beautiful grounds of Muckross Park Convent, Marlborough Road, Donnybrook, on Saturday last. The play was very spirited. CamoguroéacC appears to us a game that has come to stay and conquer. It meets a real want. The Club connected with "Seventy-Eight a," if we may form an opinion from its opening performance, should be well able to hold its own in contests with the Keating and other teams. By the way, we may here mention that the first social evening in connection with "Seventy-Eight a" will take place next Monday, October 3rd.

The annual conference of the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland will be opened on October 12th. His Eminence Cardinal Logue will preside at the opening meeting, at which Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick, will read a paper concerning the University question. Several other eminent speakers will speak on the occasion. At the subsequent meeting on October 13th, Rev. H. Bewerunge, Count Plunkett, Judge Carton and others will read papers. This year's conference is expected to be most successful. Cheap tickets are being issued by the Railway Companies, and Associates tickets (transferable) which will admit to the public meeting and the sessions of the conference, may be had for 1s. 6d. on application to the Hon. Secretary, Rev. T. E. O'Loughlin, C.C., 27 Lower Abbey Street, Dublin.

Some of the jobs offered exclusively to the "saved" are not very tempting. Here is an ad. from *Alf*:—"Wanted, a young Lady (I.C.), in Rathgar, to Help four Children (5 to 10) to prepare their School Lessons in the evening (5 days each week, 6 to 8 p.m.); English, French, and music. £1 per month. Reply, stating age and experience, J 2034, this office." We wonder will there be a rush for this job by young ladies belonging to the so-called Church of Ireland, whose army of ministers, according to Sir Creed Meredith, eke out a precarious existence, in exchange for their nation-making work, on an average salary of something over £200 a year! Five days a week at two hours a day equals ten hours; and the young lady is to prepare four pillars of the so-called Church of Ireland for their English, French and music lessons, ten hours a week for £1 a month. If we take it that the month is a lunar month the remuneration works out at exactly 6d. an hour!

Poole's show is going on at the Rotunda, and we have received a publication emanating from this British showman. The publication is wound up by some songs, at the head of which we read "Selections from the following songs, duets, etc., are occasionally introduced in Chas. W. Poole's 'Realisations.'" We have looked through some of the songs and they are composed of the usual inane, music hall or suggestive sort of stuff. The last song of the lot is called "Mickey Murphy's Coming of Age." This is an exceptionally silly thing, and it shows the impudence of bounding Britishers like the man Poole who runs the show at the Rotunda.

There was a spree on the occasion of "Mickey Murphy's Coming of Age." In the course of the song we read such brilliant specimens of British wit as "And those that got there early, didn't get there late"; and further, "And those that didn't get a chair, they didn't

have a seat." Here are a few stanzas from this song about "Mickey Murphy":—

There was everything in season, and out of season too.
Ox-tail and hearthstone, butterine and glue,
Mackerel and lobster, cod's head and fish.
And as the moon appeared new-laid, we were all told to wish.

So we all wished together, while they handed round the meat,
Saveloys with whiskers on, and pickled eels' feet:
Shadow soup and hedgehogs, baked in turnip broth,
Oyster shells and onions, mixed with apple sauce.

Rare bits, tit bits, scraps and Beecham's pills,
Silent cheese, lively cheese, and gas collectors' bills,
Boiled tongue, woman's tongue, also woman's cheek,
Soap suds and shavings, likewise bullion fleet.

Here is a quotation concerning the drinking at "Mickey Murphy's" feast:—

When that was over we started on the booze,
We all began to put down drink to drive away the blues,
We tasted everything that was in the drinking line,
Mild ale strong ale, and influenza wine.

Old Tom, young Tom, castor oil and cream,
Turpentine, white-wash, ink and benzoline,
Whisky punch, dog's nose, shandy-gaff and bitter,
Lime juice, bacca juice, and all kinds of liquor.

Now, if the man Poole drinks benzoline and ink and white-wash that is no business of ours, but we do protest against this British vulgarian coming over here and issuing a song-book with such stuff as that hitched on to a "Mickey Murphy" of the Whitechapel imagination.

Here is a picture of the state of things in the County of Cavan, in one aspect, as supplied by Mr. Samuel Young:—

Table showing the proportion of Catholics and non-Catholics holding honorary and lucrative positions in County Cavan:—

	Non Catholics.	Catholics.
Lord Lieutenant of County	1	—
D Lieutenants	7	—
High Sheriff	1	—
Sub-Sheriff	1	—
Sheriff's Returning Officer	1	—
Stamp Distributor	1	—
Registrar of District Probate Court	1	—
Justices of the Peace	85	30
Co. Inspector of Police	1	—
Sub-Inspectors of Police	3	1
Petty Sessions Clerk	11	6
Keepers of Courthouses	25	5
Keepers of Bridewells—all Non-Catholics.		
Clerks of Unions	3	1
Clerk of Peace	1	—
Clerk of Crown	1	—
Solicitor to County Council	1	—
Bank Officials	26	4
Post Office Masters—all the Town		
Post Offices in hands of Non-Catholics	—	—
All Railway Stationmasters in County		
—Non-Catholics	—	—
County Infirmary Surgeon	1	—
Dispensary Doctors of Cavan Union, in which Bishop Elliott resides	6	2
County Surveyor	1	—
Deputy County Surveyors	4	—

And in this County of Cavan there are 78,000 Catholics and 14,000 Non-Catholics. The now notorious harangue of the Protestant Bishop of Kilmore, Dr. Elliott, was responsible for drawing this table from Mr. Young. Mr. Young, in the course of his letter, says:—"I may point out that all the large business houses are Non-Catholics and are supported chiefly by Catholic trade; besides, it may be noted that the would-be persecuting Catholics of Cavan, at the last contested election, returned the writer of this letter and Mr. Vesey Knox, Non-Catholics, to represent them in Parliament, by the largest majorities

recorded for any member of the British Parliament, and, on the same occasion, rejected a Catholic for the now sitting member for East Cavan."

He concludes his letter in this way:—"I was born and educated in the midst of a Catholic people, and I have for thirteen years represented a constituency 80 per cent. Catholic, and can truly testify that I never discovered or experienced in their words or actions the shade of a shadow of intolerance or bigotry. I am sorry to say that in my opinion Dr. Elliott in his address slanders the Catholic people among whom his Protestant adherents live in peace, and in the enjoyment of more than their fair share of social and official privileges. The Catholics of Ireland have suffered too much by Penal Laws to adopt persecution in turn. I shall examine Dr. Elliott's statements further in my next letter." Of course, Dr. Elliott slanders the Catholics; the Catholics are used to being slandered. The Catholics have suffered persecution enough and no one suggests that they will, or should, persecute in their turn; but it were time they insisted on and fought like men for their rights. Non-Catholics have no right to "more than their fair share of social and official privileges," and where Catholics have the power to prevent this unjust disparity in favour of the "saved" the Catholics are tame and supine if they do not exercise their power. We do not believe in that sort of "tolerance" which is proved by giving the other side a free gift of more than its just share.

The Duhalloir Coirpe Ceannair has not up to this made a name for itself that will live in history. The secretary, by direction of the Coirpe sends us a report of its work. The Coirpe was established at Kanturk on last St. Patrick's Day, and delegates from Kanturk, Newmarket, Drominarigle, Rathcoole, Boherbee, and Kiskeam Branches of the League attended. The secretary reports:—"It consists of thirty-four members, viz., the Presidents and Vice-Presidents of the six constituent branches above named; a treasurer and secretary; and three delegates from each branch. The meetings are held by rotation in the districts represented on the Coirpe, and have been, in general, badly attended. Up to the present six meetings have been held, and the majority of the members have attended only the meeting held in their own district—a fact which does not go to show a very great amount of interest in the work of the Coirpe. Out of a possible aggregate attendance of more than two hundred, the six meetings have been attended by a total of seventy-four, made up of nineteen from Kanturk, ten from Newmarket, six from Drominarigle, nine from Rathcoole, sixteen from Boherbee, and fourteen from Kiskeam. At next meeting the question of holding the meetings, in future, at some fixed centre, will be dealt with; and it is to be hoped the change will have the effect of increasing the attendance thenceforward. During the six months which the Coirpe has been in existence it has passed some useful resolutions on various phases of the Language and Industrial movements; but beyond the passing of these resolutions there is no practical work to chronicle. No Feis, Sgoruidheacht, Aeridheacht, or entertainment of any kind has been held under the auspices of the Coirpe up to the present, and it does not seem probable that any will be held this year. At the meeting held in Dromagh, on May 29th, the holding of a Duhalloir Feis and the appointment of a travelling Irish teacher for the district were discussed; and it was decided to adjourn the consideration of the former to next meeting, and the latter until the Feis was either got through or abandoned. At subsequent meeting the holding of the Feis was fully gone into; and at last meeting it was decided not to hold it until better opportunities for making it a success exist. The appointment of a teacher is still to be decided; and if the Coirpe is to have any real work to show at the end of the year to justify its existence, the question of appointing a district teacher should receive immediate attention. Of the six branches which constitute the Coirpe there

are three among whose members there is nobody able to give instruction in Irish; so that unless steps are taken to procure a district teacher there is every probability that some, or all of them, will become non-existent. Such a circumstance would be extremely regrettable; inasmuch as the establishment of a branch in any district followed by its speedy death cannot but have a most injurious effect on the movement in that district."

We drew attention last week to the article which appeared in the anti-Catholic *Irish Times* concerning the alleged interview between Monsignor Geay and the Editor of the *Matin*. The libeller of Canon McInerney grabbed at the interview and licked its jaws over it. In the following issue of *Alf* Dr. Delany, S.J., quoted a letter from the Monsignor in which the latter uttered his "most vehement protest" against the "outrageous tone and the grotesque romancing scenes, invented at pleasure," which made up "the matter and form" of the article over which the anti-Catholic *Irish Times* licked its jaws. In the *Irish Times* of a subsequent date a telegram purporting to be from Monsignor Geay to the Editor of the *Matin* was published. The wire is as follows:—"I withdraw the words which I wrote in anger. It is certainly the conversation that took place between us, but I did not recognise it, as the form was expanded. You promised me to publish nothing. I am sorry.—GEAY." As we write the matter stands this way—An account of an alleged interview appeared; the anti-Catholic *Irish Times* jumped at it with glee and worked it for all it was worth; an authoritative denial came from Monsignor Geay; and subsequently Monsignor Geay—if the telegram be authentic—went back of his denial and practically endorsed the account of his interview. What were "grotesque romancing scenes, invented at pleasure" became a substantially accurate account of the interview; and the charge of untruth against the Editor of the *Matin* is abandoned and an explicit charge of breach of faith is preferred. Let the Monsignor and the *Matin* settle it between them. We refer to the matter again merely because we pilloried *Alf* over the affair. As far as *Alf* is concerned whatever version of the story is right the fact remains that, as soon as the interview appeared, the anti-Catholic instinct of *Alf* displayed itself, and the recipient of the advertisements last season of three "Irish" Jesuit Colleges and one "Irish" Vincentian College smacked its lips and set to work.

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CIRIÚ CÚN ROBÁLA.

Donéad: Ambraíatar, a tairís, gur cumhín liom-ra féin iongha agus alltaéat ar muinntir Sárana nuair a a veipead tuine éigin gur ceart poitiamar tligé i n-Éirinn a heit do péir aigne Éireanaic. An uair a veipéi, "Ireland should be governed in accordance with Irish ideas," o'eipígead rtaite agus fearis 'n-a n-aigne do cúro de muinntir Sárana éall agus do léimtoir agus do rppuicétoir, i o'píeó gur dóic le tuine o'pá gur b' é puró a veipéi 'ná "England should be governed in accordance with Irish ideas." Ní féaropad fearis ní ba mó veit o'pá o'á mb' amlaio a véarpi gur ceart nóra agus beura agus o'ligé na n-Éirean do fáo'p' agus do éleacéat agus do cúp i bpeiróm éall i Sárana. Véarpiad don tuine go mbéad blúipe tuirgiona aige, na nóra agus na béara agus na o'ligé a bí ag muinntir na n-Éirean, ó fliocé go fliocé, ar fear na gcéaróta blian, ní h-eaó, ac na mílte blian, gur ceart iad a éimead agus úráro a véanaim dóib i n-Éirinn agus gno'ái na n-Éirean do véanaim o'á péir. O'á noéimí an níó rin do éio'p'ad raopáro ar do 'n o'á muinntir, do muinntir Sárana agus do muinntir na n-Éirean. Dob ura go móp Éipe do bainipéige ar an gcuma ran 'ná le veit ag gabáil i gcoinnib an fíona inr gac don puró mar a táatar ag gabáil riam ó éamig muinntir Sárana éugaimn anall, go móp móp ó éugatar an epeiréam nua leó. Tá maoréam agus murtar móp ar riúbal coit'éanta i o'raoib na n-Éirime, oar le o'aoine, atá ag cine Sacran éun o'ligé agus ríagalta véanaim agus do cúp i bpeiróm, o'pá féin agus ar náiríunaió eile. Ní dóic liom féin gur éiríbeánatar puinn o'e'n éirum rin ra trašar láimpreála atá véanta riam acu ar gno'ái na n-Éirean. Do meallad a n-éirum anro i n-Éirinn pé cuma 'nar éirig leó i n-áiteanaib eile. I gcoinnib an fíona atá an uile puró acu 'á véanaim anro. Tá a rian air. Leige agus loc agus mead agus mí-pat atá ar Éirinn acu riam.

Taó: Tá an ceart agat, a Donéad, ac go bfuil don veapmíad beas amáin o'p. Ní h-éirum éun poitiamar ná éirum éun bainipéige atá ag cine Sacran. Ir éirum éun pobála atá acu. Níor meallad an éirum rin o'pá anro ná i n-aon áit eile o'ár gá'atar poitiamar riam ann. Feuc ad éimpal agus feuc riar. Leige agus loc agus mead agus mí-pat, oar leat, ípead atá ar Éirinn ó éánatar. Áiríú ná éuige rin a víotar! Ní veag-o'ligé ná veag-ríagaltar a bí uata riam. Tura agus mipe do pobáil ípead atá uata. Táro ríad ag pobáil na n-Éirean ó éánatar. Táro ríad ag pobáil na n-Éirean fóp. Ní'l don trašar raio'p'ur agaimn ná fuil a láma ráite go h-uileanaib acu ann agus iad 'á ríuabao leó gac don pé fóluir. "Do meallad a n-éirum," appa tura, "mar tá gac níó acu o'á véanaim i gcoinnib an fíona agus tá mead agus mí-pat eipéa ar Éirinn acu." Níor meallad a n-éirum, a Donéad, mar an puró a éuipatar pómpa do véimeatar é. Robáil a éuipatar pómpa. Do véimeatar an pobáil. Táro ríad 'á véanaim fóp. Tá rí míliúim púnt aipíro ra mbliam acu 'á bpeit leó uaim or cómair ar rál. O'á n-íapá-ra anóir o'pá ríad o'é rin an bfuil fíor agat ead é an ríeagha geabpá?

Donéad: Ní tabarpi don topad o'p.

Taó: Véarpi leat gan heit ag magad rúc féin. peadar ua laogaire.

THE EEL IN CONTROVERSY.

[We wrote the following article on Saturday on receiving the threepenny pamphlet, and it was sent to the printers before Monday, when we received the effusion from Mr. Russell, which will be found in another part of this issue.]

THE "Sober Nationalist" has brought out his pamphlet. It contains 12 pages, 11 of which are devoted to reading matter. Our article covers about six pages and the "Sober Nationalist's" article covers about four; the remainder is made up of a "prefatory note" which includes Mr. Russell's letter to us, already published in the LEADER, but does not include our damaging retort to that epistle. The whole is offered to the public at the dirt-cheap price of threepence! As our article occupies more than half the reading space, we calculate that its cost to the public is $\frac{6}{11}$ ths of 3d. which we work out at $1\frac{7}{11}$ ths of a penny. Now if one article in the LEADER is worth $1\frac{7}{11}$ ths of a penny—put it roughly at $1\frac{1}{2}$ d.—how much is a whole copy of the LEADER worth? This question throws a side light on the extraordinary value which we give our readers every week for a penny. The pamphlet may be had from Messrs. O'Donoghue and Co., 15 Hume Street, Dublin. So much for the free advertisement.

Capacity for seeing "visions" is not, evidently, incompatible with being "slim" withal. The "Sober Nationalist" is too wise to print our retort to his letter in which we fairly and honestly charged him with cowardice in first abusing us and then running away when we offered him intellectual fight. As our readers know, we did not criticise Mr. Russell's effusion as a whole. We would in all probability have never seen it, not to say not have read it, but that our friend Alf, in the course of a leading article, tapped this very "superior" person on the back, quoted a passage which was evidently aimed at the LEADER and dubbed Sir Horace's abusive and "superior" champion "A Sober Nationalist." We spied entertainment in the situation, and we wrote an article—a good article, though we say it ourselves, but certainly not a reply to Mr. Russell's effusion as a whole. We partly were concerned with ridiculing the coterie, of which the "Sober Nationalist" may be regarded as one of the prophets; and by offering space to Mr. Russell for a trial of brains with us on certain matters, we placed that gentleman who flippantly abused us for "hatred of thought or incapacity to think," in a ridiculous position, from which, as we suspected he would do, he ran like a rabbit and waved a white pamphlet. In his preface he says that "he has no desire to obtain any personal triumph over the Editor of the LEADER!" There now! There's magnanimity for you! Perhaps it was out of consideration for our feelings that he refused to smash us into pulp in our own columns, by declining our invitation to him to make good his ridiculous abuse of us! This "exact" thinker remarks that we assumed his effusion was "solely intended" for us. Of course, we assumed nothing of the sort; and it is only a person who feels that he is shut out from logic and so takes refuge in minor poetry who could make an "exact" statement like that. How, for instance, could we assume that the "Sober Nationalist's" unfair charge against Cardinal Logue was intended for us? At one time it was believed that Sir Horace was running the LEADER; perhaps now suspicion has veered round to Armagh! Part of the effusion was admittedly intended for us and as Alf took it up we thought we might as well notice the charge. This man, A.E., is like an eel; there is no holding him. In the original article we were "either through hatred of thought or incapacity to think" content to abuse. The controversial eel has wriggled out of that position even in the preface to the article in which that charge is made. For in the preface we read, "It would be unjust to state that there was no attempt at thought or argument in that paper (the LEADER)." Why does he state it in his article then? Again the accusation of "thinking by proxy," which we accepted as aimed at us, was, we are

now told, "obviously" "directed to other people." The controversial eel may at times succeed in being very obvious when he may intend to be exceedingly brilliant, but in this case where, it would now appear he meant to be obvious, we are not surprised to find that he was vague. In his article he mentioned the term "shallow" in connection with his charge of "thinking by proxy," and as we wrote an article entitled "Sir Horace Shallow," it appeared to us rather obvious that he was driving at our nefarious selves. Now it appears that he was "obviously" twitting someone else!

As we have said, and as our readers know, we did not reply to Mr. Russell's effusion. We did not think it worth it. He accused us of abusing and of refusing to argue—charges which remain in portion of the pamphlet where his article is re-printed and which are very much qualified, if not abandoned, in the preface; all of which goes to show that while you may have a hold of the controversial eel by the head that his tail is still free and wriggling. We answered that abuse by challenging him to argue on certain matters which he mentioned in connection with his charge, but the controversial eel was away in the long grass in no time, with nothing but a pamphlet in view to indicate the direction in which he had fled. It is the nature of the controversial eel to run and wriggle rather than to stand to challenges.

Now we did not think the effusion of the gentleman whom the convicted libeller, the anti-Irish *Irish Times* dubbed "a Sober Nationalist" worth dealing with seriously as an article. Neither probably would "Imaal," but for the accidental circumstances that raised the effusion to a matter of nine-day minor importance. In our last issue "Imaal" took the effusion of the controversial eel in hand and analysed it, and Mr. Russell looked indeed a sorry picture under "Imaal's" X-rays. It struck "Imaal" as it struck us, that "there is an air of moral superiority about this gentleman which is simply unendurable." However, it can be said of Mr. Russell that the man that is challenged to an intellectual fight which he himself provoked by flippant abuse, and runs away will live to *run* another day. There is one thing that Irishmen admire, indeed, for the credit of our common human nature it may be said that all men admire—they admire men that stand to their guns. The controversial eel is not, to say the least, calculated to inspire enthusiastic admiration in this or any other country.



"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

IN one of his essays, Arnold quotes some French traveller in India as writing that "the English are just, but not amiable." So far as the latter clause of the sentence goes, we admit it; the English are not amiable. As for their being just—to us, Irish, at all events—let the history of our country tell. Tennyson had a line (in *Maud*, I think) in which he speaks of "The great, broad-shouldered, genial Englishman." Matthew Arnold quoted this line (in *Culture and Anarchy*, if I rightly remember) with polished raiillery; Matthew did not believe in the geniality of the great broad-shouldered one, and that singular line no longer adorns the poem in which it originally appeared, for Tennyson thought better (or rather worse) of it, and expunged it. Here, surely, was a tacit admission that geniality is not a leading characteristic of Englishmen, and an endorsement of the Frenchman's dictum that they are "not amiable." This, of course, does not mean that there are no amiable Englishmen, but simply that Englishmen in the lump are not amiable. Now that, in my opinion, is simply what the word *Sourface* essentially amounts to; it is an implied accusation of the lack of geniality, of amiability, or at all events, of a deficiency in these qualities, as compared with the stock of them possessed by "the savage old Irish," to quote Swift's agreeable way of describing the Gael as distinguished from the Pale,—and incidentally proving himself a thorough member of the latter. The Pale has had its innings; the Gael wants to do a little batting now, and he does not mean to let himself be bowled out for nought if he can help it.

The fact is, the time had come for letting certain people in this country know something which they previously, it was evident, did not know, namely, what impression they produced upon,—well, upon those who have to put up with them. Time and time again the Gael has been told he is not industrious; that he is not orderly, law-abiding, sober, thrifty, provident, diligent, persevering; in short, that he is not a pattern, not a paragon, not a perfect creature; that, in point of fact, he wilfully refuses to come up to the high standard of excellence specially set for his benefit and example by the gentlefolk who robbed him, proscribed him, degraded him, helotised him, and made him completely miserable,—all for his own good. But the time has come for the worm to turn, for the "under dog" to bark, and even bite a little, by way of protest. He has found out a weak spot in the armour of the Paragon, and has launched a shrewd arrow through it. The arrow seems to have hit the mark, and the Paragon, do what he will, cannot help writhing a bit now and then. When you have an arrow sticking in you it is not easy to behave as if you had *no* arrow sticking in you! All men, even tyrants, wish to be beloved, and to receive a name which is incompatible with that condition is such a fatal stigma that it is not in nature possible to overlook it. Therefore, when the Paragon had inflicted his virtue on us to an unendurable degree, it became necessary, for his own good, to let him know what his picture was like as it existed in the minds of others, so upon one memorable day the long-injured Gael, in an inspired moment, crystallised the dumb, smothered feelings of ages into one word of might, and avenged himself for generations of insulting "superiority" by hurling at his antagonist the baffling epithet, *Sourface*! I call it a baffling epithet, because it is one of these things which are in the nature of a "last word,"—that is to say, no answer can be made to it. You may argue with a man till doomsday and there will be always two opinions as to which of you had the better of the argument. But when you find a word-picture for a man, and tell him, "There! that's the impression of you as stamped in the minds of others," you leave him with nothing to say. You may argue against arguments, but not against facts, and when you know that the general impression of you is summed up in a particular word, and that *that* impression is the last in the world you, or any man, would wish to produce—the impression of unamiability—then there is nothing for it but to abide by the disagreeable fact, and sit down with what comfort you can under the unanswerable nickname you have earned for yourself. What were the things Macbeth named as the glory of old age? To have "honour, love, obedience, troops of friends," was it not? Ah, but to have no honour from the people, no love from them, none but grudging obedience, and no friends amongst them; this is what comes of earning the name of *Sourface*! Good sirs of the other side, make your minds quite easy about one thing: the epithet has nothing to do with your religion, merely; it is your *selves*—not your religion—that have brought upon your heads that nickname. You cannot earn your name and 'scape it, too! The Gael may have many faults, and has, perhaps,—though not quite so many as critics belonging to the "imperial race" allege; one fault, however, he has not: he is not ungenial. Geniality is one thing which the Gael does not lack, and it is the one thing he cannot stand the lack of in others. They of the "imperial race" have striven after many things; after success, after wealth, after dominion over others. It never seemed to strike them that there is one thing necessary to make a man completely acceptable to his fellows: geniality! Of course there have been, and there are, genial Englishmen, but geniality is not a characteristic of the race, and Matthew Arnold—himself a truly genial man—divined this deeply enough, and hinted the fact to his countrymen sufficiently often to make them uneasily suspicious that there should be something in the charge. Indeed, lack of geniality, lack of amiability, lack of *likeableness* are the prime things about the English that strike the outsider. Perhaps the English are not singular in this. The Teuton in general is not a

genial fellow, and the tales of unspeakable barbarity in the German army—the wanton indignities put upon poor “privates,” the callous brutalities practised on them—all seem to show that the original home of the Angles is not the fount of human loveliness. Well, the taints that appear in the English character, have survived in the English colonists in this country, aggravated too, by long centuries of unchecked power and arrogant ascendancy. You see they were Sourfaces by their very racial extraction, and historical causes contributed powerfully to make them “sourer” than ever.

Perhaps, I have said enough upon the general question. Coming to the concrete, it is surely not difficult for any of us to see who are the genial people in this country and who are not. If a party of Sours get into a railway carriage with you, you know it at once. There is something in the eye and the angle of the jaw that tells you of it. When they begin to speak “the ring of externality in their voices” (as Emerson remarked of the English) announces itself at once. In the women this is the more noticeable, some of them indeed having a hard, brassy tone of voice which is by no means like that “excellent thing in woman” which poor old King Lear commended; of one of these Sour ladies it can but seldom be said that her voice is “soft and low.” The worst of the thing is this: that historical causes having so long made these people the upper classes in this country, the tone of their manners has become a sort of standard which the more “upish” people on our own side would fain imitate if they could! Fancy trying to be like a Sour! Yet the thing is done, and will continue to be done until the Gael has so far revolutionised the whole outlook of his own people as to make them, in a measure, new men and women. We want no Irish “Sours.”

As a last word, I should say that the evolution of the word Sourface is a thing for which the Sours have themselves alone to thank. They have told us often enough—Bishop Elliot, no later than this very month—what they think of us, so that in all conscience it was about time for us to let them know how *they* look in our eyes. “Sourface” is only a name. “What’s in a name?” History, very often; seldom indeed has any name had so much history crammed into it as is condensed into that one word, Sourface.

IMMAL.

THE CORK FEIS.

IF the cares of the Munster Feis hitherto prevented the Gaelic Leaguers of Cork proper from looking to the order of their own house, the Feis did not mean a total loss to Cork. The working of the Munster Feis meant an outlay of a considerable amount of energy, but as we have already seen, that work fell to a few—the secretaries did practically all. The energy need not have been spent in vain. The Munster Feis might have been turned into a great advertisement had those who organised it availed of opportunities, and if Cork’s own affairs lost somewhat in the solicitude for its neighbours’ affairs the latter in turn gave a helping hand to Cork. For instance, the Macroom Gaelic League, at the last Feis produced *Maeòb*. It was no easy matter to produce such a play; it meant time and perseverance and study, and all these were placed at the disposal of the organisers of the Feis. Thus the local workers were relieved on one of the most vital and certainly one of the most telling points, and really got as much as, if not more than, they gave. Cork ran the Munster Feis and helped the country, the country helped Cork in return, played for it, competed for it, sang and danced for it, and advertised the Gaelic League for it, and if Cork lost to-day, it won to-morrow. Now it is bringing up the rear, and perhaps it would suit the humour of some to find a scapegoat, and so we hear that the Munster Feis

meant the undoing of the League within the *Coirpe Ceannair* area. The Munster Feis did nothing of the kind. None will deny that that Feis was engineered by a few. Where were all the others, and what were they doing? In the city there are eight or nine branches nominally. Did the working of the Munster Feis which we have seen was done by two or three absorb the energies of these branches? What heavy deliberations had the *Coirpe Ceannair* in hand that it could not extend any of its paternal influence to the dead and dying of these? What has the *Coirpe* done to justify its existence? Some time ago a kind of promise was held out that when the “Greater International” would have passed away, an effort would be made to concentrate the mind of the *Coirpe* upon what “ought to be done.” It would not appear that that concentration ended in the verb “to do.” While the “Great” and “Greater Internationals” were alive we were told that the apathy of Cork was due to their anglicising influences; now when they had passed away we are told that the apathy of the city is due to the fact that the energy of the organisers up to twelve months ago went to the account of the country branches, and twelve months hence, doubtlessly if the occasion need it, we shall have some other excuse. Now, the “Great,” or “Greater International,” could not prevent the various branches throughout the city paying proper attention to classes and details, so that prospective members would not be frozen out. The truth of the matter is this, that the methods all round are not inspiring. With a few exceptions the classes are such that one must be an enthusiastic Leaguer to get through the five O’Growney’s. The apathy of the city is due to the apathy of the Gaelic League within it. If I have a good case, and a reasonable audience, the fault lies with myself and not with them if I cannot bend them to my will. A good idea cannot be suppressed; a good cause put forward well, must succeed. Cork, no doubt, has a pretty fair conceit of itself, but granting this, it must also be admitted that Cork has a tip-top industrial association, that it took fairly kindly to the Anti-Treating League, and there is no reason to believe otherwise than that, if the Gaelic League came forth with a stout heart and a will and asserted itself when occasion arose, it would be known and supported better than it is.

Well, the Munster Feis held this year at Killarney gave Cork an opportunity of looking at itself. The Feis held on Friday and Saturday last didn’t impress me. There were, it would appear, 600 entries in round numbers, but there were wanting vitality and interest and a certain indefinable thing that I may best describe as “go.” The attendance was bad—wretched in the early parts. The competitions all round were fair—some few pretty good and hopeful—none remarkably good. A number of Cork Leaguers produced *An Dochtúir*. What I might term the lighter competitions were well patronised—I hope not too much so; for, while the reel and jig are not to be ignored, it is well to remember that we can never dance ourselves into an Irish Ireland, and the language must never be subordinated to these. The “better class” of Cork kept away from the Feis and the play and the concerts. There was a counter attraction, to be sure, in the shape of some atrocity by the name of the Houp-La Girl, and, as one turned away from the Assembly Rooms, one could hear next door some poor Darkey bewailing, to the accompaniment of a gramophone, his departure from his “Old Kentucky Home.”

On the whole, Cork is out of the Language Revival movement compared with Killarney or Clonmel or Kilkenny. The Cork *Coirpe* will have to brace itself up and make itself, in a word, fitter than it is. The time is at hand when, if it will, it can make itself felt, and that it may do so. I hope, with the permission of the Editor, to return to the whole matter again, and offer some suggestions which the powers that be may not err in considering and adopting.

S.

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A POOR LANDLORD'S LIVE WAKE.

I saw from the beach when the morning was shining,
A barque full of landlords to England sail on;
I came to that place when the sun was declining,
The water was there, but the landlords were gone.

THE scene, alas, was a live wake, that sad mockery of woe so common in this poor country. A live wake is sad enough when it is held over some greedy and ungrateful peasant, who selfishly turns his back upon his country to go and lead a life of luxury and dissipation in America; but when it comes to holding it over one of the "rale ould stock," some child of the soil, some persecuted and ostracised landlord, it is enough to wring the very heartstrings. Yet such was the live wake which was now held at Castlebailiff, over poor Albert George Ejectment, as fine a specimen of an Irish landlord as ever gave a notice to quit, or presided at an eviction, who was to leave his home for ever the next day, and go and live in cheap lodgings over the water. Oh, Ireland, Ireland, when will thy days of emigration cease, and the best of thy sons, the most progressive, able, active and refined of thy children, the landlords, be able to live in peace and prosperity upon thy verdant bosom. The Nationalists of Ireland have a lot to answer for; but the foulest and most nefarious charge which posterity will bring against them will assuredly be their treatment of the poor landlords. In the case of poor Ejectment Irish nationalism had done its worst any way; and now this strenuous, and civically virtuous Cromwellian Irishman deemed it advisable to shift his centre of gravity out of the land where his economic sense had been somewhat severely shocked. All the poor down-trodden landlords around Castlebailiff were more like brothers than friends; they stuck to each other as only the rank and file of a faithful garrison know how; and now when a break was about to occur in the happy family over the departure of Ejectment, the poor loving and devoted fellows were deeply distressed. All the dear, affectionate, poor fellows turned up at the wake. There was poor Oliver Writ, who loved Albert George like a son; he was in tears the most of the time. There was George Decree, who was also deeply attached to Ejectment; poor George was awfully cut up, too. Then there was Sam Absentee, Fred Skinflint, Alick Vampire, Billy Stone, and a few others, all racy of the soil, the best of good fellows, who always kept the best side out, and never complained, or showed the white feather amidst all their hardships and miseries. The sad function was inaugurated with a good solid feed, during which many tears were shed, and many glasses refilled. When a poor landlord is in distress, such is the peculiarity of his Celtic temperament, nothing soothes him so much as a good square feed. When the meal was over, and the night wore on, the deep sorrow at their hearts began to find vent in many woeful and pathetic ballads. Here it may be mentioned that the ballad poetry of Ireland is never so simple, beautiful and sad as when describing the sufferings and sorrows of the poor Irish landlords. Poor Oliver Writ was the first to break into harmony with—

"THE IRISH EMIGRANT."

I'm sitting on a stile alone as oft I did before,
When all this parish was my own in good old days of yore;
My spirit saddens as I gaze across the smiling plain,
To think those bright and happy days will never come again.

How happy, peaceful and content
I was long, long ago,
When I could raise a tenant's rent
By simply saying so.
But this, alas, was soon to cease;
The Land League came about,
And from that time I got no peace
Until I auctioned out.

How often o'er these smiling lands
The cunning fox we chased,
In gaudy, gay and scarlet bands
On horseback on we raced.
O'er the ditches, hedges, on like deer,
Through meadows, crops, along,
We flew with merry laugh and cheer,
A happy landlord throng.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
Pat Murphy's home stood near;
The ruined gables still remain
A warning picture dear.
Pat Murphy couldn't pay rack rent;
No mercy did I show,
But very soon the bailiffs sent
To lay his cabin low.

Oh, gone forever is the day,
When landlords used to reign.
The "ginthry" all are gone away
And tenants but remain.
And now the cabin, and the hut
Secure and safe may stand;
For common Irishmen are put
The lords of all the land.

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
My home now lost to me,
And to some foreign, cheap hotel
I'll go across the sea.
And be my future low or grand
My prayer shall ever be,
May sweet bad luck to Paddy's land,
And all its tenantry.

This simple and beautiful song was received with many sighs and sobs. After a short interval, Alick Vampire sang "There came to the beach a poor landlord of Erin," with much taste and feeling. Billy Stone sang "I'm off to Philadelphia in the morning" very prettily, and then George Decree arose, and sang the following:—

Come all ye Irish landlords and give ear unto my tale.
'Twill show the foul oppression which is practised by the Gael;
'Twill show how Ireland's "ginthry" all are dhrove
across the say,
An' forced to ate the bread iv toil in counthries far away.

Young Willy Process was the lord iv acres far an' wide,
Iv Jockey an' Foxhunther's Clubs he was the joy an' pride.

His tinants, too, he thrated well, an' ne'er a wan was sint
Upon the roadside cowl'd an' wet if they could pay the rint.

But whin the dirty Land Laigue came, the agitatin' foe
Soon branded Willy Process as a tyrant mane and low;
A vile rack-rintin' landlord full iv lucre's filthy lust,
Who kept his tinants always poor, an' ground them to the dust.

Oh, thin, ochone, his throubles came, fur up the tinants
rose,
An' sthruck fur rint reductions in obadience to the foes.
An' thin on top of all the grief which from this action
came
A bill was passed in Parlymint which spoiled poor Willy's
game.

Och, thin his income fell away, rack-rintin' it was o'er,
An' so poor Willy could not sport his figure as before.
His debts arose a mighty pile, poor Willy could not pay,
So he a bankrupt broken down to London flew way.

For six long months in London town he did the heavy
swell,
Until, alas, his meagre cash to all but nothing fell.
Then face to face wud poverty this gentleman so gay,
He had to dhrove a costher's moke around Whitechapel
way.

Oh, Irish landlords broken down who off to England fly,
Or off to France or Germany, who go to live or die;
Oh, be prepared to ever meet ill fortune's adverse
stroke,
An' never take so mane a job as dhrive a costher's moke.

The wake was wound up with the following recitation
by Fred Skinfint:—

THE DOWNFALL OF THE LANDLORDS.

Oh, sacred Truth, thy triumph ceased awhile,
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When Leagued oppression rose in hostile bands,
And on the landlords laid its fatal hands.
Rack-rent's last champion from his height surveyed
Wide o'er the land the Gaelic clans arrayed.
Oh, Heaven, he cried, the bleeding "ginthry" save,
And keep them still above the Papist slave.
Yet though oppressors threaten us with chains,
Rise grabbers all, West Britain still remains.
By that great name of glory and renown,
We'll hold our own and keep the croppies down.
He spoke and called his forces to his side,
Cromwellians all, and grabbers true and tried;
And there they stood determined not to flinch,
Or to the Irish never yield an inch.
In vain, alas, in vain, downtrodden band
In staunch defiance do ye make your stand.
Oh, saddest picture in the book of Time,
The landlords fell unwept as men of crime.
Oh, gone for ever are the days so dear,
When bigots shrieked, and Papists shook with fear.
Departed spirits of that mighty breed,
Who on the Boyne and Derry walls did bleed.
Friends of the bigots from your mystic shade,
Arise again and give your mighty aid.
Oh, once again some Cromwell strong restore.
To set us up rank-renters evermore.

Such was poor Ejectment's live wake, upon which the
curtain now sadly drops. A. M. W.

A MINOR POET IN ERUPTION.

THE "Sober Nationalist" has been goaded into our columns; and a pretty exhibition he makes of himself indeed. Our readers will greatly enjoy his production; they will notice that he makes no attempt to make good his abusive charge that "either through hatred of thought or incapacity to think" we merely abuse; indeed, we have brains now! The minor poet is in eruption—that we take it is the polite way to suggest, where a poet is concerned, that Biddy Moriarty has her arms akimbo and is giving forth. This polite letter writer, it will be observed, has been "extremely" amused at the irritation which in his visions he has set up in our low-down selves and in the breast of that brainless fool by the name of Imaal! Our poor readers, too, have got it this time. Not one of them it appears is intellectual enough to read the polite letter-writer's books! Well, perhaps there is many a true word said in an unguarded moment. But, by the way, how comes it that the polite letter-writer himself is apparently amongst our diligent readers? For, one who can measure ourselves, our contributors, and our readers up to such a nicety must, indeed, be a careful reader! The polite letter-writer was in such a hurry and in such a state of excitement to let off that shot at our foul readers that he did not notice, before he pulled the trigger, that the muzzle of the blunderbus was aimed at his own throat. With reference to the ten-pound tribunal offer of A.E.—our reference was:—"This eminently businesslike and skilfully advertised minor poet." We did not say that A.E. personally advertised himself skilfully. We do not recollect that we said to him personally that we meant that his publishers skilfully advertised him. What we said in our article was that he was "skilfully advertised." And so he is. He is belonging to a log-rolling set, and the advertising is done on the co-operative system. The "class of readers" we have, have got it "hot" from the

polite letter-writer; and we are sure our readers—excluding, of course, the polite letter-writer himself—feel as humiliated as the occasion demands. The hogs and human vermin, the Calibans, who read the LEADER, will note that any "decent kind of writing" must appear superior to the unspeakable wretch who edits the paper that so many thousands of Calibans read week by week. It will be seen that in the polite letter-writer's opinion, we are now regretting that he sent us his smashing article; the polite letter-writer sees a vision in which we are pulverised! Our readers will note that this amiable letter-writer enjoyed Imaal's article even better than he enjoyed our own. Though we are low-down people to whom any "decent kind of writing" must appear superior, yet the Editor, it seems, has more brains than all our "contributors put together." It is a rather inconvenient fact that the polite letter-writer himself was a contributor of ours! But we suppose he takes it that there is a sort of statute of limitations in this matter. We take it he only means low fellows like *Deas na n-Loisne* Robert Elliott, Rev. Dr. Henebry, "A.M.W.," "Pat," "Avis," Father Bowerunge, "Imaal," "Chanel," "M.O.R.," and "Lee." Certainly for a low person to whom any "decent kind of writing" appears superior the wretched Editor of this paper has a remarkable amount of brains!

As the chairmen at lectures say, we will not further intrude our remarks between the audience and the treat in store for them, and will now retire and introduce to our readers the most amiable, witty and polished, polite letter-writer of this or any other age!—ED. LEADER].

Dear Sir,—You seem most anxious that I should write something or other in your paper. "Come into my little paper," you cry, as you fondle your cudgel and tell pleasant stories of what happened to poor Mr. Hone. Well, I will come in, and tell you what I think of you and your policy. My first feeling on reading both your own article and "Imaal's" was one of extreme amusement that I should have irritated you both so much that you found me simply unendurable, and that you should have found it necessary to devote so many articles during the last few weeks to kill out a coterie which you declared years ago you had buried for ever. I was more amused because I do believe you have written more articles in your paper about the coterie than there are people in the country interested in it. I would be glad to think you had come upon distant admirers of ours who were too timid to approach us directly, and that you thought it necessary to pull the weed up while it was young. Dear LEADER, you may write articles, you and "Imaal," until the pens drop from your weary fingers and it will not disturb me personally. You cannot do me the slightest injury. Nobody who reads my books would ever think of reading your paper; and I think my friends whose verses amuse and irritate you so much would no more think of replying to you than a member of the aristocracy would dream of noticing some petty scandal invented of him in a society paper read by housemaids. I do not share their contempt for you, because I have always recognised a real force in a great deal of what you write, and human insight as well. I don't think it very deep, but often quite as deep as the people you write about, or the class of readers you have could follow. I read my article over again carefully after your first leader on it, and tried sincerely to see how far I deserved the castigation. I must confess your accusation of being smugly superior did touch me a little. I probably deserved that, though I really did not wish to put on any airs or make myself stand on any pedestal. It is very difficult when you are giving a lecture not to seem superior. Even you, dear LEADER, when writing about me administered several doses of flattery to yourself, your own wisdom, level-headedness and so forth; took the doses openly, swallowed them down with an evident relish in the sight of the public, so you might have had some fellow-feeling for another person who was only unconsciously superior, and had no relish at all for the position once he recognised where he was. And

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between ourselves, though it is bad anyhow to be superior, I think there is more excuse for this state of consciousness when the flattery that causes it is administered by others rather than oneself. Isn't that so? Honor bright, now? As against this confession I have made, I must set the opinion I have that almost any decent kind of writing must appear to you to be superior; and if I had not lectured at all, I must still have irritated you by my disinclination to use certain words you are very fond of, and which appear to me to be simply stupid and without meaning as you apply them. For example—"Sourface." I do solemnly declare I have not the faintest idea what you mean by its use. It has an obvious meaning which is not the one you use, for I observe you use it about people whose faces are very pleasant indeed to look at. I think your use of it stupid, because even if it applied to some one or two people, to apply it indiscriminately, as you do, makes it lose all point; and you do yourself an injustice, for you give the impression that your powers of abuse are flagging, which of course they are not. Then again, when you spoke of my "saved sense," I was even more puzzled, and my first thought was "Is the man a fool?" But of course I immediately remembered you were not, and that you had brains, and I set myself to understand you, and I found your salvation in your ignorance. I know of people who live in little country towns, quite nice and virtuous people, who imagine the great and wealthy all live lives godless and of extreme wickedness, drinking champagne all day long, and betting, and going proudly to the devil; and these good folk tell their children of all this wickedness they have imagined, and warn them against it all, and never to venture out of the parental nest. So I suppose you really do think that the "coterie" has very dangerous and fascinating ideas, which you consider it your duty to reveal in their true light, and to castigate; and these phrases "Sourface" and "Saved" which you apply to me hint vaguely at what your big childlike heart has imagined of a life you know nothing about. You also suggest I am a "bigot." A bigot is one who is blindly devoted to a particular party, doctrine or creed. I looked that up in the dictionary and was relieved to find it was no worse. It sounds worse than it means. I won't try to wriggle out of its application to myself, because I recognise under that definition nearly every one in Ireland is a bigot. I am sure even Socrates and Plato were pig-headed dogmatists to beings of a higher sphere. So I will let the term pass. You next suggest that I advertised my verse in a skilful and businesslike manner. Now, I will willingly pay ten pounds to the funds of the Gaelic League, if after you have submitted the evidence for this, to say, a Committee of three of its members appointed by its president, they find the charge true. You are to forfeit a like sum for telling untruths, if you have no evidence to show. I am sure, as the League wants funds, three members will willingly devote an hour to get so much money for the good work. The League members will be quite impartial; we are both anathema with them because neither you nor I can speak Gaelic. I have no doubt sooner than lose ten pounds you will offer the public the explanation which you offered me personally, that you meant my publishers advertised me skilfully. I hope for their own

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sakes they do, and am afraid it would take a great deal of advertising to make enough people read my books to repay them. But certainly the explanation is not one any reader of your article would make.

I have been much amused at your assumption that your paper is the place to argue out all Irish questions, and because myself and others do not write replies to all your charges, we have nothing to say. My good man, life is not long enough. It is your business to fill your own paper. I am sure it pays you and these plaintive appeals to other folk to fill your columns for you seem like a desire to shirk your work. If you have any shareholders, they should see to it. I am filling your columns once in a way since you have invited me so urgently, and now I am sure you regret it and would rather have filled up the space yourself, or given it to "Imaal." About "Imaal" now; I believe I enjoyed him more than I did you, because he seemed to be more downright indignant. I would cheerfully have printed his article along with yours in my pamphlet, only it was too late; and am afraid with the off chance of losing ten pounds to the Gaelic League, I could not afford to print a new pamphlet. I have no objection to his printing his own article along with mine and sending it out. I am afraid he will not like to do this, as if both articles were together, he would be found out, and he does not want that. Both he and you, I observe, carefully refrained from telling your readers where my article appeared. That is good strategy, but hardly courageous. "Imaal" has not half your go or intelligence. I will pay you the compliment of saying you have more brains than all your contributors put together. "Imaal" thinks a good deal of his writing. I don't wish to make ill feeling between you and your "boon companion," but after an article which you declared was good and vigorous and in your best style, surely he should not have had the bad taste to send you in another article on the same subject, which suggests he thought yours a very feeble and ineffectual sort of thing. I really cannot go into detail about "Imaal" because my answer to all he writes would be to reprint the sentences in my article he has omitted; but he asks me one or two questions which I suppose I ought to answer. He enquires what is the *raison d'être* of the Orange Lodge. I never thought about it before, but if he is anxious to know what I think now that I have considered the problem, my opinion is that there are and always have been fanatics in Ireland; and any activity of theirs necessitates the appearance of other fanatics to balance matters. Society is relieved, because, as they abuse each other, decent people can attend to their business without interference. The LEADER party at present is the other pole to the Orangemen. I don't feel comfortable thinking of one without the other as a set off. It makes me feel safe to think they are about the same strength and can tackle each other. I feel a kind of terror at the thought of either getting the upper hand, and feel sure the LEADER is doing good work pounding away at this particular sect. I have not the smallest doubt, being born in the North myself, and knowing something of Orangemen, that they will prevent the LEADER party doing any serious mischief. There, "Imaal," I have found a *raison d'être* for both you and them. I could think of other reasons probably if I tried, but these are enough for the present. And in answer to another question: Yes, "Imaal," I do think the Albigenses and Donatists, and all the other sects mentioned (though I never heard of them), as long as they

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were sincerely seeking for God, were right to think and act as they did. I would not have your mind and your beliefs for all you could give me, but if you hold them sincerely and act up to them, though I am a bigot, I do believe you will save your soul alive. I cannot recognise any religion in the LEADER. I have made a study of Catholic philosophy and have the profoundest respect for the great and noble intellects who built up the fabric of its ritual and its doctrines, but I have failed to find appreciable application of its ethics in the pages of the LEADER, and am sure any educated Catholic would agree with me, if any educated Catholics read the paper.

I am afraid you will think, although you have thought me important enough to write so much about me, that it is time the controversy closed; and I, too, am heartily tired and bored with considering you and your articles. However, this letter may furnish you with some new ideas for copy which you seem very badly to be in need of. Goodbye.—Yours in all good nature,

"A. E."

RULING AND LAW-MAKING.

TWO distinct functions are, as is well known, fulfilled by the British Parliament at the present day. (1). It appoints the government of England and in a large measure controls it. (2). It makes laws, usually at the instance of this government, to which both the government itself and the people at large are obliged to conform. Of these two duties the former is far the more important. No doubt there is an overwhelming force about a law proceeding from the sovereign parliament, that carries everything before it. Such a body can, if it chooses, undo the acts of any official. It can reverse the decision of the highest court, it can turn the whole administrative world topsy turvy, by enacting a new set of rules and regulations. Yet in practice its legislative omnipotence is found to

be of a very limited description. The enormous but spasmodic power of law-making proves in the long run, to be less effective than the constant though limited control of officials. The carrying out of the laws is really a more important function than the making of them, and it is in the selection and control of administrators that the British Parliament does its duty to the British people. It is precisely in this sphere of action that it most signally fails in its duty to Ireland.

It is said that Ireland is under the same constitution as England. This is, of course, notoriously not the case. It is, indeed, for the most part, under the same laws, but laws are the least part of a constitution. It is methods of administration that really matter, and in regard to these everything in Ireland is different, the most salient point of divergence being that whilst in England the executive is responsible to the people, in Ireland it is in practice responsible to nobody. The manufacture of legal fictions is moreover a very flourishing one in this country, and its products are of quite a distinctive type. If we look back through the past century we shall find that the majority of Irish evils proceeded rather from bad administration than bad laws, and even in those cases where the laws were bad, a sympathetic administration would probably have been able to mitigate their effects in carrying them out. Nay, the reason why Ireland has gained comparatively little from the various parliamentary victories of the past hundred years is because the administration in Dublin has remained unchanged, unimproved and unimprovable.

If then we had to choose between a responsible Parliament with an irresponsible executive, such as existed in Grattan's time, on the one hand, and an executive responsible to the Irish people, without a responsible parliament on the other, I should personally be inclined to choose the latter. (Of course, in my references to Grattan's parliament, I am not at present discussing the

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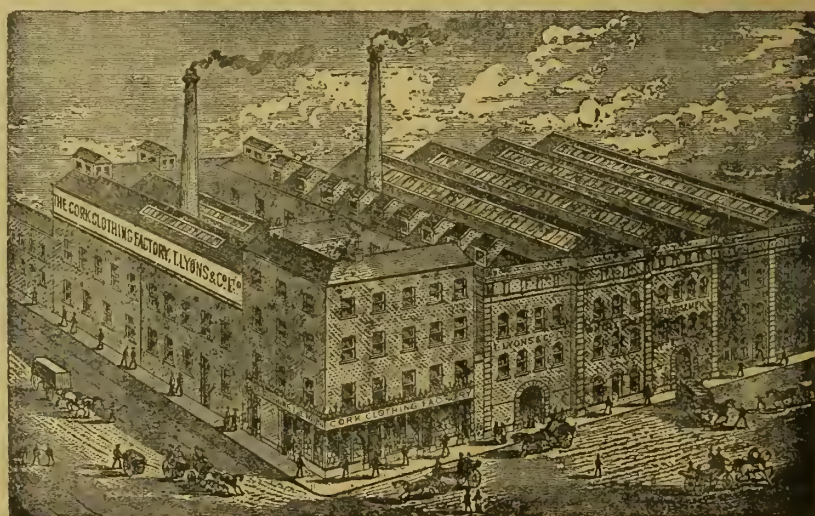
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unrepresentative nature of its constitution). For to my mind the power of governing ourselves is of more importance than the power of making laws that will never be carried out. It is as though one had to choose between electing the President of the U.S.A. and electing the majority in the house of representatives. I think most men would consider the former the more important prerogative. No doubt a legislature, bound by no written constitution, as in England, could make things highly unpleasant for an Irish executive if it so desired. But it is presumable that if the concession of any form of self-government were made to Ireland, it would be made in the spirit as well as in the letter, and that, consequently, a practical co-operation and a reasonable degree of fair-play would be extended to it.

Home Rule, as it has always hitherto been understood, has included two demands: (1) for a separate legislature; (2) that the executive government, including the various divisions to which I alluded in my last article, should be subject to this legislature. The second of these demands is the great point of superiority which a Home

Rule parliament would have over a parliament so situated as that of Grattan. Such a scheme is certainly far the best and very possibly in the long run the only workable one. It has the great advantage of creating no competing authorities, and therefore preventing contests on constitutional questions. It will thus tend to make our government stable and uniform. It has above all the advantage of being something like a final settlement. If such a system were established, we might hope that henceforward there would be no such thing as an English or an Irish Party in Ireland, any more than there is an English and an Australian Party in Australia. The contests of Irish politics would turn for the future, as in other well-governed countries, upon questions of home administration. England would have no Irish, and Ireland no English enemies within her gates. This scheme is, in a word, the whole loaf that Ireland demands, and it would require a very definite assurance of famine to make us consent to accept anything less.

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The project of devolution, into the nature rather than the merits of which I would at present enquire; is, however, like the Land Bill, a half-loaf scheme. It is to be something less than the project of Home Rule outlined above. In what particulars then is it to be less. On the administrative side I do not think there is any room for decrease or concession. I can hardly think its authors can seriously contemplate that the new Irish executive should have control of the revenue but not of the Chief Secretary's department, or should appoint the Judges but not the Police. It seems to me that, if any responsible executive were established in Ireland, it would have to be endowed with the control of all the Irish departments at present existing.

If then this view be correct, the idea must be either to have no responsible executive in Ireland but to have a responsible parliament—a scheme which would lead to nothing but endless contention—or else to retrench on the legislative side. Here, as I have shown, it is easier to cut off. A scheme in which there was no parliament but in which the executive was popularly elected, after the manner of the American President, would not be entirely unfeasible. But more probably a parliament with

clipped wings forms the devolutionist ideal. The parliament would elect the executive, and would have power to to make laws on some points but only on some. Any such scheme would, I believe, have in it no inherent impossibility. Whether it would prove successful in the long run is another question; whether we should accept it still another.

From the *chiaroscuro* of this investigation I think then there emerge the following propositions: that no scheme of self-government or devolution is at all practicable which does not include an executive responsible to Ireland, that Home Rule requires, in addition, a responsible legislature, that a fairly practicable scheme of something less than Home Rule might be worked out by diminishing the power of this legislature, but that whether any such retrenched scheme should be accepted is a matter of very grave question. CHANEL.

P.S.—Since this article was written the details of the Dunraven scheme have appeared. Its main lines are to give Ireland control of the financial department of the executive and to create a parliament with very limited powers. I shall endeavour to treat of it next week. C.

Report of the Directors of the Royal Bank of Ireland, Limited, Submitted to the Shareholders at their Sixty-eighth Annual General Meeting, Held at the Bank-house, Foster Place, Dublin, on 21st September, 1904, at One o'clock, p m.

The Directors have to report that the net Profits of the Bank for the year ended 31st August last, after making provision for bad and doubtful debts, amounted to £37,232 1s. 5d., which, with the sum of £14,152 7s. 5d. brought forward from last Balance, make together £51,384 8s. 10d. From this an Interim Dividend at the rate of 12 per cent per annum (free of Income Tax) for the first six months of the year, and amounting to £18,000, has already been distributed to the Shareholders.

The balance of £33,384 8s. 10d. they recommend should be appropriated as follows:—

A further Dividend at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum (free of Income Tax) for the six months ended 31st August, ...		£	s.	d.
To Reduction of Bank Premises, ...		751	1	10
To Officers' Superannuation Fund, ...		1,000	0	0
		£19,751	1	10

leaving a Balance of £13,633 7s. to be carried forward to the credit of the next Account.

The Special Resolution passed at the Shareholder's Meetings of the 6th and 25th April, substituting a Memorandum and Articles of Association for the Deed of Settlement, was submitted to the Court of Chancery on the

Dr. LIABILITIES.		£	s.	d.
To Proprietors' Capital, £1,500,000, divided into 30,000 Shares of £50, on each of which £10 has been paid, ...		300,000	0	0
„ Reserve Fund, ...		200,000	0	0
„ Officers' Superannuation Fund, ...		27,795	11	2
„ Amount due by the Bank on Current and other Accounts, and on Deposit Receipts, ...		1,947,452	7	0
„ English and Irish Post Bills and Foreign Circular Notes outstanding, ...		12,249	13	6
„ Balance of Profit and Loss Account unappropriated last year, ...		14,152	7	5
„ Net Profit for year ending this date, ...		£37,232	1	5
„ Deduct, February Dividend paid to Proprietors, ...		18,000	0	0
		£19,751	1	10

Dr. 31st August, 1904.		£	s.	d.
To Amount of Interest paid on Deposit Receipts, etc., ...		22,296	12	0
„ Total Expenditure, including Directors' Fees, Salaries, Rent, Taxes, Stationery, Solicitors' Costs, Repairs, and all other outlay, ...		30,742	4	4
„ Income Tax paid, ...		1,191	0	10
„ Balance, being Net Profit, ...		37,232	1	5
		£91,462	7	7

To Dividend paid for half-year ended 29th Feb. last, at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum		£	s.	d.
„ Dividend for half-year ending 31st August, at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum, ...		18,000	0	0
„ Amount carried to Credit of Bank Premises, ...		751	1	10
„ Amount carried to Superannuation Fund, ...		1,000	0	0
„ Balance unappropriated at this date, ...		13,633	7	0
		£51,384	8	10

THOMAS EYRE POWELL,
Secretary.

28th June, and an order was made confirming same. The adoption of the articles has necessitated a slight alteration in the form of the Accounts, so as to bring same into conformity with those of other Banks.

The Directors have to record with sincere sorrow the great loss sustained by the Bank since the last Annual Meeting of the Shareholders in the death of Mr. F. W. Niven, who had been for many years Managing Director and Chairman of the Bank, to the interests of which his energies and great ability were given with unflinching devotion.

The Directors received with regret the resignation of Mr. B. Hone, whose place on the Board was filled by the appointment of Mr. Hamilton Drummond.

The Directors who retire by rotation are Hamilton Drummond, Esq., J.P., and James Pim, Esq., both of whom are eligible for re-election, and offer themselves accordingly.

In conformity with the provisions of the Act, it will be necessary for the Shareholders to elect Auditors for the ensuing year, and Messrs. Kevans and Son and Mr. James D. O'Connor, the retiring Auditors, offer themselves for re-election.

(By Order of the Board)
THOMAS EYRE POWELL, Secretary.

13th September, 1904.

Cr. ASSETS.		£	s.	d.
By Bank Property—£450,000 Local Loans, Consolidated Stock, & Government Stock, ...		421,500	10	0
„ Colonial Govt. Inscribed Stocks, Railway Debenture Stocks and Bonds, etc., ...		590,047	13	4
„ Bankers' Balances at call and Cash at Head Office and Branches, ...		£1,011,548	3	4
		204,368	8	9
		£1,215,916	12	1
„ Bills Discounted, ...		244,667	4	3
„ Advances to Customers, ...		1,039,547	2	4
„ Bank Premises, ...		£1,284,214	6	7
		20,751	1	10
		£2,520,882	0	6

Cr. PROFIT AND LOSS.		£	s.	d.
By Gross Banking Income for this year, after providing for Rebate on Current Bills, and Interest due on Deposit Receipts and Bad and Doubtful Debts, ...		91,462	7	7
		£91,462	7	7

By Balance brought down, ...		£	s.	d.
„ Unappropriated Balance from last year, ...		37,232	1	5
		14,152	7	5
		£51,384	8	10

LUCIUS O. HUTTON, Chairman,
JAMES MURPHY, Bart, Dep.-Chairman, Directors.

AUDITOR'S CERTIFICATE AND REPORT.

In accordance with the provisions of the Companies Act, 1900, we certify that all our requirements as Auditors have been complied with, and We Report to the Shareholders of the Royal Bank of Ireland, Limited, as follows:—

We have examined the foregoing Accounts in detail with the Books and Vouchers at the Head Office, and at the several Branches, and found them correct. We have ascertained by personal enumeration the correctness of the Cash and Bills on hand, and have examined the Certificates of Bankers' Balances, all of which we found correct. We have examined the Bank's own Investments set out on Balance Sheet, the Market Value of which is in excess of the amount at which they stand in the Books of the Bank, and we have inspected the Debentures and Bonds held by the Bank against advances and for Safe Keeping, and also the Stocks and Shares transferred to the Bank against Loans to Customers, and we find same to be in accordance with the Books and Accounts of the Bank. We are of opinion that the Balance Sheet is properly drawn up, so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the Company's Affairs, as shown by the books of the Company, and that ample provision has been made for Bad and Doubtful Debts.

KEVANS and SON, Chartered Accountants, Auditors.
7th September, 1904. JAMES D. O'CONNOR,

RESOLUTIONS.

The Report having been taken as read, the following Resolutions were passed:—

Moved by the Chairman, seconded by Sir James Murphy, Bart., and resolved unanimously:—“That the Report be received and adopted.”

Moved by the Chairman, seconded by Sir James Murphy, Bart.:—“That a dividend at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum, free of Income Tax, for the half year ending 31st August last, be declared and paid, on and after the 1st October next.”

Moved by the Chairman, seconded by Sir James Murphy, Bart., and resolved unanimously:—

“That Hamilton Drummond, Esq., be re-elected a Director of the Bank.”

Moved by the Chairman, seconded by J. Crozier, Esq., and resolved unanimously:—

“That James Pim, Esq., be re-elected a Director of the Bank.”

Moved by James Crozier, seconded by Michael Kennedy, and resolved unanimously:—

“That Messrs. Kevans and Son, Chartered Accountants, and James D. O'Connor, Esq., be re-elected Auditors of the Bank for the ensuing year, and that their remuneration be One Hundred and Twenty five Guineas and One Hundred Guineas respectively.”

Moved by T. B. Middleton, seconded by R. H. Jephson, J.P., and resolved unanimously:—

“That the best thanks of the Shareholders be given to the Directors for their efficient conduct of the Bank's business during the past twelve months.”

Moved by Charles Martin, Esq., seconded by Albert Morris, Esq., and resolved unanimously:—

“That the cordial thanks of the Shareholders be given to the Bank's Officers, both at Head Office and Branches, for their zeal and courteous attention to the Bank's clients and the public.”

The Catholic Truth Society of Ireland.

THE SECOND

ANNUAL CONFERENCE

Under the auspices of the above Society
will be held in the

ROTUNDA, DUBLIN,

On October 12th & 13th, 1904.

The Opening Meeting

Will be held in the Round Room on Wednesday, October 12th, at 8 o'clock p.m. His Eminence Cardinal Logue will preside.

A Paper, dealing with the University Question, will be read by Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick.

The following have consented to speak on the occasion:—His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Healy, Archbishop of Tuam; Sir T. G. Esmonde, Bart., M.P.; Professor Magennis, F.R.U.I.; Sir Henry Bellingham, Bart.

Admission—Balcony, 1s.; Body of Hall, 6d.

Thursday, October 13th, Pillar Room, Rotunda.

Morning: 11 - 1.30 o'clock. Papers will be read on "Some Books of the Year," by Judge Carton, K.C.; "Protestantism and Prosperity in Ireland," by the Rev. Dom. Patrick Nolan, O.S.B.

Afternoon: 3 - 5.30 o'clock. Papers will be read by Rev. H. Bewerunge on "Church Music"; by Mr. R. J. Kelly, B.L., on "The Purpose and Publications of the Catholic Truth Society"; and by Count Plunkett, B.L., on "Christian Art in Modern Ireland."

Admission 6d. to each Session.

The Railway Companies are issuing cheap tickets in connection with the Conference. Railway vouchers can be obtained on application to the Hon. Secretary, Rev. F. E. O'Loughlin, C.C., 27 Lower Abbey Street. Associates' Tickets (transferable), admitting to the Public Meeting and the Sessions of the Conference, can be obtained for 1s 6d. from Messrs. Gill & Son, Upper O'Connell Street, Dublin; Messrs. Clery & Co. (Book Department), Lower O'Connell Street, Dublin; Messrs. Duffy & Co., Wellington Quay, Dublin; C. Bull, Suffolk Street, Dublin; Messrs. Cahill, Parliament Street, Dublin; Miss Coyle, 3A Duggan Place, Rathmines; Dr. English, 17 Rathgar Road.

Cork Industrial Development Association.

A GRAND EXHIBITION

OF

IRISH MANUFACTURES, INDUSTRIES, ARTS and CRAFTS,

Will be opened by **LADY FITZGERALD-ARNOTT,**
AT THE

ASSEMBLY ROOMS, CORK.

At 3 p.m. on Monday, the 3rd October,

And will close at 10 p.m.

On Saturday, the 8th of October.

This Exhibition will contain the largest variety of Irish Manufactures ever brought together under one roof.

A CONCERT will be given each night from 8 to 10 p.m., at which the leading Dublin and local talent will appear.

BANES will perform in addition to above, on several evenings during the week

Cheap Excursions from everywhere in the Province during Exhibition.

SEE RAILWAY COMPANY'S POSTERS.

ADMISSION TO OPENING CEREMONY,	1s.
" from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. daily	2d.
" " 7 p.m. to 10 " " (Thursday and Friday excepted)	3d.
" " 7 p.m. to 10 p.m. on Thursday and Friday	6d.

(No extra charge for Concerts).

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18 MARLBORO' STREET,
CORK.

E. J. RIORDAN,
Secretary

Education.

Convent of St. Louis, LOUISVILLE, MONAGHAN.

Ir perop liom neite uile deunam map aon teip
neaptuigear mé.

Results of the Intermediate Examinations, 1904,

In Senior and Middle Grades, out of 18 presented 16 passed, 14 with Honours.

Máire M. Quinn (Miss M. A. Quinn), Clones, Co. Monaghan. Won Exhibition, 3rd place in literary group, Medal, 1st place in Physiology, Prize for Irish Composition, Special Prize for German, 3rd place in French.

Máire R. ní Bheanáir (Miss M. R. Walsh), Clonher, Co. Tyrone. 1st Class Prize in literary group, 7th place, Special Prize in German.

Caitlín C. ní Bhoagairt (Miss C. Boyle), Ballybawn, Co. Monaghan. 1st Class Prize in literary group, 9th place, Special Prize in German, Prize in German Composition.

Máire ní Corbhair (Miss M. Corboy), Grange, Pallasgreen, Co. Limerick. 1st Class Prize in literary group, 8th place, 2nd place in Physiology.

Eibhlín ní Incóir (Miss Eveleen Enright), Pembroke Road, Dublin. 1st Class Prize in literary group, 10th place.

Máire C. ní Fearchair (Miss M. C. Farry), Armagh. 2nd Class Prize in literary group.

Máire P. ní Con mór (Miss M. F. McNamee), Enniskillen. 2nd Class Prize in literary group.

Muirghéas ní Brodí (Miss M. Brophy) Drumcondra, Dublin. 2nd Class Prize in literary group.

Eilín ní Muineadair (Miss A. Murray), Newbliss, Co. Monaghan. 2nd Class Prize in literary group, 2nd place in Physiology.

Tréirí ní h-Éogan (Miss T. Owens), Clonfad, Clones, Co. Monaghan. 3rd Class Prize in literary group.

Máire T. ní Cár (Miss M. T. McCabe), Pettigo, Co. Fermanagh. 2nd Class Prize in science group.

Anna ní Gabáin (Miss A. McGowan), Ballymena, Co. Antrim. 2nd place in Domestic Economy, over 80 per cent.

15 Students out of above grades pass with Honours in Irish.

In Junior Grade out of 21 presented, 19 passed; 10 of these passed with Honours.

Muirghéas ní Suilleobáin (Miss M. O'Sullivan), Cahirciveen, Co. Kerry. 1st place in all Ireland, Exhibition, Burke Memorial Prize Medal for German, Prize for French Composition, Prize for German Composition, Special Prize for German.

Máire S. ní Ceallaigh (Miss Josephine Kelly), Kilskenry, Co. Tyrone. Exhibition, 6th in modern literary group.

Caitlín ní Mharcáin (Miss Kathleen Martin), Arklow, Co. Wicklow. Exhibition, 6th in modern literary group.

Una ní Maon (Miss W. Stuart) Killaloe, Co. Clare. Exhibition, 9th in literary group, 2nd in Chemistry, Special Prize in German.

Anna Lúáin (Miss A. M. Julian), Monkstown, Carlow. Exhibition, 17th in literary group. Special Prize for German.

Soréa maorleáclainn (Miss C. McLoughlin), Tuam, Co. Galway. Exhibition, 18th in literary group.

Anna M. ní Cháraige (Miss J. Carew), Dundrum, Co. Tipperary. Exhibition, 19th in literary group.

Caitlín ní Bhádaige (Miss Kathleen A. Brady) Hollywood, Co. Down. Exhibition, 20th in literary group.

Soréa ní Beaneon (Miss S. Benson, Monaghan. Exhibition, 23rd in literary group, Prize in Irish Composition.

Anna ní Ealurgá (Miss Julia Healy), Lettermullen, Galway. 1st Class Prize in literary group.

17 Students of above grades passed with Honours in Irish.

In Preparatory Grade out of 15 pupils presented for examination 13 passed.

Anna ní Quinn (Miss A. Quinn), Clones, Co. Monaghan. Won special prize in German.

Anna ní Ombóina (Miss D. Darly) Athboy, Co. Meath. 3rd place in Irish, 83 per cent.

Máire C. ní Conaigh (Miss M. K. Conaigh), Duudalk, Co. Louth. 4th place in Irish, 80 per cent.

Máire ní Fearchair (Miss M. McNady), Dunderry, Navan, Co. Meath. 6th place in Irish, 78 per cent.

Eilín ní Maoláin (Miss A. Mullen), Monaghan. 7th place in Irish, 77 per cent.

Máire ní Chéiteim (Miss Mary M. Kierus), Newbliss, Co. Monaghan. 5th place in French, 90 per cent.

Other students who passed in above grades:—Miss Helen Henry, Miss May, Henry, Miss Eileen McGarry, Miss Nora McNamee, Miss Nora Meade, Miss M. Hooey. Every student in the school, except one, was presented for Irish, all passed.

Students from Middle, Junior, and Preparatory Grades passed in Music (Violin and Piano).

SUCSESSES OF THE PUPILS

...OF THE...

DOMINICAN CONVENT, Taylor's Hill, Galway.

At the recent Examinations held by the Intermediate Board of Education, the Royal Irish Academy of Music, the Board of Education, South Kensington, to which is appended the Complete Report of the Inspectors of the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction for Ireland.

Intermediate Examination.

MIDDLE GRADE.

- MISS DONOVAN.—Exhibition. Medal for Chemistry (Special Course). First Place in all Ireland in the Science Course. Passed with Honours in Science (1st Place), History and Geography (1st Place), French, German, Drawing (Special Course). Passed in English Composition and Literature, Latin and Arithmetic.
- MISS FRANCES O'DEA.—Honours Certificate. Passed with Honours in Chemistry (Special Course), German, History and Geography. Passed in Geometry, Arithmetic and Algebra; French, English Composition and Literature, and has been awarded Book Prizes for General Excellence.
- MISS MAY McEVVOY.—Honours Certificate. Passed with Honours in Science and Drawing, History and Geography; German, English Composition and Literature. Passed in French, Geometry, Arithmetic and Algebra, and has been awarded Book Prizes for General Excellence.
- MISS RITA DAVIS.—Passed with Honours in Science. Passed in English Composition and Literature, History and Geography; French, Arithmetic and Book-keeping.
- MISS ROSE O'BRIEN.—Passed with Honours in History and Geography. Passed in English Composition and Literature; French, German, Arithmetic, Science and Drawing.
- MISS WARREN.—Honours Course. Passed in English Composition and Literature, History and Geography, French and German.
- MISS NELLA CROWLEY.—Honours Course. Passed in English Composition and Literature, History and Geography; French, Science and Drawing.

JUNIOR GRADE.

- MISS MOLLIE O'CALLAGHAN.—Passed with Honours in French, Science and Drawing. Passed in English Composition and Literature; Latin, German, Arithmetic, Algebra and Shorthand.
- MISS MARY McDONAGH.—Passed with Honours in Irish, Science and Drawing. Passed in Arithmetic and Algebra; French, English Composition and Literature.
- MISS MAY TUCKER.—Passed in English Composition and Literature, History and Geography; Latin, German, French, Arithmetic, Geometry, Science and Drawing.
- MISS TENNANT.—Honours Course. Passed in English Composition and Literature, History and Geography; French, German, Science and Drawing. Pass Course, Arithmetic and Algebra.
- MISS CASEY.—Honours Course. Passed in English Composition and Literature, History and Geography; French, German, Science and Drawing. Pass Course, Book-keeping.
- MISS GERTIE WARREN.—Honours Course. Passed in English Composition and Literature; French, German, Science and Drawing. Pass Course, Arithmetic and Algebra.
- MISS EVELYN TENNANT.—Honours Course. Passed in French, English Composition and Literature; Honours in Science and Drawing. Pass Course, Geometry, Arithmetic and Algebra.
- MISS ALICE O'HALLORAN.—Passed in Irish, English Composition and Literature; French, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Science and Drawing.
- MISS NINA CLOHERTY.—Passed in English Composition and Literature; French, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Science and Drawing.
- MISS MAGGIE GANNON.—Passed in Irish, English Composition and Literature; French, Arithmetic, Science and Drawing.
- MISS McALINNEY.—Passed in Irish, English Composition and Literature; French, Book-keeping, Science and Drawing.
- MISS BRIDIE McALINNEY.—Passed in English Composition and Literature; French, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Science and Drawing.

PREPARATORY GRADE.

- MISS NONA MONAGHAN.—Passed in Irish, English Composition and Literature, History and Geography; French, Arithmetic, Algebra, Science and Drawing.
- MISS DONAGH.—Passed in Irish, English Composition and Literature; French, Arithmetic, Algebra, Science and Drawing.

BOARD OF EDUCATION, SOUTH KENSINGTON.

INORGANIC CHEMISTRY. FIRST CLASS CERTIFICATE.

Miss Frances O'Dea. Miss May McEvoy. Miss Donovan.

MATHEMATICS. FIRST STAGE. FIRST CLASS CERTIFICATE.

Miss Frances O'Dea.

SECOND CLASS CERTIFICATE.

Miss May McEvoy.

MODEL DRAWING. FIRST STAGE. FIRST CLASS CERTIFICATE.

Miss Amy Lynch.

GEOMETRICAL DRAWING. ADVANCED STAGE. SECOND CLASS CERTIFICATE.

Miss Donovan.

Several of the students have obtained their qualifications as teachers in Science and Art. Five of the pupils of last year are now teaching Irish in various schools throughout the country.

INSPECTOR'S REPORT. Session 1903-4.

INTRODUCTORY PHYSICS.—“The teaching of this Course is satisfactory. The methods employed are generally sound, and the pupils have grasped the principles involved in and taught by the experimental enquiries. The records of work are now systematic and neat, and the pupils have attained much skill in the handling of apparatus.”

INTRODUCTORY CHEMISTRY.—“The progress made in this Course has been well maintained and the results are praiseworthy. The pupils are intelligent and attack practical exercises with confidence. The records of work are in many cases illustrated by excellent diagrams. The methods employed and the manipulation of apparatus reflect credit on the teaching, which has been careful and thorough, and fully in accord with the spirit of the Syllabus.”

CHEMISTRY (SPECIAL COURSE).—“Satisfactory work has been done in the case of the two candidates presented for this subject.”

DRAWING.—“Good work has been done, especially in Freehand.”

ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY OF MUSIC. Examiner— Signor Esposito.

SINGING. SENIOR GRADE.

Miss Nancy Royston.

SINGING CLASS. PASS.

PIANOFORTE. MIDDLE GRADE.

HONOURS.—Miss Nancy Royston.

PASS.—Miss Amy Lynch, Miss Violet Hosty, Miss Ida McCullagh, Miss Nella Crowley.

JUNIOR GRADE.

HONOURS.—Miss Tessie Curran.

PASS.—Miss Monica Jordan, Miss Josephine Hudson.

PREPARATORY GRADE.

HONOURS.—Miss Eva Hudson, Miss May Coen, Miss Muriel Tennant, Miss Kathleen Curley.

PASS.—Miss Alice O'Halloran, Miss Maggie Gannon.

ELEMENTARY GRADE.

PASS.—Miss Gertie O'Malley.

VIOLIN. MIDDLE GRADE.

HONOURS.—Miss Irene Jesson.

JUNIOR GRADE.

PASS.—Miss Nancy Royston.

PREPARATORY GRADE.

HONOURS.—Miss Blanche Moon.

Education.



St. Colman's College, Fermoy

OÍLIS DO DÍA AGUS O'ÉIRINN.

Results of Intermediate Examination, 1904.

GENERAL RESULTS.

A.—PASSED THE EXAMINATION GENERALLY.

1. IN THE SENIOR AND MIDDLE GRADES OUT OF 28 PRESENTED 26 PASSED.

Of those 1 in Senior Grade secured Honours in 2 subjects.
9 in Middle Grade secured Honours in 3 subjects.
2 in Middle Grade secured Honours in 2 subjects.
8 in Middle Grade secured Honours in 1 subject.

2. IN JUNIOR GRADE 30 PASSED.

Of those 5 secured Honours in 3 subjects.
2 secured Honours in 2 subjects.
7 secured Honours in 1 subject.

3. IN PREPARATORY GRADE TWO PASSED.

B. PASSED IN THE SEVERAL SUBJECTS. IN THE SENIOR AND MIDDLE GRADES.

In Greek 19 passed, 3 with Honours.
In Latin 26 passed, 9 with Honours.
In Eng. Comp. and Literature 28 passed, 12 got over 50 p. c. of maximum marks.
In History and Geography 9 passed, 5 with Honours.
In Irish 20 passed, 11 with Honours.
In French 11 passed, 7 with Honours.
In Geometry 27 passed, 5 with Honours.
In Arithmetic 26 passed, 6 with Honours.
In Algebra 24 passed, 6 with Honours.
In Book-keeping 2 passed.
In Shorthand 2 passed.
In Experimental Science 25 passed, 3 with Honours.

IN JUNIOR GRADE.

In Greek 10 passed.
In Latin 36 passed, 2 with Honours.
In Eng. Comp. and Literature 37 passed, 5 over 50 p. c.
In History and Geography 2 passed.
In Irish 32 passed, 11 with Honours.
In French 28 passed, 2 with Honours.
In Geometry 33 passed, 3 with Honours.
In Arithmetic 38 passed, 2 with Honours.
In Algebra 22 passed, 2 with Honours.
In Book-keeping 7 passed.
In Shorthand 7 passed.

SPECIAL DISTINCTIONS.

1. EXHIBITIONS.

MIDDLE GRADE—Classical Course—William P. Collins won a first class Exhibition value £30.
Modern Literary Course—Patrick A. Delany won an Exhibition value £25.
Mathematical Course—Henry Kennedy won an Exhibition value £25.
JUNIOR GRADE—Modern Literary Course—Michael John Twomey won an Exhibition value £10.

2. PRIZES FOR PROFICIENCY IN GRADE.

MIDDLE GRADE—Experimental Science Course—Patrick J. Walsh won a prize value £3.
Mathematical Course—Thomas Roche won a prize value £2.
Mathematical Course—John H. Breen won a prize value £1.
Classical Course—Michael Hurley won a prize value £1.

JUNIOR GRADE—Mathematical Course—Patrick Doyle won a prize value £2.

3. MEDAL FOR FIRST PLACE—Junior—Irish—Michael John Twomey.

4. PRIZES FOR EXCELLENCE IN COMPOSITION.

MIDDLE GRADE—Latin—Henry Kennedy won a prize value £3.
Latin—Michael Hurley won a prize value £3.
English—William P. Collins won a prize value £3.
Irish—William P. Collins won a prize value £3.
JUNIOR GRADE—Irish—Michael John Twomey won a prize value £2.
French—Michael John Twomey won a prize value £2.

The following Special Distinctions were also won by Students of St. Colman's College:—

2nd place in Irish (Middle Grade)—William P. Collins.
4th place in Eng. Comp. and Literature (Middle Grade)—William P. Collins.
4th place French (Junior Grade)—Michael John Twomey.
5th place French (Middle Grade)—Patrick A. Delany.
7th place Latin (Middle Grade)—Henry Kennedy.
10th place Geometry (Middle Grade)—Henry Kennedy.
10th place Experimental Science and Drawing (Middle Grade)—Henry Kennedy.
15th place Experimental Science and Drawing (Middle Grade)—Patrick J. Walsh.
15th place Irish (Preparatory Grade)—Denis O'Connell.

For further particulars apply to REV. R. BARRETT, D.Ph., President.

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Twenty Words or under One Shilling per insertion; Sixpence every additional Ten Words or fraction of Ten. Three insertions for price of Two. Trade Advertisements in this column Sixpence per line.

"GUIDE TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION." Giving all information required by Parents and Students. Free, the Registrar, Medical School, Cecilia Street, Dublin.

CATHOLIC Girls coming to business in Dublin or to study for a profession will find a comfortable residence in St. Kevin's House, Rutland Square, under the patronage of His Grace the Archbishop. Accommodation is also provided for Catholic ladies visiting or passing through Dublin. For particulars apply Lady Superintendent.

WANTED—Smokers to ask for **PATERSON'S NEW WOOD VESTA MATOCHES, WOLF DOG Brand**, made in Dublin.

PIGOTT'S PREPARATION (Lotion Crinalis) is the only remedy recommended and prescribed for by the Faculty for Dandruff, excessive hair-shedding, early Baldness, and premature Greyness. Write for Medical Testimonials, Pigott & Son, Hair Specialists, 36 Marlborough Street, Cork. Post Free, 2s. 10d. and 4s. 10d. per Bottle.

HARRISON KNITTING MACHINES. Works, 48-69 Upper Brook Street, Manchester. At Cork Exhibition, 1902, over 30 Irish Girls were taught by us, and many Irish Industries are now steadily progressing under our installation. Wools at Wholesale Prices. Lists of Machines sent on application.

AN EMPLOYMENT BUREAU for business girls has been opened at St. Kevin's House, Rutland Square. Persons requiring girls for business or professional work, and girls seeking such employment are invited to apply (by letter in the first instance) to the Secretary, Business Girls' Employment Bureau, 40 Rutland Square, Dublin.

DOES ANY CONVENT require nice, young girl, qualified to teach Irish as an "extra,"? Native "OLÁP," good health, good temper, fond of children. Well up in National School subjects. "J.A.X.," LEADER. 2965

WANTED Travelling Teacher for Co. Meath. Must be fully qualified to teach Irish. Teachers able to teach Irish Music and Dancing preferred. Apply, stating qualifications, to Seán Mac Conmáic, Rúnaí, An Coirpe Ceannair, Navan.

YOUNG LADY, 10 years' experience of knitting machine seeks position, competent to teach or take charge of work-room. Salary moderate. Highest references. 2963 LEADER Office.

G AELIC LEAGUERS.—We have bought a grand selection of new Irish type, Rosemary Gaelic Printing Works, 19 Drury Street, Dublin. 2969

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NOW READY, "Through Belgium and Holland." Being Notes on life and Manners in the Low Countries, with special reference to the methods of Agriculture and Kindred Industries. Price 2d., by post 3d. From "Democrat" Office, Dundalk, or through any bookseller. 2984

HOMELY ACCOMMODATION for two young men, Irish speakers preferred, in Addison Road, Fairview; penny ride from Pillar; use of Bath hot and cold. Apply, Brian, LEADER Office, must be thoroughly respectable.

FATHER MATHEW HALL, Church Street, Monday, October 3rd, at 8 p.m. sharp. Lecture by Rev. Father Edwin, O.S.F.C., B.A., F.Ph., Louvain: "A Catholic Government." Father Aloysius will preside. 2993

**ST. JOSEPH'S SEMINARY,
CLONDALKIN,
DO. DUBLIN.**

Vacation will terminate on 25th of AUGUST. Pupils are prepared for Bank, Civil Service, Intermediate, and other Examinations. For Prospectus address

THE SUPERIOR.

CONVENT OF OUR LADY OF CHARITY OF REFUGE, MAGDALEN ASYLUM, GLOUCESTER STREET.

On SUNDAY, 23rd OCTOBER, 1904,

A CHARITY SERMON

In aid of the above Institution, will be preached in the CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER, UPPER GARDINER STREET.

After the 12 o'clock Mass,
By the REV. JOHN NAUGHTON, S.J.,
And in the Evening at 7 o'clock,

ANOTHER APPEAL

Will be made in the CHURCH OF ST. SAVIOUR, DOMINICK STREET.
By the REV. RICHARD COLFER, O.C.C.

THE LORD MAYOR AND LADY MAYORESS
Have graciously promised to attend.

IONA BAZAAR AND AONACH

Will be held in . . .

THE ROTUNDA AND SWISS VILLAGE

During the Week Commencing

MONDAY, 3rd OCTOBER,

To Raise Funds for the Erection of the New
Parochial Church of
ST. COLUMBA, DRUMCONDRA.

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Irish Drama. Irish Dances. Irish Ochorus.

BALL ROOM—Clarke-Barry's Orchestral Band.

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The Bazaar will be Opened by the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor in State at 4 o'clock.

ADMISSION SIXPENCE.

Domestic Economy Instructress Wanted

County Committee of Agriculture and Technical Instruction, Tipperary (North Riding).

The above Committee will on 6th October, 1904, proceed to appoint a well qualified teacher of Domestic Economy subjects. The person appointed will receive an initial salary of £80 per annum, and, in addition, will be paid actual travelling expenses while engaged in the work of the Committee. Her qualifications must be such as will satisfy the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction.

Applications for the post must be addressed to the undersigned not later than the 5th October, 1904.

E. M. WALSH,

Secretary County Committee,
Courthouse, Nenagh.

WANTED

**AN INSTRUCTRESS IN COOKERY,
LAUNDRY, AND HYGIENE.**

The County Fermanagh Committee of Agriculture and Technical Instruction require the services of a qualified Instructress in the above subjects.

Applications should state salary expected, and addressed to the Secretary on or before 5th October, accompanied by evidence of qualification, testimonials, etc.

For further particulars apply to

W. H. WEST,

Secretary,

Courthouse, Eunniskillen.

14th September, 1904.

THE LEADER.

A Review of Current Affairs, Politics, Literature, Art and Industry.

Vol. IX., No. 7.

(Registered as a
Newspaper.)

DUBLIN, 8th OCTOBER, 1904.

Price One Penny.

CONTENTS.

CURRENT AFFAIRS:—

Ulster Bigots "Defensive" Work	...	97
Gaelic League in Waterford	...	99
The "Only National" and the LEADER	...	98
A Newbridge "Wake"	...	100
The Siege of Port Riverstown	...	100
Etc., Etc.		

ARTICLES:—

ΝΑ ΒΙ ΑΣ ΜΑΓΑΘ ΠΥΤ ΠΕΜ	...	101
A Reply to a "Superior" Lecture	...	101
Another Grand Concert	...	101
An English-Irish Dictionary	...	103
Ethics and Economics	...	104
On Cheap Churches for the Poor	...	106
Cork Young Men's Society	...	108
Irish Grown Bulbs	...	109
Technical Education in Pembroke	...	110

NOTICE.

THE LEADER will be sent, post free, to any part of Ireland or Great Britain for three months, on receipt of Postal Orders value 1s. 8d.; six months, 3s. 3d.; one year, 6s. 6d. The rates of subscription for foreign postage are:—Three months, 2s. 2d.; six months, 4s. 4d.; twelve months, 8s. 8d.

The inland postage on THE LEADER is a halfpenny; to any foreign country the postage is one penny.

The Editor will endeavour to return unsuitable MSS. when a stamped, addressed cover is enclosed, but he cannot undertake to be held responsible for them.

Business Letters should be addressed to the Manager, at the Offices, 33 Lower Abbey Street, Dublin.

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„ WILLIAMS AND BUTLAND, 47 Little Britain, E.C.

CURRENT AFFAIRS.

The people who are crying aloud for "independent political thought" should turn an eye upon the tactics of that tolerant pair of Tories, William Moore, K.C., and Charles Curtis Craig, both Orange Emmpees. These gentlemen want a re-organization of the "defensive" associations of Ulster, in view of the threatened re-appearance of Home Rule. They want a "Watch Committee," but if we know anything it is themselves that want to be watched. Bigot Moore, Emmpee, distinguished himself by attacking the Catholic Association, while Brother Craig is an equally acrid, if less educated, leader of the Ulster Tory left wing. We all know the nature of the "defensive" organizations which these gentlemen want put upon active service. Your Orangeman is a man whose idea of defence is offence. The tipsy brute staggering home at dusk from a fair, and muttering "Tell with the Pep" is not an unfair specimen of the Ulster "saved" idea of "independent political thought." When will these people come in for their fair share of criticism from the "superior" clique which sees such black damnation in any Nationalist's desire for organised unity? Whoever remembers the Belfast riots of 1886 will know the measure of the notion of tolerance and of independent political thought which these people carry out in practice. On that occasion provision shops in the Catholic quarter were looted, and Orange amazons ran away with such trifles as hams, and tea and sugar in their aprons—all of which, undoubtedly, was only a skittish Orange way of finding an outlet for "independent political thought." Beery bravoos turned on the taps in Popish publichouses, and had their fill free of charge at the "Idolatrous" owner's cost. Is this the sort of "defensive" work that Bigot Moore and Brother Craig are going to organize?

The genuine hard-grit Unionists are not satisfied, nor even half satisfied, with Mr. Wyndham's disclaimer of "Devolution." They want him to curse and swear that he knows not the thing; apparently nothing less will satisfy them. Truly for an "Imperial people," these precious Unionists have an unparalleled capacity for "funk." Because a few Anglo-Irish gentry nibbled timidly at a few crumbs of Home Rule, the great "Imperial people" have worked themselves up into a state of mixed funk and frenzy which recalls the eve of the Boer War. They think Mr. Wyndham's disclaimers not half strong enough, and indeed that gentleman couched his letter to the *Times* in very mild and ladylike terms. One of the Reformers, Lord Rossmore, has been telling the Dublin correspondent of the *Daily News* that the Chief Secretary's letter was "not as discouraging as it might appear to be on the surface." Does it occur to his lordship that the Wyndham sort of attitude is hardly that of a man who is going to take off his coat to any heavy work? Mr. Wyndham and Mr. Balfour and all these gentlemen who have plenty of "sympathy" for Ireland, but no pronounced plan for her future government, are too clever to commit themselves to anything. Accordingly Dunraven and Co. are sent out round the corner to see how the Great Imperial People are disposed, Messrs. W. and B. being resolved to make up their minds as soon as they know what that of the British Public is like. Well, the Great British Public, a fat-headed, stodgy person, being roused while sleeping off the effects of prolonged orgies of Unionism, roars and bellows somewhat, whereat George and Arthur, who have been peeping round the corner to watch the result, exclaim, "Please, sir, it wasn't me!" and hurry back to their cave. These men are not made of the stuff that will carry Home Rule.

The results of a recent examination for clerkships under the Great Sourface Railway have just been published. Thirty-one places were competed for, and the names of the successful candidates are given. From a casual inspection of the names we should say that at least twenty out of the thirty-one are obscurantists, or else ultramontanes, if not indeed downright idol-worshippers. There may be even more than twenty of these "Popish recusants" amongst the fortunate thirty-one, but twenty is the least estimate we should place upon the number of them. Now, here we have representatives of the "unthinking" majority of the people of this country capturing two-thirds of the places competed for, while the "intellectual minority" only succeeds in getting one-third of the places. How did they win in the examinations, we wonder? Did they use "physical force in literature" when writing their compositions? Did they overcome the examiners by "abuse"? It is not so long since we exposed in these columns the way in which the Directors of the Great Sour "weed" the would-be candidates. If this weeding process were forbidden, how many Idolators would have won? In the case we noticed, a boy from the Christian Schools, Synge Street, was disqualified by the Directors, in this preliminary canter on the grounds, seemingly, that he did not *look* strong. If the Directors mean to knock out boys by acting as a sort of amateur medical examiners, the sooner such tactics are made an end of the better. The Catholics will not put up with this plan of sorting out the eligible competitors. A regular medical examination of candidates should be made, not by unfit amateurs who are nearly all "saved," but by a pair of professional medical men, one of whom should be a Catholic. We shall keep a sharp eye on these directorial tactics in the future.

We see Messrs. Mahony have been protesting about the arrangement by which the uniforms of the constabu-

lary have to be made out of English cloth; a certain fixing up of "standards," which means in practice, English standards, does the trick. Heaven knows, Ireland spends enough money on feeding and clothing that body of men. We may fairly claim to get some of our own back, even if it is only from the outer covering of the force. Just think of it. The constabulary are dressed in *Green* (even though the hue is not very evident), but the cloth has to be made in England. O, what a country!

The Presidency of Queen's College, Cork, is vacant. We shall be interested to see how it will be filled up. Read over the list of the Queen's College staffs if you want to see tolerance and non-sectarianism. The last occupant was a Catholic. We wonder whether the Government have now got a true blue ready, somebody with a dash of Traill in him, somebody that would, in fact, inspire confidence in the staff. We shall watch the result with interest, not that we think anything can be made out of the Queen's College, no matter who's there. But tolerance is virtue, catch it if you can.

So they've got an Irish Irelander down Belvidere way at last. We found him in the *Freeman*. He speaks and sings Irish and dances! He performed in the college hall, and, we are told, the pupils were greatly delighted at his performance. We should add that this phenomenon was black and had been brought over from Africa by a missionary. What a sensation he must have created in those aristocratic halls.

The "only national" in Cork has been distinguishing itself once again. A Conference of Catholic Young Men's Societies recently took place in Cork, and Father Corbett, President of the Queenstown Young Men's Society, read a paper called "A Lay Sermon." The subject of his paper—an interesting and thoughtful one, by the way—Father Corbett described as being "Our country and our duties to her." Touching upon the forces now at work in Ireland, Father Corbett mentioned *THE LEADER*, and mentioned it in a favourable and friendly way. Now, what happened? The "only national," the *Cork Examiner*, while pretending to give a full report of Father Corbett's paper, carefully suppressed all mention of that dreadful outlaw, *THE LEADER*! Not only that, but it even garbled at least one phrase in the address so as to take the flavour of *LEADERISM* out of it. The *Examiner* makes Father Corbett say:—"A real Ireland, thank God, has come to stay." Now, one of Father Corbett's audience writes us that where the "only national" prints "real," the lecturer said "Irish." You see, the only national chokes at the phrase "Irish Ireland," and no wonder; the more Irish this country becomes the smaller will be the circulation of the "only national." As a specimen of how this paper does its reporting the following sample will serve. The *Examiner* represents Father Corbett as saying:—"Good work is being done in many directions giving articulate expression to the thoughts of many minds." What we are told he did say was:—"THE LEADER is giving articulate expression to the thoughts and ideas of Irish Ireland." Now, had all this been the other way about, and had Father Corbett denounced us as a low, vile, anti-National "sheet," would the *Examiner* have omitted the words of condemnation? We are told that the reverend lecturer's references to us were received with "loud and sustained applause." Well, with that applause ringing in our mind's ear, we can afford to laugh at the poor old frightened *Examiner*.

We see the North Dublin Union has got the Local Government Board to agree to grant terms to dispensary doctors that look reasonable. We don't know the ins and outs of the question, but we think a doctor should receive fair terms for his work. But where there is plenty of private practice to be got he need not grumble about a small salary. A doctor can do a great deal of good in Ireland. He can make himself a leader of thought in his district, and, for our part, we feel sure

that if he keeps in touch with the people they will treat him decently. It is very often the shoncen doctor who starts grumbling.

A branch of the Gaelic League was recently established in the Capuchin College at Rochestown. From a speech of the Rector, Rev. Father Augustine, delivered on the occasion, we gather that the College has not been loitering as regards Irish. In the course of his speech Father Augustine said:—"This year the boys entered for the examinations under the Fleming Companionship scheme, and I am happy to be able to say that all passed (hear, hear). The six boys who presented themselves for the Honours examination in the Hall of Readers passed, and five of them took the first five places, one bearing away the silver medal in competition with all Ireland (applause). In the Intermediate Examinations all the boys took Irish, though all had French also, and there was not a single failure. In the Junior Grade one boy scored 390 out of a possible 400; in the Middle Grade another scored 357 on a very difficult paper; and yet another took first place in all Ireland in the Preparatory Grade. The young lad who secured this distinction has been studying Irish for only two years. These successes were secured without any prejudice to the study of the other languages or subjects in the curriculum." Irish Ireland has evidently a backing in this College at Rochestown.

Some people do not like to swallow the fact that, roughly speaking, the "Idolators" in this country are the Nationalists and the "Saved" are England's Faithful Garrison. It is a fact all the same, of which there is no lack of illustration. Here is one of the most recent illustrations we have received of that general proposition. We have been sent a copy of a paper call the "North Down Herald and County Down Independent," the titles of the leading articles in which, by the way, suggest nothing vulgar or near the sod, being respectively "Is it Peace" and "The Outlook in Italy." In this paper there is a paragraph headed "Crossgar Notes," which we reproduce below:—"A movement, which has been on foot for some time past amongst the Roman Catholics of the district for the establishment of a Gaelic branch, was brought to a successful issue on Saturday evening. The meeting, which was presided over by Mr. Hugh Casetment, Kilmore, was held in Teccaught Schoolroom. Mr. Thomas Cahill, N.S.T., explained the various points of the formation and working of the branch. It was unanimously decided to get Mr. Morris, a native of Wexford, as teacher in Irish. A large number of names were enrolled." Why is it left to the Catholics of Crossgar to start an Irish class in the district? Is there no Irish blood among the "Saved" up there?

The monopolisers of the wealth and intelligence of the country are making frantic efforts to capture South Dublin. No doubt it is a terrible eye-sore to the anti-Irish bigots and Unionists to see three parts of Ireland, and the whole of the metropolis, representatively in the hands of the Nationalists; moreover, as since the introduction of the Local Government Act, the mere Irish are proving themselves as capable administrators as the corporate bodies of England. We hope that every Nationalist in the constituency entitled to the franchise will have put in his claim. The anti-Irish bigots and Unionists may have the Parochial University, and the intellectual Sahara of the North; they are centres in which the greedy and malignant traditions of the Penal Laws have survived; but let it be "hands off" every other place where the party in favour of Justice, Toleration and Fair Play are in the majority. The anti-Irish bigots have had their innings, and the result is enough to overwhelm them with remorse and shame, if such people were capable of feeling either, which, of course, they are not. We have been watching the proceedings of the Revision Courts with interest, and we promise our readers some amusing reading about them later on.

We have received the report for the past session of the Waterford Branch of the Gaelic League. It is a bold and masculine document and looks the facts of West British Waterford fairly and squarely in the face. Waterford has made little headway Irish Irelandwards; that is one thing the report makes clearly apparent. The schools, the local clubs and societies, "the citizens of Waterford as a whole," stand in the dock. As to the attitude of the schools towards Irish the report says:—"Many of our local schools are simply doing nothing. Others are merely playing with the subject, though no doubt they are convinced that they are doing great things. A few are at least honest and are teaching the language as well and as extensively as circumstances will permit." And again, in alluding to those local schools that did not send to the recent Waterford Feis a single competitor in any of the language subjects—"Evidently they were not then teaching Irish, nor does it appear that they have done anything in that direction since June. Surely they ought to be ashamed of themselves." We further learn from the report that "our local clubs and societies have not as yet been influenced by our work." We presume the Trades Hall, where they had dreams of military headquarters and naval dockyards that did not come true, is included among those clubs, etc., that "are still deaf to the thunders of the language war all over the country." No doubt the thunders of Royal salutes have not helped the national hearing down Waterford way. We read that the "Annual Cúimhne Ceoil" was not supported by the citizens in anything like the numbers in which they flocked to previous concerts held under the auspices of the League"; and that in regard to the Feis—"The local people supported this great educative and national event but poorly, and were it not for the crowds of enthusiastic Gaels who come from afar—from Dublin, Cork, Limerick, Clonmel, Wexford, Dungarvan, etc.—we would have had a very small audience." After this it is not surprising to hear that "the citizens of Waterford as a whole are yet to be converted." The report does not say that it is not hard to crowd the theatre when the usual kind of imported British stuff is on the boards, but that is not necessary. Evidently the task of the Waterford Branch of the League is not child's play, but it is satisfactory to know that the branch itself is established in a sound position, and is preparing for a vigorous winter campaign in the Urbs Intacta of West Britonism.

Nenagh Jail has been nefariously given over by the Prisons Board—no doubt coerced by Sir Antony McDonnell—to the North Tipperary County Council, who, in turn, have handed it over to the Nuns; and now the prison is transformed into an "Idolatrous" school. Now, if the place, instead of being handed over to a mere Irish County Council, could have been handed over to Trinity College, or some other garrison landlord, we might possibly have an extra recruiting dépôt instead of a school, and the situation would have been—well, saved from priestcraft. What the Prisons Board should have done was to consult the Most Rev. Dr. Elliott, Dr. Chadwick, and a few prominent representative Orangemen and Freemasons before taking this step; but of course nothing will ever be done right while Sir Antony McDonnell remains at the Castle.

We have been sent the programme of an entertainment in connection with the distribution of prizes at the Ursuline Convent, Blackrock, Cork. We are glad to notice that it included an Irish play, *Do Ó Neill* written by Conan Maol, which was performed by the pupils of the Convent. We are informed that this Convent has passed a number of pupils in Irish in the Intermediate and University examinations, some of them getting very high marks. We also learn that Domestic Economy and the practical subjects are included in its curriculum.

We are informed that a branch of the Gaelic League is about being formed at Ringsend. By all accounts Ringsend is badly in need of some such tonic, and we hope the proposed branch may be successfully established.

The London *Daily Telegraph* had a prominently-placed account lately of a queer case of superstition at Cootehill, Co. Cavan. But it is not in Ireland alone that superstition survives; even among the civilized British people it is known:—"At Scarborough the Coroner recently held an inquest on a child of seventeen months, which had just died. The mother, the wife of George Cooper, a general carter, was asked by the Coroner if she could account for the child's emaciated condition. 'I think,' said Mrs. Cooper, 'the child was bewitched.' Then followed this colloquy:—"You believe in witchcraft, do you?' 'I know the woman who has done it. She was living next door at the time.' 'She bewitched the child before she went?' 'Yes, sir; I know she did. It has never done any good since.' 'Was she ever in the house?' 'No, sir, but she was in the back yard.' 'She did it on one special occasion, then?' 'Yes. She bewitched my house so much that I can hear her in it now.' The Coroner—"I believe I ought not take this. But it is rather interesting. How (he asked) did she bewitch the child when she had never been in the house?' The Witness—"I suppose she did it with witchcraft. I don't know. She said she would bewitch the child by boiling eggs and mashing them.' The witness added that she could always hear the woman when there was no one in the house, and there were terrible shadows from behind the doors. The house was haunted by her, and she (the witness) was nearly frightened to death sometimes. The jury, apparently, was not impressed by this evidence, for it returned a verdict to the effect that death was due to 'convulsions, consequent upon rickets and improper feeding.' "Is not this a pretty case from "Merrie England"? What do the superior folk who lecture us say to this, which, we learn, is only one of three recent cases in England alone?

An amusing "bona" case turned up lately at Enniskerry Petty Sessions. Six men were charged with having been on the premises of a "pub"-hotel, called the "Mountain Side Hotel," Calary, which lies between Bray and Glendalough. The place in question, it seems, is over a thousand feet above sea-level, but it need not be supposed that the jovial "bonas" had come a long distance and had clambered up those thousand feet to get a drink. No; the fact is most of them lived in the neighbourhood. Not only that, but it seems that none of the defendants were three miles from where they slept the previous night. Mr. Meldon, R.M., astonished one defendant by stating that if he travelled for the purpose of getting drink he would not be "bona-fide," no matter how far he travelled. The excuses of the other defendants were amusing but not convincing. One went "to get tobacco," but admitted that he passed by a shop on the road where he could get it without a drink. Another went to ask the landlord if he could do with "the loan of a horse to mow corn." They were fined 8s. 6d. each, with costs, or seven days' imprisonment. Poor old wandering, dusty, foot-sore, thirsty "bonas"! Even a thousand feet above the sea-level the laws' minions pounce on them, and will not let them have their little drop in peace.

There can be no doubt about it that drunkenness is the national vice of Ireland, and we maintain that every custom—even if it be a "good ould custom"—that panders to that vice, or gives an excuse for too much indulgence in drink, is a custom that cries out to be put down. We are but a weak people, and we cannot afford to cherish customs that give scope to our weaknesses and aggravate them. The custom of "wakes" for the dead, as too frequently carried out, is one of those that call strongly for suppression. We have often dealt with this ugly topic before, and perhaps must often do so again until the evil is blotted out. At a recent meeting of the Naas Board of Guardians a discussion took place concerning some scenes enacted at the "wake" of a man named Thomas Hughes, who died at Newbridge. Hughes being a poor man, the Relieving Officer had to contribute ten shillings from the poor-law funds towards his burial. But his friends, it is alleged, also made a collection of money in the town of Newbridge to bury him. One

guardian asked, where did the ten shillings go? A Mr. Quinn replied: "Spent on drink, I presume." A Mr. O'Grady said it was not right that these "wakes" should be held in "some of these lanes in Newbridge," and that the Parish Priest had instituted a practice by which the corpse would be removed to the church the night before the funeral. The Chairman then said:—"I am told that the priest asked them to bring the body to the church, and the reply he got was that *they would have one night out of him at all events.*" The italics are ours.

An idea of the sort of "night" they had "out of him" may be gleaned from some details of the discussion on the matter:—

"Mr. O'Grady: From what I have heard the battle of Liao-Yang was simply nothing to the awful fight that took place at the wake of this man, Hughes. If the facts I have heard are true it was certainly a most extraordinary state of affairs.

"R.O. Breslin: I believe they had a general riot; two or three were arrested and depositions were taken next day. I was there when Mr. Doran, Head-Constable, had the depositions taken. I saw some of the parties, and I heard generally about the terrible row that took place in the house.

"Chairman: I heard that one man at the wake had his skull fractured.

"Mr. O'Grady: I heard that two drunken men went in and beat everybody in the place."

After these details nobody will blame Mr. O'Grady for saying that "this thing that occurred in Newbridge was more like the devil-dances they had read of in the West of Africa than anything else. It was a disgrace to civilization." What's more to us, it is a disgrace to Ireland, and we say that the class of our people to whom the "friends" of the dead man belong will never make any advance until they have given up such brutish customs as this, and they will never give up these customs until education has created an atmosphere in which such usages cannot survive.

In further discussing the matter one of the guardians (Mr. O'Grady) said that when men of the same class as Hughes died the body should be brought to the church. "He knew from experience that if the people of Newbridge only availed of the offer made by Father Tynan this thing would not have occurred, because there was never a Parish Priest more anxious to get the people to do what was right.

"Mr. Quinn: They have an able curate too, Father Cullen.

"R.O. Breslin said the people concerned in this wake wanted to have another night, but he would not let them. The priest would not allow the bell to be tolled for the funeral on the following day."

The priest was in the right, and Relieving Officer Breslin was in the right when he would not let them "have another night." The guardians should grant no money for a "poor burial," where there is such a thing as a wake with drinking, not to say drunkenness. It is full time that severe measures were taken to put a stop to these low orgies. The sort of people who do these things besmudge the general reputation of our race and religion. One of the guardians said that "wakes in Newbridge are now held only for one purpose—the purpose of festivity." Just think that over! An ancient, solemn custom followed only for "the purpose of festivity," and the body of a poor departed soul used for the purpose of "having a night out of him." And all this in holy Ireland!

The siege of Port Riverstown still progresses. The fort is now closely invested by the Irish Ireland forces and several shells in the shape of correspondence addressed in Irish to the Catholic Curate and other residents have been dropped into the citadel harassing the garrison sadly. We have been sent a few samples of these missiles. By the endorsement, "For translation pse. R.L.O., Dublin," on some of them, we see that

Horatius still holds the bridge. But the fox must sleep sometime, and even Horatius is but weak mortal after all. Was he nodding at his post lately? For we notice that two of these used shells posted from the same place as the others lack the familiar endorsement, "For translation, etc." Who translated them? Is there a traitor in the camp, Horatius, who did so, whilst you leant upon your sword and slumbered? As many of our readers would, no doubt, like to lend a hand in the capture of this famous anti-Irish fort, we give in full below the name and address of the commander of the Irish Ireland attacking force:—

ΔΗ ΤΑΤΑΡΙ ΟΥΙΑΝ ΝΑ ΕΠΙΟΔΙΝ,

ΤΕΑΚ ΝΑ ΣΑΓΑΡΤ,

ΒΑΙΛΕ ΙΟΥΡ ΤΑ ΔΩΔΙΝ,

Co. ΣΙΣΙΣ.

We would like to draw attention to the annual Charity Sermon in aid of St. Saviour's Orphan Charity, Denmark Street, which will be preached by Very Rev. Dr. Keane, O.P., in St. Saviour's Church, Lower Dominick Street, on Sunday, 9th inst., at the last Mass. The institution in which numbers of destitute orphans are supported and educated until they are provided with situations depends on voluntary contributions.

The following advertisements appeared in last Thursday's issue of the *Dust Bin*:—

"First-Class Gardener Wanted for a country house in County Longford; must be a thoroughly experienced Man, and fully understand the care and culture of vines, oranges, fruit, and flowers; preference given to a man with sons, suitable for church choir, about 12 and 14 years of age; must be a member of the Church of Ireland and give excellent references, etc.; £1 per week and cottage rent free. Address 'Z 1702, Gardener,' this office. Journeyman Gardener, first, wanted; must be good hand at potting and watering; Protestant; wages 15s., bothy, milk, etc. Apply, with references, Gardener, New Park, Blackrock. Steward.—Wanted, Working Steward for a large demesne near Dublin; Protestant; good house, keep of cow, and coals; wages £40. Reply, with references. Address '1730, Steward,' this office. Gardener.—Wanted, young man, Protestant, as head gardener; fruit and vegetables, large demesne, gardens near Dublin; good house, coals, keep of cow; wages £50, with 5 per cent. on sales. Reply, with references.—Address 'Z 1729, Gardener,' this office. Working Gardener required immediately, for country, Co. Galway; experienced all branches; Protestant; wife good laundress; £1 week, house, 2 tons coal yearly.—Address 'Z 1684, Gardener,' this office. Wanted, Caretaker and General Man for small farm; understands cattle; Protestant; without family; wife to care fowl.—K 571, this office. Wanted young man, single, I.C., to care horse, trap, do plain gardening; milk; make himself generally useful; total abstainer.—Rev. Follis, Carbury, Kildare. Wanted, Pensioner, Protestant, for gate-lodge, Co. Kildare; comfortable house, coal, and wages; state age, number of family and pension. Address 'Z 1559, Pensioner,' this office. Bookkeeper wanted in Dublin office, smart young Man as assistant bookkeeper; must have considerable experience; shorthand preferred; state present employment, in confidence; Protestant; salary £60.—Apply, this office. Respectable young Lady, Protestant, required as Office Assistant; must be good longhand and shorthand writer; state full particulars, age, and salary expected.—K 712, this office. Assistant wanted with a good knowledge of Greengrocery; Protestant; state terms.—277, 'Irish Times' Office, Baggot Street Bridge. Apprentice wanted for General Drapery; smart Protestant lad. For terms address 'Z 1566, Apprentice,' this office. Wanted smart Counter Hand for Grocery and Provision, Protestant; £20, indoor; give full reference. K 694, this office. Grocer's Assistant, wanted Junior, with 3 or 4 years' experience; high class trade; Protestant. Apply, stating lowest salary, indoor.—K 528, this office."

Τὰὸς : Δέιν αἰρ ἰρτεσὸ ἀγυρ βυαῖλ τοῖρ ἀν τῶ ῥαῖ
αἰρ βυῖτε ὀρν ἀ εἰρρῖθ ῥῖν πλάτῃ ἰ νοῖαῖς ἀ εἰῖλ ἔ
ἀρ πλεαῖς ἀ ὕρμα ! Σαβαν-ρε ὀρν νᾶ ἡ-αρρῖθ
ῥῆ ἀν τάρνα ἡ-αἰρ ὀρτ ζαν βεῖθ ἀς μαγαθὸ ῥῖτ
ῥῆν.

PEADAR NA LAOCHAIRE.

A REPLY TO A "SUPERIOR" LECTURE.

I REVIEWED very recently in these columns an article by "Æ." I distinctly stated that it was not in itself particularly able or worth noticing, but that as "Æ." is a type of a certain class, it might be well to examine it as a sample of the mental capacity of that class. The writers in question plainly pretend to superior powers, and seem to aver that no one "thinks" but themselves, that nobody is "educated" but themselves—above all, no mere Papist. If, then, I notice "Æ." any further it is simply, as I before stated, to sample his mind, and to exhibit the mental value of a gentleman who, presumably, is not afflicted (like poor us, now!) with a "hatred of thought or incapacity to think."

Now, I asked "Æ." a few plain questions. He had said that he would rather see four millions of Irish people disunited and thinking out policies for themselves than an Ireland united under any policy at present known to them. I asked him would that sweeping dictum apply to his own policy, and he ignores the question totally. Therefore, I ask it again. He twits others with being men who "refuse to argue"; why is he silent himself now. Is it from "hatred of thought or incapacity to think"? Here is a man who comes forward as an intellectual gladiator and shirks the very issues that he himself had raised. I asked him was "M. O'R." one of those who "refuse to argue," but got no answer. I asked him wasn't there a lot of "thoughtless savagery" (his own words) about "M. O'R.'s" articles, but could twist no answer from this brainy gentleman. What sort of attitude is this on the part of a man who taunts others with refusing to argue? Why, this man is not an intellectual swordsman, but an intellectual non-combatant, a mere fight-shirker. His reply about the *raison d'être* of Orangemen is not merely not intelligent, but is hardly intelligible. I asked him if certain heretics were right, and he tells me they were, so long as they were "sincerely seeking for God." Now this makes "sincerity" the canon of theological truth, not intellectual verity, nor fidelity to divine revelation. Well, a fool may be "sincere," but is he right? Greater proof of his sincerity no man can give than to lay down his life for his ideal, whatever it may be. Surely those who threw themselves under the Juggernaut car were sincerely "seeking for God" after some strange fashion of their own, but were they "right"? If "Æ." will say they were, then I shall not argue with him further. It would be an intellectual abasement to do so. But will he answer?

IMAAL.

IMAAL.



ANOTHER "GRAND" CONCERT.

WELL, the grand concert at Clongowes came off at last. Clongowes is perhaps one of the most valuable of the Imperial West British un-free possessions, and its geographical position with regard to Irish Ireland is somewhere on the 180th degree of east longitude, although its physical location with regard to Greenwich is, unfortunately, much nearer than that. It is known throughout the British Empire and the five Continents as the centre of gravity of all that is princely, grand, high-born and gifted among the un-free clans of Papist West Britain. Although in aristocratic exclusiveness, classic culture, cosmopolitan learning, and the cultivation of civic virtues and efficiencies it is second to none, still strange to say, its halls have never been patronized by a single crowned head of Europe or elsewhere; not one foreign heir apparent, royal duke, or prince of the blood has ever figured in its annals. The foreign princes and grand dukes all give Clongowes a wide berth, and so do the English aristocracy to whom it is so patiently and faithfully devoted. The grand concert at Clongowes was a great British triumph as usual. Ireland, of course, got a wide berth. By kind permission of Colonel The Hon. Alexander Cæsar Napoleon Surrender, C.B., C.M.G., the band of the Royal Roaring White Flag Tigers was secured for the occasion. Mr. Balfour Roseberry McGinty presided at the function. The entertainment

was opened with a few stirring military marches from the band, after which Master Astor Vanderbilt O'Flanagan approached the footlights and sang:—

THE CLONGOWNIAN.

In me a young aristocrat of Clongowes you behold.
I am no son of Irish Pat, or child of Gaelic mould.
Of Anglo-Saxon stock I came, superior men and grand
Who always thought it was a shame to come from
Paddy's land.

Although in Ireland here I dwell, my heart in Eng-
land lies.
I love the British Empire well which all the earth
defies.
On Englishmen I keep my eye; their grandeur, me
amaze.
My chief ambition is to try to copy all their ways.

Their accent grand I imitate; I ape their manners
fine;
Their ways so smart and up-to-date, with envy makes
me pine.
An Englishman will be my glass for study more and
more,
Until that day when I can pass as Saxon o'er and o'er.

I love a classy cricket match, football, or tennis well,
To play against some toffy batch, some chappies real
swell.
But, oh! to handle that caman which Gaels have
brought to fame—
Good God! imagine Clongowes lawn the scene of such
a game!

Oh, no, that Irish weapon low, my hand will never
stain;
Let Irish eras come and go, a Briton I'll remain.
The Gaelic language I will jilt, and all that's Gaelic
too,
For I'm an Astor Vanderbilt O'Flanagan so blue.

Hurrah for England's Empire wide, the lord of land
and sea,
And Clongowes College, too, my pride, three cheers I
give for thee.
Old Ireland well you undermine; for Papists great
and small,
And bungs and huxters you refine, and make them
Johnnies all.

After this song, two young gentlemen named Master
Bourbon Hohenzollern O'Flynn and Master Pierpoint
La Fayette Mulligan did the Cake Walk, and the ex-
quisite grace, symmetrical beauty and rhythmical har-
mony of their motions simply took the cake. Then
Master Guelph Kandahar Hooligan gave:—

ROLLING HOME TO MERRY ENGLAND.

Stilled is now the cannon's rattle; silent, too, the
rifle's crack,
Past and o'er the dreadful battle; proudly waves the
Union Jack;
Fallen are the burgher foemen; over is the tyrant's
reign,
And at last the Irish Yeomen to their homes may sail
again.

CHORUS—

Rolling home to merry England, rolling home across
the wave;
Rolling home to merry England, go the Irish Yeomen
brave.

O'er the veldt and kopjes glaring, though in panic
oft we flew,
We have done great deeds of daring, and have proved
our valour true.
Though at Lindley we surrenderd, and the white flag
often waved,
Splendid service have we rendered to our mighty
Empire saved.
Rolling home to merry England, etc.

We are dashing fellows famous,
Though defeats we've always met;
And can any person blame us
If we're frightened of De Wet.
For he often held us quailing
When our forces he did snare.
Oh, we're glad that back we're sailing
To Rathmines and Merrion Square.
Rolling home to merry England, etc.

To the battlefield so gory,
We now bid a glad adieu;
And although our chiefest glory
Was the speed with which we flew;
Though our valour did not stagger
Many Boers on hill or plain,
Still we all will do the swagger
When in peace we're home again.
Rolling home to merry England, etc.

Here there was an interval during which the Tommy
Atkins' band, lent by kind permission of Colonel The
Hon. Alexander Caesar Napoleon Surrender, C.B.,
C.M.G., performed some more stirring military marches.
The entertainment was resumed with a short dramatic
sketch of military life in a crack regiment, the leading
character of which, Major Apollo Belvedere, was done to
the very pink of perfection by Master Roosevelt Cham-
berlain O'Rafferty. After the dramatic sketch Master
Bismark Muggins gave the following recitation:—

THE HERO OF BELVEDERE COLLEGE.

The dusk of night was falling upon Great Britain
Street,
And through the shadows palling, the rain began to
beat;
The windows brightly streaming with incandescent
light,
With brilliant lustre beaming, lit up the coming
night.

But, see, the shades grow thicker about that pawn-
shop there;
Is that a gaslight flicker, an artificial flare?
The clouds are thickly heaping in masses deep and
dire,
Good God! the flames are leaping; the pawnshop is
on fire.

The sturdy firmen, plying their engines, work away,
And send the water flying where flames most deadly
prey.
But still the demon fiery in fury raged around,
While many workers wiry, exhausted fell to ground.

Above the clamour teeming, arose a dreadful cry;
It was a maiden screaming from a window up on high.
Some tenant who delayed in that fated pop shop there,
A young and pretty maiden with lovely golden hair.

Three firemen brave essaying to reach the maiden
tried;
But, oh! the sight dismaying, they failed to reach her
side.
The vicious tongues so biting, from windows darted
red,
And sent them back alighting, abashed, and full of
dread.

Of rescue now despairing, the maiden said a prayer,
And she was just preparing to jump into the air,
When on the night clear ringing arose a British cheer,
And up the walls went swinging, a boy from Belve-
dere.

While cheers his course attended, this youth of royal
blood,
Through smoke and fire ascended to where the maiden
stood.
Then taking up the girl, through flame and fiery
heat,
He bore her safe from peril, and laid her on the street.

The people stood and wondered one moment with
amaze,
Then out their voices thundered a mighty hymn of
praise.
And down the firemen bended in homage most sincere,
Before the hero spendid, the boy of Belvedere.

After this a young gentleman gave a coster song;
another recited "The Charge of the Six Hundred" in
German; and then Master Courtenay Von Muldowney
sang:—

THAT DEAR LITTLE SPOT.

There's a dear little spot in old Paddy's green isle,
And the place it is Clongowes' great College,
Where high-born youths fairly royal in style,
Often come for refinement and knowledge.
For 'tis there they can see that their proud happy
sireland
Is England, and not poor despised little Ireland.

In this dear little spot in the land of the Gael
Toleration and peace are our daddies.
For 'tis our desire to offend not the Pale,
Or to have them regard us as Paddies.
For we heed not the natives and scum of this mire-
land,
But love all the swells who come over to Ireland.

In this dear little spot in low-down Paddy's land,
Many props of the Empire are moulded,
Who show their devotion on far foreign strand,
Or wherever her flag is unfolded.
For they're found on each desert and sun-blazing fire
land,
The blue-blooded sons of this College in Ireland.

This ended the grand concert at Clongowes.

A.M.W.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

IRISH-ENGLISH DICTIONARY. By Rev. P. S. Dinneen,
M.A. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, Ltd.; The
Gaelic League, 24 Upper O'Connell St. London:
David Nutt, 57 and 59 Long Acre. Price 7s. 6d.

THE CIVIL SERVICE TUTOR. Edited by Mr. Hughes
Hughes, C. S. Academies, Belfast and Londonderry.
Price 1d.

ON PUBLIC SPEAKING. By a Public Speaker. Dublin:
Messrs. Duffy and Co., Ltd. Price 2s.

FRED LEWIS and CO.'S PERFUMES AND TOI-
LET REQUISITES; IRISH MANUFACTURE.

AN ENGLISH-IRISH DICTIONARY.*

MR. O'NEILL LANE has placed his countrymen
under a debt of gratitude to him by the publi-
cation of his English-Irish Dictionary. The gift is all
the more valuable as it comes when our need was the
sorest. There was no greater hindrance to the full and
rapid development of the Gaelic movement than the
want of a good Irish-English and English-Irish Dic-
tionary. The former want is this very week supplied
by the publication of a Work as to which I shall say
nothing more for the present than that I have looked
forward to its appearance with high hopes.

For the present Mr. O'Neill Lane's work must en-
gross our attention. Mr. Lane tells us in his preface
"that he had scarcely emerged from boyhood when he
began the collection of his first Irish vocabulary." When
he became acquainted with the incomplete and
tentative efforts of his predecessors, he not only devoted
himself to the study of the written and printed litera-
ture serviceable for his enterprise, "but afterwards
spent five years wandering through Ireland in search of
material." He then made the important discovery that
"words which he had met with only in literature and
had supposed to be obsolete and had never heard in
Limerick or Kerry, were "very much alive" in other
parts of the country. This brings us face to face with
an urgent question which I am sorry Mr. Lane has
not dealt with and given us the benefit of trained
and experienced judgment upon it. The question is
how are obsolete words, or words obsolete in one part
of the country and very much alive in another part
of the country to be dealt with. Above all, how is the
introduction of new words in science, art, and literature
to be supervised and controlled. The growth of our
language was arrested some centuries by misfortunes to
which we need not here more particularly refer. This
"backwardation" must now be made good. Our lan-
guage must be brought abreast with modern progress
and culture. Unless the movement and expansion in
this direction is intelligently supervised and carefully
directed, there is, I fear, great danger that it will
lead to a linguistic chaos. Take for instance the word
"railway." The Gaelic is bóear ísliann—iron road.
This is well; it is the same as the French "chemin de
fer," and the German "eisen weg." But I suspect
we had a narrow escape from *peatmaic* or some abomi-
nation of that sort. Let us take another instance, the
word "electricity." Mr. Lane translates it *eteectrean*.
I regret, and I say it in no spirit of faultfinding,
that he does not give also a word proposed by Father
O'Leary, *i.e.*, *aitleac*, which he found in the phrase
"*naibé rponc aitleac tomeo*" in the *Silva Gadelica*:
[there was an electric blaze of fire.]

Nothing, I confess, gives me such absolute confidence
in the capabilities of the Gaelic language for scientific
uses as Father O'Leary's article in the *Gaelic Journal*
for December, 1889, vol. 10, p. 61. I can only find a
place for the following from it:—

Aitleac, like all words of the kind in Irish can be
used either as a substantive or as an adjective. Hence
we have—

Aitleac, sub. mas. The Electric fluid.

Aitleac, adj. Electrical, full of electricity.

Aibúró, adj. Having the nature or character of
electricity.

Aitleact, sub. Any effect produced by the action
of electricity.

Aitleogad, verbal noun. The using of electricity
for the purpose of producing such
effects.

The precision and brevity of this scientific terminology
cannot be surpassed, I doubt if it can be equalled in
any language. The reader has only to compare the Gaelic

* An English-Irish Dictionary by T. O'Neill Lane. Sealy,
Bryers and Walker, Dublin, 1904. Price 12s. 6d.

IRISH STATIONERY.—Poole's Stores, 34 Quay, Waterford, is the noted
house for Irish Stationery, Notepaper, Envelopes, Blotting Paper,
Ledgers, etc.

with the English column in the above to be convinced of this. But the practical question is how are the latent resources of our language to be best developed. It is generally acknowledged that the purity and precision which has placed the French language only just below the Greek as a vehicle for prose composition is mainly due to the French Academy. I believe that there is, if not at our doors just now, certainly coming rapidly on for our children a "bilingual" future. Would it not be prudent to take thought for this and secure adequate control and guidance for the stream of linguistic progress? We have seen not so long ago that the German Emperor diverted his thoughts for a time from his infant navy and issued a ukase to his officials as to how they should write their verbs in official German. We suspect that if he was in the English Foreign Office, a subordinate who sent him in a split infinitive would very soon find himself interned in a fortress. There is no official guardian of the purity of the English tongue. This duty is, in a measure, but very insufficiently performed by the educated gentlemen in the reporters' gallery. They save their readers from the "grunts" of the "whole hoggers" and "the squeaks" of the "little piggers," and the "hums and haws" of the unnamable residue of the porcine family. The result is chaos and decadence. The example of Greece might, I suggest, be usefully studied. I cannot say that my information is full or accurate on the subject, and it is to be wished that Mr. Swift McNeill, who cannot have forgotten his Oxford culture, would turn his "patent extractor" on Lord Lansdowne and compel him to tell us how these educational matters are done in Hellas. There, a decadent, if not dead language, has been revived with suitable modifications suggested by altered circumstances. The classic authors are studied in the schools, words long obsolete are resuscitated, and the standard of modern written or printed Greek is approximated to the ancient standard. The language of ordinary conversational Greek is improved, and the intelligence of the lower classes gradually elevated. I read lately of a vast audience sitting out in the open air in the theatre of Dionysius through a thunder-storm to hear the Greek of Euripides, in the matchless part of Medea, from the great *tragedienne* of Hellas. Surely a group of men like Father O'Leary and Dr. Hyde with others that might be named, could lay down rules which would be readily obeyed.

To return to Mr. O'Neill Lane. He has done his work single-handed. He is fully aware of what must necessarily be the case, that his labours will need to be supplemented. He therefore modestly and prudently wishes the co-operation of his fellow-countrymen in preparing material for a future edition. I trust that this appeal will be patriotically responded to, and I make no doubt that this will be so. Not the least interesting part of the volume, which is admirably printed on good paper by Messrs. Sealy, Bryers and Walker, is the List of Subscribers at the end. Looking through it one finds all the Archbishops and Bishops and very many of the dignitaries, parish priests and curates of the Catholic Church. The Church of Ireland on the other hand, is conspicuous by its absence. Possibly they are reserving their funds for the Dictionary turning Irish into English. The Bench is represented by a solitary ornament, Lord Justice Fitzgibbon.

ΔΡΤ.

ETHICS AND ECONOMICS.

OF all the atomic theories floating about the air of Ireland at the present time, perhaps the most hurtful in combination is that which imputes to our people certain defects of national character described as not ethically grave but economically paralysing.

I submit that, however well-intended as a polite gloss, this is a most mischievous distinction to make, were it only by reason of the fact that it instantly summons into court a throng of special pleaders who do their work admirably on both sides be it admitted—the Irish genius for special pleading being if anything a trifle over-

developed—with the natural result that it leaves the public mind more than ever fogged as to the true issues of the case at hearing. Problems of Irish life, apparently complex, are in reality not by any means so much complex as confused; nevertheless, upon the disentangling of them and placing them in their proper light and relative value now depends the very existence of Ireland as a nation. Nor can any Irishman who means to do his duty in the state of life to which it has pleased God to call him, afford to neglect this turn of affairs. Wherefore, there is a clear call upon both ethics and economics to enter into the spirit of the situation and work together.

This is a world of effort; life is a struggle for life. Well! the spirit which wins battles never has been far to seek in Ireland. Yet, notwithstanding this, 'tis not in itself a spirit capable of winning in warfare, for winning in warfare depends upon material supply beyond the resources even of courage, chivalry, and self-sacrifice. On which account, unless Ireland fits herself out with the equipment as well material as moral, and as well moral as material, demanded by modern conditions, she is bound to lag behind hopelessly in the forced march of civilization. She will lose place and credit and unique potentialities for doing good therewith. The other nationalities press forward unheeding, or, if they do sympathise with her backwardness, mouth it from the teeth out; and, howsoever that may be, it is better to be envied than pitied; and her own children, who have appetites and brains and ambitions which must be fed at least partly on a material pabulum with which she confesses herself unready to provide them, desert her at the first opportunity, in favour of the nations in which there is something going forward. Anything, be it good, bad, or indifferent, so long as something is being done. The stir of action turns young blood into wine.

What a chance Ireland now has, and the pure tragedy of it is that worse men than her worst sons could make a better use of it. Those others know what they want: they are not half-hearted. We want men.

Above all we want the young men—"the dear young men" such as Newman wanted, and Disraeli, when the one ambitious to change the ideals of an ecclesiastical polity, and the other to change the ideals of an empire. After all it is the faith of the young men in themselves and their causes that, as a matter of sober historic fact, has moved mountains; and, for their part, the young Irishmen of these latter days have it in their power to do more than remove mountains or demolish any mortal thing; they can build up, and build up monuments. Consider what opportunity means to the young, and how irresistible its attracting magnetism is at the selfish age which is yet such a doing age by reason of the very fact that youth wants to try its hand upon the last new method and open its mind to the last new thought, and feel its own feet under it. Natural healthy youth worships energy and sings out for what can give scope to the pluck which is in it. Its special note is courage. And opportunity is now come to it to conquer in a new field. Nowadays the emprises of commerce feel the hour to be their own, and their interplay is as oncarrying as was the first rush of battles in the older war-game. The epic of the wheat voices the new era. Even if informed with less intellectual culture than goes to the making of your university men and their kind cradled and bred up on epics of the antique world, there's an adventurous imagination proper to great speculators and projectors which is the poetry of the wharf and the counting-house and the iron road; and there is an infection about big undertakings and large and sanguine hopes which does things—stirs things up and sets them going, and keeps them going, which conjugates the verb to make in every mood and tense. Your poets in measured verse were accredited with being the only Makers in an era long ago. We know better now.

To re-make Ireland—what an exercise it gives to the virtue of tact; the half divine touch-faculty from which

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all distinction takes shape. Ireland and her people are worth making the best of, and without faith in both for a driving power this can never be done. A writer of subtle psychological clairvoyance has well testified to the depth and wisdom of the saying that no miracle can be wrought without faith—without the worker's faith in himself, as well as the recipient's faith in him. And the greater part of the worker's faith in himself is made up of the faith that others believe in him. The very capacity for good would go out of him without that saving egoism. Most people believe in God, and have a comfortable faith in themselves as well; but 'tis apt to waver and fail the moment there is a call upon it for belief in other people. More particularly does it fear to trust them with money lest they should misuse it, or with work which is the making of character and money. And this is a dead sure test of smallness and shallowness. Capacity is essentially a big thing, and has a power of character at the back of it. True, prophets and leaders are not average men, yet they have the priceless gift of giving the average man so productive a conceit of himself that he will meet them upon a common ground owing to the fearless confidence in his reason and good feeling expressed without offensive patronage or lecturer's high note or taint of condescension. Whereas the prophet doubtful of the acceptability of his message is sure to send forth an uncertain sound which probably will die into a whimper very irritating to his hearer's nerves; he is shifty, apologetic; he forgets what a valuable device assumption is in argument, and, in season and out of season, is impelled to vindicate himself, like a politician who has been upon the other side.

No man has call to be a prophet unless the sense of mastery masters him; unless he can imbue his listeners with the conviction that in good truth he has the power of looking further ahead into the future than they have. And in the past Ireland has suffered from nothing so much as from false prophets. That her confidence could readily be won back would lie wholly outside of human nature having regard to these circumstances.

How, then, to remedy this genuine mistrust which those, themselves mistrusting the Irish people, prefer to describe as apathy and indifference? Well: to begin with, there is this point of view with which one indubitably inspired man began and ended his own share of certain regenerating work which will leave a mark on this world to the world's end: "I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase." The full inwardness of those words is worth thinking upon at this day by every pioneer on earth, and sower that goes forth to sow, and wise master-builder. The craftiest of these last are those who take the highest ground. The man who is, in the loftiest sense of the word, a constructive statesman, recognises the foundations of racial character and institutions upon which any superstructure that would live down time must be reared. Statesmanship can find room in none but a spacious imagination. Even statecraft has depth of understanding to know that nations do not imitate nations except in their most superficial features. Of his own nation, every true man holds that, like the king's daughter, her beauty is from within.

So far, the Irishman, loyal to his country's interests, has had for the most part to find in the virtue its own reward. The Irishman of mark has seemed pursued by destiny and ingratitude therewith. Not wantonly but inevitably, and at call of the exacting qualities of the great things. Until this latter dawning the genius of Ireland has been too pre-occupied really to concern itself about men and women; in its drama these play a subordinate part, born tragi-comedians though all the sons and daughters of the land are. A nation is the heroic theme we follow, a mourning, wasted land its moving spirit; the impersonal assumes personality for us; the fable thereof is heavy with fate.

Ireland's attitude, moreover, had something to be said for it when she stood aloof, while in cosmopolitan markets the bidding was brisk for many things in respect of which some nations considered only the purchase, while she took

thought for the price. If she fell back too far upon a consecrated past, at least the mistake was a more honourable one, and more retrievable likewise, than that fallen into by whoso sells his birthright for a mess of pottage. Had she not a right to value and cherish braveries fed with her own blood? howsoever other-worldly these may be: despised by souls of Now, who would disjoint the mind from memory, and make Life all aim. She stands with folded hands and dreams in the daytime, the mockers and accusers say. Be it so: before now dreams have materialized into kingdoms of this world, and also not of this world. Some visions inspire rather than dissipate the energy of strong natures. Unreason ever will beat reason, if reason implies doubt, and unreason stands for huge instincts, which bear men on to almost impossible things. The Irish have always upheld themselves as a peculiar people in the Scriptural sense. There is a need upon them for a free growth for their peculiarities of character. To vindicate their claim to determine the methods and apply the powers of the national life is our people's ruling motive. Inexorably they are determined that our country shall recover her right to distinctive existence. What Ireland cares for at all she cares for very greatly, and can best and most honourably be influenced on that side. Her faith blocks the way is the catch-cry of those who have not faith in unfaith even. It does not. The Catholic Faith that is in her she has paid for with an ungrudged price, and the poorest day she ever saw she never lacked the spirit to be courteous. No people have a better right than Catholics to know precisely the essential values of men and matters; they know, too, the uses of accidents. The inconsistency, or worse, does not escape them, of the man who would not venture to approach his King save with all the courtly forms and ceremonies for the special occasion made and provided, yet denies observance to God Almighty. If Catholics in Ireland like their churches to be landmarks, and the steeples of them topped, not by a weathercock, but surmounted with the Cross of Christ, that preference is shared by hundreds of millions of Christians in the wide world. "The Irish would have been free long ago only for their damned souls," so said John Mitchell: and 'tis one of the minor significancies of our day that an academic gentleman, known to a sort of fame as a sonneteer, and just then making—over seas—a present of his views regarding the views of another gentleman not so academic as to be competitive, borrowed this sentiment from a man whose religion varied more than a little from his own, I imagine, and whose political ideals were unquestionably abhorrent to him, because even a stone picked up at fifty years' distance on the foreshore of an ocean of nonsense seemed better than nothing to fling at his own country in face of an audience of outlanders. What is this freedom cried upon here? I think we know the worth and integrity of it, and the use its well-wishers scheme to turn it to if only they could work up their tools and instruments to give it shape.

They never can nor will. The cause is, indeed, a hopeful one when the enemy simply cannot help giving himself away along the whole line—to adopt the cheerful metaphor of the groundlings. 'Tis a very obsession, and there appears to be a Providence in it. Nevertheless, on our side we must bear in mind that a real blemish upon Irish methods is hit by the chance shot of a modern sophist, who light-heartedly accepted the suggestion that better and bad (*melior* and *malus*) came from the same root, and accounted for it by the probable disposition of hostile tribes to call everything bad which their enemies called good, and everything good which their enemies called bad.

I reiterate the point wherewith I set out, therefore. The moral sense which does not include an economic sense is incomprehensible when you come to think of it; the fact is so obvious, indeed, that it requires no little skill in argument to make it convincing. Perspicuity is no characteristic of the average man. He wouldn't be an average man if it was. We all know the men who always judge rightly, and act wisely, when a case is fairly put

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before them; but who are quite destitute of acuteness of discernment and adroitness of conduct. I fear we far too seldom pay this bent of mind the respect that is its due, though: which is to put the case fairly and rely on the event. Certainly it cannot be said that the case of Ireland is stated to any advantage by the advocates of this or that belated specimen of mediaevalism on the one hand, or on the other hand by those who exploit a belated Manchesterism which England herself, who made it, and found it for a while useful as a productive instrument, has now worn out and flung behind her. To neglect the fair humanities of old religion will not hasten the wider diffusion of a cultivated intelligence. Quite the reverse. A nation's memories are a national asset just as much as turf, or pig-iron, or the tenpenny nails that look down on the pig-iron. Even the average man has five senses and believes himself to have seven: why, then, should a single sense—and that by a subtle irony the economic one—be suffered to swallow up all the interests of a nation? In setting aside this excessive claim, however, adjudicators would be well advised to forbear such a straining of terms as cannot but mislead. To call matter material is no slur upon it; God made it so; it is objectionable only when it is matter in the wrong place. It cannot be well to split life into disconnected parts. And, the world over, who can measure the extent to which religion and practical Christianity have advanced the interests dearest to them, in recent years during which it has seemed gradually to be dawning upon us all that industrial questions may possibly be at the bottom of many of the moral problems we have been trying so hard to solve in other directions—the temperance question among the more pressing of these, in Ireland especially. But they interdepend each and every one of them. Men's morals are not built into their natures in watertight compartments. What's best and worst in a man runs free in the blood. Nor are counsels of perfection very earnestly attended to in a world wherein men in the overpowering majority cannot by any means be induced to keep the whole of the Ten Commandments, but only those among them they happen to like best.

Most futile of futilities is Ireland overpersuading herself that she can do without her sons and her daughters for the sake of abstractions not worth the small sturdy body corporate of a single curly-headed little lad or lass trotting along the rough road to the parochial school, that to justify its existence will quickly need something to boast of beside the word national on the signboard over the door. National is a big word, and has a propensity for travelling a long way beyond the parish bounds, and little people have a deadly sure instinct in pouncing on humbug. The children will soon pull down the forementioned signboard if no one else will. They are learning things at home. In all the land vacancies are multiplying for masculine and muscular men and doings and writings. And that which will fill the said vacancies is taking concrete shape, too. Some of it has taken up a strong position already, and in a spirit deeper and more fundamental than any mere framework attaches itself to the coming time. With every respect for what was endured in the days gone by, when it was penal to uphold honest opinion in religion or politics, still the peoples of all nations have managed to survive lengthened periods of national gloom, nor can we term one hundred years, nor three hundred even, any very long period in the life of a nation, though men may come and men may go. One thing is certain, the Irish people—as a people never could have survived had they not had their full share of staying power: and to possess staying power at all involves a prodigious bit of latent strength. There is a call upon it now to shew itself openly for what it is. The day of whining ballad-mongers are over, and the time has come to sing a new song. Why should men alive be slaves to the dead?

I concede it is an ill thing to know nothing of the valour of the beaten host: but I maintain it is a mighty deal worse to know nothing else.

Neither do I overlook the longing which sometimes comes upon middle-aged men to be able to transport themselves back into the middle ages. The greatest fabulist of modern times tells a story or parable of one such

individual who got his wish, and how grievously it disagreed with him, notwithstanding that the middle ages were so far miscalled the dark ages as to hold in their darkest hour the germ of the Renaissance, beside producing the cathedrals and the universities and the pioneers of modern literature and science. (So find we profit, by losing of our prayers!) The fact is, your middle aged men, as well as middle aged times, are hasty to take alarm at the hatred young men shew of systems outworn or wearing to rags; nor can it be denied that masking the sixteenth century Renaissance and every other, there is a surface paganism which frightens many good Christian souls. They need not be afraid of it in the very least. Saint Paul, who was a record-breaking Christian himself, and a doing man in the world's policy into the bargain, very all round, bears witness that he was debtor both to the Greeks and to the barbarians, both to the wise and to the unwise. C.



ON CHEAP CHURCHES FOR THE POOR.

A STRONG suggestion of those who have attacked attacked the necessary—still to-day more necessary church building in Ireland is that the little money they have cost is, as it were, lost altogether. This little money is dexterously made to represent an enormous outlay, and when not actually stated in so many words, is also represented as being drawn from an exhausted people who need every penny of it for loaves and Dublin Bay herrings. Now money is always reluctantly given by the majority of people for purposes wherein they do not personally benefit, and Ireland is like other countries in this matter of giving. That the Irish, when giving to the Church, do really benefit themselves, morally, mentally, bodily or spiritually, is one reason why they give; the chief reason why the majority give, I imagine. They expect, and they do really receive, *value* for their money. That is a very rough and ready way of putting it. But that enormous sums have been spent on church building in a Catholic country (that a few years ago was without any tolerable Catholic churches) is a fallacy. A fallacy by analysis. For, if every Catholic inhabitant in Ireland were compelled to give only one penny per month toward church building, in twenty years all that has been unfortunately built could be built over again. *Absit omen!* I said unfortunately.

If "economy" is attempted in any quarter in Ireland, then is it attempted by the clergy in the building of the people's churches. How to save money, and how to make a shilling produce a meretricious effect, where it would take an honest pound to create a finer (and sometimes a more lasting one) is a problem that the industrious parish priest, or tireless peripatetic bishop, seem constantly solving. They usually start with no money at all. When I read articles—as I have done once or twice of late—about enormous expenditure on costly churches set among garnishing hovels of poverty, I could almost smile to think of the six or eight shillings a week temperately spent on the family porter for the "hovel" and the penny door-money for the support of the parish priest on Sunday; if the penny be always given. The clergy appeal for money, and from the truly poor they ask and expect nothing. The church itself, when built, is to be mainly for the poor—but the poor are blessed with nothing—yet it is they who are to receive, not give; and this is as it should be. Then there is the mission to the United States, or to Australia and Canada; and there are the thousands of letters that are sent to these countries pleading for money; the thousands of bazaar tickets which are sent to and bought in America and the Colonies; and the other manifold ways of collecting money that the parish priest, too poor to travel, has to resort to. The poor Irishman at home keeps his hands in his pockets. He is asked for nothing; he is to receive, not give; the church is to be built for him. And the poor we shall always have—under monarchy, bureaucracy or anarchy, or any other system of minding each other's business for ourselves.

But the poor man, or rather the labouring man, in other ways, receives, not gives. A man, more blessed in worldly goods, also receives his share of the spoil from America. It may be an architect, or it may be a monumental mason—by courtesy a “sculptor.” Let A have a shop, with a figure or two and half-a-dozen tombstones in the window. Now let A have a relative, B, with some money—let B be, for instance, the widow of a retired publican. B gives forty, or fifty, pounds for an altar (say, a miserable hundred) out of her late departed’s savings, and suggests to the P.P. that A shall have the making of the altar—the P.P. being an “Irish Revivalist,” likewise A, of course. A receives the forty, or fifty, pounds (say, the miserable hundred) and keeps ten, or twenty, for profit, having expended the remainder on material, and assistant labour. This is the one direct form of bodily gain, for the labourer in the limestone quarry, or, as it may be in church building, in the brick-field or in the stone-yard at the site of the church itself. And the skilled workman stands to gain always, no matter what be undertaken, from a crocketed spire to hot water pipes. Provided the money is spent in Ireland there is no loss whatever; and as, perhaps, two-thirds of the money has been collected abroad, the country has been enriched to some extent beyond what would have resulted from the mere circulation of home money. Church building, on the whole, has brought money into the country. So far as Irish workmen have been employed this money has remained here.

But this money, after all, has been little enough. My point is that the churches are the cheapest of the cheap. It is a rough impeachment, this squandering of money on costly churches which do not exist; but strangely enough the apologists for the churches turn this into an impeachment as soft to the soul as butter to a hot mouth. We love our Church, ah! how dearly, and therefore we make sacrifices and spend of our substance freely and generously. So we are proud of what you accuse us of; nobly, righteously proud. It is a very soft impeachment and we self-consciously blush on being detected in our church building virtue!

What is the truth about the “magnificence” and the “enormous expenditure” of these “costly churches”? The truth is that there is not a really fine modern church in the country—and hardly a few tolerable ones. I rely more on a just critic who shall be studying Ireland a hundred years hence, than any of to-day, to bear my words out on this point, but I know well that any fair minded art critic of to-day will agree with me that by a fine church is to be meant one much more than merely strongly built. He will agree with me that by a fine church we ought to mean an edifice that carries upon it, and contains within it, more of fine art than it is possible for the modern mechanical tradesman to supply at such and such a “reduction for cash.” An edifice in fine and in fact that as a whole, or at least in great part, shall awaken in people of taste emotions of joy and content, and not those of disgust or indifference. For that, after all, is the final test of any work of art; its power to work for joy through the emotions. Not merely its power to evoke pleasure, which is a fleeting thing, and may be an ill thing; but to awaken joy from the creative depths of our being, and which becomes a recuperating

memory even should the object that generated it cease to exist. Were most of the works, say, of Mino da Fiesole or Benedetto da Majano to disappear from the earth tomorrow those who have delighted in them have known what joy means, and how it remains in the soul.

Where are we to find, in Ireland, these “magnificent,” these “fine and beautiful” churches upon which so much money (it is said) has been lavished? Where in the diocese of Dublin—the richest diocese in Ireland, I believe—a diocese without even a Cathedral? How many tolerable—barely tolerable—cathedrals are there in the twenty eight dioceses of Ireland? I know some of the reasons why they do not exist; but my point is, again, that they do not exist; that fine, costly churches do not exist at all in Ireland; that Ireland is a country of cheap makeshift churches. The best of the few tolerable Cathedrals are cheap. I can’t conceive that a noble Cathedral for Dublin—one in which the poor could enjoy that perpetual eye-feast of beauty, that would silently educate them more usefully for the true battles of life than the best of modern schools—could be built and completed for less than half a million pounds. And yet I hold that a beautiful little church could be well built for ten thousand, only *one-seventh* the price that the British Government paid, a few years ago, for a picture, originally a small altarpiece for a family chapel. But such a church would not hold many people—that is the difference.*

So far removed from the magnificent, or the beautiful, are these cheap showy churches that I wonder that those casting about for malicious attack have not accused the clergy of malappropriation of funds, or something equally nauseous, just clear of libel. A parish priest will never give even six hundred pounds for a life-sized figure of a saint when he can get “as large” a one for about sixty in a shop—or, perhaps, a plaster replica of the latter for sixteen, or less. If the poor man can raise six hundred pounds for his “noble Gothic” church he will rather spend it on twenty “stained glass” windows, five new altars with canopies selected to “match” those on the windows, a set of stations from Germany (at a price he would have to pay a self-respecting artist for one), and still have a balance in hand toward the completion of the belfry or the presbytery.

Cheapness—tradesmen’s competitive cheapness is the dominant note everywhere. Priests really seem to be the most economically minded people in the world. They are always trying to save the cost of original design. But, in art, money spent in this way means a false economy. A small statue for six hundred pounds—cheap enough in all conscience if by a good artist—or an altar for six thousand, that would relieve the whole parish ever afterward of the burden of providing another statue, or altar, when the American closes his fist on his dollars (as he will some day)—such would represent more thoughtful economy than those results of shopping expeditions in search of “cheap lines” in statuary.

But cheap, or not, the church in a parish is the one place the poor hold in a perpetual lease for their use and benefit. The poor man in his “hovel” may not have contributed a penny piece toward the “magnificent” church, or he may, but one thing is certain, and that is that the poor do inherit the churches of Catholic Christendom. They do not simply visit the churches once a week; they

* In 1890, Lord Iveagh gave ten thousand pounds towards a total sum of fifty-five thousand pounds, the price of three portrait pictures acquired by the London National Gallery. And very fine portraits they are.

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use them. For them the churches are daily temples of utility. The poor rightly have them for they want them, and they enjoy them. But our modern Irish Catholic churches are not good enough for the poor—they are too cheap—the clergy have attempted too much with their scanty means. Fine churches are wanted now by all, indeed—but especially by the poor who can't travel and see fine—yet we shall never have fine churches so long as cheapness is a chief consideration in their building.

ROBERT ELLIOTT.

CORK YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY.

THE conference between some delegates representing some southern Young Men's Societies, held on Sunday last in the Hall of the Cork one, once more brings that institution before one's consideration. This is not the first time the Cork Society has been referred to in these pages—if it will be hammered into shape, doubtless it should not be the last, for there is so much lee way to be made up and so little disposition to heed even the most pertinent criticism. At a time when religious sodalities were fewer than they are to-day, the Cork Young Men's Society was a power for the spiritual good of its members far beyond what might at first sight appear, for its fundamentals were and are on religion, and many a young man, content with the practical, found all that he required within its walls. It is only right to say that some distinguished men have passed through it in time, but I fear it must be admitted that it was the Society that gained by their genius, not their genius by the Society. Yet, at one time it was not without an intellectual life; to-day it has simply none whatever. I must, to a certain extent, account for its inactivity. A Society of the strictly practical does not satisfy. "Not by bread alone —," but that one I now speak of is neither fish nor flesh, and thus fails to capture either one school or the other. The Literary and Scientific Society here, for instance,

represents one pole; there will always be minds that would seek to root up the bones of Shakespeare in the hope of their giving some clue to the authorship of the plays! The Literary and Scientific holds them to a unit. What then is left to the Young Men's Society? The audience that will have all the limelight views at the lecture and feels how convenient it would be if the interval between each could be abridged. But it does not command even the rigidly practical—for them it moves too slowly and drowsily, the mind of the Society can be no better than the mind of its members, and yesterday it lost one good mind, to-day it loses another, and to-morrow it parts with another till nought but the mental cripples remain. If the Society offers no field for mental expansion, if rather it narrows down, the healthy mind that will never conform and that to-morrow wants to break new ground to that of to-day, will refuse a partnership in the company. "Whoso," says Emerson, "would be a man must be a non-conformist." "Whoso," says our Society, "will be of me must put on my straight jacket, think as I think, say as I say." Give us the boy fresh from the country school—we will brush off his angles. No doubt, but take a heed that in the operation you do not brush off what you disregard but what is of infinite value to him, namely, character, individuality.

Well, Sunday's conference suggested a possible right-about-face, and the opportunity of being with, at least, two master minds for a while, and so I attended. But what was the conference all about? I have been asking that question all the week, and no one can tell me. The delegates from seven or eight Societies were met by the Lord Mayor, feasted by him; there were some toasts, and talking, and *plémér*. Later on in the day the proceedings were continued at the Young Men's Society Hall; papers were read, speeches were made, votes of thanks were passed, a decision was arrived at that the next festivities would be at Waterford a long time hence; more refreshments and the party broke up.

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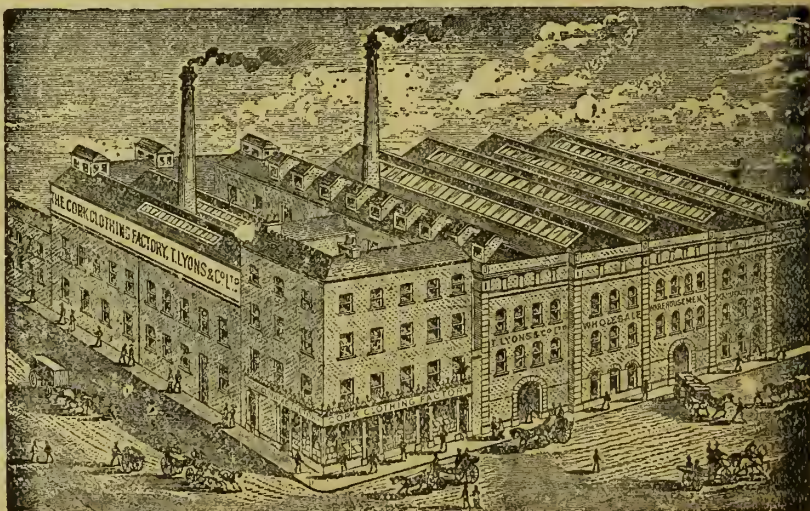
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And is that all? That's all! Nothing in the way of action was done, no programme, no public opinion formed upon any of the social troubles of the day. Does the Society boast of a thousand members? If it does where were they on Sunday last, or a half, or a quarter, or a tenth of them? I look upon the conference as a waste of time; a waste of money the bringing of delegates together to discuss nothing, for what was there to discuss in Sunday's proceedings? I hope that those who spoke of the great good that would arise from this conference, spoke their minds sincerely; for my part, I honestly don't see any such prospect.

The papers—two of them were, indeed, worth hearing. 'Twas a pity that one could not have the two and shut out the subsequent discussion. The first, summarised in a nutshell, was a plea for self-reliant thinking. I hope all who heard it followed out the reasoning to that end. I hope the Committee of the Society or whatever fraction of it was represented at the conference, felt the force of the essayist in his attack of the shallow thinking of the day. The second paper, entitled a "Lay Sermon," by Rev. C. W. Corbett, C.C., President of the Queenstown Society, is one of the most forcible I have ever heard or read—forcible in its simplicity, truth and directness. Great papers, full of ideas, and yet there was no life in the conference. In the first paper, largely abstract, there were debatable points, as there must necessarily be in any such subject, and no doubt many of the delegates didn't view eye to eye with the essayist, but never a word of disagreement was heard save in one solitary instance, and that was put forward clumsily.

Mental mediocrity all round is killing the Cork Young Men's Society. The days when its religious safeguards were sufficient justification for its existence are gone. It will not readily admit that, but it seems to me to be a fact, and as such I have no desire to close my eyes upon it. What, then is to be done? There is no obligation upon him who criticises to construct, but for the mental mediocrity I have a suggestion. The Society has the patronage of practically all the Catholic clergymen of the city. It has a debating society; let it

ask the priests who take an interest in its working, to come in and read papers and debate, and shake up the whole rusty machinery. A successful debating guild is the life of the Society. Stimulate interest there, excite a rivalry between head and head, make the lazy think and the thoughtful more powerful and stout of heart, and in time you will have a young Society that will make history like the old one did 20 years ago! Instead of lime-light views and the usual padding, substitute public debates, invite the public men of the city to come in and tell off your own best brains against them—make the mind of the Catholic Young Men's Society the mind of Cork. Look to the requirements of your own members in your winter lectures; if your lady patrons will still favour you, let them be welcome, but let the tastes of the members prevail. The Society shall take off its gloves and grapple with things; the young members shall call upon those who profess to have their interests deeply at heart to show it in a practical way by visiting them more frequently and giving them the benefit of their education and experience; criticise fairly and squarely and fearlessly. The general meetings shall be less harmonious but more hearty, and thus you shall help to make the Cork Young Men's Society what it ought to be and what its age so well deserves—the best of its kind in the land.

S.

IRISH GROWN BULBS.

A CATALOGUE that has recently been published, suggests what must be a considerable item of expenditure in Ireland, a greater proportion of the amount devoted to which one would wish to see retained here. The catalogue (bearing the printers imprint, by the way, of An Cló-Cumann, Át Cluá, on whom its execution reflects credit) is that of the well known firm of Sir James W. Mackey, Ltd., Dublin, and is concerned with bulbs and roots and such things. In their publication, the firm draws special attention to their Irish-grown bulbs, particularly daffodils and May flowering tulips. These bulbs are grown in the South

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of Ireland, and it is claimed they are harvested under exceptionally favourable conditions, the Irish climate and soil being eminently suitable for their cultivation. I learn that these Irish-grown bulbs, to say the least of them, possess a quality equal to that which has long been supposed to be peculiar to the produce of Holland. Although bulb-growing to a certain extent has existed for a considerable time here, it is only within recent years that it has assumed the proportions of an industry in Ireland, and it may as yet be said to be in its infancy.

Size and weight in proportion form the criterion by which the expert estimates a bulb. Size alone is not a sufficient guide, as an unhealthy growth can frequently be attained, forced on by stimulants, with the result that a soft spongy bulb is produced, very liable to disease, producing too often in turn an imperfectly developed flower.

In addition to the description of bulbs mentioned above, several important classes can be grown in Ireland to a perfection unsurpassed elsewhere. In one tuber especially, the anemone, I am informed we possess a practical monopoly, as like the shamrock, it only comes true from Ireland. Continental growers, it seems, recognise their inability to successfully cultivate this tuber, which appears to deteriorate away from Ireland. It is, consequently, largely shipped to Dutch and other foreign growers, and the firm already referred to export considerable quantities of it annually to meet such requirements.

O.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION IN PEMBROKE.

THE lack of technical training has always been a great drawback in the industrial and commercial life of Ireland. Owing to it, our tradesmen have been placed at a serious disadvantage compared with those of other countries where more attention has been paid to this important department of education. The authorities of the Pembroke Technical Schools are about taking an important step in this direction during the coming winter. Readers of the LEADER will remember some comments which appeared some time ago in its editorial columns concerning motor industry, which read to this effect:—"It was a pity a little of the money so lavishly spent on auto-mobiles could not be diverted

into Irish pockets." It is interesting in this connection to note that classes are to be formed in the Pembroke Technical Schools for the teaching of Motor Engine Construction. The Mechanical Propulsion of Boats is a branch of this subject, which will, very wisely, receive due consideration, as it is believed if the trawler owners of the neighbourhood could be induced to fit their vessels with motor engines, it would be greatly to their advantage. The City of Dublin and the Pembroke Technical Schools have entered into a sort of friendly alliance or contract, by which in order to conserve their energies, each will specialize in certain subjects to be left untouched by the other. Motor Engineering is the one selected by the Pembroke School, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, Carpentry, Science, Art, Commerce and Domestic Economy will all receive the same careful attention as hitherto. A word to the young women may not be out of place here. It is to be hoped that they will all take advantage of the excellent opportunity offered them to make themselves good housekeepers, and to gain a sound knowledge of Domestic Science. The women are the home-makers, and much of Ireland's future welfare depends on the homes made by them.

There are groups of classes, so that the special wants of individual students are catered for and at a slight increase over the fee for one class, instruction can be gained in several allied subjects.

Every student in the school has a chance of winning one of the numerous scholarships in all departments, so generously bestowed by business firms and private gentlemen, also a school prize.

The examination results this year could not have been better. There was one Honours, and one 1st Class Pass gained in the ordinary grade of Electrical Engineering City and Guilds. This shows up well against 4 1st Class, 35 2nd Class Honours, and 53 1st Class Ordinary Grade won out of 737 candidates from all parts of the world in the preceding year. The Commercial students got 48 certificates last spring as against 11 the previous year.

The Committee have been successful in obtaining positions for some of their students, and are always most willing to assist in doing so whenever possible.

R.

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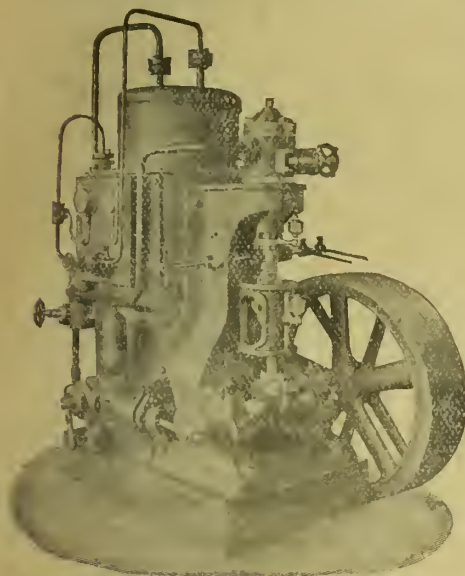
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Will be held in the Round Room on Wednesday, October 12th, at 8 o'clock p.m. His Eminence Cardinal Logue will preside.

A Paper, dealing with the University Question, will be read by Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick.

The following have consented to speak on the occasion:—His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Healy, Archbishop of Tuam; Sir T. G. Esmonde, Bart., M.P.; Professor Magennis, F.R.U.I.; Sir Henry Bellingham, Bart.

Admission—Balcony, 1s.; Body of Hall, 6d.

Thursday, October 13th, Pillar Room, Rotunda.

Morning: 11 - 1.30 o'clock. Papers will be read on "Some Books of the Year," by Judge Carton, K.C.; "Protestantism and Prosperity in Ireland," by the Rev. Dom. Patrick Nolan, O.S.B.

Afternoon: 3 - 5.30 o'clock. Papers will be read by Rev. H. Bowerunge on "Church Music"; by Mr. R. J. Kelly, B.L., on "The Purpose and Publications of the Catholic Truth Society"; and by Count Plunkett, B.L., on "Christian Art in Modern Ireland."

Admission 6d. to each Session.

The Railway Companies are issuing cheap tickets in connection with the Conference. Railway vouchers can be obtained on application to the Hon. Secretary, Rev. F. E. O'Loughlin, C.C., 27 Lower Abbey Street. Associates' Tickets (transferable), admitting to the Public Meeting and the Sessions of the Conference, can be obtained for 1s. 6d. from Messrs. Gill & Son, Upper O'Connell Street, Dublin; Messrs. Clery & Co. (Book Department), Lower O'Connell Street, Dublin; Messrs. Duffy & Co., Wellington Quay, Dublin; C. Bull, Sackville Street, Dublin; Messrs. Cahill, Parliament Street, Dublin; Messrs. Coyne, 31 Duggan Place, Rathmines; Dr. English, 17 Rathgar Road.

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Estimates are required from competent Builders on or before the 8th day of OCTOBER NEXT for erecting a new Building in connection with the Brigidine Convent, Tullov, Co. Carlow. The plans and specification can be seen at our office. The quantities have been prepared by Mr. James Mackey, Surveyor, 58 Dame Street, Dublin, and can be had on application to him. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

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ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF

FATHER THEOBALD MATHEW, O.S.F.C.

APOSTLE OF TEMPERANCE.

ANNIVERSARY ORATION BY

Rt. Hon. Councillor Hutchinson, Lord Mayor.

SPEAKERS:—Rev. T. A. Finlay, S.J., M.A., F.R.U.I.; Rev. P. Sexton, D.D.; Alderman Coffey, High Sheriff; Joseph Mooney, J.P., Co.C.; Michael Dunn, B.L.

Ode in Irish by τὰὸς ὁ τὸν ματῶν.

Songs will be contributed by MISS AGNES TREACY, R.I.A.M.

Selections on the Harp by MR. OWEN LLOYD.

Very Rev. FATHER ALOYSIUS, O.S.F.C., will preside.

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By the REV. JOHN NAUGHTON, S.J.,

And in the Evening at 7 o'clock,

ANOTHER APPEAL

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THE LORD MAYOR AND LADY MAYORESS

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At the Last Mass by the

VERY REV. DR. KEANE, O.P.

And in the Evening, after Complin,

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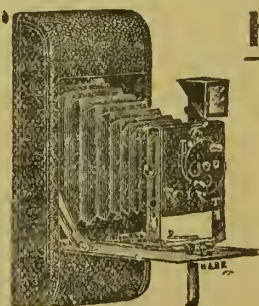
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THE LEADER.

A Review of Current Affairs, Politics, Literature, Art and Industry.

Vol. IX., No. 8.

(Registered as a
Newspaper.)

DUBLIN, 15th OCTOBER, 1904.

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CONTENTS.

CURRENT AFFAIRS:—

Superstition in England	...	113
Irish Drapers' Assistants' Association	...	113
Pro-Boers of Killarney and Tommy	...	114
T. W. Russell and "Saved" Ascendancy	...	115
Professor Dowden on the War Path	...	117
Etc., Etc.		

ARTICLES:—

Cá buille agus buille ann	...	118
The Devolution Drama	...	118
A Feis for the Symbolists	...	119
The Cork Industrial Exhibition	...	120
A Minor Poet in Eruption Again	...	121
The Shoneen's Return	...	123
Innisfail	...	123
Concerning Prayer Books	...	124
A Soft Day at Spiddal	...	125
CORRESPONDENCE	...	126

NOTICE.

THE LEADER will be sent, post free, to any part of Ireland or Great Britain for three months, on receipt of Postal Orders value 1s. 8d.; six months, 3s. 3d.; one year, 6s. 6d. The rates of subscription for foreign postage are:—Three months, 2s. 2d.; six months, 4s. 4d.; twelve months, 8s. 8d.

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Business Letters should be addressed to the Manager, at the Offices, 33 Lower Abbey Street, Dublin.

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CURRENT AFFAIRS:

Those who tell us that the survival of superstition "in backward districts" of Ireland is sapping the people's strength of purpose should consider well the case of the Keiros and others who practised fortune-telling, palmistry, clairvoyance and kindred arts, not in any of the "backward districts" of Ireland, but in "saved" England's great metropolis. The counsel for the defence, Mr. Yelverton, said that these practitioners had among their "clients" some of the "most distinguished people." Think over that, now. The clients were not mere bog-trotters, "peasants," servant girls or labouring men; no, they were some of the most distinguished people. The prosecuting counsel, Mr. Gill, read some of the correspondence between the prisoners and their clients, and it is sufficiently astonishing. One woman wrote from Bradford that she was nearly heart-broken, and was afraid she would never marry a certain man. She added—"Enclosed is order for £2 for the crystal, but I haven't seen anything in it yet." Another client wrote:—"I am writing to inform you that my exam. comes off in April, and, as you may expect, I am in a mortal funk about it. . . . I have appealed to you in the hope of your being able to do something in the way of hypnotism in order to ensure my success. Can you?" In a letter from a lady who had been warned not to ride in December for fear of a horse accident, the client asked—"Does this apply to driving, as I don't ride. It will be very inconvenient for me not to drive at that time, and I want to ask you if it is quite safe."

Now we venture to say that, if all this had happened at Clonmel or Limerick, and had the "clients" consisted exclusively of the wives and daughters of local county councillors and persons of about that rank, and

had they been, in fact, all persons connected with Nationalists, and themselves all Catholics—then, we say, our candid critics would have read us a pretty lecture indeed upon the things that may thrive under the blighting wing of "Romanism." We are told that the people of Ireland are "not allowed to think." Well, we thank goodness they are not allowed to think that they can be helped to pass "exams." by means of hypnotism! It is, we hope, only among an "Imperial people" that that sort of "thinking" is possible. As for the lady who sent the £2 for the "crystal" saying she "had not seen anything in it yet," we suspect that a little chap out of the Christian Brothers' Schools could have told her beforehand that she never would "see anything in it." Mr. Yeats might, or "Æ." perhaps, but not an ordinary, healthily-constituted Irishman. The amount of this charlatanism that flourishes in London is enough to give browbeaten Papists a queer opinion of the "Imperial Protestant people" who govern us against our will in the interest of the local "saved." If we had only time we should like to put the brain of this Imperial people under our microscope and make a searching examination of its contents. Though it might not be edifying it would be surely instructive.

We have before us the Third Annual Report and Statement of accounts of the Irish Drapers' Assistants' Benefit and Protective Association. The income for the financial year ending August 31st, amounted to £2,280 19s. 3d., and the expenditure to £1,827 10s. 8d., and the difference, together with the balance on hand at the end of the previous year leaves a total net balance to the credit of this Irish Association of upwards of £1,700. The amount paid during the year in benefits to sick and unemployed members was £1,098 1s. 10d. Three new branches were established and 780 new members were enrolled during the year; the total effective membership on the 31st August last, was 2,270. The loss in membership as against the gain in new members of 780 was 225. It is interesting to analyse the loss. Fifty-eight left the trade, 45 emigrated, 8 died, 9 started in business, 21 resigned, and 84 are unaccounted for. During the year the organ of the Association, *The Drapers' Assistant* was established. We read that of the amount subscribed in connection with the recent dispute at Cork, about nine-tenths was contributed by members of the Irish Drapers' Assistants' Benefit and Protective Association; this was a remarkable contribution, the more so in view of the fact that the dispute arose out of an alleged grievance on the part of a man in the trade who was closely identified with the forwarding of a rival trade organisation whose head quarters are in England. We hope that the assistants of Ireland will rally round this organisation in such a manner that next year will mark even a greater growth of its strength than is recorded in its Third Annual Report.

At the recent annual meeting of the Newry Branch of the Gaelic League, the President (Very Rev. Hugh O'Reilly, M.R.I.A.), mentioned an extreme instance of anti-Gaelic spite and spleen of which the Branch was made the victim. There exists in Newry, it seems, a snobby body called the Newry Agricultural Society, the chief people in which are Sourfaces, amongst whom is a sprinkling of tame Cawtholics, of the usual spineless kind. Last year the Branch wanted to hold its Feis in the field of this precious Agricultural Society, and the use of the field was magnanimously granted by the Society for £5. On discovering that the Feis was to be held on a Sunday, the Agricultural Society cancelled the agreement and backed out of the affair! This year the Committee in charge of the Feis arrangements

determined to give no such opening for bigotry, and fixed the Feis for a week-day. When the application for the use of the field came before the Agricultural Society some members of that worthy body referred to the applicants as "the Gaelic League people," who "might go to Warrenpoint," where "the sea air would do them good." With these sneers the matter was disposed of! What do our preachers of "tolerance" say to this? Is this kind of thing bigotry, or is it a manifestation of "independent political thought?"

There is published in Tralee a good little paper called *The Kerryman* which we are happy to recommend. It is a bright paper, full of local news and interest, and it pushes the Gaelic and Industrial Revivals with sense and sincerity. What we specially wish to notice in it now is an article on some proceedings of the Killarney Urban District Council. This august body, during the Boer War, passed a resolution of sympathy with the Boer cause, which, as *The Kerryman* says, "does not appear to have done the Boers much good." Now the noble Urban Councillors of Killarney have veered around the other way, have purged their pro-Boerism, and have inclined a favourable ear to a diametrically opposite proposal to their gallant resolution of sympathy passed a few years back. The new proposal is to erect a memorial in Killarney to what Mr. Maurice Leonard calls "The Munster Boys who died fighting for their country." If we don't grossly mistake, this Mr. Maurice Leonard is Lord Kenmare's agent, and a gentleman who distinguished himself as a landlord's man during coercion times. When he speaks of the Munster Boys who died fighting for their country, he does not mean Munster lads who died fighting under Sarsfield, at Landen, or under Clare, at Fontenoy, and when he speaks of "their country," he does not mean Ireland. What Mr. Leonard means is the "boys" of the Munster Fusiliers, who died fighting against the Killarney Urban Council's former friends, the Boers! When Mr. Leonard speaks of "their country," he means England, or else the British Empire; he certainly can't mean Ireland, where the overpowering majority of the people were heart and soul for the Boers. How did Mr. Leonard's proposal fare with the quondam Boer "sympathisers?" They passed it by a majority of five votes to two!

The Kerryman makes the following sensible, timely reflections on the whole affair:—"Such, God help us, is the Urban Council of Killarney to-day, and such, we are afraid, is many another public body in the country at the present time. We seem to be living in an age of sham. All over the country we have individuals, public bodies, newspapers making daily protestations of their Nationality, and yet the few industries left us are in a precarious condition, our native language is nearly dead, and our people are fleeing the country for want of employment. If people were doing their duty to their country such would not be the case. We are not asked to do much. We are no longer required to risk our lives in the cause of Ireland. We would be doing our duty fairly well if we support Irish industries, which would help to check emigration, and if we do our part in keeping alive our native language. That such is not being done, or even seriously attempted by the great majority of the people, few thinking persons will deny. There seems to be some curse upon the land, and it is sad to think that Tone and Emmet died for a country that can produce men like Spillane, Hurley and Huggard, who helped to degrade their native town, or men like Coakley and Fitzgerald, who had not the courage of their convictions—whatever they are. Of the action of Leonard and Hilliard we take no notice. We could expect nothing else from them. The degradation of Killarney will not be without one good effect if it induces people to think."

In another part of this new paper we find a column of local paragraphs called "Kerryisms," from which we clip the following:—"We must candidly say we believe Killarney is not as democratic as the other Kerry towns,

and we know them all. Of course there are 'good men and true' in it, but it appears to contain a high percentage of snobs of both sexes. How they dearly love a lord there! The over-dressed young men and women in Killarney are powerful factors in the town. Whilst there is a kind of a mild respect for the boy or girl who is just sensibly dressed, they have no chance with the 'shapers.' This might be excusable in a country village, but it should not be so in a big town like Killarney. It is a study for the gods to see 2½d. looking down on 2d. 'Well, the consate o' thim Murphies!' as a well known racy phrase has it. So they have "bucks," and "young bloods," and, we suppose, "aughty toffs," down in Killarney too? No wonder "Lah-land" is a poor country. *The Kerryman* comments adversely on the way the streets of Killarney are kept as compared with Kenmare and other Kerry towns. This we can confirm. We have been in these parts, and have had experience of it all. After a few hours hard rain the streets of Killarney could put "Dirty Dublin" to shame in the way of mud. Could not the Urban Council spend a little money keeping the streets of Killarney clean, and let the monument to the "Munster boys who died for their country" wait a bit. Could they not improve the fearsome by-lanes and villainous looking places off the main street? They want to put up something to gratify and attract the British tourist? Take our word for it, cleanliness will attract the British tourist if he be worth attracting—twice as fast.

We note that at Mr. John Redmond's Philadelphia meeting, a Mr. Michael J. Ryan said:—"If the North Star should cease to shine, and the compass should refuse its function, the way between Ireland and this Western Continent could still be traced across the Atlantic by the white bones of Irish emigrants who have perished on the journey." Now this sort of grandiose high-falutin' will hardly stop emigration if we be any judges of the matter. At the Boston meeting General Patrick Collins, Mayor of Boston, who, we are told, emigrated more than forty years ago, said:—"We must reflect that the depopulation of Ireland has been alarmingly rapid until very recently. Though the bones and ashes of all my ancestors, save one, rest in Irish earth, I still could not feel a sympathy with the land merely if it was an Ireland without the Irish." Quite so; we are all the same in the trend of our sympathies in this matter, but has nobody anything practical to suggest? When are some of these Irish-Americans or American-Irish coming over here to start an industry or two, and give "the old country," as they are eternally calling it, the benefit of some of their business knowledge, enterprise, and capital? That would be business, not *raimeis*. We are sick of sympathy in this affair; we want action, we want a policy. The "English wolves" are howling to-day for Redistribution, just as formerly they howled for Coercion. They say that Ireland's representation in the "Imperial" Parliament is grossly in excess of her population? What system of government has been coincident with the growth and continuation of the exodus? When will our windy Emmpees take up this aspect of the matter, and publish emigration statistics as a counterblast to the people who are working the Redistribution cry in England? Such figures should be in themselves the most powerful indictment possible against the governing of this nation as now carried on under the auspices of the "Imperial" Parliament at Westminster and the Privy Council at Dublin Castle. The Parliamentary Party have shown themselves for long enough without a policy in this matter. It is time for them to take one up, and to do something besides provoking high-falutin' Mr. Michael J. Ryan, of Philadelphia, to relieve himself of sympathy in the form of froth.

A meeting was held at the Mansion House recently to arrange about the great excursion to the battlefield of Fontenoy in the no distant future date. The Lord Mayor presided. After a series of *raimeis* speeches a committee was formed to make all the necessary arrangements for the great pic-nic. The projectors of this big pleasure trip would evidently have people believe that there is something eminently patriotic about it. We,

however, see none in it, beyond that ephemeral Vanity Fair sort of patriotism which delights in the pageantry, but shrinks from the reality; that Wolfe Tone demonstration pattern of patriotism which, like the King of Spain, with eighty thousand men, marched up the hill and then marched down again, and did nothing. Next to a torchlight procession there is nothing, perhaps, a green patriot enjoys more than a big excursion; and whether the pleasure trip be to Punchestown, or the battlefield of Fontenoy, the patriotic motives underlying it are much the same in value. It is a somewhat sad satire upon the memory of the sturdy fighters who fought and died at Fontenoy to have tin-pickers and green patriots walking across their ashes at the present day, and with the manners, accents, and language of the oppressors, who fled before them, pretending to honour them and keep their fame green in history. Ireland is still at war with the forces which created the victorious brigade at Fontenoy. Roughly speaking these forces still sway the land. To overthrow these forces at home would be a far more fitting way to honour the men who fought at Fontenoy than any amount of ineffective shouting over their graves. If people will go to Fontenoy for a holiday, well let them go, but, for heaven's sake, let there be no pretence that they are performing a national duty in so doing.

We would like to direct the attention of our readers to the address entitled "The University Question and the National Life and Ideals," which will be delivered by Mr. John Boland, M.P., in the Oak Room of the Mansion House, on Friday October 14th, at 3 p.m. The address is being delivered under the auspices of the Catholic Graduates and Undergraduates Association. Mr. Boland, who graduated in an English University, and who has had a good deal of experience both of Parliamentary and of Gaelic League work, is sure to treat his subject in a thoroughgoing, thoughtful and interesting manner.

Mr. T. W. Russell, in the course of his recent speech at Moy, made some wholesome thrusts at the bigot ascendancy people who refuse to argue, and who shout and abuse with the object of drowning thought, criticism, and Christian charity, drowning everything but their own abusive voices. He treated the recent abuse-eruption concerning the Anderson case and the Ballinasloe case with proper scorn. We, who fight for Tolerance, Justice, and Fair Play, join with him in deprecating the stirring up of sectarian strife. And yet every move made towards Tolerance and Fair Play by the long persecuted and still persecuted "Idolators" is met by a howl from the ascendancy bigots and lies and slanders permeate the air. Mr. T. W. Russell—we quote from the report in the *Dust Bin*—said:—"He knew nothing of Sir Antony, save what is known by the men in the street. He had two conversations with him on public business, not at all of a satisfactory character. (Laughter.) But he protested in the strongest manner against the dead set which was being made against any man in the service of the State who is a Roman Catholic or a Nationalist. One day it is Mr. Gill, another day Sir Antony MacDonnell, and Colonel Saunderson had even attacked Mr. Finnuccane, one of the Estates Commissioners, whose real offence he suspected was that that gentleman is the son of a Limerick tenant farmer. The whole proceeding was unconstitutional and thoroughly unfair."

The Ulster Unionist Parliamentary Party does not inspire T. W. with feelings of reverence—"They finked a division on the Labourers Bill; they dodged a vote on the Anderson case, and they voted again and again with the Government upon issues such as the Education and Licensing Bills, which they knew were detested by their constituents. (Applause)."

Here is an extract from T. W.'s speech that will interest the poor "persecuted" "saved":—"When Parliament rose in August last there were 21 inspectors employed by the Estates Commissioners at salaries of £800 a year each. Every one of these was a Protestant. What a splendid illustration that was of the alleged

methods of the Catholic Association." And again:—"With the population all but three-fourths Catholics, were the Protestants trampled upon? In the first place the land of Ireland was largely held by Protestants, and they were now getting hard cash and plenty of it for every acre of that which originally cost their ancestors nothing. Until quite recently Protestants had all the privileges of an established Church, and when the establishment ceased to exist the Church was left with a capital of eight millions sterling and the churches and glebes. Other religious bodies had no such endowment, and must provide their own churches and manse—the only exception being the capitalised *regium donum* in the hands of the Presbyterian Church. Trinity College up to 1873 was a strictly Protestant institution, with an income of £30,000 per annum derived from confiscated Irish lands. And so far as salaried officers are concerned it was the same to-day. Until quite recently the secondary and Royal schools, with all their endowments, were in the same hands."

T. W. went on:—"So much for the past. Look at the position at present. Of the six great officers of State at the Castle five are Protestants and one a Roman Catholic. There were, he thought, sixteen Superior Court judges, and thirteen of these were Protestants. Of the six Land Commissioners three were Catholics. Of the host of highly paid officials in the Local Government Board, Land Commission, and Agricultural Department not one-fourth were Catholics. The three Commissioners of Public Works were all Protestants; the resident magistrates and police officers were largely Protestant. In fact through the whole official hierarchy the story was the same. The railway offices, banks and breweries were mainly manned by Protestants. Leaving salaried offices, and coming to positions of trust what did they find? The Privy Councillors and Lords Lieutenant of counties and cities were almost exclusively Protestant. The predominance in the magistracy of Protestants was enormous. Up to the passing of the Local Government Act the county patronage went the same way. No wrong was done to any official on the passing of the Act, but with the advent of democratic government, the growth of education, and the rise in the social status of those who had been long proscribed, was it conceivable that the popular bodies should continue the policy of the old county authorities? The thing was inconceivable."

In one part of his speech Mr. T. W. Russell referred to the Catholic Association, and his reference was very slipshod. He stated that he knew nothing of the Catholic Association or its work, and yet he remarked that the scheme was "reprehensible in principle, unwise in policy and calculated to do injury to Roman Catholics more than to Protestants." How did he arrive at these conclusions if he "knew nothing of the Association or its work." T. W. should be more careful. However, if T. W.'s views on an association of which he professedly knows nothing are of no importance, his references to the ascendancy bigots are interesting. Now that a comparative handful of "Idolators" have, in spite of enemies in front and flank, unfurled the banner of Tolerance, Justice and Fair Play, the situation has radically changed. Timid souls may have been frightened and weak men may have fallen on the way, but the righteous fight begun in the name of Tolerance and Fair Play goes on. As we have so often pointed out if the "Idolators" want Justice and Tolerance they must fight for them.

There were about five and a-half columns of a speech in Monday's issue of the *Simply Deplorable*. The speech was by Mr. Dillon, who, we believe, was at one time well known by the nick-name "Honest John." We did not read the five and a-half columns, but we noted in glancing over the broad surface of the speech that Mr. Dillon referred to "the foundation of so-called Catholic Associations" bodies which, in "Honest John's" opinion, are "extremely mischievous and do no good whatever." "Honest John" has been a long time fighting battles "on the floor of the British House of Commons," but it was left for us to raise the standard of Tolerance, Justice

and Fair Play in connection with the railways, banks, and such places. Now "Honest John" was—we have no reason to suppose that he is not at the moment—a large shareholder in the Great Northern Bigot Railway. We do not know the exact extent of his holding but his name was starred, a fact which indicated that he was one of those shareholders whose holding rendered him eligible for the position of director. As a shareholder "Honest John" had responsibilities, and the treatment meted out to the "Idolators" on that railway is notorious. "Honest John," never fought on the floor of the Great Northern Railway Board-room for Justice and Fair Play for the "Idolators" in the employment and the "Idolators" who ought to be in the employment of that very much exclusive company of which he is, or was, one of the proprietors. Fighting on the floor of the British House of Commons for the Boers or the Sudanese is a more congenial occupation for "Honest John." We are not surprised, in view of the fact that he never uttered a word of protest on the floor of the Great Northern Railway Board-room, that he is of opinion that "so-called Catholic Associations" are "extremely mischievous and do no good whatever."

We are informed that the Kingstown and Blackrock Urban Councils have recently imported from England a large stock of Fire Brigade appliances. Could not these appliances have been obtained in Ireland? We understand that the Dublin Corporation have got similar requirements supplied by a Dublin firm.

May the railings outside the Bank of Ireland, at one time the Irish Parliament House, be used as a background for advertising purposes? We ask the question because we have not infrequently seen an advertisement poster relating to a Dublin Pawn Office leaning against them. It seems to enjoy an exclusive right to this conspicuous position, as we have never noticed any other advertisement there. We wonder if an advertisement poster concerning some Irish Ireland function, say, the Oireachtas, were put there would it be allowed to rest in peace.

Why should English be the official language in this country. A gentleman applied to have his name put on the voters' list in Cork in Irish. The revising barrister said that though he respected the Irish language, he was compelled by law to refuse his request. This kind of thing can't go on. If the Irish people want to have their country bilingual, no official obstacles must be thrown in their way. This pedantry of making English the official language contrary to the desires of the people must cease. It is absurd in a country where there are still many who speak only Irish. As in other countries where there has been a language revival, all public matters and documents must be made bilingual.

The Irish-speaking official is another thing that must soon come. We suppose most people would, at present, laugh at the idea of an Irish-speaking judge. Fancy Judge Morphy learning Irish! But Irish judges and lawyers will soon have to fall into line as well as other people.

While we are on this subject we may refer to the law which is at present being promoted in Belgium, if, indeed, it has not already been passed. There are shoneen colleges in Belgium as in Ireland. There they go in for teaching Flemish boys in French instead of in their own language. But the new law will put a stop to that. It enacts that whatever subjects are being taught, the instruction for one-third of the day shall be given in Flemish. We wonder how *Cawstleknock* and its shoneen sisters would like a law of this sort in Ireland. We believe even French would cease to be "classy" if it had to be translated into Irish.

We take the following brilliant gem of stage Irishman humour, not from any organ of the foul and nefarious Saxon, but from an Irish newspaper by name *The Drogheda Independent*:—"A man walking along a country road found an Irishman perched upon a sign-post

which pointed north, with the inscription, 'This will take you to Malvern.' 'What are you up there for?' asked the man. 'Faith,' said the other, 'I've been sittin' here for two hours and I'm wonderin' what time it starts.'"

Under the recent Land Purchase Act, a number of of Estates are being sold all over Ireland. On most of these Estates there are a number of National School premises held free of rent on a lease of 60 years or upwards. These school premises are being exempt in the terms of sale, and vest in the outgoing landlord. Not being a revenue producing asset they will soon be overlooked by him. When he has gone the way of all flesh, and when the 60 years lease has expired, the school manager of the day may be obliged to apply to the National Board of Education, or its successor, for a building or Extension Grant, and the first question the National Board will raise is, what lease have you of the premises upon which you propose to expend this money. The manager, in the majority of cases, will not be able to turn up any title whatever. If an occasional landlord transfers to his heirs and creditors his interest in the school premises vested in him, the manager who wants a renewal of the lease will have to dance to the tune they play. This is not a one-sided question. It affects every religious denomination in Ireland. Where there is an estate to be sold, upon which there are school plots held under lease, the manager of that school and school plot, should go in with the tenants purchasing their holdings and assert his right to buy that school plot (at about 5s.), and vest it in Trustees. We commend this suggestion to managers of National Schools—with due deference of course to their legal advisers.

The announcement in our advertising columns, from Messrs. Burmeister and Wain, Ltd., a Danish firm—that that they have intrusted the management of their new Irish Branch, to an Irishman, and have employed a staff of Irish fitters, should be pleasant news to those of our readers who maintain that there is no necessity for importations, while we have qualified Irishmen in this country. This firm, in addition to their extensive Dairy Engineering Works, also own the largest shipbuilding yards in Denmark, employing over 3,000 men, so we presume they know the value of a competent man, and the appointment of an Irishman to such an important position at home is a distinct score. According to their present arrangements, we understand that their annual wages bill in Ireland to Irishmen will be over £2,000 at the start, and, if their venture succeeds, they contemplate opening extensive works in this country for the manufacture of dairy machinery and appliances. The Dairy Industry is an important one in Ireland, and hitherto but a small portion, and that the least important of the machinery for creameries, was invented or manufactured by Irishmen. With the opening of such works in Ireland, it is but reasonable to suppose that in a short time the inventive genius of the Irishman will assert itself, and, instead of importing the greater portion of our dairy machinery from Sweden and Denmark, as at present, we may be able to turn them out at home.

A short time since in these columns we had complaints from Creamery Managers, that it was proposed to import Scotch experts (?) to teach Irishmen their business, while in the present instance an Irishman, who made a name for himself as a successful Creamery Manager and later as a Creamery Expert under the I.A.O.S., is selected by a Danish firm to control a business of a highly technical nature in Ireland. Surely it is possible to find more of his stamp in this country if "the powers that be" will only try.

Haven't we got enough statues that never get beyond the foundation stone stage in Dublin? Now the *Irish Packet* is getting up a new one to Tommy Moore. Perhaps they will then put up the old one in Princes Street where it will be in the shade and won't be noticed much. No doubt Moore was a good secondrate English poet and a first-rate Anglo-Irish one. He was not altogether devoid of patriotic feeling, and he may have done some

good to the Irish cause in his day. But there is no good in exaggerating his position. He can certainly never be Ireland's national poet.

A great Professor from "Trinity" has been unpacking his heart in the pages of that hard-set publication, the *National Review*. The professor in question is Mr. Dowden, a sonneteer and verse-spinner, and a pronounced follower of the Ardilaun lot. He has been discoursing on the United Irish League, the Gaelic League, the Catholic Association, and a few other things that have set his indignation on fire. We are told that Mr. Dowden first made his mark by a book called "Shakespeare's Mind and Art," but we can answer for it that there is not much "art" and no "mind" at all in the professor's late outburst. He would not be worth noticing save as a specimen of the mental and moral worth of the "superior" people who pose as the "educated mind" of Ireland. Under ordinary circumstances it would rather go against our grain to bother our heads about Mr. Dowden, for, unlike some others of the superior party, he is never amusing, not even unintentionally. His article has no "go" in it, because it has no real passion in it, nor even any central point. All that he seems able to do is to collect a few cuttings from some of the papers, string them together with scraps of unfair and misleading comment, and make men like Father Denis O'Hara and Sir Anthony McDonnell the objects of as many insidious suggestions as he can. Once more, too, a clutch is made at the scalp of Mr. T. P. Gill, who is described as "possessed of no practical knowledge of agriculture,"—Mr. Dowden being, no doubt, a man who knows that subject down to the ground! Writing sonnets, and spinning verses for the "magazine of independent thought," doubtless fits a man thoroughly for deciding upon the technical qualification of Mr. Gill in agriculture! Oh, professor, were not you once a director of the defunct *Echo* Company? What were *your* qualifications for company directing? Where is the *Echo* now? *Echo*—but not *your Echo*!—answers, where?

One of Mr. Dowden's great "cases" against the present regime of coercionless Unionism is that a certain "Protestant gentleman" down in County Galway wanted to buy some landed property, of which he was tenant, at a rather low figure, when the Congested Districts Board stepped in and purchased at a higher price, "and," writes Mr. Dowden, "the obnoxious Protestant tenant was precluded from the possibility of ownership." The plain suggestion here is that the tenant, Mr. Lewis, had his offer repulsed because he was a Protestant, and that, rather than sell to him, the higher price offered by the Congested Districts Board was accepted! What on earth does Mr. Dowden want? Does he expect that whenever a Catholic has anything for sale (the estate was under Catholic trustees), and a Protestant makes an offer for it lower than somebody else's offer, the higher bid should be refused under pain of the vendors being denounced as "intolerant?" Funny professor! A few pages further on in his article Mr. Dowden points out that in June last, certain "Irish" (!) peers called attention in the House of Lords "to the tyranny of combinations in various parts of the country with a view to forcing down the price of land to terms which no landlord could possibly accept." Very good; but why is it wrong for the Congested District Board to drive up the price of land by legitimate competition, if driving it down by organised combination be the deed of darkness? Mr. Dowden would like to play the grand old game that regenerate gentlemen like him would always fain play—the game of "Heads, I win; tails, you lose." It is wrong to force down the price of land when Protestant landlords want to *sell*, and wrong to force it up when a Protestant tenant wants to *buy*. Try again, Edward! We may make a businessman out of you yet. In a postscript to his article the Lewis family appear again, and a Mr. Stewart, an official of the Estates Commission, is represented as having tried to bluff Mr. Lewis into a certain arrangement. Mr. Dowden admits that Mr. Stewart directly denied the Lewis story; yet he sets down Mr. Lewis's own statement as "the facts." The "facts," it seems, are always of a pro-Unionist Protestant hue. Strange, isn't it?

The Professor devotes a whole paragraph to the Gaelic League. This we give in full, as a specimen of his genial flow of soul. "The era of conciliation in Ireland of the new century has been marked by the rise and progress of the Gaelic League, which started as a non-political movement for promoting the cultivation of the Irish language, the revival of Gaelic sports, and other kindred objects. In its procession this year through the streets of Dublin the inevitable 'political section,' led by the 'Old Guard Union,' made its appearance. Its design at present seems to be as much to foster hatred of England and all things English as to foster love of Ireland. The General Secretary of the League, speaking on Whit Sunday, at Wexford, gave so felicitous an account of the English language that it deserves to be put on record—it is 'the language of Henry VIII. and Queen Bess, and Cromwell the Crucifier, and every one of them that defiled this country.'" Now, might not Mr. Dowden have had the decency to explain that the "political section" was not intended to forward the interests of politics, but to give political bodies which were friendly to the language movement an opportunity of showing their goodwill? But, indeed, when the Professor could find no worse stone than this to hurl at the Gaelic League, he might as well have left it alone, just as he might equally well have omitted his little squirt of venom at the Catholic Association, whose Handbook, he says, might be described fairly as the breviary of Irish intolerance." As the Professor does not say "Roman" intolerance, but says simply "Irish," when we take it, he means Catholic, it seems plain that the Professor admits that the Papists *are* the Irish. If, on the other hand, by "Irish" he means Protestant, then we take it that the Handbook is the breviary of "Irish intolerance" on the ground that it so sweepingly exposes the intolerance of so many of these Protestants,—as it truly does, O Professor!! Mr. Dowden describes the "intolerance" of the Handbook as qualified "by a certain cheap astuteness." What? Were there no quotable bits in it, Professor? Was it so written as to leave you nothing to put before the great Imperial Protestant People? What a shame! Pure Papist malice.

The only thing at all like a leading point in the Dowden article is a call for Redistribution,—of Nationalist seats, no doubt. The Professor endeavours to combat the contention that any alteration in the number of representatives from Ireland would be a violation of the Act of Union. He says such an alteration did take place in 1832—the great Reform year. Under the Act of Union, Ireland obtained 100 members. "This," says Mr. Dowden, "was revised in 1832, and the population of Ireland having increased, the number of representatives was altered." Yes, the population having gone up several millions, the number of representatives was increased by three or four seats! Was that the same kind of "proportional representation" that some people are now in favour of? Again, the professor argues that though the Act of Union provided for the maintenance of the then Established Church as "an essential and fundamental part of the Union" (words of the Act), yet this very provision was abrogated by the Irish Church Act of 1869. "The constitutional objection to a Redistribution Bill has no basis of reality." Thus the Professor, to which we reply that in both these instances—the "alteration" in 1832, and the "abrogation" in 1869—the changes were effected by and with the consent of a majority of the Irish representatives. No such consent of a majority of Irish members would accompany Mr. Dowden's Redistribution Bill; that's where the difference lies. In any case, if a constitutional objection to such a Bill "has no basis of reality" because some provisions of the Act of Union were abrogated or altered, then surely there is "no basis of reality" for objecting to the abrogation or alteration of any such provisions as stand in the way of Home Rule? Why is abrogation permissible in the case of Redistribution and not in the case of Home Rule? 'Tis the Sourface way of arguing all over! "Heads, we of the Imperial race win; tails, you of the Popish Nationalist crowd lose!" But we shall see, Professor; we shall see.

τὰ buille agus buille ann.

Doncáð: Is fuo é go bfuil peana tairtíge agann go léir air, a tairtíge, an t-é déinean a lán cainte nác féidir go gan focal gan cial do ráð anoir d'air.

Ταύς: Cao do go bfuil 'gá tagairt rin anoir?

Doncáð: An focal deirneac úo a tairtíge-re an lá déanac a biomaip anro, is tairtíge liom gur fáda nár airtígear focal ba lúga cial 'nā é.

Ταύς: Cao é an focal é?

Doncáð: Tairtíge liom gan beir 'gá iapairó i n-ádmíneacair ar an mbiteamínac rtao de beir 'am iobáil, ac déanam air irteac agur buille 'dorm a bualaó ior an t-á fúil air a cuiprú reáct plata i n-ádmíneac a cúl é ar flearg a droma.

Ταύς: Tairtíge leat gan do déanam. Cá bfuil an tairtíge cille ann? Nác mó go móir an tairtíge tairtíge beir 'gá iapairó air rtao? "Dean na cleirte caoile" 'gá iapairó ar an mada-muad an ceirte do leogaint uair. An t-ádmíneac 'gá iapairó ar an mactíge gan an t-uair boct do bpeir leir. An tairtíge 'gá iapairó ar an gcat gan i t' ite. Agur tura 'gá iapairó ar an mbiteamínac ro gan tu ceirteac. Déapiró an mada-muad leir an mnaoi gan beir ag madaó fúití péin. Déapiró an mactíge leir an ádmíneac gan beir ag madaó pé péin. Déapiró an cat leir an tairtíge gan beir ag madaó fúití péin. Ac má geirdean an mada-muad buille de'n cleirte gan na cluairte leogairó pé uair an ceirte. Má geirdean Uair gheim ar rtaoíneac ar an mactíge bogairó an mactíge de'n uair. Má feirdean an cat an gcat ag teáct iurteiró pé rtao ceirte agur rtaoíneac pé an tairtíge 'n-a ádmíneac. Siné an tairtíge agur rtaoíneac agur ag an mbiteamínac acá acá ceirteac. Uí 'gá iapairó air rtao, go tairtíge go mbéir clog ar do ceirte, agur ní cuiprú pé blúirte rtao ionat. Buair ior an t-á fúil air an buille 'dorm úo tairtíge. Cao a déapiró pé anoir? Ceirteacairó pé agur labairó pé leat go bpeirte rtao. "Ó, gairdean rtaoíneac agur, a tairtíge mactíge!" a déapiró pé. "Ní rtaoíneac agur gan leat-rtao an t-airtígear ro. Tá mbéiró fúir agur gan leat-rtao é ní tairtíge e. Ní tairtíge go tairtíge! Níor gá tairtíge an buille rin a bualaó oim. Ní rtaoíneac ac a tairtíge tom gur b' é do ceirte é agur ní tairtíge i n-aon ceirte leir. Ní tairtíge a tairtíge leir, ná bíor eágal oir."

Doncáð: Déac cial leir an gcat rin, a tairtíge, tá mb' aon ceirte' anáim tairtíge agur ceirte a déac oim-rtao agur ar an mbiteamínac, ac ní h-eac. Ní' agur-rtao ac mó tairtíge agur tairtíge am' aonair. Tá a tairtíge 'n-a tairtíge aige rtao agur tá móir-fúirte armta, gléirte tairtíge de agur gan uair ac an focal cun mé fíneac mair ar an tairtíge. "Déin air irteac," air tura, "agur buair buille 'dorm ior an t-á fúil air a cuiprú reáct plata i n-ádmíneac a cúl é ar flearg a droma." Ní tairtíge liom, a tairtíge, go bfuil aon fuo ar an tairtíge ro is lúga oim 'nā caint ceirte agur gan blúirte cumair ag an t-é a labair i ar i ceirte bpeiró. Cao is tairtíge leat péin?

Ταύς: Caint ceirte agur gan cumair ar i ceirte bpeiró — Ní' caint ar bír is tairtíge 'nā í. Is tairtíge i go móir 'nā ceirteac agur gan aon fuo do ráð. Ac ní ceirtean tairtíge ar gcat, a tairtíge. Tá buille 'dorm agur buille 'dorm ann. An buille a buairtear le ceirte an cuiprú ní fúir é tairtíge air. An buille a buairtear le ceirte na h-aighe ní féidir ceirte 'n-a ceirte.

peaoar ua laogaire.

THE DEVOLUTION DRAMA.

NOT a few people are perhaps beginning to get tired of that word "devolution," which has been ringing in our ears for a fortnight. The autumn mystery play of 1904, has, indeed, shown more varied changes of scene, and has come to a speedier and more exciting denouement than its predecessors. The action has varied between the pages of the *Times* and the *Freeman's Journal*. Statesmen, heroes, and barons have thronged the stage. Earl Dudley and his silent pursuivant ever and anon loom fitfully up in the background. Yet, notwithstanding these impressive spectacles, the ordinary man's attention may at last be beginning to wander.

But to business. The framers of the Reform Association Scheme have followed the distinction into executive and legislative functions made in my former articles. They propose to deal with both, and they have devised two separate bodies to control them. The executive functions in so far as they are dealt with, are committed to a council of twenty-four half-elected, half-nominated, whilst any legislative powers that parliament may choose to delegate (together with Private Bill legislation) are to be handed over to a larger statutory body of Peers and Members of Parliament, of which the exact constitution is not defined. We may illustrate their separate functions thus. The question whether Local Government Inspectors should have their salary increased or whether, on the contrary, the same money should be used for building a pier in Co. Clare, would come before the council. But whether motor-cars should be allowed to go at twenty miles an hour or whether a man should be permitted to marry his deceased wife's sister would, presumably, be for the statutory body to decide.

In the case of both institutions, the criticisms from a Nationalist point of view depend upon the answers to two questions:—(1) Who is to have the power? (2) How much power are they to have? Let me say at once that it is almost impossible to discuss the legislative scheme, that is the Statutory Body, without further information; for we do not definitely know its constitution. Either Peers or Members of Parliament might, as far as the present outline goes, be in a preponderance. Neither do we know its powers. For we have not the faintest suggestion of what classes of measures it is intended, that Parliament should entrust to its keeping. Of course, if its elected members are in a reasonable majority, any powers given to it will be a step in the direction of Home Rule, and it will so far be acceptable, provided we are unable to get anything better.

It is, however, in the scheme for a financial council that the greatest interest will be taken. Here, Lord Dunraven, assuming him to be the moving spirit, has shown those same intellectual qualities which for good or for evil have characterised his previous public actions in Ireland. His proposals are clear, definite, and constructive. He has all the advantage of a man who comes into the field with a policy carefully thought out, and he deserves to be congratulated on having put his ideas into a form that render them ripe for immediate discussion. Having said so much, let me say at once that I do not see much merit in his proposals, as far as they are concerned with the administrative side. Let us try them by applying to them the tests I have suggested.

First then—who is to have the power? The financial administration of Ireland, the only part of the administration interfered with, is, as I have said, to be entrusted to the Lord Lieutenant, together with twelve elected and twelve nominated members. If the nominated members follow the colour of the Government, it means that whenever a Tory administration were in power, the Nationalist representatives would be in a minority of six and would thus sink to a protesting minority as in the House of Commons at present. The Old Firm

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would still carry on business as usual, having merely opened a new branch establishment in the suburbs of the castle. What possible benefit could accrue to Ireland, I do not see. For it is not uncommon that on existing nominated Boards, the nominated members out-castle the castle itself.

Were the Board a true half-and-half Board, that is half Nationalist and half Conservative, it might possibly do some good. No doubt it would be very halting in its procedure, but still it would be superior to the present parliamentary departmental control. Irishmen would have some chance. But what we would gain by a Board made up of an Irish Tory majority and a Nationalist minority, I utterly fail to see. Suppose, for instance, the Board had only four members and was composed as follows:—Col. Saunderson and Mr. John Redmond (elected), Lord Westmeath and Mr. Matheson, K.C. (nominated), where would Mr. Redmond come in? Nor would the fact that in the actual scheme this minority would be only 25 instead of 50 per cent., matter very much. Of course if the scheme were modified so as to have, say, only seven or eight nominated members, that would be a different story.

The project is, however, subject to another objection from a different point of view. Even if elected representatives were to be in a satisfactory majority on the financial council, I regard the scheme as at present mooted, as a constitutional impossibility. It would practically mean—if it really meant anything substantial at all—putting the treasury in the hands of one party and the rest of the government in the hands of the other. It is as though it were proposed to have Mr. Balfour, Prime Minister, and Mr. Lloyd George, Chancellor of the Exchequer in England, an arrangement which no one since the time of Sir William Temple has ever thought possible.

If the new scheme involves anything more than a mere consultative committee, powerless for good or for ill, it must at least have the power of fixing official salaries, of creating and abolishing offices, and saying for what governmental projects money is to be supplied, and from what it is to be withheld. Surely then if another power is to have the appointment to the offices and the initiation and conduct of the enterprises, there must inevitably be endless friction and innumerable deadlocks. Let me take a concrete example. The government (conservative) wish to make Mr. James Campbell a judge. He is obnoxious to the council which is—we suppose—of popular constitution. Would it be much wonder if the council were thereupon seized with a desire to economise in judicial expenses, or if the government then gave up the idea of building a light railway in the West. A dead-lock would be certain to ensue. Of course this would be still more certain to happen in the case of those minor appointments which are not regulated by statute.

It seems to me that if there is to be any change at all, it must be a more radical one. The only half-way house to Home Rule is complete administrative control. Even from the government point of view there may be some sense in evacuating a besieged city, there is nothing to be gained by handing over several good strategical positions in its outskirts. I trust Lord Dunraven and his friends have broader views than the letter of their scheme shows. Perhaps they do not quite appreciate its narrowness. If so let them, at least, go this far. That in addition to having the Irish treasury in commission in the way set forth, the Chief Secretary shall be elected like the President of the U.S.A., and the Viceroy shall then act on his advice. This would be a considerable advance towards Home Rule and yet would not necessitate a Parliament.

As the scheme stands, the proposed constitution of the council, involving the perpetuation of ascendancy, is not for a moment to be accepted. This may, however, be altered by a stroke of the pen. Yet even then though Nationalists would, of course, accept any such

increase of control, the proposal seems to portend nothing but continued contests and constitutional friction. For, if the council is to have any real power, it necessitates dead-locks; a divided executive control is well-nigh impossible. If Home Rule is to be given in instalments, the first dividend must be full administrative power. We can then afterwards secure legislative powers in smaller quantities.

CHANEL.



A FEIS FOR THE SYMBOLISTS.

FOR ages past poor Ireland had been groaning in psychological chains under the desolating sway of proxy-thinkers, thought-jailers and intellectual bullies, but now, at last, the depths are let loose, and the light of mental freedom is dawning upon our native hills. Upon the Eastern horizon the aurora of symbolic minor poetry is breaking into all the multitudinous color-splendours of the rainbow, and the speechless yearnings of the cultured minority, the representatives of the wealth and intelligence of the country, who always look to the East for social and intellectual redemption, have blossomed into fruition at last. The poor cultured minority had been long stifling in an atmosphere of obscurantism, and their poor eyes were pretty well tired looking towards the East for some deep thinkers to come and let the light of the sun, moon and stars, the rainbows, and the dawns in upon the proxy-thinkers, the thought-jailers and the intellectual bullies of Ireland. England, as usual, has come to the rescue of the poor minority in the shape of a large cargo of symbolic minor poetry. England, as everyone knows, or should know, is the birth place and cradle of symbolic minor poetry, as well as the origin and source of our laws, institutions and shoddy. Long, long ago, England used to manufacture dreams, symbols, metaphors and visions in cartloads; but after a time they got dirt cheap, they slumped down to the small end of nothing, and so, like all English cast-offs, they were, eventually, packed off to Ireland; and now we see them looming up out of the east in all sorts of shapes, hushes and splendours. To the representatives of the wealth and intelligence of the country, they are as welcome as the flowers of May; for opal hushes, and tremulous greys are utterly non-sectarian, and non-political things, and contain nothing rebellious, disloyal, or dangerous to "Saved" monopolies in their composition. The proxy-thinkers, thought-jailers and intellectual bullies, however, only make a laugh of them. These prosaic and uninspired monsters still cling on to that proxy-thinking, dogmatic and orthodox school of poetry which pictures forth the grandeur and the littleness, the tragedy and the comedy of human life and human history, and treat the magnificent conceits of the symbolic minor poet with coarse laughter and ridicule. When the symbolic, minor poet traces the soul-wanderings of some self-evolved primeval consciousness in the shape of a tremulous grey, an opal hush, or an atom of nebulous star dust, the thought-jailers and intellectual bullies shake their vulgar sides with laughter. The symbolic minor poet has a soul too subtle, too æsthetic, and too ethereal to deal with such a gross, palpable being as man. Man shocks his æsthetic soul-sense. He cannot bear to touch him, or go near him without first transforming him into some elemental imponderability, the more imponderable, and farther removed from visibility, or tangibility, the better. He sees invisible essences in everything. An ordinary, unenraptured proxy-thinker looking at a sweep, for instance, who had just cleaned a chimney, might think to himself: "My, what a shockingly dirty-looking fellow is a sweep in his regimentals and accoutrements. He reminds me of one of the hobgoblins I used to hear of when I was a child." But the gifted, spook-hunting, symbolic minor poet would think differently. He would probably look through the sweep, soot-bag and all, into

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the eternities and starry solitudes beyond, and say: "Ha! this is some white fire from the self-ancestral home, some primal spark of whirling splendour enveloped in soot and dirt, looking to find some fire escape, or chimney from which to pass into the eternal white home of the singing silences." The symbolic minor poet would transform us all into rhythmical twilights, opal hushes, and tremulous greys. Instead of saying: "Good morning, Mr. Sourface," or "How d'ye do, Mr. Bigot," the minor poet would have us say: "Good morning, Mr. Rhythmical Twilight," and "Hello, Tremulous, old chappie, how goes it."

The symbolic minor poet must look upon Homer, Virgil, and Shakespeare as mere intellectual bullies, because their pages abound with coarse, cudgelling monsters like Hector, Æneas, Coriolanus, and Richard III., instead of starry whispers, dreams, visions, and minor poets in trances. What splendid reading the siege of Troy would have made for symbolic minor poets if, instead of gods and heroes, Homer had represented the assailants as an army of banshees dressed up in tremulous greys, assaulting the city with dreams, symbols, visions, and starry whispers, and eventually taking the famous town in the midst of an opal hush. That proxy-thinker Virgil, too, should have represented Æneas as a red wind, and as for that intellectual bully Shakespeare, his coarse, vulgar creations must be simply shocking to the æsthetic soul-sense of the symbolic minor poet. Just imagine that great, coarse, common ruffian, Richard III., coming on the stage and saying: "A horse, a horse, my Kingdom for a horse," instead of being made to say: "A dream-star, a dream-star, my soul-home for a dream-star."

All the same, the proxy-thinkers, thought-jailers, and intellectual bullies might give the spook-hunting, symbolic, minor poets a little encouragement. The long nights are coming on, and a few chapters dealing with the soul-wanderings of some conscious conglomeration of moon-shine would be fine pastime. Instead of shocking and frightening away the poor moon-dreamers with laughter and ridicule, the intellectual bullies should set about getting up a symbolic minor poet's Feis, and offer prizes for the best symbolic, minor poems on some selected, commonplace, tangible subjects. In this competition special provision might be made for Parochial University poets by lowering the standard, and offering certain awards called doggerel prizes. The general run of the competitions could be something like this. To translate into the best rainbow, or opal hush symbolism, such simple sentences as "Jack has got a cart, and can draw sand and clay in it," or, "The wind blew off Luke's new hat, and cast it in the mud." Some real, good value would surely be got out of these. Taking the first sentence, "Jack has got a cart, etc.," a little nebulous star-birth like the following might pop up:—

A speck from night's chaotic cave
Upon his mystic track,
To which some starry whisper gave
The simple name of Jack.

As in his spheric orb he rolled
To joy's eternal mart,
And splendour's bright primeval hold,
He dropped across a cart.

Ha! destined from the primal date,
"This dream is mine," said he.
"The ever rolling wheels of Fate,
Have brought this cart to me."

And now, where starry Beauty reels
Her opal hushes grand,
This conscious essence homeward wheels
His cart of clay and sand.

And in the other sentence, "The wind blew off Luke's

new hat, etc.," an opal dream like this might flit across us:—

A star, a symbol, or a song,
A metaphor, or spook;
The cloudy highway moves along,
While comets whisper, Luke.

For primal voices named him that
When suns were in the shade.
This starry symbol wore a hat
Of opal hushes made.

And now from out the vasty deep
A mighty whisper grew,
Then up a monster wind did leap,
The wind was painted blue.

The roaring whisper onward passed
Upon the symbol's trail,
And Luke's grand, sun-built cadie cast
Upon the comet's tail.

If the symbolic minor poets were properly encouraged, many amusing novelties might be dished up, and many old things, now on the shelf, might be rigged up, and presented again in new and fashionable style. Some of our well-known ballads might be re-dressed in gorgeous symbolism. Take our old friend "Patrick Sheehan from the Glen of Aherlow." Patrick dressed out in symbols, dreams and visions from head to foot, might introduce himself like this:—

My name is Whirling Splendour, and I'm made of
primal beams,
The rainbow is my native place, not far from Starry
Dreams.
I came of rhythmic twilights, but now they're hushes
grown,
And now I'm left an opal dawn, 'mid moonshine all
alone.

But to try to keep the symbolic minor poet with us for any considerable time would be labour lost. The symbolic minor poet is an airy nothing upon which this earth has very little hold; his centre of gravity is deeply and firmly planted in the place where there is nothing.
A.M.W.

THE CORK INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

THERE were here, during the past week, two fixtures that drew together big houses; one was that indescribable medley known as "A Country Girl," the other was the Exhibition organised by the Cork Industrial Development Association. "Clay and clay differ in dignity," and so the audience that patronised the first was of a mould different to that which patronised the other. The audience of the former, intellectually considered, "gnarled crabs of the orchard"—poor men and women, though rich in their own esteem, who lack mental depth and resource, and who accordingly are ever on the alert for an opportunity to leave the "corpse" of their own selves behind them—an audience unfortunately the larger, educated up just far enough to be smartly shallow—an undeveloped thoughtless crowd, seeming formidable enough in outward show, but take it in detail and attack it—probe into the mind of the audience and you find it lame and rude and unmade. And this is the crowd that you have to tame, and drill and brake up—idle women, frivolous men, and some who pretend the need for amusement after their brain-destroying labours of the day, as if they had contributed to the bustle of a Wall Street or a Broadway instead of having wearily yawned through the hours from 9 to 6 in some huxtering "emporium" of our city—all these flocked to the "ranting actor on the stage." I have no objection to amusement provided that our labours are such as deserve it, and that in itself it does not lower, but I argue that we have amongst our

other diseases a morbid craving for this unhealthy kind; 'tis bred in our bones; 'tis the spirit of the time; our defective education, and later on our reading—all foster it. Of such was "A Country Girl." Those who plodded on to the Assembly Rooms were different. They were the serious responsible people of the community—the men and women who have taken and take a practical interest in their country; in the main of such were the audiences of the Industrial Exhibition. I am not to be taken as saying that there were none of the dross at the Exhibition: there were; but, taken as a whole, were such as I have generalised, and if my selection that wends its way to the Assembly Rooms to see and help, in the words of the promoters of the Exhibition, in "what Irishmen can do," is small in comparison with that huge mass that throngs around the different entrances to the Opera House beyond, I remind my friends that in old Egypt it was an established law that the "vote of the prophet be reckoned equal to a hundred hands," and the Irish Irlander is the prophet of our day!

This first Exhibition was a credit to the Cork Industrial Development Association. To the thoughtful it was full of significance. "'Tis a poor show," "'tis a splendid show," 'tis this or 'tis that said the visitor, and all the time the Association, as it were, sat in its corner with perfect indifference, conscious of having done a great deal, and knowing well, no matter what an occasional grumbler must say, what the verdict of the masses should be. The Association, in opening the Exhibition, made you feel as if it said, "This have we done—we of Cork city and surroundings; 'tis our best and we're proud of it. Be your verdict what it may, we will continue in the work we have set our hands to: if we please you we shall be glad, if we do not satisfy you the fault is your own." The motto of the Society *Éire Staoireas* is no windy one; it has organised and carried through a successful Exhibition, and I believe the proceeds run to a respectable amount. Well, bear that in mind on the one hand, and on the other the fact that the foreign exhibitions that preceded it lost heavily, and arrive at your own conclusion. Probably no one outside the screen knows the energy expended upon the building of the structure, but whoso has ever organised anything such can well understand how zigzag and tortuous is the road to it. There may have been details that the capricious critic might censure, but the reasonable observer could have no eye for them—you shall not expect me while I forge the anchor to have a too punctilious regard for my cuffs and collar. The Exhibition might have been larger, and perhaps more representative; but I, a pompous manufacturer, put off my exhibit from day to day till my next door neighbour, the baker, brought forward his stock in trade and took my place and now I have to remain out of it. It was just so with many of our Dark Brethren, and let us commend the enterprise of those who were early in their places be their importance what it may. The secretaries of the Exhibition, and especially Mr. E. J. Riordan, worked like Irish Irlanders; let us have no flattery in their regard, but say, in the words of Carlyle, "They knew their work and they did it." In such men we have our hope.

Of the exhibits what has one to say. In a short article like this, no justice can be done them, but here and there were stands that called out too eloquently to be passed by. At one time, not so very long ago, Cork was noted for its furniture and cabinet works; well, we have a few representatives still in Messrs. J. Callanan, Grattan St., and S. F. Daly, Thomas St., who, we learn, are the only manufacturers of overmantels in Ireland, and in this manufacture the only article imported is the glass. I cannot speak with technical knowledge upon this branch of industry, but this I can say, the articles exhibited, to say the very least of them, were fair to the eye, and I have no doubt but that they were as good as they looked. We are often reminded that there is "nothing like good leather"—and in this connection a survey of the stalls of Dunn Bros., Cork, and E. O'Callaghan and Son, Lime-

rick, would convince the most sceptical of the truth of the old saw. These houses, not only have held their own, but annexed new ground! Of Dennehy's hats and caps nothing need be said; the firm's exhibit, as usual, was neat and finished. One of the nicest items was that of the Dripsey Woollen Mills, in blankets, dress materials and home spuns generally. The design and finish in the dress materials were remarked upon by many who inspected the stall. In the same line D. Lucey and Co., Cork, had a fine exhibit. Lucey's blankets and flannels are well known; no superior, perhaps, are made. T. Lyons and Co., Cork, came out with what they could do in ready-mades—a very important industry, giving a very large employment, but not supported as well as it ought to be. Egan and Son, Ltd., exhibited a beautiful altar in oak, designed and carved, I understand, by a Corkman, and a credit to him it is and to the firm, and while such can be produced in the country there is no further need of the "gentle Ober." Colors, paints, varnishes, printing and lithographic inks, and potato blight preventative—these form part of Harrington Bros. show. The superiority of these paints over foreign production is now admitted, and may be judged from the fact that several contracts from across the water have recently been secured by the firm. There were a host of others that deserved commendation—for instance, our local soap and candle factories, boot factories, cycle factories, wicker works, potteries, lace exhibits, but to get an idea of their real worth and promise one should come and see. Typical of our history, indeed, some crawling, so to speak, others budding forth, others strong and hearty and on the high road! An exhibition small if you will, but having the seeds of greatness in it—we will wait and see.

We are fresh from the mongrel "internationals," the glare of them has scarcely allowed us yet to see things clearly, but we saw life in the Exhibition at the Assembly Rooms, and more good than could be expected from ten internationals. How hopeful and healthy to find that you could scarcely get standing room about the place, and that a twist or turn out of the ordinary might bring down a batch of bread of Irish flour, or a box of starch upon your head—candidly 'twas a plucky Exhibition in which you felt at ease. It was not without its musical side, although I am so inclined the music that suits my humour in our present development is that of the mill-wheel and the power loom.

We, of Cork, have shown the lead in this Industrial Exhibition; if I mistake not we mean to keep it. For the great and worthy work that lies before us we gird up our loins to meet and conquer our difficulties that, when the history of our Revival comes to be told, we may say, "Not in the rear, but in the van of the pioneers were we!"

S.

A MINOR POET IN ERUPTION AGAIN.

ON the day of arranging for Press, Tuesday, we received another effusion from "the Sober Nationalist." As our paper is in the hands of the Dublin public on Thursday morning, the polite letter-writer evidently took plenty of time to make up his polished reply that reached us on Tuesday morning. He writes:—Dear LEADER,—I am much touched by your loyalty or good nature to your contributors. Here is "Imaal" wailing like a spoiled child because I did not pay him enough attention, and instead of warning him that he was making an exhibition of himself and ruining your paper, you actually give him space, prominent space, to cry in. Perhaps it was not good nature but just a little bit of malice on your part, and you may not have yet forgiven "Imaal" for sending in his article when you declared you had finished me off. I confess I was puzzled about "Imaal." I thought when I read his first article that he had a little country advocate kind of cleverness in picking out sentences to make them mean something other than they were intended to mean; but now when he reiterates his questions, I believe he really did think he was winning laurels for himself.

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This being so I am forced to add a cubit to his ethical stature, but I regret I must take it off the intellectual man. He won't mind this, I am sure. He has consolations. "Be good, sweet child, and let who will be clever." But I am afraid unless something new happens to make me replace the lost inches, I must despair of "Imaal" in his present avatar. He asks me whether it is from hatred of thought or incapacity to think that I don't answer his questions. Well, "Imaal," there is a little of both in it I do believe. I don't like thinking about you; there is no particular charm in what you write, and where there is little interest it is difficult to induce the mind to act. I find it so hard to take you seriously, "Imaal," especially when you have solemn doubts about the intelligence of my reply about the Orangemen. Oh, "Imaal," even the readers of the LEADER, I am sure, understand banter when they read it. You really should not make mistakes like that before the public. It makes them laugh; and once they laugh at you your influence is gone. But I suppose I must answer your questions. About my policy. I never formulated an Irish policy in my life. I made a few rambling remarks about low-class journalism which you assumed referred to you; but remarks about you and your like, "Imaal," don't constitute an Irish policy. I don't know even whether you are Irish. But, anyhow, my answer to your question is "Yes." I would rather see four millions of my countrymen thinking out policies for themselves than adopting any policy I could devise. I think, on the whole, it would be safer for the country. You have not shaken me in my opinion expressed in the article. It does not in the least humiliate me to say this, though I suppose you thought it would. You have a nice simple kind of mind, "Imaal," which one can read like a book. The only difficulty I find is to make up my mind whether you are sincere or not. The fatuous way you come forward is all in favour of your sincerity; but when I said in my article that if the four millions thought for themselves, a real unity might spring up and an Irish policy with will and force behind it might emerge; and when you ignore the close of the sentence and try to make your readers think I wanted a permanent disunion, I find my judgment waver. However, I have decided in favour of your sincerity at the expense of your intelligence. Question second: I have not read "M.O.R." and can't say whether he is a thoughtless savage or not. I think it is hard on "M.O.R." that these painful questions should be asked in public. My charge against journalists was a general charge, and it is no answer to a general charge to point out this or that person to whom the charge does not apply. If anyone says Irish people are badly educated, you don't triumph over him by pointing to this or that learned man. Your own articles and the Editor's are very good examples of the kind of journalism I condemned. I would now be inclined to divide the phrase I used between the Editor and yourself, apportioning to you the adjective "thoughtless" as your share, and giving the Editor the substantial noun "savage." He did seem savage, didn't he, over my article? You tell me that there are people who fling themselves under a Juggernaut car. It is very sad. I am sure it must pain them very much. But if they do, I am sure they won't do it a second time. Are they right? Well it opens up a wide field for discussion. There were any number of old saints who, when the public refused to martyr them, made martyrs of themselves, lacerating themselves for years; and as a number of intelligent people praise them for it and call them Saints, I suppose there must be something in it. I am afraid your mind is confused, and though I would like to "be tender to young growing things," I must be painfully strict in trying to restore order to it. The sincerity I spoke of was sincerity in thought and action, action in conformity to the belief of the man. A man may be right to act in a certain way because it is the only way he sees, and even if it leads him to death and self-torture, I, for one, will not say the man acted wrongly. He acted rightly within his knowledge; and this rightness has nothing at

all to say to the essential truth of his conceptions of God. He conceived rightly of his duty which was to act according to his beliefs, and if in doing so he violated any law of life, the law will punish him, and he will be purified through suffering in this life or after this life. The law also will reward him for his determination to do right as he saw it. Now you and the Editor are Catholics, but you certainly do not "love your enemies" as your religion teaches you is right. There are other sentences which I remember, but I will not profane them by quoting them in THE LEADER; but if you read them and think over your virulent campaign against one-half of your fellow-countrymen, and how far away it is from the teaching of that religion in whose name you write, it might move you to have some respect for poor heathens who, at least, acted in conformity with their beliefs. Indeed, only you so continually refer to yourselves as Catholics, I would have thought you were a pair of rationalists and free-thinkers of the materialistic English type, scoffing as they do about beliefs in a spiritual world or spiritual beings, and suggesting that such beliefs arise from hallucination, madness, or drink. It makes me more certain that no educated Catholics read the paper, because I am sure that some protest would be raised against your speaking in the name of Catholicism and letting loose a spirit which is inimical to any religion whatsoever.—Yours truly,

"A.E."

[The wretched Editor of this paper to whom, on the authority of the polite letter writer, "almost any decent kind of writing" must appear superior is, as our readers will have seen, only incidentally concerned with this latest conflagration; the fierce flaming faggots burn round the unhappy "Imaal," and our wretched selves are let off with an odd lick from a tongue of fire. We, of course, leave the effusion for the most part for treatment by "Imaal," who will not read it until it appears in the LEADER; that is, if he thinks the effusion worth notice. A few points we may ourselves refer to. The "Sober Nationalist" says now that he has not read "M. O'R."! Yet he was able to decide that the wretched Editor had more brains than all his contributors put together, and "M. O'R." is at least one of the most distinguished contributors to the LEADER! In his original article he was able to say that the "Idoltrous" clergy who criticised the book of Sir Horace were proud where they should have been humble, and humble where they should have been proud. The most exhaustive, and, we think we may say, the most able criticism to which Sir Horace has been subjected for certain of his references has been written by "M. O'R.," and yet this flippant person whose farcical pose of superiority has made him a laughing stock all over the country has never read "M. O'R.," but he yet can decide that the wretched Editor, to whom almost any decent kind of writing must appear superior, has more brains than all his contributors, including "M. O'R.," and can further conclude that the clergy of which "M. O'R." is professedly one, were as critics of Sir Horace's unhappy book, humble where they should have been proud and proud where they should have been humble! A minor poet wriggling in a bog, and becoming muddier and muddier the more he wriggles, is not, to say the least, a thing of beauty nor even a momentary joy. The Editor who, we are told, had more brains than all his contributors, put together, is qualified by the word "savage" now! Every time this infuriated minor poet looks at us he sees a new vision! The polite letter writer has another grievance in that, the Editor and "Imaal" being "Idolators," they do not "love their enemies" after the manner that he thinks they ought. No doubt the Ascendancy would tolerate, nay, propagate "Idolatry amongst the people who, in the rough, are the historic Irish race if they "loved their enemies" in the fashion that would keep the Ascendancy and all its works and pomps fat and snug in the positions and caste where injustice and robbery have placed them. When we found that out of 47 high posts in the Great Sourface Railway, 45 were held by "the saved," should we, in

order to appear as good "Idolators" in the eyes of this superior man, have urged the two "Idolators" to resign and show their love for their boycotting enemies by letting them have the full 47 places! If a thief picks your pocket you should, as a conscientious "Idolator," show your love for him as an enemy by emptying the contents of your other pocket into his receptive and mayhap pagan palms! And this man told us in a recent article that he had studied Catholic philosophy; indeed, he graciously patronised the doctors of the Church! One word more. We are Catholics, but the LEADER is not, in any theological sense, a Catholic paper. As we have long ago said we are not theologians and have not the training to conduct what would be ordinarily understood by the term a Catholic paper; of course, we do not write, and never did write, in the name of the Church. Our Catholic readers get the last whack from the cudgel of the infuriated minor poet. Our Catholic readers will note that not one of them is educated. This is all the vile Editor has to say, as he hurriedly prepares for the Press, to this effusion, and we leave it now to "Imaal," whom it principally concerns. Whether he will think this pitiable exhibition worthy of further notice we cannot say.—ED. LEADER.]

THE SHONEEN'S RETURN.

O, list to the tale of a grief-stricken Seomín
Who has come back, to gaze on the scenes of his youth,
I will guard against tears, against useless bemoaning,
I have little to tell, and my story is truth.
After gallant retreats, through the pathways of danger,
Fore the fierce Boer-land savages, tameless, and wild,
I stand in the home of my swell days—a stranger,
Derided, insulted, abused and reviled.

I flew at the call of our Empire and duty
(To plunder, and steal, when the Boers should have died);
I went with the Yeomen, in quest of the booty,
But, alas! we were late, there was none to divide.
I fled from the warfield, more mudstained than gory,
With little about me of war, or its signs,
I came back again, without sway, without glory,
And found—that the stranger had captured Wrauthmines.

'Tis Irish—outspreed like a plague, or a famine,
From morning till night that I hear and I see,
And even in the streets, every bare-footed gamin
Cries "A Buaicallí, péuc ar an raigheúirín buirde."
They grin, and they talk about "Connrao na Saeóitge,"
And shout—but their meaning is Greek to me yet,
"Tá an rppurán éar n-ar, 'r a lúróin, na béat aige,
Ir oóca gur buail pé, úo éall, ar De Wet."

Ping-Pong is no more, and the Banjo has faded,
'Tis replaced by the barbarous shriek of the Pipes,
The Coons are disbanded, their Art is degraded
They are wandering, and wailing like wet-weather snipes

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"Yaas."

Georgiana, my love, has forbidden my calling
To Shoddyville Hall, where she dwells with Papawh;
I fell on my knees and I cried, "O my dawling,
Are you going to forsake me?" and she answered me,
"Tá"!

There's not even a Johnny, a Toff, or a Chappie
To meet me, and greet me with "How d'ye do"?
But always around me to make me unhappy,
Is that vulgar-voiced, vile-spoken Saeóitgeóirí
crew.

The power of the Seomín is shattered and broken,
I will fly far away from the scene of his fall;
I will go where no rude Gaelic Language is spoken,
To darken respectable hearts, like a pall.
I will seek for a country, where shoddy is worn,
Where the sunlight of high-class Society shines,
And I'll try to forget all the insults I've borne
Farewell, and forever! O dawling Wrauthmines!
Duan na Banban.

innspail.*

innspail is the title of a new magazine which springs from that centre of Irish activity outside Ireland, the London Gaelic League. The publication is intended for the Irish in London and proposes to deal from month to month with matters of national, intellectual and social interest to Irish people resident there. But one is led to think, if subsequent numbers maintain the standard of the initial one, that it may find a wider audience than that it primarily seeks. innspail undoubtedly makes a good first impression, and has spirit, style, and matter that promise well. Needless to say Irish gets a prominent place in it. The Oireachtas and Feis Connact are dealt with in Irish articles and an interview between St. Patrick and a pagan on Hampstead Heath and the first of a series of historical tales are among other items in the language. There is no lack of vigour or directness in the English matter. innspail will evidently not say anything in a whisper. The vexed subject of Irish dancing is laid daring hands on, and our friends the Pan-Celts do not escape. "Blue Dragons and Book-keeping" is a review of Mr. Concannon's "technical terms" as well as a skit upon what is described as a well known *litterateur's* picturesque faith, "that some day we shall fight dragons among blue hills." Here is a taste of its quality—"Alas, and alack! the Celt since Mr. Yeats spoke, has fallen from his vague and beautiful Eden. The spirit of the mere world has come to possess him. The new order is amazing; 'focta gnóta' the little book published by Mr. Thomas Concannon, is a terrible revelation of the extent of the fall. Mr. Concannon is also a Celt, and, as chief organiser of the Gaelic League, has travelled Ireland up and down, telling Young Ireland many things, but saying never a word, we are certain, on the subject of blue dragons or of hunting in the blue

* innspail: A Magazine for the Irish in London. London: the Gaelic League Offices, 9 Duke Street Strand. W.C. Price 2d.

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hills. And just imagine it!—he gives a generation that might otherwise go dragon-hunting a grim array of commercial and technical terms in Irish! The Irish equivalents of 'Deposit Receipt Book' and 'Bills Receivable' confront us on the very opening page. Enough surely to make any blue dragon show its teeth. 'Advances on convertible securities'! We read it in Irish, and the hills of dream shake to their foundations if they have any," and so on. I have mentioned but some of the topics of which *Innripart* treats, but enough to sample its contents. The hope is expressed in a prefatory note that *Innripart* will prove "informing, stimulating, and interesting." The first number, at any rate, justifies that hope. In conclusion, it should be said that the printing of this magazine is done in Dublin. EXILE.

CONCERNING PRAYER BOOKS.

I'VE often wondered, especially since the Gaelic League commenced its work, why it is we haven't, or at least, hadn't till the other day, any Irish (Catholic) Prayer-Books. By Irish, I don't mean in the Irish language,—for, until recently, there was no chance of having the like—but books that might be called Irish, if only in the sense in which our current literature in general was called Irish, that is, books purporting to be different in "note," or in "style," or in something, no matter what, from their English contemporaries. One would think, considering our record as a missionary people in the long ago, and as a religious people at all times, that even if we ourselves forgot or neglected to keep alive our old native prayers, that some of our neighbours would have done so for us, if only to preserve those prayers as curiosities. If old manuscripts are preserved as literature one would think old prayers would be worth preserving as prayers. Instead of preserving them however, we, whose ancestors christianized the greater part of Britain and to whom the words

Sacranac and Protestant are even still almost synonymous, are content to import our prayers as we do most of our other necessities, and to address our Creator in the tongue that, — well, that we have very little reason to pray for or in. 'Tis a matter that will right itself in time I suppose—if our affairs right themselves at all—but meanwhile —.

What Father O'Leary said some months back about English as contrasted with Irish religious poetry, that 'tis little but it would give you a distaste (I translate from memory) for poetry, and for religion too, is only less true of English as contrasted with Irish prayers in general. There's no use, of course, trying to prove this; even the quick fading of the old religious life throughout the country is not proving it to those most concerned. True, such prayers as are common to the whole Catholic world, are much the same in all languages, but, as is well known, these make up but a small part of the Irish speaker's repertoire. 'Tis in his occasional prayers that he excels and my complaint is that these beautiful prayers—and our store of them is even still practically inexhaustible—are being supplanted by ones of foreign composition. I don't know is there any theological reason why our compilers of Prayer-Books—even of English Prayer-Books for use in Ireland—should assist in the operation. They might, one would think, at least translate some of the old prayers for us. If they failed to particularly edify us in their English garb, they would, at least, impress upon us the extent to which our fathers literally obeyed the behest to "pray always."

I am impelled to those reflections by the reading of a little Prayer-Book published last March by the Catholic Truth Society. The little book costs only a penny, and the newspaper notices of it that appeared at the time were of the penny apiece order too. To add to its difficulties the author's or compiler's name was not generally made known and previous attempts at giving us a Prayer-Book in Irish were not particularly successful, so that people would be chary of buying what might be

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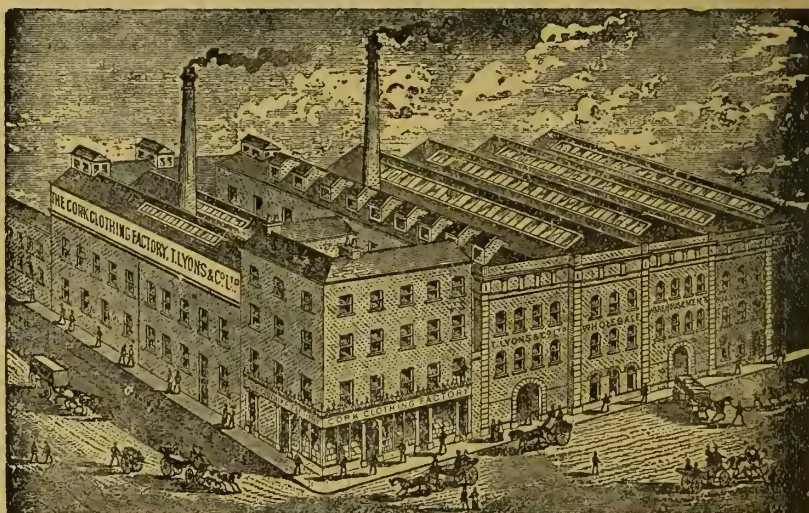
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ESTABLISHED OVER A CENTURY

DeupLacár. To crown all, the Catholic Truth Society—if it is the Society is responsible for such work—did not apparently take the trouble to do any more than print the book and get it cursorily reviewed. Anyhow, I and others, have ever since last March been on the look out for it in the churches in this city, only in the end to have to procure it some weeks ago through an ordinary book-seller. If greater pains than this are not taken to get the other publications of the Society into the people's hands, I have doubts, no matter how excellent the publications in themselves may be, about their stemming the flood of debasing English literature, for the which stemming they are intended.

I have said that the name of the author, or compiler, of the little Prayer-Book is not generally known. I understand he is none other than *An t-Ádair Muiúir* of Mount Melleray—the man in all Ireland probably best qualified for such a task. Nobody who knows *An t-Ádair Muiúir* or who has read *An Stéibéanac* need be told what sort the Irish of his Prayer-Book is, and, as for the prayers, I have only to say that he has, as far as his limits allowed, given some of those native Irish occasional prayers to which I have referred. Any Irish Irelander taking the book with him to Mass will, I have no doubt, hear Mass that day better than he ever did before. As Irish books go, I have no hesitation in saying that the little book is value for sixpence. It costs only a penny. Might I just mention to the publishing Society that if they got out a costlier edition it would find buyers amongst the ladies. Nobody who knows human nature is unaware of woman's partiality for a "respectable"-looking Prayer-Book.

I might add that I hope some of our Feis Committees will print the prayers sent in by competitors (in cases where there was such a competition). I had the good fortune to see those sent in for a particular Feis, and I don't think the human mind ever addressed its Creator in lovelier language than in those Irish prayers. If we had them on the lips of our school-going children once more, 'tis little need we'd have for a society to protect us against English or any other immoral literature, at least, I don't think we would.

Sliab Féal 5-Eua.

A SOFT DAY AT SPIDDAL.

IT was a soft day yesterday; had it been a spring and not an autumn, a fine soft day would now be better phrasing. Well, it was a soft day, but this morning the hills of distant Clare are strong and sharp cut against the sunlit sky. The air is charged with light, and the patches of fresh grass among much that is browner and barren make reclamation a beautiful fact. It was a soft

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day, but hardly the day one would have wished for the laying of a foundation stone. A stone which is to be, as it were, a stepping stone to greater things; let us hope that; for it is the foundation stone of a small church, the first of its kind, and of a kind with the like of which modern Ireland is totally unacquainted.

A soft day, with rain that falls from above in some part, but which also seems to rise from the ground in major part. There is no sunshine from the sky; true enough; but inside the little parish church where humility kneels within the altar railing; where poverty too knocks at one's soul for sympathy, and (were one's thoughts to stray historic wise) for indignation; inside there, there is the sunshine, that subtle sunshine, that feeds the heart, though there be none to throw its rays aslant on the flannel bawneens of the kneeling peasants. There is also the sunshine of the Irish tongue, eloquent on the lips of the preacher, musical on the lips of the singing boys. A sunshine, too, that took some visible and necessary form, that of yellow gold and crisp little pieces of printed paper.

All cannot hear that preacher, for half the congregation are kneeling outside in the rain. But they all know that this preacher is eloquent, that fluent is his voice as the rippling wave of Boliska hard by, even as they know that their Bishop is as simple and lovable a man as God ever created Irishman. And those within who both know and hear anon give expression to soft irrepressible ejaculations at a more emotional point of the discourse.

Outside in the drizzling rain the corner stone is well and truly laid; and presently in the adjacent schoolroom we have the sunshine again; in the face of the presiding priest; in the words of the venerable Bishop; in the speech of my good lord temporal; in the eulogy of his excellent friend by his side.

A comparatively small affair, this building of a parish church among the bare hills of Connaught, yet more important in its way than the building of many a cathedral. The cathedral *may* be a culmination, but this can be nothing less than a beginning. And a beginning shall be mighty always no matter how small it may ever be.

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ROBERT ELLIOTT.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CAPETOWN AND THE GAELIC LEAGUE.

Registered Letter Section,
General Post Office,
Capetown, S. Africa,
September 7th, 1904.

DEAR S.R.—I see by your issue of the 13th ult., that a Gaelic Literary Society has been formed in Port Eliza-

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beth. You will be glad to know that one has sprung up in Woodstock (a suburb of Capetown), and, judging from the fact that we have secured the services of a number of Irish speakers, and have enrolled fifty members, the hope is reasonably entertained that the movement will be a success. I am sending an order this mail to the Secretary, Gaelic League for 1st, 2nd, and 3rd books, copy-books, etc., and I hope to be able to give a favourable report of progress in the Irish Ireland Movement in the near future. Congratulations to you for the great work which you have undertaken, and are carrying on so successfully.—Yours very sincerely,

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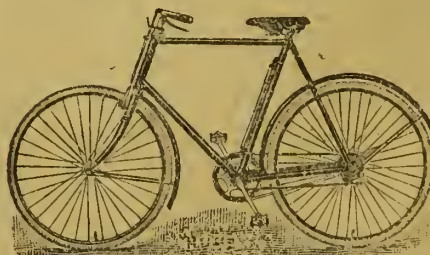
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CONTENTS.

CURRENT AFFAIRS:—

Bishop of Limerick's Paper	...	129
Ireland's Cardinal and the University	...	130
Question	...	130
More Slanders from the Solicitor-General...	...	131
Clonmel, the Peeler, and the Gaelic League	...	131
The Humour of a Belfast Bung	...	131

CORRESPONDENCE

...	...	133
-----	-----	-----

Etc., Etc.

ARTICLES:—

Next Cupp	...	134
The University Question	...	134
A Business Exhibition at Cork	...	135
That Very Superior Lecturer	...	135
The West British Association	...	136
Parnellism and Time	...	138
Fair Play in Criticism	...	138
An Emigration Antidote	...	139
Concerning Universities	...	140

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CURRENT AFFAIRS:

The Bishop of Limerick's paper was a fighting paper. He is not the class of man who would regard a Mr. Charles E. Martin as a weighty citizen. He would look to the worth of men rather than to the rateable value of their houses and so sign he is held in esteem and respect in the land. Referring to certain American students he said:—"Many of them are so poor that in order to provide the necessary fees for instruction they have to follow pursuits which in this country of aristocratic and royal lineages would be a stain on a man for ever. In America they have not yet a hereditary aristocracy, and they can perceive that intellect is a matter not of class, but of stock." America is very backward; we are miles ahead of her. Why, if any people of less royal lineage and "respectability" than a C. E. Martin were to start anything they might be told to remember from whence they sprung in this go-ahead and democratic country. The United States was largely made by men; there are people who think that Ireland can be built by "respectable" names and "select" addresses.

Referring to Technical Instruction, Dr. O'Dwyer said:—"No less absurd and futile is the actual position with regard to Technical Instruction. There is nothing like it in the world: no Government dare attempt it except in a conquered and helpless country (hear, hear)." And again:—"If a French Minister avowed to his fellow-citizens that their country had been brought so low in education that he should seek in England and Germany for men to teach the very elements of science, how long do you think would the French people put up with it? But with us, not only are we to accept Englishmen and Scotchmen in the first instance to organise the teaching in our technical classes, but we are to have no hope of

filling their places when they become vacant by some of our own people. No other country on earth would accept such a position." His Lordship then went on to relate an interesting incident:—"Only last week in the city of Limerick there was a meeting to appoint a teacher of chemistry under the Technical Instruction Committee. They advertised for candidates, and they got applications from a number of them with University degrees in Science. There was one, a B.A. of Cambridge and a Bachelor of Science from London and a Doctor of Philosophy from Gottingen. Another was a Bachelor of Science of the University of Wales; another a Bachelor of Science from Victoria University. But there was not a single man bearing a degree in Science from any Irish University whatever. Tell me, gentlemen—to put it on the lowest mercenary ground—is it fair; is it fair to my City of Limerick, is it fair to Ireland that no man, no poor man who has a gifted son, can give him an education that will qualify him to hold even a paltry position of that kind in his own land?"

The futility of the policy of "proving your tolerance" to bigots" was clearly shown by his Lordship when he said:—"We Catholic Bishops, who are the authentic guides of our people in this matter, have gone as far as it was possible for us to go in concession to Protestant prejudice, in order to remove all excuses for denying the full advantages of education to our country. Yet we find in the end that the opposition is not disarmed, and that the hostility is as implacable as if we stood upon the fullest assertion of our Catholic rights." Of course, the opposition was not disarmed. The bigots took these offered concessions as signs of weakness and congratulated themselves accordingly. Had the Bishops stuck out for the full demand and followed up their demand by the exercise of such national force as could legitimately be used possibly the bigots would have been glad before now to have settled the matter by allowing the Government to carry out such measures as the Bishops could see their way, in a spirit of compromise, to accept.

The wisdom of those who preach that if we want tolerance we must fight for it is borne out in the following:—"We have agreed to accept the Tests Act, to ask no endowment for the Teaching of Catholic Theology, to have the governing body predominantly lay in its constitution. But it is all to no purpose. Those who oppose us have never been sincere. Their objection is not to our principles, but to ourselves. The old ascendancy blood runs in their veins, and it is hateful to them to see Irish Catholics, on whom they and their ancestors trod for centuries, now asserting practically and really their equality before the law. Successive Chief Secretaries have stated that for the want of higher education in Ireland they have found it necessary to exclude Catholics from important appointments under the Crown. That is just as it ought to be, in the opinion of Lord Londonderry and Mr. Sloan and others of their mental calibre. This is a country conquered by Protestants, and to be exploited in their interest. It is regarded as an intolerable invasion of their rights and privileges if even one Catholic, albeit a well tried and most distinguished servant of the Crown, holds a position of influence in the government of Ireland. This country, they hold, belongs to them and must be governed in their interest." Is it too much to hope that weak-kneed "tolerance-proving" will disappear shortly from the policies of the Irish nation. We only want Fair Play and Justice.

We commend this to our readers' attention:—"We, Irish Catholics, must submit our claims to the judgment of the Orange opposition, and until that opposition is appeased Irish educational reform in every branch must be postponed. They are a handful; we are the nation:

you count them by thousands; we are millions; yet in the counsels of Mr. Wyndham the clamour of this handful of fanatics counts for more than the claims and the needs of the whole nation."

In Ireland's Cardinal we happily have a strong, sure-footed man, a man of whom Irish Catholics are justly proud. The vast Dublin audience on Wednesday night must have felt a pleasant sense of confidence and satisfaction that the great meeting was presided over by the strong and Irish Primate of All Ireland. There is one thing concerning the Cardinal that wins one's heart at once; there is no "side" on him; you could not suspect the Cardinal of being a peonin or of caring a straw what the "superior" people of the Garrison thought of him. He is a strong, able man who knows his own mind and looks down at an audience, in his red robes, just the same as if he were merely a masterful parish priest presiding at a meeting of his parishioners. Of Dr. O'Dwyer's address he said:—"It is something more than a mere address. It is a war-cry (loud applause). He has made us feel our degradation. And if we are men we will not lie down, as the Bishop expresses it, under the degradation (applause). We have only to agitate, and we will succeed; we have to make ourselves as ugly as we can make ourselves to this paternal Government of ours at every point and by every means in our power. By that policy we have secured some measure of county Government and some measure of land reform, and by that means we will be sure to secure a large measure of higher education for Ireland." Might we suggest that, though it might be the longest way round, the shortest way to make ourselves ugly to the Government is to make ourselves ugly at home here to the Garrison. The Garrison will tell the Government how ugly we look and will be glad to suggest that the Government should give us a little sugar to make us smile. We fully agree with the Cardinal in this:—"Now, there is one thing—and there is no more evident truth to me—and it is this, that we are deprived of University education, not precisely because we are Catholics perhaps, though our neighbours, especially down in my district (laughter), are not very fond of the Catholics, we are deprived of it simply because as soon as we get it we destroy a monopoly (applause). They have in their hands a monopoly of all the positions of emolument and honour in the whole country, and when the well-known brain power of Irish Catholics is let loose there is an end of that monopoly (applause)." If that be so, as we believe it is, it shows the need of physical pressure of some kind or other to back up the claims of justice and humanity. The Garrison monopoly will not open its gates at the behest of the most perfect syllogisms unless a few crow-bars are laid under contribution as well.

We have not seen the full text of the paper by the Very Rev. Patrick Nolan, O.S.B., which was read at the Catholic Truth Conference. The paper was entitled "Protestantism and Prosperity in Ireland," and judging by the condensed Press report that we have read the full text would be well worthy of the perusal of all thinking Irishmen. In the course of his paper, as reported, he remarked:—"How mean and contemptible appeared the policy and ideals even of the Protestant pseudo-patriots and pseudo-Irishmen of your Molyneux, Swift, and Lucas, nay, even of Flood and Charlemont, whom ignorant Catholics are wont to laud a great deal too much. Catholics ought to be more self-respecting and remember that with these so-called patriots for the most part the Irish nation meant the Protestant garrison, while the peace and happiness and prosperity of the Catholic majority counted for nothing." Here is another extract:—"And Grattan's Parliament was in no sense a truly Irish, truly national one such as was that of 1688. Time passed, and with the extinction of Catholic influence and the growth of Protestant ascendancy Ireland sank to the depths of degradation. It was not that Catholics were wanting in those strenuous qualities which some people would have them believe were the monopoly of Protestantism. It was simply because the

flower and vigour and manhood of the Catholic Irish had left a country which Protestantism had rendered impossible for them, and left in their hundreds, as we see them to-day, to build up the states of the foreigner. And so Ireland was at the mercy of the Protestants. He did not intend to rehearse the terrible Penal code, that masterwork of Protestantism which had cast an everlasting infamy on its very name. In the words of Lecky—"Persecution among the early Protestants was a distinct and definite doctrine digested into elaborate treaties and enforced against the most inoffensive as well as against the most formidable sects. It was the doctrine of the palmied days of Protestantism. It was taught by those who are justly esteemed the greatest of its leaders." "Even in the ten persecutions," says the Protestant Dr. Johnson, "there is no instance of such severity as the Protestants of Ireland have exercised over the Catholics," and in the words of the Protestant Edmund Burke—"Our Penal code against the Catholics was savage as anything that ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man." The so-called 'Church of Ireland' had grown fat and wealthy at the expense of the country and the history of the tithe system was familiar to most of them."

The Solicitor-General is, indeed, a barefaced individual. This law officer of the Crown, who took money for a brief from the Rathmines Commissioners in the recent case before the be-muddled Local Government Board and raised a point of law, has been haranguing the Britishers of Manchester. In the course of his harangue, as reported in the *Dust Bin*, he said:—"In 1898, at the time of the concession to Ireland by Parliament of a generous and liberal measure of Local Government, some English statesmen were tempted to predict that the measure would be accepted and administered in a liberal and tolerant spirit, and that the resident landowners and men of good standing and position would be welcomed to seats on the County and District Councils. We know now, after six years practical experience of the working of that measure, how worthless this prediction was, for not only have such men been almost universally excluded from the County and District Councils throughout the greater part of Ireland, but also an association known as 'The Catholic Association' has for some time past been in active operation, whose avowed object is the exclusion of Protestants from all places of authority or emolument in local administration, while publicly and in print it also advocates exclusive dealing in all trades and commerce of Roman Catholics with one another, and the exclusive employment of members of this same creed." We are now only concerned with his reference to the Catholic Association. His statements concerning that Association are barefaced lies. We believe some people think it is bad taste to call a man a liar; but if men will tell barefaced and mean lies, what are you to call them? Are you to call them brave and honourable gentlemen.

The *Dust Bin* prints these lies, and the *Dust Bin* knows, or ought to know, that they are lies. Yet this retailer of lies against the Catholic Association was favoured with the advertisements of the Catholic Truth Society's meetings! There were manly and vigorous papers read at the Catholic Truth meetings, yet the old half-slave spirit showed itself in the fact that this Society advertised itself in the convicted libeller of Canon McInerney.

A man by the name of Goulding—not Brother Goulding—has been hopping about like an india rubber ball over the Great Southern Railway system. He was at one time a stationmaster somewhere up the line; he was transferred to Limerick, from Limerick he was sent to Cork, from Cork to Waterford, and from Waterford to Dublin where, for aught we know to the contrary, he now rests in winter quarters. His stay in Waterford was, we are informed, one of about a month's duration, and whilst there he was above men who were receiving larger salaries. Who is this man Goulding, and why has he been shifted from pillar to post in this manner?

The "gallant men and true" of the Clonmel Guardians have snatched a peeler from his baton in order to instal him as master of the Clonmel Workhouse in "gallant" Tipperary. There were two other candidates besides the potent peeler. One of them was a local man, Mr. Fennessey, a man of tried business capacity who, as a boy, was an Intermediate Exhibitioner. He is a teetotaler and hon. treasurer of the local branch of the Gaelic League, of which he has been one of the mainstays; he possesses both a literary and speaking knowledge of Irish. However, the peeler, though not even a Tipperary man, ran away from all competitors. He is related by marriage with the family of an ex-member. He had testimonials from the Archbishop of Cashel and from the magistrates of Thurles. The following twenty-five, all of whom we assume are "tried and true" and who would give ten thousand lives, if they had them, for the honour of the green flag, and who would resolute and boo peelers in the abstract as well as Killarney pro-boers, or others of that ilk, in meeting assembled:—The Chairman, Messrs. W. T. Fayre, P. V. Guiry, J.P.; M. Keating, T. Kennedy, D. McGrath, J. Mulcahy, P. Nugent, C. O'Donnell, J. O'Donnell, P. O'Donnell, Pierce O'Donnell, J. O'Flaherty, Wm. Phelan, J. Caulfield, Edward Ryan, J. Ryan, T. Sheehan, Ald. Skehan, Wm. Slattery, Wm. Smith, P. Stokes, Wm. Stokes, M.C.C.; P. Walsh, M.C.C.—only three, Messrs. Grubb, T. Lonergan, and E. Murphy, voted for Mr. Fennessey. Peelers abu in "gallant" Tipperary!

A Clonmel correspondent, in the course of a letter to us, writes:—"The popular candidate, Mr. Fennessey, was eminently qualified for the position from educational, national, and business points of view. His educational abilities consisted in being an Intermediate Exhibitioner (value £45), and a first prizeman in South Kensington in several useful subjects. He received excellent testimonials from his present employers, Messrs. Murphy and Co., brewers, Clonmel, where he has been employed for over 17 years principally in charge of men. He is a life-long teetotaler, as was put forth in his testimonial from his Parish Priest. He is honorary treasurer of the local branch of the Gaelic League, and I can truthfully say that he has been the mainstay of the movement in Clonmel since its inception. He was careful to embody in his circular to the Guardians that he possessed both a literary and a spoken knowledge of the Irish Language; the number of votes he received testifies how this fact affected the minds of this local body of the 'tried and true,' and what a hold Irish Ireland and the Language Revival has taken in the capital of 'Gallant Tipperary.' Some time ago you extolled Clonmel and Limerick as strongholds of the Gaelic League as compared with Waterford. To my mind your laudations, as far as Clonmel was concerned, were not deserved, it being equally as apathetic as Waterford in that respect. The number of Gaelic Leaguers here could almost be counted on the fingers of one hand—certainly, the two would exhaust them. The average 'man in the street' and the young man of the clubs (of which Clonmel can boast a goodly number) know or care nothing about the League. With the exception of the Christian Brothers, the other schools are only playing with the language, or have abandoned it altogether. At the recent Feis, with the exception of the Christian Brothers of Clonmel and Fethard, there was not a single entry from any of the other schools either in Clonmel or neighbourhood for the Literary Competitions. We had plenty of juvenile dancing thought, and numerous singing competitions. Again, the priests here are not with us, I do not mean that they are hostile, but they simply look on sympathetically from afar (very much afar) at the puny efforts of a few engaged in a Herculean and almost impossible task, the forcing of a strange language on an unwilling and indifferent people. They subscribe (when called upon) and attend at the Feis (when opened by the Bishop), and then their duty towards Irish Ireland is done. There is, however, one exception, the Revd. President of the local branch (Craobh naomh páirtaig). He has done some work for the League, is a native speaker, attends

committee meetings occasionally, but could scarcely be called an enthusiast. The local papers are just like the average 'Irish' Press, occasionally printing a column or two of Gaelic, an occasional leaderette, or report of a committee meeting, and after that take great credit for doing their duty to Irish Ireland and the Gaelic Revival. It should be borne in mind that this is bordering on an Irish-speaking county where the language is to a great extent still alive, and that a good many inhabitants of Clonmel are native speakers, that Irish is still heard frequently on fair and market days, but the attempt to infuse an Irish Ireland spirit into Clonmel and neighbourhood is, I regret to say, an almost utter failure, notwithstanding the attempts of the Gaelic League now established here over four years."

Mr. Bung, as we know, sometimes breaks into "poetry," at times he displays a characteristically beery type of humour in the matter of labels for his victims, out of whom he has driven both sense and money; quite a new departure in Bung humour recently manifested itself in Belfast, the capital of the intellectual Sahara of Ireland. A bungery keeper by the name of Mr. Harry Flood kept a place of "refreshment" popularly known as the "Wee Hoose." The Corporation of the capital of the intellectual Sahara of Ireland found it necessary to quench out the "Wee Hoose" in carrying out a street improvement scheme. We have no doubt that Mr. Harry Flood got a tidy price as a result of the compulsory purchase of his bungery and his good spirits sought vigorously for original expression. The Bung humorist hit on the brilliant and delicate idea of holding a "wake" over the signboard of the "Wee Hoose." We read in the *Belfast Evening Telegraph*:—"A large party of the friends of the proprietor were present at the obsequies, which proved less gloomy and more interesting than obsequies generally are. Punctually at eleven o'clock the guests assembled in the drawing-room, and the chair having been taken by Mr. John White, of Bangor, a musical programme was entered upon of a very enjoyable and varied kind. When the 'witching hour of night' had been signalled by the Albert clock, the 'wake' ceremony commenced. To the funereal strains of the 'Dead March' in Saul, the defunct signboard was carried upstairs and deposited with due solemnity upon a table in the centre of the room, the company meantime standing with uncovered heads, as at the graveside of an old friend. Then it was covered with a large Union Jack as a pall, whereupon the pianist struck up and the audience sang with spirit 'Rule Britannia,' followed by 'Auld Lang Syne' and the National Anthem. Then came the cremation ceremony. The 'corpse' was broken to matchwood, carried to a huge fire and reduced to ashes." What a pretty wit this Mr. Bung, of Belfast, has, to be sure. How nobly the members of the company displayed their "civic virtue" by "standing with uncovered heads" at the side of the departed signboard!

We take the following from the *Belfast News-Letter*, of October 10th:—"Millinery and General Drapery.—Wanted a Young Lady (Protestant) as Assistant.—Send testimonials, state salary, G. Blackwell, Monasterevan. Traveller for Drapery.—Young Man (from country preferred) Wanted to Canvas for Orders; Protestant.—Apply, J. Cunningham, Blue House, Ballyclare." From the same paper we clip the following:—"Post Office Assistant, sounder instrument, and generally competent.—Apply, stating age, experience, religion, salary expected, references, E. K., 26864, this office." This postmaster who makes religious denomination a test for the post of Post Office Assistant keeps his name from the public. Do the Post Office authorities acknowledge the right of their postmasters to make conformity with any particular class of religious belief a condition for employment as Post Office Assistants? If not will they take any measures to discover who this particular postmaster is, and deal with him as he deserves?

It is not very long since the Ursuline Convent, Blackrock, Cork, was an out and out un-Irish Convent. But a

Many of the shells from the Irish side were fired from a very long range—indeed, a range previously unknown in the history of sieges. From a town in Italy a shell fired in Irish dropped into the fort. The following English was on the shell, which was of the post-card pattern:—"Intellectual people all over the world admire your fight against Ignorance, Stupidity, and Boorishness." One shell from Cork was of the sealed or letter pattern, but on the outside of the shell Horatius could read "Explosive Dynamite." Inside was the following message:—"Autograph Letter to General Stoessel. If this junk gets through it will cause the recipient to be

It is a good while since we went to a play at the Gaiety where "Sapho" was produced. Last week we went to "Joseph Entangled," by Henry Arthur Jones. We are not particularly interested to offer any opinion on the production as a play. There was a sparse audience, and, judging by the appearance of some of those in the higher-priced seats, we should say that very many of those present were allowed in for nothing. To a thoughtful Irish person the production was a poor thing. It was not a real live comedy; for after all there must be a certain amount of honest stuff in people, however faulty they may be, in order to make a comedy out of them; a comedy of lackadaisical cads is beyond the wit of man. An utterly immoral society where men are genteel blackguards and accept themselves as such and where an effort is made to keep up a sort of "saved" appearance of conventional morality, where men professedly lie on their honour as gentlemen, such a society is exploited by a man whose trade in life is the concocting of plays. He concocts a play calculated to take the degenerate palate of "saved" England, and there you have "Joseph Entangled." That is the sort of thing that was dished up to, happily, more or less empty benches at the Gaiety Theatre, whose Mr. Hyland was recently presented with a money collection—we forget at the moment whether or not an illuminated address adorned the hat. We had rather see Joseph washed in a horse-pond than see him the central cad of a latter-day decadent British play. No wonder some of Tommy's officers ran away from the Boers. What do cads care for chivalry, honour, bravery, patriotism. "Men of honour," who lie on their words as gentlemen would naturally cut and run from an enemy in the battlefield; that class of Englishman would cheat you in business; they would

pawn off British shoddy for Irish manufacture; they would circulate lies to bolster up their political or other aims. These plays are tiresome things when you have sampled one or two of them. One of the chief evils of their importation over here is that they offer a sort of "ideal" to the Anglicised hell-of-a-fellow and tupenny cad who are such pests in Anglo-Irish society.

The Postmastership of Ballynacargy is now vacant owing to the retirement of the ex-Postmaster who, by the way, was an "Idolator." Ballynacargy is a village about seven miles north-west of Mullingar. Who is to be the new Postmaster? We have no doubt there are, and will be, many "Idolators" applying for the job, and it is not unlikely that the Freemasons are running a man. Perhaps, one of our readers could let us know something of this vacancy.

The anniversary of Father Mathew was fittingly honoured in Cork. In the hall of St. Fin Barr's Total Abstinence Society, Father O'Leary, of Cork, lectured to a crowded audience. The "only national" gives a long report of the lecture and even prints our obnoxious name in all its nakedness without having recourse to the expedient of dressing us as "a certain weekly paper," or in some such garment. The lecturer, in the course of his address, said:—"The Gaelic League, too, was infusing a new spirit into the country, a spirit which was essentially one of National self-respect and sobriety; and, in this connection also, he was glad to bear testimony to the splendid services rendered by THE LEADER in opening the eyes of the people to their own folly, and focussing public opinion on some of the interesting ways of the liquor trade." Again the lecturer said:—"The fact cannot be denied that since Father Mathew's day, and even in his time, the educated and intelligent classes, as a rule, and those who from their position possessed most influence, have not co-operated in the effort to make Ireland sober. They have been ready enough to denounce the drunkard, but seldom ready to join in any temperance movement. They, too, have been believers in the verb 'to say' but not in the verb 'to do.' One of the misfortunes of Ireland was that there were always too many believers in the verb 'to say,' and too few believers in the verb 'to do.'" What came over the "only national" that it printed our nefarious name?

Certainly the "only national" man does not love us, for at a recent meeting in connection with a public body, the question of advertising in the LEADER having cropped up, Mr. George Crosbie opposed, vainly opposed, the proposal to advertise in our nefarious columns. His opposition was based on the high ethical ground that the LEADER was not recognised by Irish journalists! Funny Mr. Crosbie. We suppose it is in conforming with that lack of recognition that we are darkly hinted at as "a certain weekly paper," or in some such forty-foot pole sort of non-recognition phrase. A colleague of poor Mr. George Crosbie, at the meeting, bluntly told him that Cork would never be successful until it had a LEADER of its own! That was hard on the "only national." Perhaps, Mr. Crosbie, having been beaten, has since decided to recognise the LEADER, and so our nefarious name appeared like an ugly word in his chaste columns. But what will the Irish journalists say?

The Annual Charity Sermon in aid of the John Street Schools will be preached by Rev. J. Condon, on next Sunday, at 12 o'clock Mass, in the Church of St. John the Baptist, Thomas Street. These schools recall the memory of Father Anderson, O.S.A., whose efforts in the Language Revival will not lightly be forgotten. It is gratifying to learn that the nation-building work he started in these schools has been continued since with success. The Irish Language is taught to all the children attending them, many of the teachers being native Irish speakers.

A conference on Irish Emigration, under the auspices of the Anti-Emigration Society, will be held on Tuesday, the 25th October, at the Mansion House, Dublin. The Lord Mayor will take the chair at 11 o'clock. Papers

will be contributed by Father Connolly, Drumkeeran; Dr. Cox, Conan Maol, W. P. Purcell, and Father O'Donovan, and will be fully discussed. The public are invited to attend.

The "Butchers' March" is the name of an old Irish dance which has still survived in parts of Ireland where the old language is spoken, and which will be danced in Dublin, for the first time in public, at Cuirm Ceoil Na Samhna, the annual concert of the Keating Branch, to be held in the Round Room, Rotunda, on Saturday evening, 29th inst. The precise connection of the Butchers with the march is not evident, but that does not matter. The dance itself is interesting and should form a welcome addition to the list of Irish figure dances. The dancing at this year's Cuirm Ceoil will form a good part of the programme, Willie Murray, London, the holder of the Championship, being the chief attraction. But Miss Mollie Cregan, of Killorglin, and Diarmuid O'Crowley, of Ballyvourney, are also down for special items. The other side of the Gaelic League effort, however, is not neglected. The Drama will be represented by a reproduction of Dr. Hyde's *Casadh an tSúgain*, which was produced at the Gaiety Theatre in 1901, and Irish music, vocal and instrumental, will be represented by contributions by leading exponents of Ceoil na hEireann. The names of the singers and other contributors appear elsewhere in this issue.

Recently there was a "grand concert" held in the Town Hall of the city that proudly remains "unconquered" before the savage and barbarian horde of Irish Irelanders. The concert was in aid of St. Patrick's Church, Waterford. As there was no vile Irish song allowed to besmirch the programme, might we suggest that the name of this parish church in the city yet "unconquered" by the vile Irish Irelanders might be changed to something more "tony" than Patrick. There was a German song, and needless to say every one of the audience understood every word of it. We cannot understand why songs in the Italian, French and Spanish Languages were not also upon the programme. This omission must have been a keen disappointment to the gifted audience.

Recently the Bishop of Waterford made a speech at the opening of the Clonmel *Féis*. In the course of that speech the low-down Bishop said:—"Why in the world should not every man in the land welcome the effort that is made to do this, and if he has the opportunity, take hold of it, in trying to help the Gaelic League in so blessed a work." Evidently the organisers of the concert in aid of St. Patrick's Church—in which by the way several "saved" participated—snap their fingers at the Bishop; even a Bishop who panders to the low Irish Irelanders cannot be "class." It is a pity that the elite of the "unconquered" West British city have not a real "tony" Bishop.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CATHOLICS AND "GRIT."

October 13th, 1904.

DEAR SIR,—Those of us who had the privilege of hearing Rev. Dr. O'Riorden at the Catholic Truth Conference, were afterwards favoured with an address by Mr. Brady, solicitor, who deplored the lack of "grit" in Catholics. Can it be possible that this is the same gentleman who "ratted" from the Catholic Association? When a man who fled away, like a timorous rodent from an Association founded to vindicate Catholic rights (whatever its defects may be), the moment it seemed to be frowned on by an Archbishop, has the affrontery to address people on their lack of "grit," it gives one furiously to think. Will you permit me to add that I have received this week a cheque for £44 from some friends of the Association, and duly lodged it in bank.—Yours truly,

J. C. McWALTER, M.D., M.A.

NEART CUIRP.

Doncáid: "An buille a buailtear le neart an cuirp ní fiú é trácht air." An le neart cuirp atá muintirí Sárana ag bualaí na n-Éireann anois i n-Éirinn le peacht gcéad bliain? Céadair féin sup b'eas. An fiú an bualaí pan trácht air? Tá a mian oirinn go daingean pé 'n-Éirinn é. Ní'í don lá i gcaiteamh na peacht gcéad bliain pan ná raib ar a gcumar do muintirí na h-Éireann, dá dtasairtí go léir ar don aigne agus bualaí i n-donfeacht, buille, mar a deirir, do bualaí roir an dá fáil ar Sárana, buille a déanfaí i cup "peacht plata i ndiaid a cúl ar fleairg a dhoma." Dá mbuailtí buille de'n tróir pan don lá i gcaiteamh na h-aimiríe rin an dóic leat ná go mb'fiú é trácht air? Dob' fiú, a táirg, agus do tráchtí. Dar liom féin, a táirg, ní dóic liom sup ní fáda le dul an neart aigne reo a deirir-re gan neart cuirp, neart lám agus cuirleán, a beir lartair de'n aigne go teann cun nirt na h-aigne cup i bperóm pa buille nuair a buailtear an buille.

Taós: Iré mo taob-pa de'n rgeal atá agat dá cup i bperóm, a Doncáid, agus taóin tú 'a cup i bperóm go daingean. Ní raib muintirí na h-Éireann mian gan neart cuirp agus cuirleán. Ir cuinn liom nuair a bíor ós ná raib don treó ad a raib do' fedaib láiríe ar fuid na dóic. Bíodair nír gac don páiríre i n-Éirinn dóin h-iomadail díreac agus bíodair pa páiríre reo. Cairbeánan reanacur beil na ndoine go raibair iomadail mar rin gac don lá mian. Bí oiréad acu i n-Éirinn gac don lá mian agus dá n-eiríoir i n-donfeacht go bfeadair an buille úo do bualaí don lá ba mair leó é. Cad 'n-a taob náir eiríoir mian agus an buille rin do bualaí? Ní le h-earba nirt cuirp ná cuirleán náir eiríoir. Cad é an neart a bí i n-earnam oiré? Ní feicim-re go raib don nír i n-earnam oiré ad neart na h-aigne. Bí neart cuirp a ndóin acu, ad, mar a dúir, níor b'fiú é trácht air.

Doncáid: Agus cad é an neart aigne a déarfá a bí i n-earnam oiré?

Taós: Neorrad-pa pan duit go cuinn. Ir le h-earba nirt aigne náir cuigeoir conur mar a bí muintirí Sárana coicéianta 'gá ndeigilt agus 'gá gcur ag marbú' céile, do don gno, cun iad do cup pé coir i ndeie bára. Dá mbéad don éal acu cuig-poir an méir rin. Ní raib an éal acu. Agus ní féidir neart a beir i n-aigne gan éal a beir inti.

Doncáid: Dar raib ad tá a ndóin de'n earnam pan oiréa fír.

Taós: Tá go deimhín agus ir minic 'a cairbeáint iad. Tá ar riúbal an neómar po i n-Éirinn an obair ir cialmair agus ir neartmair, an obair ir caduigéige cun nirt aigne, do'ar déinead i n-Éirinn mian fír. 'Sí rin an obair reo na Gaeluinn. Feud conur atá an rgeal ag muintirí na h-Éirinn i dtaob na h-oiríe rin.

Doncáid: Tá an rgeal go n-aimiríe acu 'n-a taob gan amhar. Raint acu 'gá marbú' féin a do' iapad na h-oiríe cup cun cinn. Raint eile acu agus sup cuirge leó go ngeabí de pleuráib ionta 'ná a ráo sup labradair féin ná doinne a bain leó don focat Gaeluinn mian. Agus, roir an dá raint rin, pluag móir de doine ná cuirleán don truím i n-don coir pa n-obair.

Taós: An dóic leat ar b' don mair beir ag brait air go mbuailfaí an truíg móir pan buille doir roir an dá fáil ar an namair reo atá ag cpeadad na h-Éireann?

Doncáid: Mo truíg an t-é bead ag brait oiré!

peadair na laogaire.

THE UNIVERSITY QUESTION.

YOU cannot place the University Question in a ring fence, and look at it as if it were a thing apart. The University Question represents in this complex country a strong position of great tactical advantage to the Irish nation on the one side, and to England's Faithful Garrison on the other. When the Irish nation are able to take that position they will be able to take other positions; when England's Faithful Garrison throws up its hands and falls back from the University Kop it will have received such a beating that other Kops will have to be evacuated; a reign of fair play, equality of opportunity, and justice will set in. The importance of the position ought to suggest that the greatest care and generalship should be exercised in the attack on such an all important objective. The Japs might as well endeavour to take Port Arthur with pop-guns as for the "Idolators" to attempt to win the University fight by mere speeches, pamphlets and arguments. What do England's Faithful Garrison care for these? Ireland all along the line for many years has been wasting her energy and making a fool of herself by fighting England. What does England care or know about Ireland's pin pricks at her? England, like every other normal country, is thinking mostly about herself. The enemy that Ireland should fight, the enemy that she is strong enough to hit, is the England within her shores—England's Faithful Garrison in Ireland. But this garrison—where landlords were not concerned—were more or less left alone. The poor Irish omadhauns were hypnotised by a pious all creeds all classes idea which to an extent tied their hands behind their backs whilst the Garrison worked away safely under cover of this cry for their own interests, and went on strengthening their paralysing grip on the country. The University monopoly is a similar fact, only a much bigger one, to the state of affairs that we exposed on the Great Sourface Railway, the Great Northern Railway, the Provincial Bank, and the rest. Arguments are little use in the situation, except those arguments to the mere Irish that are calculated to induce the mere Irish to act. Brother Goulding would smile at a charge of arguments; but he gets irritated when he hears the terror-inspiring snorting of a charge of proxies. What does Tony Traill or Dowden or Tyrrell care for mere Irish arguments? The University monopoly is only an item in the huge monopoly and monopolising policy of England's Faithful Garrison; and to meet the situation the whole force that the Irish nation can bring to bear should be moved against England's Faithful Garrison in one harmonious, if complex, campaign. An effort—and an effort that has had a profound effect on the national situation—was made to outflank England's Faithful Garrison by the establishment of the Catholic Association. That move put the fear of Justice into the hearts of the Garrison; unfortunately it was stabbed in the back by many of those who should have supported it. It was repulsed, but of course it was not beaten; and it laid its mark deep in the history of the day. The Garrison felt the significance of that movement; there was action and a grip in it; it was a verb "to do" not to be smiled away in a superior manner as a mere verb "to say" like an "eloquent and able speech," or like a pulverising "resolution." The force of Justice was in it and the Garrison of Ireland dread justice as a robber dreads it. Had that movement not been hit from behind the solution of the University Question would be nearer to-day; if the defenders of the unjust monopoly of educational facilities were not already asking terms from an organised people strong and determined in a just and holy cause. However, repulses now and again are inevitable in the fortunes of war; the great march to victory and nationhood sweeps along. But if the University Question is to be settled the Irish nation must use its strength and go on with no more mere unsupported oratorical demonstrations. His Eminence Cardinal Logue, in his speech on Wednesday night, referred to a historic meeting that took place in the Rotunda over 100 years ago when those assembled had arms in their hands. He might have added that they had brave hearts too, rather than white livers as so many of the "tame" have to-

day. The "Idolators" of Ireland have arms of other kinds—arms that are effective—in their hands to-day; the pity is that they have not the pluck to use them. A rumble from the *Dust Bin* would be enough to send some of the creatures who call themselves Irishmen flying for their lives. If the people want a University they must fight for it.



A BUSINESS EXHIBITION AT CORK.

I SAW both Cork Exhibitions. I stood by the water-shoot. I listened to the band. I strained my eyes to catch a glimpse of the departmental fish. I saved by walking back instead of coming in the boats. It was all very bright and sparkling, and a man would have paid a franc to see it as a side-show at Paris, or 25 cents at St. Louis. How different from these draughts of an evanescent beverage was the piece of solid food given to our countrymen in the same city the week before last. Instead of a temporary boom for the hotel-keepers and trinket-sellers of the city there was some solid work done for the industrial revival that will spread benefits directly and indirectly through every class of the community high and low.

I liked one passage in the programme of the exhibition very much. It seemed to be the key-note of the whole, and I can well believe that the secretary, Mr. Riordan, had it before him in making those arrangements which have proved such a success.

"It has proved conclusively that it is unnecessary to buy imported goods of almost any kind, as there is scarcely an article of every-day use but can be purchased of Home Manufacture, *economically as cheap* as that imported.

"Numerous Industrial Associations were started in the past, and though for the time being their work helped to stimulate Irish industry, it is doubtful if the lasting effects of these were of much importance to the country. The principal reason given, by those who were intimately connected with some of them, for their failing to accomplish any permanent good for Ireland's industries, is, that they were not run on correct business lines. This Association, which is comprised mainly of business men, has profited by the failure of its predecessors, and has avoided, in framing its policy, adopting methods that would not appeal to the most thoroughgoing man of business."

This is no more than THE LEADER has been saying all along. It is by the combination of business and sentiment that alike the Irish Ireland and its own brother the Industrial movement will in the long run find success. A very good statement of this interdependence of the ideal and the practical was contained in your contributor's phrase, "No Industries, No Anything." Art, Poetry, Literature, Higher Philosophic, and even higher religious, study are entirely dependent on the support of men engaged in practical affairs. We cannot be sung into manufacturing greatness, or reasoned into industrial skill. And there will be little singing and less reasoning if there be none that can afford to study or to pay for them.

But there is another proposition, the converse of the former, which seems ludicrously self-evident and yet is still less appreciated, and that is "No Anything, No Industries." The practical movement is as much dependent on the Ideal and the Sentimental as the latter is upon it. The industrial army may well hearken to the martial strains of a national Tyrtæus as it marches into battle. The Irish Ireland concerts of the evening did much to promote the success of this Industrial Ireland Exhibition. It is, indeed, hard to understand how there can be, as there unhappily are, manufacturers who are West Britons.

This was in every way a practical show. The exhibits, as in the case of the Limerick exhibition, were mostly from the immediate neighbourhood. Yet they showed very great variety, being seventy in number, and few of

them of the same description. In the comparatively limited nature of the accommodation and in the absence (with one exception) of practical working exhibits, the Cork show was inferior to that of Limerick, and, like the Antient Concert Rooms display, it was on the whole of smaller dimensions. But in variety of exhibits it seemed to me to considerably surpass both Dublin and Limerick.

Perhaps, the most interesting display from a practical point of view was Messrs. Callender's Celbridge brown paper. (One remembers the *Δερμαῖς* of Celbridge). Many of the exhibitors displayed placards announcing that they would support Irish industry by wrapping their parcels in Irish-made brown paper. Great interest was also taken in the leather displays of Messrs. Dunn, of Cork, and O'Callaghan, of Limerick. The survivors of the great tanning industry of Ireland—they are making a manful effort to revive its glories. Nor has a man when, being personally composed (as to his material parts) of Hallinan's Middleton flour and the bacon of Limerick or Tralee, he has clothed himself in Dripsey woollens, fashioned by Lyons and crowned by a Dennehy hat, completed his whole duty by purchasing O'Callaghan's leather in the Lee Boot Factory's shoes. It still remains for him to invest in the gloomy glitter of the Midnight Blacking Co., the firm of direful name who have just created a new Irish industry at Drinan's Street, Cork. A more cheerful nomenclature is that of another *secondary* industry. What poetic visions, what thoughts of nymphs and muses are called up by Silverspring Starch. Yet I was told of one lady who indignantly rejected this substance as being low Irish, and called for a starch of another name, which is really the product of the same firm, but does not happen to have Glanmire, Co. Cork, upon the box.

As at the Antient Concert Rooms there were also some excellent art-exhibits. There was much beautiful furniture. Wooden products varied from the overmantles of S. Daly to the little toys made at Cushendall. Dun Emer sent some beautiful embroidery, and there were also many lovely carpets and delicately wrought vestments. If all our churches would but use robes of Irish poplin worked in Ireland! I should think a poplin chasuble, even if somewhat dearer at first, ought, in the long run, to be as good an investment as we all know a poplin tie to be. Special attention was attracted by a beautiful carved oak altar, shown by Messrs. Wm. Egan & Son, of Cork. It was thoroughly Irish, for it was carved by a craftsman of the city from the designs of a young Cork architect, Mr. Dominick O'Connor. The style was Roman, and the work was entirely of wood. I hope any convent seeking an altar for its oratory will get Messrs. Egan to have such another altar created for them in an Irish brain and fashioned by Irish hands. Such a work marks the beginning of that higher ecclesiastical art native to Ireland which this Journal has always sought to bring into being. I wonder if in Irish Romanesque there could not be found models suitable for such a purpose. In a word, then, alike on its material and its artistic side, the Exhibition was a success.

CHANEL.



THAT VERY SUPERIOR LECTURER.

IF I once more notice "Æ." it is simply to analyse his mind, and to exhibit him as a specimen of the mental calibre of his crowd. It seems his explanation of the *raison d'être* of Orangemen was meant as "banter." Well, I shouldn't have known it. The Scotch journalist admitted that he joked "wi' deeficulty," but our friend "Æ." cannot joke at all. Therefore, his heavy-footed "banter" is "no joke," and he must not wonder at my not understanding it. A man who writes unintelligible poetry is likely sometimes to drop into unintelligible prose; what, indeed, more natural? Our cloudy poet tells us he *would* rather see four millions of our people thinking out policies for themselves than adopting any

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policy he could devise, adding "I think on the whole it would be safer for the country." So think I, too, though the surprising thing is to hear "Æ." making this practical admission of "incapacity to think"—an admission which gives the strongest confirmation to the opinion I already had of him. "Æ." says he does not want permanent disunity, but wants the four millions to think out separate policies for themselves on the off-chance that "a real unity might spring up," and an Irish policy with force and will behind it "might emerge." Now, observe these two *mights*! This gentleman, who has no policy of his own, wants the Irish people to throw everything political into the melting-pot of private judgment on the chance that "a real unity" and "an Irish policy" *might* emerge! Well, what would happen in that case is this. While the cauldron of private judgment was bubbling, the *Globe* and the *St. James's Gazette* would jeer, and talk of "Kilkenny cats," and if "a real unity" *ever* emerged "Æ." himself would probably hasten to greet it with the title of "a facile orthodoxy." Does it strike "Æ." as at all an odd thing that he who has himself no policy, should take it as a task to judge other people for agreeing on a policy without consulting him? Why is a Man of No Policy such a peculiarly fit and proper person to judge how political Ireland should comport itself?

On one part of "Æ.'s" last article I need say little. The Editor has cudgelled him so well in respect of "M. O'R." that it would be superfluous to re-open that matter. All I would say is that "Æ." might do worse than read "M. O'R.," for he will learn from that writer's articles how courteously a mere Papist can conduct a controversy. I now come to another matter. I asked "Æ." whether the fanatics who flung themselves under the Juggernaut car were—granting their "sincerity"—right? To answer this plain question "Æ." employs two hundred and twenty-nine words, or twenty-two lines of the LEADER! All these words are employed in telling us just this: that, if they thought they were right, then they *were* right! All this just proves the contention I have all along been making, namely, that this gentleman has no canon or criterion of creeds or conduct except what he calls "sincerity," and as a fool, an ignorant fellow, or a puzzle-headed person, may be sincere, it follows that such people—however heretical or heterodox—stand upon the same plane as the most wise and noble men who are loyal sons of the Church. "Æ." by a piece of clumsy disingenuousness tries to confuse the issue I raised by putting some of the Christian saints into the same category with the Indian fanatics, on the alleged ground that they, "when the public refused to martyr them, made martyrs of themselves, lacerating themselves for years." This of course is untrue. No man could "martyr himself" and be a saint, suicide, however slowly accomplished, not being a cause of beatification. Saints almost invariably lived long lives, even the most self-mortifying of them, and in any event no man was ever canonised merely for mortifying himself, but for being holy. Now, suppose some of the ancient or mediæval Christians carried self-mortification to excess, does that level them with the Hindoo fanatics? It does not. Self-destruction is an absolute act; self-laceration is not. The self-lacerator can revise his conduct if he thinks it wrong or excessive; the self-destroyer cannot revise his conduct once the fatal act is done. A man who does what can be amended, altered, or altogether dropped, is not in the same category as a man who does what is an absolute act—one by its nature essentially irrevocable. To attempt to institute a parallel where there is no parallel is a thing which proves either deficient intellect or deficient intellectual training—if not, indeed, both. I leave "Æ." to decide which it is in his own case, or whether it is both. All this reasoning may be a bit "slow" reading for the general reader, but let him remember that I am showing up a gentleman who thinks me "thoughtless," and who is himself a writer for a "magazine of independent thought." *Thought*, indeed!

I suppose if I asked "Æ." was the British Government right in stopping that Juggernaut car business, he

would probably answer me that it was—using well over two hundred words to say so, no doubt. The position then would be this: that the Hindoo fanatics were "right" in their self-destruction, and the British were also "right" in taking away their right to do what was "right." Of course, this position goes by the board if "Æ." says the British were not "right"; but *will* he say so? I know that "Æ." thinks I don't "understand" his position about this matter, but I understand him quite well. He is a transcendentalist, and has a code of ideals which might be all very fine if we were disembodied spirits, unencumbered with mere flesh and blood, and all the difficulties incident thereto. But transcendentalism is not "practical politics," and we must have some definite criterion of judgment as to what is and is not in harmony with the needs of civil society, and with the general dictates of reason implanted in sane men.

I note that "Æ." affects to find me amusing; I wish I found him so. Surely 'tis an odd thing to twit people with "refusing to argue," and then, when they challenge you to argument, take refuge in a farrago of pseudo-buffoonery. In one part of his last article "Æ." attempts a sort of fun which one would not expect to find outside the pages of a manuscript school magazine. But he should really remember that he is in long trousers now, and grown up this many a day. Whatever else he can do, he simply *can't* joke; take my word for that. I am sorry to have to complain that there is an unintelligible thing in his last article as in its predecessor. What does he mean when he speaks (in connection with me) of "your virulent campaign against one-half of your fellow-countrymen"? What half? I am in general agreement with some seventy-five per cent. of my fellow-countrymen. What is that "half" that I am campaigning against?

And now to finish for the present. He said in a former article that he would not have my mind for all that I could give him. Well, I can't give him my mind, as I want it for myself, but I will give him a piece of my mind. I think his pretensions outrun his intellect quite too egregiously for anything, just as I think his intellect, though not great, is much greater than his honesty as a debater. I think he is not such a fool as he lets on, and that he knows very well that he is juggling with his own intelligence in some of those answers of his. Finally, I think that the Editor gave him a jolly good wallop last week, and that he laid himself so fairly open to it that, if not poetic justice, it was at least good enough justice for an awfully minor poet.

IMAAL.



THE WEST BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

The applause of listening senates to command;
The threats of pain and ruin to despise;
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read his history in a nation's eyes,
Was never the lot of a poor Sourface or bigot.

The intellectual "Sahara" of Ireland is the home of most of the "saved" intelligence, as well as the wealth of this country. In this psychological desert thought is never strangled by dogmatism and a facile orthodoxy the same as in other parts of this poor priest-ridden island. The Northern "Sahara" is full of academic institutions in the shape of Orange lodges, where wits, *litterateurs*, artists, poets and philosophers meet together in brilliant rivalry, and intellectual tournaments abounding with sparkling wit and humour. Proxy-thinkers would probably say that those lodges were mere dens for vulgar and ignorant rowdies; but proxy-thinkers were ever noted for their intolerance, and want of deference to the superior intellect of the "Saved." The intellectual "Sahara" is a truthful reflex of the mentality of the representatives of the wealth and intelligence of the country, its science, art, philosophy, literature and poetry are the soul-voices of the superior elect. Although the

North is, properly speaking, the home of the "Saved" intellect, yet here in this proxy-thinking metropolis we have a few magnificent "Saved" oases, transplanted, as it were, from the "Sahara"; but their beauty and brilliancy are dimmed amidst an obscuring environment of Popery and priestcraft. Popery, priestcraft and proxy-thinking have evidently been terrible drawbacks to the "Saved" mind of this country. Some people seem to think that but for its choking environment of facile orthodoxy the "Saved" mind would simply stagger humanity with the brilliancy and originality of its achievements in every field, instead of being as it is now, a mere parochial nonentity. However, the poor intellectually down-trodden, cultured minority have not as yet utterly despaired of staggering humanity with pure genius, and, probably with this end in view, the great West British Association, a learned body composed of the pick and choice of the cultured "Saved" minority, was first formed. The West British Association sometimes meet at the Rotunda or Christian Union Buildings, but the great annual convention of that notable, intellectual body is always held in the capital of the intellectual "Sahara" of Ireland. This is as it should be. The "Sahara" city abounds with "Saved" museums, theatres, academic groves and classically grand and noble specimens of scholastic Grecian architecture where the sages and philosophers of Sandy Row often meet and debate. The great annual convention was held this year at the Custom House, the most select school of "Saved" philosophy throughout the whole "Sahara." The president of the Association is Colonel Socrates Saunderson, a deep-thinking interpreter of "Saved" philosophy. Among those who read papers at this last convention were Professor Doggerel, Mr. Isaac Newton Sloan, Mr. Bacon Trew, and Mr. Vapour, the famous minor poet.

The presidential address was marked by deep and profound "Saved" thinking. The learned president mainly dealt with the progress of thought since the great Boyne Renaissance. "The Penal Laws," he declared, "were the poetic embodiment of that mighty wave of intellectual revival which swept over the land after Popery and kingly priestcraft had sunk, crushed and defeated in the muddy waters of the Boyne." "Protestant Ascendancy," he observed, "is the philosophical principle of religious liberty, and Orangeism is the light of Freedom which is ever beaming over Sandy Row." The learned gentleman also referred to the economic shock which "Saved" thought had received through the appointment of Sir Antony McDonnell, and other proxy-thinkers to high and well-paid jobs, and ended his powerful analysis of Ascendant philosophy, with some sad reflections upon the decay of "Saved" abstract thinking in some of the great public departments.

Professor Doggerel's paper on "Medical Science" was also characterised by great depth and strength of "Saved" thought. The learned professor brilliantly sketched the history and work of the Parochial University Medical School, and in the course of his remarks he strongly animadverted upon the deleterious influence of proxy-thinking upon Parochial medicine. Parochial medicine, declared the learned professor, can never flourish in an atmosphere which holds such elements as a Catholic University, Home Rule, or Devolution in solution. This profound scholar also appeared to think that "Idolatrous" church-building had a lot to do with the present inefficient state of the Parochial School of Medicine. The eminent professor's paper was a powerful specimen of "Saved" thinking, and as he sat down the academic atmosphere of the Custom House thundered with applause.

Following the learned professor, came Mr. Isaac Newton Sloan with a paper upon the "Discoveries of Modern Science." Mr. Sloan touched upon the nebular hypothesis, perpetual motion, radium and the prospective discovery of the origin of elements. Mr. Sloan declared that the nebular hypothesis, perpetual motion and the new elemental theory were first conceived by Sandy Row street-preachers, and that radium was one of the chief

constituent elements of a Shankhill pavingstone. The eminent scientist also stated that all the heavenly bodies, from ether and nebulae to comets and stars, were "Saved" monopolies for which no Papist need apply. Mr. Sloan, in the course of his paper, paid very high tributes to such eminent astronomers and scientists as Oliver Cromwell, Arthur Trew, and Socrates Saunderson; and further, this profound thinker and philosopher stated that the great block in the way of scientific advancement at the present day was Sir Antony McDonnell. Altogether Mr. Sloan's paper was a model of profound "Saved" thinking. An interesting feature of the convention was the epistolary contribution of Mr. Bacon Trew. Mr. Trew's paper dealt with the literature of the "Sahara." This eminent *litterateur* analysed the four great books containing all the precious literary treasures of the "Saved," which are—"The Book of Popery," "The Book of the Boyne," "The Book of Ballinasloe," and "The Book of Sir Antony McDonnell." The learned gentleman dwelt long and lovingly upon the "Book of Popery," which sparkles with literary gems like "To hell with the Pope" and "Hands off the Coronation Oath." He next passed on to the "Book of the Boyne," then to the "Book of Ballinasloe," and finally, to the "Book of Sir Antony McDonnell." In the latter book the term "ultra-montane Papist" occurs, a literary inspiration unrivalled for its poetic originality. To those four great books, which embody the thought, philosophy and poetry of the "Sahara," Mr. Trew did ample justice, and wound up his address with this prayer taken from the "Book of Sir Antony":—

From Jesuits and Romish crew;
From Antony McDonnell, too;
From Papist Irishmen depraved,
Oh, Lord deliver us, "the Saved."

Mr. Vapour's paper was the last read at the great convention of the West British Association. Mr. Vapour received an enthusiastic reception, for minor poets are great favourites among the "Saved." Minor poets are, in a way, the children of the "Sahara"; they are all more or less racy of that soil, that mental desert, and a great many of them are brimming over with "Saved" thought in a more or less minor or diluted form. Mr. Vapour read a long, "Saved" minor poem about literary savages, from which the following are a few selected verses:—

I am a minor poet light,
Transparent as the air.
I dream of airy nothings bright
Within my misty lair.

Of vapour, moonshine, fog and gas,
I weave my crown of song,
And let all human doings pass
Untouched by me along.

The higher songsters of the lyre
Abuses vile will track,
And bigots lash with rods of fire—
That power divine I lack.

When bigots shriek, and lie and seize,
And Orange ruffians tear,
I am more silent than the breeze
Within my misty lair.

The wrongs which greedy dastards brew,
By me unheeded go;
I am a minor poet true.
And I am "Saved" also.

But dream not I'm bereft of power
To heap abuse and scold;
I can be very rough and sour
With common Papist bold.

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SOLU NA nGAEVEÁL.—All Irish Irishmen should insist on getting the New Irish Match, made in Dublin by PATERSON & CO., and thus support the Industrial Revival.

My dreams and visions of the blue
I leave in nothing caved,
To tackle any Papist who
Presumes to fault the "Saved."

Let "Saved" and Sourface jibe and lute
With hate-venomed gall;
For sneer superior is the right
Of head-swelled bigots all.

But if a Papist strong of knee
Our puffed up bubbles prick,
A boorish savage dull is he,
A mere unthinking Mick.

On the conclusion of the minor poem the whole convention arose and sang "God save the King"; then they sang the "Boyne Water," then "Protestant Boys," and after fully half an hour's feast of Protestant harmony which would appear as if meant to emphasize that no Papist need ever come within the bawl of an ass of that learned "Saved" body, the great convention of the West British Association broke up. A.M.W.



PARNELLISM AND TIME.

TO commemorate the memory of the dead is a duty from the discharge of which Irishmen appear to derive peculiar pleasure. Many sneers have been indulged in from time to time at the willingness displayed by our countrymen to travel great distances and walk weary miles in processions connected with some patriotic demonstration, and the majority of these processions wend their way to graves or cenotaphs of men who in their day took a prominent part in the troubled politics of this land. It is not intended in this brief article to adopt the rôle of the superior critic who censures the waste of time and energy necessitated by these parades and to attribute to them, among other causes, the backward condition of our people. There is something, surely, to be said for the generous impulse which inspires any body of men to march in heat and dust, or cold and mud to demonstrate in honour of some cause or champion. Be that as it may, there are critics and to spare of this description and their number needs no augmentation.

From a far different standpoint, however, the desirability of discontinuing the annual Parnell Procession is a question worthy of consideration. In fact the desirability of doing so many years ago, might well have struck those responsible for its organisation as forcibly as it would seem to have done those who were wont to form its rank and file. For years we have seen it dwindle and dwindle till, from a great and imposing demonstration, it has become small and insignificant. It is in no sense of hostility to the memory of Parnell that this is written; it is with no ingratitude for the services of that great patriot. Rather is it through a feeling of how poor and inadequate a tribute to his memory this procession has become that one would fain see it abandoned altogether. Parnell was a great man. So many years have now rolled by since factions fought around his grave that we may form some perception of what he was to Ireland. His worth is not to be computed by the number of statutes passed for Ireland's benefit in his day. Were such a test of his achievements to be set up he would fall short of lesser men. But he breathed a new spirit in our countrymen. For him Ireland was no corpse upon the dissecting table. He saw indeed the seeming corpse, yet he knew she was not dead but sleeping; he roused her, set her on her feet and led her to face in combat bravely and successfully those who thought the spirit at last had left her. In the fight he died; a broken heart his sole reward, as it has been that of many an Irish leader before him.

This is no time or place to re-open the miserable strife of fourteen years ago. The men who, in those days, fought one another with a bitterness almost unparalleled

now grasp each others hands in friendship, or else new cleavages on different grounds have since arisen. Parnellites and anti-Parnellites are as extinct as Repealers and New Irelanders. Yet all memory of that fierce fight has not departed, and many there are who still deplore the day when the Chief was overthrown by the people for whom he had striven. In a sense Parnell may, perhaps, be regarded as the precursor of the Irish Ireland Idea. True, he spoke no Irish, and perhaps would have had but little appreciation of the value of such things as the Language Movement. But he grasped to the full the importance of our separate national existence. He believed in his country, and he fought the spirit of Saxon Superiority as perhaps until his day it had never been fought before.

Reflections such as these crowd on the mind as October draws round each year. Impelled by them, no doubt, a few Parnellites, mindful of the past, strive to gather together a vast body of men to march with bands and banners in yearly commemoration of the Chief. Yet the effort is a failure, and it is not unnatural that it should be so. Nothing human lasts for ever, and it is idle to expect that the memory of any man can be perpetuated by annual processions. There must be some limit to demonstrations of this character. Otherwise we might, to this day, be walking in procession on each anniversary of O'Connell's death, or testify our grief for each dead patriot by a yearly pilgrimage to his grave. The Parnell procession has shrunk in numbers as year has followed year since Parnell died.

It should further be borne in mind that, with exception of the real funeral itself, these demonstrations have all been party rather than national in character. With the disappearance of the Parnellite Party the *raison d'être* for these processions disappeared. Five years ago the foundation stone of a monument to Parnell was laid at the foot of Rutland Square. It would have been a wise thing to have decided then to hold no more processions till the day when that statue is to be unveiled. Compare the demonstration of that year with the parade of this. A procession numbering many thousands, culminating in a striking and impressive scene, attended by prominent members of Parliament, by Lord Mayors and Mayors, by Corporations and public Bodies. Such was Parnell Day in 1899. This year a small gathering including scarcely one person of note in any path of public life was what this vast assemblage had shrunk to. Is it to go on growing gradually smaller year by year till at last a solitary man wends his way alone to Glasnevin, the sole survivor of a once mighty host?

Certain classes profit by this yearly show. Railway Companies and Publicans are the chief beneficiaries. To carry on the demonstration merely for their benefit would be absurd, and a degradation to the man whose memory it is proposed to honour. Some regard it as a means of conveying to the grave the wreaths that form at present its only ornament, but these might easily be forwarded to a committee who could lay them in their place. One day, perhaps, more lasting monuments of bronze or marble may be raised to Parnell's memory both in Glasnevin and in the streets of Dublin. On such a day, by a great procession in honour of the great leader of the eighties—a vast national parade worthy of the man and of the cause he so nobly championed—Irishmen might well demonstrate.

Till then, let us wait!

Avis.



FAIR PLAY IN CRITICISM.

EVERY apathy has its revolution, and this old world of ours may appear to go wrong for a while, but the tide at length turns, and out of confusion comes order. Any great inactivity in any department of social life, paradoxical as it may seem, sows the seeds of activity and thus the sensual age preceded the puritanical, the credulous the sceptical, the thoughtless the thoughtful. The melody is ever varying that men's minds tire not of it. We remark the absence of this or that in our time, and grumble, but the work is only half-done, and the workers children and fools. The

FRED LEWIS and CO.'S PERFUMES AND TOILET REQUISITES; IRISH MANUFACTURE.

great whole doubtless would seem in tolerable order were men's minds whole to see it.

We of Ireland have for some time past been undergoing one of these transitions that I have suggested. Every half century, or thereabouts, we wake up from our torpor and proceed to move the mountains. We jump to get on the last rung of the ladder, but there are intermediate ones—these we ignore, and “with vaulting” ambition we overleap ourselves and fall on the other. The intellect of this unhappy country has for nigh a century, speaking generally, remained in a state of coma. I say intellect, the higher thing that was hardly concerned in whatever little elementary thinking was done in the interval. I think it is Locke that estimates the degree of civilization in any country by the measure of its abstract thought; if that be the correct criterion, would he measure up our passing generation as very barbarians? Now that we have rubbed our eyes once more, and that as we fancy we bring more wisdom to bear on our problems than we ever did before, let us conserve our forces, like prudent warriors and march slowly and steadily—“they stumble that run fast.”

From day to day it seems as if our comments upon any particular thing should be positive or negative—is, is not; good, bad. We know that there is a happy medium in all things, and that practically all extremes are wrong, but we forget such words as “fair” and those that lie half way. The critic, up to a comparatively recent period, was unknown amongst us; now we find the crop a plentiful one! Criticism proper up to a recent period, we had none to speak of—you were of the cursed or the blessed—now we have amongst us those who would make it the business of their lives. I want no Critic—capitals, please! I hate that ill-flavoured word. I want each man to speak out the “rude truth in all ways,” whenever there's a good of it in view; I want each man to be *unconsciously* a critic speaking out his views whenever there's call for them, and to abide by them with good-humoured inflexibility. It shall not pass for you, though, to justify your comments by truth alone—I want your criticisms to be expeditious, too, and necessary. So it shall not be said of you “the truth you speak doth lack some gentleness—the time you speak it in; you rub the sore when you should bring the plaster!” But true and necessary, your words will sink into men's ears.

The critic, the man of jaundiced liver to whom all things are the same colour and taste—Irish Irelanders bundle him away—at any rate, take him not too seriously. You will know him for he sees no good in aught that you do or may do. I do not suggest that you ignore all criticism—even of him of the liver you might consider a moment. Arraign yourself before your own judgment, lest after all he may have right on his side. “To step aside is human,” and none of us escape our liability. 'Tis not quite an easy task sometimes to bring into the main again those who “step aside,” but we cannot follow such examples as Pope and Swift, and if our efforts fail, dub those to whom they were directed “monsters and brutes” and “damned rascals!” I preach no puling apology for my opinion—I would strike out from the shoulder, but that my judgment may have weight I will temper it if humanly possible with charity. If the punishment be too severe the jury will not convict.

I want my men, then, to be in conference nearly al-

ways—no more of your able speeches “across the floor;” no more fully accoutred Critics, but men standing to and holding their views till signally defeated. Thus shall the best arise. Your eloquence shall be of the Spartan; what you say let it be “true and to the point, like an honest man.” Everything that is, does not need your censure; the arrangement is not so bad as you make it; what you want really you will find, and have a care lest an acorn may fall on your head too! If the Play to your judgment be indifferent, say so; if the Concert drag, the promoters owe it to them to be told so; if the Feir be one in name only, your being a Gaelic Leaguer does not bind you to close your eyes to the fact. So acting you will do one man's part in the formation of a solid public opinion and help to keep in check that nuisance of our time, the captious critic.

I have, as a result of some recent reading, strung together this paper to suggest some points to the consideration of my Gaelic Leaguers. We have neglected criticism in the past; therein we erred; we have now revived the all but “lost art,” and it behoves us to see that we do not err again. Let things be judged on their merits, at whatever the cost for the common ultimate good, honestly and without party consideration, and let the good receive its commendation.

FINBARR.



AN EMIGRATION ANTIDOTE.

TALK can never cure the Emigration evil. If it could all the metaphorical phrase-making to which it has given rise would certainly have done the trick long ago. Like other Irish problems, however, the Emigration one is sent farther on the road to solution by the slightest manifestation of the verb “to do” than by the most glowing rhetoric of the verb “to say.” A valuable contribution to the Emigration question has recently come to hand from Messrs. W. J. Shaw and Sons, the well-known Irish bacon factors. I am not aware that this firm exercise themselves much in the verb “to say,” but they appear to conjugate the verb “to do” exceedingly well. These remarks occur from reading a little pamphlet described as “Industrial Development in Ireland,” which has just been issued. A not unfitting title for it would have been “An Emigration Antidote.” For it deals with the establishment of a new factory, and a factory is more in the line of an emigration antidote, perhaps, than anything else one can think of. The matter of the pamphlet consists of a report of a meeting of the Cork Industrial Development Association held last July, and is reproduced from a local paper that published it at the time. The Cork Development Association is a practical body interested in practical work concerning the development of Irish industry. So the secretary went down to Limerick to inspect and report on a new enterprise that Messrs. Shaw and Sons had put their hands to there. This was the establishment of a factory for the manufacture of potted and tinned meats of many kinds for which there exists a big consumption in Ireland. We are told by the secretary in his report “that Messrs. Shaw, in introducing this department into their business, did so as an experi-

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ment." And in Mr. Shaw's own words he explains its origin as follows:—"Our bacon factory has always been a success, but we felt that by the investment of a fair amount of capital and with intelligent management we might do something more than we were doing to help on the industrial movement, and so we decided that the manufacture of potted and tinned meats, etc., being a branch of trade which could be worked with special advantage in a factory such as ours, should prove a success."

The report then goes on to state how the firm put their intention into practice by obtaining the very latest machinery and engaging a staff of experts at the trade under whose supervision a large number of men and girls were trained to thorough skilfulness in turning out these products. One would like to see more of that kind of anti-Emigration work spreading through the country. There is evidently variety enough for all tastes in these Irish potted and tinned meats, no less than two hundred and four different packages of them being manufactured. Regarding the quality of these Irish productions the secretary also makes an important statement.

"There is a very common prejudice against tinned or potted goods, but the writer received ample proofs whilst going through this factory, that the meat, etc., used by Messrs. Shaw was of perfect quality, and the manner in which it is treated in the course of preparation for tinning and bottling is so thorough, that no one need hesitate about using any of these products."

This is very satisfactory reading as quality in tinned—indeed, for that matter in every kind of meat should be of prime consideration. The price for which an article is turned out is often a good test by comparison of the economic suitability of its manufacture. In this connection the Irish firm make an emphatic claim. "Our intention has been to place on the market an article that we can defy anyone to prove is inferior to the best turned-out by any other firm in this line; and all we ask for it is the same price as is being paid for the best goods manufactured elsewhere."

Few will be found to disagree with the concluding comments which the writer of the report makes upon Messrs. Shaw's venture:—"Enterprise of this kind deserves to succeed, and it would surely be very poor encouragement to other Irish firms to follow Messrs. Shaw's example if the public in general fail to do their share in supporting this industry. They cannot get better value than that given them by this firm, and therefore anyone who wants to really see the industries of Ireland progress and the people kept at home will refuse to purchase any foreign-made product similar to those made by Messrs. Shaw."

O.

CONCERNING UNIVERSITIES.

IN the last few days the University question has once again come before the Irish public, and there has been a revival of interest though scarcely a revival of hope. The Bishop of Limerick's address at the Catholic Truth Society and Mr. Boland's lecture at the Catholic Graduates and undergraduates Association were both delivered to crowded and enthusiastic meetings, and I do not think I have ever seen an audience so much moved or roused to such a pitch of enthusiasm by the utterance of a single man, as by Dr. O'Dwyer's address. As a splendid product of glowing, strenuous oratory, his Lordship's words reached an amazing height of eloquence, and when one that spoke after him likened the effect of his periods to the result produced on his hearers by Edmund Burke, one could not but feel that, high as that praise was, it was not in this instance exaggerated. Yet there was nothing of high falutin' or bombast in Dr. O'Dwyer's words, nothing but that plain, vigorous, commonsense which was the main equipment of the orators of Greece.

Cardinal Logue expressed the feeling of the meeting when he said that, if that hall had been filled with armed volunteers as it had been once upon a time, there would not have been many of them left in it after the

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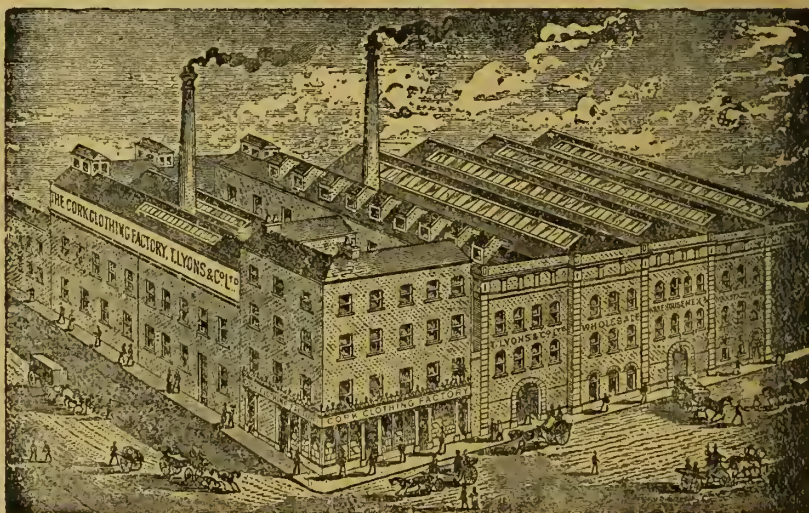
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Bishop had finished his address. Yet, alas, it was only too evident that the hall was not filled with armed volunteers; but rather with true-hearted but impotent men and women who, in default of marching on Dublin Castle, which did not seem a practical measure, were fain to confine the expression of their enthusiasm to sitting out the meeting to an end. A hopeless sense of the conviction of what is just and yet of utter powerlessness to attain it, is the end of every Catholic University meeting. "What are you going to do next"? is as much the problem of this autumn as last—this year as five years ago.

The iteration in print, at any rate, of the arguments in favour of the justice of Catholic claims must now be rather tiresome. Another line of argument, however, is being developed in recent times, which may possibly be more fruitful. Though most Catholics and many Protestants are convinced in the abstract of the justice of our cause, yet the urgent necessity of a settlement and its far-reaching practical importance is, even by Catholics, by no means equally realised. The Bishop of Limerick devoted not a little of his address to pointing out the deep effects which the establishment of a University would have in far other than University fields.

It has frequently been pointed out in these pages how both primary, and still more, secondary education are handicapped by the absence of a University. Dr. O'Dwyer instanced the extraordinary fact that the whole body of scientific teachers for Ireland have had to be imported, and that an advertisement for a scientific post in Limerick, while producing applications from Graduates of Universities all over the world brought forth not a single application from a Graduate of any Irish University. "Why," he very justly asked, "should not the clever son of a farmer get the training in his own country that would fit him to earn a livelihood in such a post"?

Professor Magennis, at the Graduates' Association, put these ideas very neatly when he suggested that not a little of the apathy which prevents the University question from being forced to a settlement by popular agitation, comes from the popular metaphor that styles the

University, the roof rather than the foundation of the educational edifice. Consequently this question is thought to be one, that affects rather the teachers and *litterateurs* who inhabit the garrets and has little to do with the more prosperous business population who pass their lives in the lower stories. Whether these metaphors find any justification in the art of house-construction or not, it is at least true that, if the middle and working classes could be brought to realise, as Germans and Americans realise, the importance of general education, the influence of higher education on general education, and our own hopeless deficiency in both, there would be a more wide-spread and a more indignant agitation throughout the country, and hence a better chance of obtaining our rights from a government, the main article of whose faith is to adopt only such measures as may suit the passing political convenience of the moment.

Mr. Boland's lecture before the Graduates Association dealt in the main with the necessity for a National tone in any new University. To readers of this paper it is scarcely necessary to say anything on that subject. And I am rather inclined to think that, if we get any decent settlement, there will not be much trouble about the matter. University students are not like school-boys. They think for themselves. Even if a few of the professors were inclined to reproduce the peomin spirit of some of our secondary schools, which, if they were Irishmen of really keen intellect, I feel sure they would not; their students would bring their West-British enthusiasm to an unpleasantly violent conclusion. One speaker, indeed, instanced the fact that the Training Colleges are outrageously anti-National. If this be so—I have no personal knowledge—it is probably due to the same causes as the fact, very frequently commented on, that the intellectual training imparted by these very colleges is of the most slipshod and inferior description.

There was one point which struck me very much in listening to the Catholic University arguments, and that is that in adducing a certain half-truth in their favour, Catholics are liable to fall into a very dangerous admission. Mr. Morley's statement that want of University education bars Catholics from public employment, is

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very naturally brought forward as an argument in favour of a University for Catholics. But it is not fair, above all not fair to ourselves to represent this as the only or, indeed, the chief obstacle to Catholic promotion. Whatever was the reason, it was not the absence of Higher Education which prevented Mr. O'Farrelly from becoming a professor of the College of Science, Mr. O'Nowlan from getting a professorship in the Queen's College, Galway, The MacDermot from becoming a Judge. It was not the want of Higher Catholic Education

that produced the Railway and Bank scandals. And no doubt there must be many minor appointments from which Catholics are likewise excluded, and of which the public never hears. It is indeed true that, as in Penal Times, deprivation of education is the first line of defence. But it is not the only one. If a Catholic succeeds in bursting through the barbed wire of the educational entanglement, he shall find himself confronted by a strong citadel with closed gates, which will never open to admit him save as a deserter. CHANEL.

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THE SEVENTY SEVENTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE BELFAST BANKING COMPANY, LIMITED, was held at the HEAD OFFICE of the BANK, Belfast, on FRIDAY, the 14th inst. Mr. Henry I. Johns, J.P., occupied the chair. There was a large and influential attendance of Shareholders present.

The Secretary read the notice calling the meeting, and also the Report of the Auditors.

The Report of the Board of Superintendence, which was submitted, showed as follows: The net Profits for the year ending 31st July, 1904 (after providing for all Bad and Doubtful Debts, Reduction on Bank House Account, Rebate on Bills not matured, and interest due on Deposits), amounted to £65,738 13s. 4d., out of which the usual Dividends, free of Income Tax, have been paid at the rate of 20 per cent. on the Old Shares and 8 per cent. on the New Shares, amounting together to £55,000.

From the Balance of Profits (£10,738 13s. 4d.) a sum of £933 12s. 3d. has been carried to Superannuation Supplemental Fund, and the remainder, say £9,805 1s. 1d., has been added to Undivided Profits, which now stand at £13,789 17s. 3d.

The sum of £50,000 has been transferred from Reserved Fund to cover depreciation in investments.

Mr. Wales having resigned the office of Director of the Bank under the provisions of the Directors Superannuation Scheme, the Board of Superintendence recommended that Mr. Moses Wilson, the present Secretary, be appointed to fill the vacancy on the Directorate.

The Board of Superintendence further recommended that the salaries of Mr. Johns and Mr. McKee be increased by £200 per annum each, and that of Mr. Crawford by £100 per annum.

The subjoined Balance-Sheet, with Auditors' Report thereon, was submitted:—

CAPITAL AUTHORIZED AND SUBSCRIBED,										£2,500,000	
CAPITAL PAID UP,										500,000	
RESERVE FUNDS,										500,000	
UNDIVIDED PROFITS,										1,000,000	
										13,789	
BALANCE SHEET, 31st JULY, 1904.											
Dr.								Ca.			
LIABILITIES.		£		s. d.		£		s. d.			
To Capital—						By Investments—					
„ 20,000 Shares £25 paid		300,000		0 0		Consols (£500,000 at 85), other British Govt.					
„ Reserve Fund		450,000		0 0		Securities, English Railway Debenture					
„ Dividend Guarantee Fund,		50,000		0 0		and Preference Stocks, etc		1,255,465 14 10			
				1,000,000 0 0		„ Cash in hand, Balances with London					
„ Notes in circulation				322,829 3 6		Bankers, etc.		691,576 4 4			
„ Due by the Bank on Deposit and Current Accounts				4,191,069 14 8				1,947,041 19 2			
„ Superannuation Fund				29,285 0 10		„ Bills Discounted, Advances to Customers on Current					
„ Undivided Profits				13,789 17 3		Accounts, and Loans on Securities,		3,733,168 4 10			
						„ Bank Premises		76,763 42 3			
				£5,756,973 16 3				£5,756,973 16 3			
PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.											
Dr.								Cr.			
		£		s. d.		£		s. d.			
To Dividend 10th February, 1904,		27,500		0 0		By Balance on 31st July, 1903,		3,984 16 2			
„ Dividend 10th August, 1904,		27,500		0 0		„ Net Profits for the year, after Deducting Rebate on Bills,					
				55,000 0 0		Interest due on Deposits and making provision for Bad					
„ Superannuation Supplemental Fund				933 12 3		and Doubtful Debts		65,738 13 4			
„ Undivided Profits carried to next Account				13,789 17 3							
				£69,723 9 6				£69,723 9 6			

M. WILSON, Secretary.

JOHN WALES,
HENRY I. JOHNS,
DAVID M'KEE,
WILLIAM G. CRAWFORD,

Directors.

In accordance with the provisions of the Companies Act, 1900, we certify that all our requirements as Auditors have been complied with. We report to the Shareholders that we have examined the foregoing Accounts, have compared them with the Books at the Head Office, and with the Certified Returns from the Branches, and found them to agree.

We have verified the Balances at London and other Bankers, the Cash on hand at Head Office, and the Investments of the Company (£50,000 of the Reserve Fund has been applied in reduction of the Bank's Investments, the present market value of which is in excess of the amount on the Balance Sheet).

Full provision has been made for Bad and Doubtful Accounts. In our opinion the Balance Sheet has been properly drawn up, is full and fair, and exhibits a correct view of the Company's Affairs, as shown by the Books.

GRAIG, GARDNER, & CO., AUDITORS.

The following resolutions were proposed and unanimously agreed to:—

1. Moved by H. I. Johns, Esq., J.P., Chairman, seconded by Colonel R. G. Sharman-Crawford, D.L., J.P.:—
That the Report as already printed and sent to each Shareholder be received, adopted, and entered on the Minutes."
2. Moved by William Bell, Esq., J.P., seconded by James Gallagher, Esq.:—
That Messrs. Craig, Gardner, & Co., Dublin, be appointed Auditors for the current year, and that their remuneration be fixed at 200 guinees."
3. Moved by John Hogg, Esq., seconded by James A. M. Heyn, Esq.:—
That Mr. Moses Wilson be and is hereby appointed a Director of this Bank at a salary of £1,000 a year, to fill the vacancy on the Board of Directors caused by the retirement of Mr. John Wales."
4. Moved by James Malcolm, Esq., D.L., J.P., seconded by Richard Baxter, Esq., J.P.:—
That the salaries of the Directors be increased from the first of August last as follows:—Mr. Johns, £200 per annum; Mr. McKee, £200 per annum; and Mr. Crawford, £100 per annum."
5. Moved by John H. Atkinson, Esq., seconded by Rev. George R. Bell:—
That the thanks of the Meeting be given to the Board of Superintendence, the Directors, and the other officers of the Bank, for their attention to its interests during the past year."

The Chairman suitably acknowledged this vote.

A ballot was taken to fill the two vacancies on the Board of Superintendence caused by the retirement, according to rotation, of Sir Robert Lloyd Patterson, D.L., J.P., and the death of Mr. D. B. Lytle, and resulted in the election of George J. Preston, Esq., D.L., J.P., and John Wales, Esq.

The Board of Superintendence for the ensuing year will thus be composed of:—

RICHARD BAXTER, Esq., J.P., Clarence Knock, Belfast.
JAMES A. M. HEYN, Esq., Strandtown House, Belfast.
JAMES MALCOLM, Esq., D.L., J.P., Lurgan.
WILLIAM A. WOODSIDE, Esq., J.P., Castle Rocklands, Carrickfergus.

COLONEL R. G. SHARMAN-CRAWFORD, D.L., J.P., Crawfordsburn.
GEORGE J. PRESTON, Esq., D.L., J.P., Dunmore, Belfast.
JOHN WALES, Esq., Caubria, Deramore Park, Belfast.

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A CHARITY SERMON

In aid of the above Institution, will be preached in the CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER, UPPER GARDINER STREET.

After the 12 o'clock Mass,

By the REV. JOHN NAUGHTON, S.J.,

And in the Evening at 7 o'clock,

ANOTHER APPEAL

Will be made in the

CHURCH OF ST. SAVIOUR, DOMINICK STREET,

By the REV. RICHARD COLFER, O.C.C.

THE LORD MAYOR AND LADY MAYORESS
Have graciously promised to attend.

JOHN STREET SCHOOLS.

The ANNUAL CHARITY SERMON, in aid of JOHN ST. SCHOOLS, will be preached in the AUGUSTINIAN CHURCH, ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST'S, THOMAS ST., on SUNDAY, 23rd OCT., at 12 o'clock Mass by REV. JOHN CONDON, O.S.A. Another appeal will be made in the evening at 8 o'clock. Subscriptions will be thankfully received by any of the Augustinian fathers.

"Múrcail do m'pneac, A Banna."

cuirm ceoil na samna

(Under the auspices of the Keating Branch of the Gaelic League)

IN THE

Round Room, Rotunda

ON

SATURDAY, 29th OCTOBER, AT 8 P.M.

Reproduction of Dr. Hyde's Play—

Carad an tSúgán.

THE ARTISTES WILL INCLUDE:—

Séamur Clandillon.
Professor Willie Murray,
Miss Olive Barry. fl
Máire Cregan.
Séamur Hallisey.

J. Fitzpatrick (cello),
Master D. Crowley
(Ballyvourney).
Site Hallisey.

THE BUTCHER'S MARCH.

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THE LEADER.

A Review of Current Affairs, Politics, Literature, Art and Industry.

Vol. IX., No. 10.

(Registered as a
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CONTENTS.

CURRENT AFFAIRS:—

The Unionist Registration Criminals	...	145
Wm. Field, M.P., Again	...	146
The <i>Dust Bin</i> and Criminals	...	145
The Royal College of "Saved" Sawbones	...	147
The Dublin Protestant Synod	...	147
The Fruit Show at Dublin	...	148
The Irish Hop Bitter Industry	...	146
Etc., Etc.		

ARTICLES:—

Ἀθήνηαι	...	149
The Catholic Association and After	...	149
Unionism and Crime	...	150
The Black Art in Dublin	...	151
A Handbook of Modern Irish	...	152
The Bigots of the Wood	...	152
From Ladysmith to Cushleake	...	153
At the Front	...	154
Religion and the Irish Question	...	155
Camósuiréacét mo Špao	...	156
"Going to Trinity"	...	157

NOTICE.

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CURRENT AFFAIRS:

England's Faithful Garrison of South Dublin has received a nasty knock in the conviction of two of the Garrison Registration Agents for fraudulently tampering with registration notices. The man, Macartney, got three months, and the man, Ladd, one month's imprisonment. The crimes for which they were convicted and for which they well earned their light punishment, were particularly mean. These were the sort of criminal practices resorted to by these Unionist agents to help Percy Bernard into Parliament. These convictions throw a sinister light on the election tactics of, at least, one part of England's Faithful Garrison. The Unionists have ample reason to hang their heads for shame and blush concerning this ugly business. The two convicts, Macartney and Ladd, were accredited agents of theirs, and the Unionist Party in South Dublin has, no doubt, increased its polling strength as a result of the criminal practices for which these wretched men are now undergoing well-deserved imprisonment. What a situation that creates for Percy Bernard, and for the "Surface" candidates for the Urban District Council of Rathmines. The conviction of these wretched men, fully accredited agents of England's Faithful Garrison, has tarnished the Unionist Party in South Dublin.

What does the *Dust Bin* say about the matter? The *Dust Bin*, that so recently was convicted for a cruel libel on a venerable parish priest, has the effrontery to

lavish sympathy upon the two wretched men whom the law has so justly condemned to imprisonment! It devotes a leading article in its issue of Friday last to the case; and the convicts, Ladd and Macartney are throughout that article referred to most courteously as "Mr. Ladd" and "Mr. Macartney." Of the man Ladd the *Irish Times*, a convicted libeller itself, says:—"Taking all the circumstances of the case into account general surprise, we believe, will be expressed at the severity of the sentence." Of the convict, Macartney, the *Dust Bin* observes:—"In the other case there is, if possible, even greater grounds for astonishment and comment." The *Irish Times* is anxious to lighten the punishment of these wretched wounded convicts of the Unionist Cause, and so it urges:—"Though we have not the slightest sympathy with those who wilfully, or for their own ends, tamper with requisition forms, we consider that in these two cases the clemency of the Crown might be exercised." What a light this throws on the mind of England's Faithful Garrison.

If mere Irishmen were being clapped into jail without judge or jury by the score, the *Dust Bin* would be righteously jubilant, would compliment Dublin Castle on its "firmness," and would fill columns to the tune of "Law and Order." But when two of its own side have been found guilty by a jury after an exhaustive trial, and sentenced by a judge, who is "saved" both religiously and politically himself, then this wretched paper, the *Irish Times*, a convicted libeller, a paper whose columns have reeked with anti-Catholic bigotry, sheds tears over the light punishment meted out to these two wretched men found guilty of criminal acts, addresses the convicts as "Mr." and implores on their behalf "the clemency of the Crown!" There's the *Irish Times* for you. Probably we may expect, unless the Nationalists organs take up a firm attitude in support of law and order in the matter of these convicts, to hear a great deal of clamour from other quarters for "the clemency of the Crown," in favour of these two wretched men who were accredited agents of the Unionist Party in South Dublin. We note that the *Freeman* has no word of Editorial comment on the case in its issue of Friday. What is the explanation of this? Is it afraid of the Unionists and of the *Dust Bin*.

The criminals Ladd and Macartney were, as a matter of fact, let down rather lightly by Mr. Justice Gibson, who is, of course, a Unionist himself and belongs, like Ladd and Macartney to the "simpler Christianity." More than once the Judge intimated that he considered the obligation to sentence the prisoners "a very painful duty." "He had," he said, "a very great feeling of pity for young men like those in the dock, who had been brought to this painful position." Now, who brought the prisoners "to this painful position"? The learned Judge required no evidence as to the prisoners' previous character. "I am," said his Lordship, "quite prepared to believe that they are men of excellent character." Who then, led on and encouraged these young men of "excellent character" to commit forgery? His Lordship did not believe that the young men "realised the consequence of what they did." The "consequence" of what these excellent young men did was that certain persons entitled to votes were defrauded of these votes—or would have been defrauded if the prisoners' acts had not been found out. The persons so defrauded were poor persons and Nationalists. Did those who induced these two excellent young men to act fraudulently not know the "consequence" of what was being done? If they did, were they not "aiding and abetting" the prisoners? Should not such persons be sought out? Is not Justice

lame—proverbially Justice is blind—when she runs down, after a very wobbly pursuit, “two young men of excellent character” who are mere instruments and allows the greater criminals to escape? Surely it would require only a very small portion of Sherlock Holmes’ skill to find out the instigators—the arch-criminals—who led Macartney and Ladd into evil ways.

Mr. Justice Gibson said all he could in extenuation of the prisoners’ offence. “It was not,” his Lordship remarked, “like getting money or stealing.” A man has half-a-crown in his pocket, some one takes it away, that is plain stealing. Very bad! A man has a bicycle, some one carries it off; that also is stealing. A man puts another man’s name to a cheque, that is forgery. A man alters a figure in an account, that is falsification of accounts. A man makes false statements on an Official registration paper and so deprives certain persons of the right to a vote—a right of more value than a small sum of money—yet, in the words of the learned Judge, “It was not like getting money or stealing.” Would the learned Judge, if cheated out of his vote, not feel the loss more than the loss of half-a-crown?

There is a letter concerning the wretched men, Ladd and Macartney, the Unionists, in the morning paper run from the offices of the *Evening Mail*, otherwise *Buff*. The letter is signed J. D. Mackie, 56 Carysfort Avenue, Blackrock. We have looked up the Directory for information about this person, Mackie, the champion of these two criminals, but we looked in the Directory in vain. According to the Directory, the tenant of 56 Carysfort Avenue Blackrock is a Mr. Bishop and the words “furnished lodgings” occur after Mr. Bishop’s name; the valuation of the house is £20. Probably this correspondent of Lord Bung-Ardilaun’s *Express* is a lodger—an enfranchised lodger mayhap—at this address. Let us listen reverently to this gentleman. In the course of his letter he says:—“In my opinion, there is a grave and unwarrantable miscarriage of justice in this case, and my advice to all lovers of fair play is to petition the Lord Lieutenant and Privy Council with a view to the immediate release on satisfactory recognisances to serve the full term of imprisonment imposed if called upon to do so at any future time. This contingency will surely never arise, and the unfortunate misjudged men will be ‘free as air’ to follow their businesses, and will also be in a position to hold up their heads as honourable men. This petition or memorial should be signed by everyone in Ireland of the Protestant faith, and glorying in the name of ‘Protestant;’ and not by these alone, but by every sympathiser with the rights and privileges of men, who undoubtedly have been guilty of indiscretion of an unjustifiable nature.”

This is decidedly interesting. “All lovers of fair play” are to attempt to pull two men out of jail “who undoubtedly have been guilty of indiscretion of an unjustifiable nature!” For short, we prefer to call these miserable wretches “criminals,” but that is only a detail. The petition for this pretty brace of criminals “should be signed by everyone in Ireland of the Protestant faith, and glorying in the name of Protestant.” Indeed! We should have thought that Protestants who signed such a petition gloried rather in the name of criminal; but perhaps there is some connection between crime and Protestants that we outsiders cannot appreciate. Walk up, walk up, Messieurs of the “Saved” and sign on in favour of letting loose this brace of criminals before their short time in jail expires; every one “glorying in the name of Protestant” should stand by these convicts. What a pretty picture it all makes. Lord Bung-Ardilaun’s *Express* is refreshingly frank in publishing this appeal on behalf of criminals. Ardilaun, we may reasonably assume, looks not too harshly on crime committed for the benefit of Unionism.

This correspondent of the *Express*, J. D. Mackie, complains that:—“The majority of those composing the jury were anything but sympathisers with the Unionist

cause. Extreme Unionists say the jury was ‘packed,’ and the moderates say that it was not a fair jury.” This is amusing. A “fair” jury in this Nationalist Ireland is one, we take it, where the majority of the jury would be against the aspirations of the nation; indeed, some Unionists say that the jury was “packed.” We think we have heard that word before.

As we go to Press we hear that a petition is being hawked round in favour of these wretched men. Let the Unionists look after their criminals if they like; but we were shocked to hear that some jelly fish who call themselves Nationalists signed this petition on behalf of these two Unionist criminals who so richly deserve the light punishment they got. What will the country think when it is told that one of the signatories to this petition on behalf of these Unionist criminals is Mr. Facing-both-ways, otherwise known as Mr. Wm. Field, M.P. What will the Parliamentary Party do in the matter? What will the United Irish League do? What will the constituents of this political jack-in-the-box who pops up his head everywhere do to this “Nationalist” representative who signs a petition in favour of the wretched men, Ladd and Macartney?

It will be remembered that William Field Esquire, Member of Parliament adorned the platform of the obnoxious “International” meeting, where the police outraged the rights of Dublin citizens in lawful and peaceful meeting assembled; on Monday last this comical friend of man popped up at the meeting in favour of the National Exhibition! We have seen him spouting from a Nationalist platform in the Phoenix park, and now he makes a “damn decent sort of a fellow” of himself in the estimation of the gang interested in Unionism and Crime, by making an egregious ass of himself in the view of the nation, by signing a petition in favour of two Unionist criminals.

Mr. Bung has a new organ which goes by the name of *The Irish Vintner and Grocer*, with a sub-title, “A Monthly Review of the Wine, Spirit, Brewery and Grocery Trades of Ireland.” Vol. 1, No. 1 is before us. It is dated September. It would appear from the first number that it is no great friend of the Irish Industrial Revival. More than a page of this new “trade” journal is devoted to a puff and a picture of foreign-made hop bitters.

Now, about four years ago we published an article on Hop Bitters in our “Nation-Building” series. At that time, from information gathered, we calculated that Ireland spent about £250,000 per annum on Hop Bitters, we were led to conclude that practically all the Hop Bitters consumed in Ireland was imported. We wrote: “Of this quarter of a million practically all is imported; so that as the proportion of raw material, to cost of manufacture is roughly as one is to three, we arrive at the conclusion that Ireland loses in round figures about £170,000 on the transaction, assuming that she is herself capable of supplying the demand.” That was written four years ago, and the Irish Hop Bitter Industry has grown since then. We hear of one firm alone who have about five hundred traders in Dublin on their books. Foreign Hop Bitters must have received a set back in its rush to swamp this country.

One would think that a paper, even a paper run in the interests of Mr. Bung, that was being started at this time of day, would support the Industrial Revival and help the excellent Irish Hop Bitter makers to increase their hold—their very considerable hold—on the Irish market, and decrease the hold of the foreign product. Nothing of the sort. We read in this new paper a glowing puff of a foreign temperance drink. Referring to this imported British drink the “*Irish Vintner and Grocer*” says that “its superior quality is as well recognised abroad as it is in our own land.” This “Irish” organ recommends its readers “to write for quotations and bottling instructions.” Why all this

Editorial puffing of a foreign commodity in these days of an Irish Industrial Revival, and in face of the fact that Ireland produces Hop Bitters that can compete with any foreign stuff? Why? On the back cover of this "*Irish Vintner and Grocer*" we see a gentle ad. of this foreign Hop Bitters, and at each side of the ad. we read: "See article on page 15." So then the foreigner knew that the article was to appear, knew even the page that the puffing article was to illumine! We wonder what do Hovenden and Orr's, Egan's, O'Brien's and other eminent firms that make Hop Bitters think of this newest "Irish" journalistic venture which commences by puffing a foreign article. According to this most independent Editorial article on page 15, it is "a pity to see some of the more unscrupulous traders inclined to seek for an extra profit by supplying an inferior article when" the British stuff that is being puffed on page 15 "is required." Our information is that Dublin can make as good Hop Bitters and does make it, as any imported. The fact that firms like Egan's, O'Brien's, and Hovenden and Orr's do a great Irish trade in Hop Bitters settles that question. Yet some retailers retail the British stuff even when no particular kind is asked for; and it is curious to note that, according to our information, the Dublin manufacturing firms are able to put their Hop Bitters on the Dublin market—owing to absence of freight charges—at such a price to the retailer that he can make a little more profit out of its sale than he can make on the imported Hop Bitters.

Those responsible for the entertainments at the Coffee Palace, Townsend Street, ought to be very pleased with themselves for having secured the services of the Very Rev. E. A. Selley, O.S.A., for a course of popular lectures on Astronomy. The first lecture of the series, "Astronomy for the People," will be delivered on Monday evening, November 7th, at the Coffee Palace, and the charges of admission are only 2d., 3d., and 6d. Here is the syllabus of the first lecture:—"Introductory—The Lady Astronomer—The A.B.C. of Astronomy—Astronomy for 'the Man in the Street'—Snuff—Lecture Plans—The two Primary and Fundamental Laws—Physical *versus* Moral Attraction—Stars in our hands—A Star on the top of Nelson's Pillar—The Law of 'Inertia'—The Law of 'Gravitational Attraction'—Both made easy for 'the Man in the Street'—Rest and Motion—A queer Tee-totaller—The Persecuted Cyclist—Up in a Balloon—Tragedy in Townsend Street—Dishonest Bakers in the Moon—An Antefat Cure—Heavy *versus* Light Weights—A little Baby Elephant—In the People's Gardens—Our own Solar System—Artistic Slides." This syllabus plainly indicates that "Astronomy for the People" is not going to be any heavy affair only fit for blue stockings and "experts." We hope that a very large audience will gather at the Coffee Palace to hear the opening lecture, and we will trust to the law of the lecturer's attraction to insure that he will draw the audience through the whole series. The lectures, numbering six in all, will be delivered on the first Monday of each month. We note that one item in the syllabus of the first lecture is "Dishonest Bakers in the Moon." We wonder have they any "bonas" and "patriotic" Bungs up there? Have they any Sourfaces, a Coffee Palace, and a "little" LEADER; further, have they a Daniel and a magic button?

We have repeatedly called attention to the Solicitor-General's slanders on the Catholic Association. A high-placed "Sourface" receives a great deal of latitude in this abnormal country. The Garrison will never pull him up, and if the mere Irish do so, they are probably charged with bigotry and the stirring up of sectarian strife; indeed, many of the "tame" "Idolators" would be amongst the first to repudiate any un-tame who pulled up a bounding "Sourface" on the bounce. Sir West Ridgeway is not a mere Irish "Idolator," he is a more or less distinguished Britisher, and we presume he is "saved." What does he think of Mr. Campbell, the Solicitor-General who recently, though he is a law-officer of the Crown, took a brief in a case tried before an official of the be-muddled Irish Local Government

Board? This slanderer of the Catholic Association is excited about Dunraven's Association, and made a speech concerning it, and a thirty-line condensed report of that speech came under the notice of Sir West Ridgeway an ex-Under Secretary for Ireland. Sir West Ridgeway in the course of a letter recently published in the English *Times* wrote of this man Campbell:—"The vials of Irish Unionist wrath are indeed being emptied over the devoted heads of the Irish Reform Association. For instance, I have before me the report of a speech delivered by the Irish Solicitor-General on Thursday last in which he denounces with violent invective Lord Dunraven and all his works. I have culled from the 30 lines into which this remarkable utterance has been compressed, the following choice flowers of rhetoric.—'Mischievous and insane' . . . 'rambling and incoherent' . . . 'would not touch the scheme with a 40-foot pole' . . . 'deliberate and most perfidious political treachery' . . . 'fantastic and revolutionary project' . . . 'sham and subterfuge' . . . 'men who disguise their real views as Home Rulers under the mask of devotion,' and so on. No wonder that intoxicated by this official rodomontade, the Council of the Primrose League in Dublin lost their heads and hastened on the following day to record a resolution in which they accused the Reform Association of assuming the Unionist name in order 'to play more effectually into the hands of both open and secret enemies of the Union.' Why, sir, if Lord Dunraven were the most desperate of moonlighters, if he had cut off the tail of the Solicitor-General's favourite milch cow, if he had lopped off a redundant Judgeship, the righteous indignation of that learned gentleman could not have found noisier expression." We hope this slanderer of the Catholic Association enjoyed this part of Sir West Ridgeway's letter. What poor creatures these bounding bigots in high places in this country are to be sure.

At the annual meeting of the Royal College of Physicians held one day last week a number of officers were elected for the coming year. We may give the total result to begin with. Of 44 appointments made the holders of 41 are "saved" and only three are "Idolators." Three members were elected "Fellows." These new "fellows" are Dr. J. A. Matson, Dr. T. P. C. Kirkpatrick, and Dr. F. C. Purser. Probably none of these three could be called a hell-of-a-fellow, but each one might not inappropriately be called a Heaven-of-a-fellow for all three are "saved." Now all the new "Fellows" are elected by existing "Fellows" from the "members" and all the Examiners for membership are "saved." The Royal College of the "Saved" Sawbones of Ireland is tolerably well entrenched. It is a wonder that any Papist gets through the barbed wire entanglements; and probably those who do get through have been very well "sifted." There is not much harm, that is to say, back-bone, in an "Idolator" who could be drawn through the eye of a needle! The Royal College of "Saved" Sawbones had a bean-feast in the night. Amongst the guests was our friend the Solicitor-General, whose shabby lies against the Catholic Association are notorious, and who recently received a well-deserved whipping in the Press for violent language at the hands of Sir West Ridgeway. We were not surprised to find that amongst the few Papists as guests was a "tame" Papist, the Right Rev. Monsignor Molloy. We cannot understand why some of these "tony" "Idolators" don't become "Saved" out and out; it would be so much more "respectable." Mr. C. A. O'Connor, K.C., was another guest at the bean-feast of the Royal College of "Saved" Sawbones in Ireland.

The report in the *Dust Bin* of the Annual Meeting of the "Saved" Dublin Diocesan Synod which was held last week was not altogether interesting to an outsider. We have not read it all, but we notice that a considerable part of the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin's address was devoted to the question of collecting subscriptions. Have the "saved" no "economic sense?" And if they have, why do they not rise up and protest against the attempts at present being made to collect large amounts of money for the clergy of the Church of

England's Faithful Garrison in Ireland, who, according to Sir Creed Meredith, eke out a precarious existence on a miserable average amount of something upwards of £200 a year! The Protestant Archbishop referring to the sending round of the hat, said:—"But is not the maintenance of our Church, of our pure religion and worship among our people, worth some trouble? We are not earnest, loyal Churchmen if we think it is not; and let me say that this task ought not to be laid on the clergymen. It is laymen's work, and the laymen should do it. I believe that if we set ourselves resolutely to broaden the financial basis of the Church by gathering subscriptions—even the smallest—from all its members, by systematic and patient effort, then, when the pressure really comes, our people will have been in a measure trained to give according to their means, and the money required will be supplied." It is instructive to note the amount of energy that the "saved" clergy of the Church of England's Faithful Garrison in Ireland are putting out on behalf of their mortal pockets.

The spirit displayed by the Protestant Bishop Dr. Elliott, and by the Protestant Bishop Dr. O'Hara and others, was condemned by the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin. Of course, whether through "hatred of thought or incapacity to think," the Protestant Archbishop did not see that his strictures were aimed at these gentlemen and their like. The Protestant Archbishop said:—"The spirit of religious animosity and strife is being again stirred up, and the flames are being fanned by those who are responsible for this movement; whatever else they may claim to be, cannot with justice claim to be lovers of their country. A lover of his country will seek to promote her welfare; and surely not to set one section of the community against another, because it differs from it in religious belief, is not and cannot be for the welfare of the country. It may promote the interests of individuals or of a party, but the country is bigger than any party, and he is no true patriot who does not consult and work for its welfare as a whole." What do the Solicitor-General, the man Coote of Tyrone, the gang who exploited the man McCarthy, and the Orangemen think of that? The *Dust Bin*, that in the drunkenness of its bigotry, cruelly libelled a venerable parish priest and threatened that Nationalist papers could not live but for the advertisements of the "saved," lifts up the whites of its lid in a leading article, and said:—"The Archbishop was justifiably indignant at the efforts which have been recently too apparent on the part of those who should be the Apostles of appeasement and conciliation to set sect against sect in Ireland." That was rather cool of *Fox* now!

A Rev. Dr. Moffatt, in the course of his remarks concerning some matter raised at the Synod, said:—"To do these things was to dishonour what had been done by Christ. Then the lack of discipline and lack of honour involved in such behaviour was dreadful. There was wanted in the Church a set of straightforward, honest men, and not a mean, shuffling set who did the very thing they swore they would not do. (Hear, hear)." Of course it is not for us to offer any opinion how far "a lack of honour" is a feature of the ministers of the Church of England's Faithful Garrison in Dublin; neither can we express an opinion on the want of "a set of straightforward, honest men," and the degree to which the presence of "a mean, shuffling set who did the very thing they swore they would not do," is also a matter which, as rank outsiders, we have no views to offer. But we, of course, take it that a distinguished Protestant Ecclesiastic, as we assume the Rev. Dr. Moffatt to be, knows what he is talking about, and that straightforward, honest men are wanted, and that "a mean, shuffling set" who break their solemn oaths, are a weakness in his community.

Our old friend, the gallant Pervert Priests' Protector, Captain Wade Thompson, gave the Synod what appears to be an ultimatum. He said:—"If the Church of

Ireland should become ritualistic or Roman in the sense in which the Church of England had so become he would leave it (Applause)." The Church of England's Faithful Garrison in Ireland had better mind its p's and q's, for if it lost the Pervert Priests' Protector where would it be! He might go and throw his weight in with the "Dippers."

We take the following from the report in the *Dust Bin*:—"He (the Dean of St. Patrick's) had risen to protest in the name of liberty and honour and fair play against a body of men passing a resolution in which erroneous practices were condemned without the existence of these erroneous practices being proved to demonstration.

A Voice—"Let them deny it."

The Dean of St. Patrick's—"Supposing charges of that kind were made against him.

A Voice—"So they could. (Laughter.)

The Dean of St. Patrick's—"He was prepared for that. (Laughter.)

A Voice—"A guilty conscience." (Laughter.)" The Dean also said:—"Nothing was calculated to bring more ridicule on the Church of Ireland than these annual charges." Might we suggest that the next annual meeting of this Synod should be held in Donnybrook; we suppose it would be impossible to shift the venue as far as Kilkenny where the cats come from.

It is not exactly our fault that there is not an article in this issue on the Fruit Show that was held during part of last week at Ball's Bridge. We did not know any suitable expert in apples and plums whom we could ask to write upon the Exhibition. We did the next best thing; we asked a contributor upon whom we had learned to look as one who could write, and write interestingly, about anything, to look in at the Show and send us an article upon it. He went to the show. We may say that we went there also; and one of the things that puzzled us most whilst we walked under the gas-light through avenues of bilious green, was, how will our particular contributor make up an interesting column and a half on this? Next day our contributor called to our offices. Humility sat upon his countenance, and his hands hung idly by his sides without ever a motion towards his inside coat pocket for a bundle of manuscript. What! no article? Was not equal to it. We did not ask him if he had eaten any sour apples from Portadown. As we had been to the Show ourselves, we listened to his confession of failure without the least surprise. But as he had been to the Show on article writing intent, we suggested that, at least, he might send us in a fruity par. upon the Exhibition.

Here is the result of our request:—"I am not an expert on fruit growing, and I was too hard worked in my young days to become a connoisseur even in apples. Hence I was somewhat appalled by the greenish gleam of the Department's Fruit Show at Ballsbridge. It may have done some good for Irish fruit-growing, a business in which there ought to be considerable room for expansion, but I thought I noticed too many "classy" people and not enough of practical farmers among the exhibitors. I remarked, however, that most of our "upper classes" in Dublin took care not to honour the Show with their presence. I suppose all "the best people" don't go there when it's a mere show of low-down Irish fruit, as they do at the Horse Show. Ballsbridge seemed quite strange without the Johnnies in gaiters going in and out. The jam and preserve trade, of which there were several exhibits, ought to have more in it even than the fruit. It was pointed out long ago in this paper how Irish people could give a helping hand to Irish industry in this way. A man may help to gain his own bread and butter by eating the right kind of bread and jam. By the way, looking at the fine premises at Ballsbridge, I wonder they are not more available for National purposes. They ought to be just the place for holding an Irish Exhibition or anything of that sort. I wonder would the R. D. S. permit such a thing.

AÐARCAIL.

Doncáð : Ba garta an cori corpe é ríú a chúair dom lá déanaí, a táirg.

Taógs : Conur ran?

Doncáð : Nuair a dúbhair gur b' é ríú neart cuipir 'nā ríú nāi b' fíú tráct air ceapair go rābair ar flearg do óroma agam. Do trāctar lāirpeac tuit ar an gcor ar bolg acā ag muintir Šarana 'ā déanaí ar Šaeólaib éipean le react gcéat buian. 'Óior cóm deimniústeac ran go rābair ar lāi agam nāi réatar gan pāint ponāmaroe do leogāint irteac am' éaint. Óior deimniústeac nā rāib don bpeit āgat ar tuit ó'n bpeimne a b' agam 'ā cup i bpeim, tar liom; go gcaitpā a ó' aomāil gur le neart corparā, le neart lāi agur cuiplean, a déinteap na gniōmarā a chúgan an buat do óaoine, agur gur b' é earpāi an nirt rin a ó' fāgan na gniōmarā gan déanaí, agur a ó' fāgan na óaoine rin pé corāib a nāiāto. Ac nuair a dúbhair gur b' é do táob-ra de 'n ršéat a b' agam 'ā cup i bpeim do baineat capat aram, gcaillam tuit é.

Taógs : Iré mo táob-ra óé a b' āgat 'ā cup i bpeim go rípeac, agur ip tu cúir i bpeim go h-āluinn é.

Doncáð : Nāc finé a éim anoir, a óuine, go rōitéir. Ar nōim ip fíor tuit é. Ní'l blāipe tarbēte i neart lāi nā i neart cuiplean gan cial aigne agur éipim aigne beit lartig. Irí an aigne a caitpíó neart an cuipir do rēiurí. Óion neart móir ra óuine buile, ac cāto é an māit an neart ran. Tá neart móir ra capat, ac ip péoir do 'n leanb an capat do gíolāct. Tá neart móir ra león, ac cāto é an māit neart an león reactar aigne agur intileact an óuine.

Taógs : Tá león ar nōctim āgāim i n-éipim rāiā. Do ceap gac león oíob, i gcomnuige, go rāib pé péim lāoir a óōctim cūn a nāiāto go léir do cup pé cor, pé 'cū nāiāto Šallōaiāto nū nāiāto Šaeólaāca. Ba lag leir don cōngnāi a ó'āpāit ar na leónāib Šaeólaāca eile i gcomnuib na nŠall. Níor táinig lā ó'ā cūimne cúige nāi b'fōlāir doir na leónāib Šaeólaāca go léir cup le céile agur oibpíú' a' lāiāib a céile cūn na nāiāto iapācta do cup amāc agur do cōmeāto amāc. Níor cúigeatar an nīó rin. Sa cuipgint irteat cōmnuigean neart na h-aigne. Earba nirt, do 'n aigne, irteat earba cuipgiona. Ir mó ip fíú don leir amāin cuipgiona ra n-aigne 'nā neart león ra corp. Eóluir agur cial agur cuipgint, rināto na neite a cuiplean neart ra n-aigne. Do péir a méat nū a lūigeat ran irteat óion an neart móir nū beag. Ní'l ríú ar an ótālāi rō ip laige 'nā amātoān lāoir. Ní beir pé cōitōce ac āg rāpūicāto agur āg āðarpcāil agur āg caitēam na bpeo ríur le n-ā corāib, mar a beāt an tarb a beāt āg āðarpcāil na túptōige.

Doncáð : Cé óó go bpeilir 'šā āgāipt rin, a táirg?

Taógs : Tá fíor āgat go rōian māit cé óó go bpeilir 'šā āgāipt. Táim 'šā āgāipt do 'n t-é a déarpcāto le muintir na h-éipean úpāto a déanaí de neart an cuipir i n-āgāit a nāiāto, agur gan cōtū' nā oileamāint ar neart na h-aigne acū fōr. An t-é a lābair ar an gcuima ran, i gcomnuige rāiā, ipé a cōg āpigeat na póla cōm lūat agur táinig an t-am cúige. Agur an tarb úto ātūbair; ip tapāit a pūpāto pé leir péim tōā mbéat tarb ba épeir 'nā é i n-meat na túptōige.

peatar ua laogaire.

THE CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION AND AFTER.

DEAR SIR—Mr. T. W. Russell is reported to have stated in a speech delivered recently in the North of Ireland that twenty-one Inspectors have been appointed under the Estates Commissioners, each at a salary of £800 per year, and that *all* are Protestants. Poor persecuted Protestants! Naughty intolerant Papists—why should you be complaining of and protesting against this treatment! Who has had the appointment? Is it possible, that not even one Catholic qualified for the position was to be found in all Ireland? In what a beautiful circle our rulers revolve. They say, we cannot give these positions to Irish Catholics, because they are not educated enough to fill them. We say to them—Give us the way to be educated, as you take on yourself to legislate for us—and we pay more than our lawful share of the taxes. They reply, that they'll do no such thing; we ask them why not? They reply not—it is *sic volo, sic jubeo* with them; but *we* know, why not; it is because they do not wish us to be fitted for these positions lest their monopoly should be interfered with. How long is this to continue? Just as long as we continue to lie down tamely and allow it. What is being done to prevent it? The light is being let in on it by you, sir. It is something. These things of religious and civil intolerance—of Masonic intrigue, of governmental injustice—shrink from the light. They are things of darkness. But exposure is not enough. Neither will resolutions or denunciations, however vigorous, remedy the evil. Combine and organise. That is the remedy. The Catholic Association is defunct. With its object, which, as far as I know, was to secure fair play all round, all Catholics sympathised. If in its initial stages blunders have been made, why not try again? or are we to lapse once more into a state of torpor, and allow the policy of drift to go on? I hope not. But what is to be done? Well, it is the lay Catholics of Ireland who are thus trampled on, and it is they who are primarily and principally concerned. Yet I venture to think, that if there is to be efficient and successful combination and organization, the clergy must not only be sympathisers, but active co-operators, aye, and in its foundation take not only a prominent but a leading part. The laity of Ireland still need the influence, the single-mindedness, the intelligence, and organising power of the clergy. Without them they are practically helpless. Then any such association, to be worked on safe lines, must be based on sound ethical and religious principles, and hence must be kept in touch with the Church. This, it appears to me, may be secured in either of two ways: first, by the Bishops of Ireland taking into their own hands the formation of such an organisation, laying down the rules to govern it, and the machinery for working it, and that in detail. For some reason or other their connection with the Catholic Association ceased almost after the first conference with the promoters. But if the Hierarchy should not care to be so closely identified with it, a second course seems open, and perhaps more feasible, because more modest and less formal. My belief is this—that, if a half dozen earnest, intelligent, independent men were selected from each Diocese and brought together in council, they would devise some workable scheme. Of these half-dozen let one or two be priests, to be chosen by the Bishop of the Diocese, and let the Bishop or the two priests select, say, four or six associates from among the laity. There would be no need of hand-books or branches. Six capable earnest men in each Diocese could attain the object of such a combination more effectively than numerous and unwieldy branches with complicated and unworkable rules. This is a mere outline of what may be possible. The writer ventures to give expression of his view, which, if not adopted either in whole or part, will serve a useful purpose if it only elicits an interchange of views between persons who take an interest in this business of a practical kind. I give you my name and address, not for the general public, but for any person or persons, who may wish to correspond with me on the subject.

H.

[Our correspondent's letter is well-timed, and we hope that it will stir up the energies of the proper people. If blunders have been made, our correspondent says,

why not try again? May we point out that it is beyond the wit of men to conduct any big movement over any length of time without committing some faults however venial. That being so, if a few errors cropped up when people "tried again," what is to prevent another situation arising similar to that which so recently was created by the Archbishop of Dublin's letter? And what could those concerned do—taking the state of the country as it exists—in face of such a situation? If we are to "lapse once more into a state of torpor," let those who are largely responsible for that lapse look to it. As our distinguished correspondent says, it is the lay Catholics of Ireland who are trampled upon. Quite so. The lay Catholics have to support themselves and their families in face of the bigoted persecution that operates against them, and which is partly responsible for the emigration evil; but when some lay Catholics stepped out to the fight, they were hit from a quarter from whence they might have, at least, expected neutrality if not support. Of course, we agree with our correspondent that any defensive Association called into being to fight against the exclusiveness practised against Irish Catholics should be based on sound ethical and religious principles. We submit that the Catholic Association was so based, and we would like to read the attempt of anyone competent to speak on Catholic Ethics to point out a flaw in the Ethics of the much-abused Handbook. We do not believe that the bishops of Ireland will take the formation of a defensive Association into their own hands; furthermore, we do not believe it would be good policy if they did. Every Catholic man's business, in fact his conduct in all the relations of life ought to be kept square with Catholic Ethics, and so in a manner "kept in touch with the Church." But if he sins he is held responsible, and not the Church of which he is a member, and against whose Ethics he has transgressed. A formal and close connection with the Church of a National Association for the defence of Catholic laymen's civil and industrial rights is not desirable; for were there such a formal connection, it would leave the Church open to be the target for everyone who had a stone to throw, or a lie to spit at the Association. If the Association sinned, its sins would be laid at the door of the Church; and experience has fully shown that if the Association were as chaste as ice and as pure as snow, it would not escape calumny. We will support any body or bodies that have for their object the attainment of Toleration, Justice and Fair Play for Irish Catholics in their civil and industrial capacities; but whether or not after recent experiences those who were hit from their own side will be anxious, without having some protection for their backs, to put their faces to the enemy again in the firing line we offer no opinion. Our general view is that any great movement naturally attracts people of certain temperaments and conditions. An Association for fighting oppression against lay Catholics would not necessarily appeal to all the varied temperaments that find place amongst the hierarchy; we do not think exception will be taken to the view that even amongst bishops there may be a man or men whom nature did not mark out for fighting the battles of the common herd. You cannot recruit for a cause in any arbitrary manner. Unfurl the banner before the world and let who will of character and understanding, flock to it, whether his address is Fitzwilliam square or Great Britain Street. If men are wanted in order to fight a nation-killing policy that often excludes Papists from even the post of ploughman, and in its refined cruelty practically excludes them from University facilities, the men for that fight must be recruited from those with fight in them, men with hearts rather than gizzards. The verb "to say" had a field day at Maynooth on the occasion of the Rev. Dr. Hogan's paper; we have been vainly awaiting for some sign of a budding verb "to do" as a result. We welcome our eminent correspondent's contribution to the question, and we hope that it will result in turning the minds of the right men to this question again. Perhaps some of our readers may have something to say upon the matter.—ED. LEADER.]

UNIONISM AND CRIME.

THE SOUTH DUBLIN FORGERIES.

THOMAS THEODORE LADD and David Macartney are in jail. They are "political prisoners"—new style. They suffer for their party and their cause. They fought to uphold the Union—by the same methods as those by which the Union was carried, and for this they have been stricken down. Shade of Castlereagh! Shade of Richard Pigott! has it come to this! And in the King's name, too! "All the machinery at the disposal of the Crown," says the *Irish Times*, "was put into operation in order to secure a conviction." How awful! In days gone by, "all the machinery of the Crown," etc., used to be reserved for rebellious Nationalists; but now—no wonder the *Irish Times* is astonished. The power of Separatists could be fought; the intrigues of that modern inquisitor, Sir Anthony McDonnell, could be fought; even the treason of Lord Dunraven could be fought; but when "all the machinery of the Crown" is linked with these, what remains to loyal men to do? A public meeting outside the walls of Kilmainham Jail on the release of the "political prisoners"—new style—and a torch-light procession? Will Mr. Percy Bernard, J.P., D.L., be there? Will Sir John Nutting be there? Will Sir William J. Goulding and the other members of the South County Dublin Unionist Registration Association be there, to meet their official agents on their release? These gentlemen, at least, have not repudiated Ladd and Macartney, or disassociated themselves from the action of those convicts. The association to which these gentlemen belong has not repudiated them, has not even expressed its disapproval of the crimes of which they have been convicted. In the face of such loyalty as this who can doubt that they will all be there.

The report of the proceedings at the Dublin County Commission last week, before Mr. Justice Gibson, makes sad reading. It points a moral if it does not adorn even the pages of the *Irish Times*, in whose columns one of the most prominent representative public men in South County Dublin, Mr. John A. Kavanagh, R.D.C., is editorially referred to, in connection with the cases, as "a man named Kavanagh." Were the proceedings merely of local interest, they yet reveal a condition of things which would deserve to be exposed throughout the length and breadth of Ireland; but they are of far more than local interest, because they throw a flood of light upon the political methods and morality of the self-styled party of wealth, intelligence and respectability. If justice were even-handed, Ladd and Macartney should have other companions, higher placed than themselves, in Kilmainham now; and, indeed, it may well be that they will yet be succeeded, if not joined, by such. South Dublin has long been a hot-bed of Unionist corruption. Long immunity has made the Garrison party reckless, but the "man named Kavanagh" and other Nationalists are determined that a halt shall be called. Mere Irishry have "done time" for political offences (though forgery and fraud were not of the number of such offences); it is now the turn of the Loyalists.

Forgery and fraud are ugly words, but there is, perhaps, an uglier word than either. It is called *perjury*. A Statutory Declaration has the force of an oath, and to knowingly take a false oath is perjury. A lodger must make a Statutory Declaration before he can secure a vote as such. There are some EIGHT HUNDRED lodger voters in a place named Rathmines, and "a man named Kavanagh"—who, by the way, is one of the ablest lawyers on registration matters in Ireland—may yet subject this brigade to a searching review, the upshot of which may leave many and many a fond Rathmines mother weeping over the fate of her lodger son. Not even all the gold she receives from her darling—on paper—for the use of the "top back bedroom, furnished," would compensate her then. Not since the first born of all the land of Egypt were stricken down, will anything to equal it be witnessed, if the "man named Kavanagh" does not repent him and stay his hand.

Black Maria, however, is time enough when she comes. Let us turn, therefore, from these gloomy forebodings of

evil, and consider for a moment the nature of the crime of which the two Unionist officials have been convicted. Its object, of course, all are aware of—to disfranchise Nationalist electors, and secure the return of a true blue Tory, Mr. Percy Bernard, to Parliament. In a neck-and-neck struggle such as is being waged in South Dublin between Unionist and Nationalist, the issue at the next election may hang upon a vote. No doubt, should he win, Mr. Bernard will have reason to feel proud of the methods by which his success will have been achieved. He could at least boast "on the floor of the House" that he was a worthy representative of the Union, and that he spoke for those who were prepared to go *any length*—even to Kilmainham—to maintain it. But what I wish to emphasise now is not the vital effect such frauds might easily have upon the representation of one of the premier constituencies in Ireland, but their unutterable meanness. Ladd and Macartney went round amongst the slums collecting Nationalist requisition forms, which they filled up with false information, and which, thus falsified, they returned to the Deputy of the Clerk of the Peace. The particulars contained on these forms are issued by the latter in what is known as the Supplemental List. In the Revision Court the Unionist agents having themselves falsified the returns in certain cases were in a position to get up and show that these returns were incorrect, and in every such case a vote, of course, would have been lost. They went round amongst the slums, in most cases whilst the heads of the families, who might have known them, were away at work, and got the forms from the unsuspecting women-folk. A barefaced attempt has been made by the *Irish Times* to lead the public to believe that Nationalist agents indulged in similar practices. They certainly collected forms, but not those of their opponents, nor did they resort to forgery and fraud by falsifying correct returns. They left those methods of warfare to the party of wealth, intelligence and respectability.

One word in conclusion. When an assistant of Mr. Bung sells drink to a drunken man, it is Mr. Bung himself who is put in the dock. When a purveyor's assistant sells margarine as butter, it is the purveyor himself who is held responsible. When an election agent is guilty of corrupt practices at an election, it is his principal, the candidate, who suffers. In the cases of Ladd and Macartney, Mr. Percy Bernard and their other paymasters of 60 Dawson Street, though they alone stood to profit by the frauds of these men, escape all legal responsibility. But the moral responsibility rests upon them of doing what they have not yet done—publicly repudiating and condemning the action of their disgraced officials.

RICHARD HAZLETON.

THE BLACK ART IN DUBLIN.

IN the issue of the LEADER, dated October 15th, there appeared some comments on the mystic art of Palmistry, and a comparison was drawn between the "superstition" of Irish peasants and the intellectual curiosity of the Briton seeking to penetrate the veil of futurity. A hope was expressed that it was only among an "Imperial" people that such a practice was possible. Unfortunately, that hope is an idle one as any resident of Dublin must surely be aware. Perhaps there is a strain of Imperial thought in the not overstocked brains of those Irish who indulge in Palmistry, but the fact remains that they are Irish, and that fortune-telling, clairvoyance, and other means of reading the future are widely practised in the Irish capital.

Grafton Street, Henry Street, and other thoroughfares abound with haunts of witches and seers who for varying amounts are willing to tell you who you are, what you are, and what will ultimately become of you. Crystal-gazers, palmists, and clairvoyants invite you on all sides to let them read the riddle of existence for you. The society papers are full of their advertisements, and their fees are graduated to meet the needs of clients of all descriptions. Lest you might forget the secrets they have imparted, some are good enough to present you with a chart containing a written statement of your character, and a history of your past and future.

All this is the class of thing for which the Keiros have lately been tried. It is no low Irish superstition, the natural outcome of an "Idolatrous" religion, yet the fact that it flourishes like the proverbial bay tree in our capital is a matter that requires attention. The chief supporters of Palmists in Dublin are women, and perhaps it is safe to say that these persons derive most of their income from young ladies of the upper middle class. No doubt many non-Catholics visit these shrines of mystery to learn what the fates have in store for them, but it is equally certain that Catholic girls also waste much of their money and time in this pernicious occupation.

Now what brings the products of our Convent Schools into these places at all? It is to be presumed that when at school they were instructed, to some extent, on the Ten Commandments, and if my memory serves me, there is a chapter in the Green Catechism expounding thereon which condemns fortune-telling and enquiry by improper means into things lost, hidden, or to come. One would imagine that consulting crystal-gazers, palmists, or other gifted persons of this type, might be placed under this heading. If so, what brings these girls thither? They must either go there unbelieving, out of idle curiosity, in which case the silly expenditure of time and money is simply pitiable, or else they go with the firm conviction that the future can be foretold; in which case one can only say "God help them!" It is bad enough that they should throng the theatres to witness problem plays, and besiege the lending libraries for dubious books without openly parading their faith in the wondrous necromancers who reveal the secrets of the future for a couple of half-crowns.

But it is by no means in the streets of Dublin only that this practice is carried on. No big bazaar is deemed fully equipped unless it has its full share of palmists and the like. Many of these enterprises have been under the management of that superior class who so sincerely deplore the blighting effects of "superstition" and "idolatry" in this unhappy land. They have no hesitation, however, in engaging Madame this and Professor that to utter prophecies *tête-à-tête*, in cosy corners, to men and women. Such a proceeding is fashionable, and, therefore, free from harm, and direct encouragement of this kind helps to make Palmistry still more popular, and stamps it as a practice which may be legitimately indulged in.

Of course it is unkind to mention in this connection such forms of divination as turning tea leaves in a teacup, or telling fortunes by cards. The one is vulgar, and the other out of date. Yet there is something to be urged in favour of these methods. They are cheaper and simpler, and devoid of the hugger-mugger and secrecy which is so large a part of the *modus operandi* of the hand-reading or crystal-gazing seers. The teacup *séance* suggests the kitchen, but nowadays many servants consult their palmists as readily as do their mistresses. It is not difficult to imagine what harm may be done to a young, uneducated girl by indulging in this foolish pastime. Efforts to realise the future promise may easily lead her into serious danger. The expectations aroused by the penny novelette are probably harmless as compared with those engendered by the predictions of the palmist.

The attitude of the police towards the members of this profession displays much of that beautiful inconsistency which characterises their conduct in relation to gambling and other vices. We find them pouncing down with severity on the old gipsy at a race meeting, and passing by without notice the "swells of the profession." Again, we suddenly find people like the Keiros in trouble when long undisturbed tranquility must have led them to believe themselves safe from the meshes of the law. This latter move looks like a step in the right direction. A raid on a witch's cave in Grafton Street some afternoon and the appearance of the witch and her clients in the Police Courts the following day would, no doubt, be productive of highly amusing results, and might—if a legal proceeding—do something to abate the nuisance now unhappily so rife.

Avis.

A HANDBOOK OF MODERN IRISH.*

PART II.

I have received a copy of this Handbook. It is a very useful book for learners of Irish. The phrases are all genuine Irish constructions, besides being specimens of the Irish in actual use among Irish speakers. One very useful characteristic of the book is the fact that it gives the provincial variations of the phrases. A Munster learner is given the opportunity of becoming acquainted with forms of expression which are peculiar to other provinces, and *vice versa*. In this way, when people from different districts meet they will, after the study of this Handbook, have been made acquainted beforehand with each other's peculiarities of expression. It will thus be made the more easy for them to enter upon an Irish conversation.

As far as I can see, the chief quality of the book is its extreme accuracy. An example of this accuracy occurs on page 64. It is in connection with the sentences "Cao tá ré a tábairt?" &c. Regarding such constructions the following observation is made:—"Obs.—The error is often made of writing 'as tábairt.' &c., in such sentences as these, under the mistaken idea that they are equivalent to the English present participle."

That is a true, and a valuable observation. The book is full of matter which is similarly true and valuable, and which shows the expenditure of keen judgment and searching industry on the part of the author.

PETER O'LEARY, P.P.

THE BIGOTS OF THE WOOD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Puck—A Fairy.

Bottom

Billy

Boyne

Howler

and

Scorcher

Bubble—A Minor Poet.

SCENE—Part of a wood near Castle Saunderson.
Time: midnight, November Eve, or Samhain.

Enter Puck.

Through the bush, through the brake,
Through the lone bog I glide;
Over hill, over lake, on the night breeze I ride.
Now here and now there, like a vapour or light
I fly through the air in my elfin delight.
With vapour and fire on poor mortals I play,
And deep in the mire often lead them astray.
With mischievous spite the poor fools I annoy;
For this jolly night is my season of joy.
Ho, ho! in my glee what great fun I have made,
And now, let me see all the tricks I have played.
With shape and with tongue of a peeler with powers
I frightened a Bung selling drink after hours.
An Orangeman drunk I diverted from home,
And now he is sunk in a bog cursing Rome.
With signs and with guiles a Freemason I led
For fully six miles from his home and his bed.
A dreamer of skies, and the lushes of space,
With vapour and sighs I enticed to this place.
And now in his flights, and his ecstasies grand,
He's dreaming of sprites by an oak near at hand.
Tw' Johnnies whose matches were never—oh
dear!

What dull-looking patches are those we have here.

Enter Bottom, Billy, Boyne, Howler and Scorcher.

Bot.—Here let us pause. Methinks this shady nook
Will suit us to rehearse our work of art.

The drama we intend to act before
The Cockney critics on next New Year's night
Upon that famous stage the Seven Dials.
The pillared oaks, and elms here around
Will be our theatre, and the bats and owls,
The drowsy rooks, the ravens and the crows,
The Jackdaws and the blinking things of night
Will be the audience.

Puck (aside)—Ho, ho! a Play.

I'll wait and hear those boorish clowns of clay.

Bot.—What say you, brothers, shall we start rehearse?

All—Yes.

Bot.—Good. Consider well your parts.

Myself will personate Ascendancy.

A mild and pious gentleman, oppressed

By persecutors of enslaving Rome.

The play is called The Triumph of the "Saved."

Among the actors I'm the very first

To come before the footlights with this speech.

Here Bottom throws himself into a striking histrionic attitude to the great admiration of his brother boors. and begins:—

Now is the Summer of our discontent

Made roaring Winter by the winds of Rome,

And all the clouds that lowered upon our house

Have burst in tempests and in hurricanes.

Now are our brows filled with the thoughts of war;

Of drums and screeches, paving stones and bricks

And all the raging clamours of the field.

Now are the hordes of Rome in fury ranged,

Like dreadful Cyclops breathing vengeance dire

Against the gentle, mild and loving "Saved"——

Billy (clapping his hands)—Oh rare! oh rare!

Doth not our Bottom do the acting grand.

Boy.—Bless thee Bottom, thou art translated.

How.—Into a Roscius. Oh, sweet bully Bottom.

Scor.—Oh rare, Saunderson Bottom.

Puck (aside)—As sure as day I'll clap a donkey's snout

Upon this clod-pate ere the night is out.

Bot.—A plague upon your interruptions.

I now forget my part. Come on you Billy and
give us yours.

Billy—Sir Toleration is the role I play,

That dreadful tyrant of the Castle tower

Who in the midst of dark inquisitors,

And Popish monsters of that horrid band—

The Catholic Association vile,

Gives out these words of terror.

Here Billy strikes an attitude, and says—

The fatal hour, and moment is at hand

When on Ascendancy's devoted head,

And all his "Saved" to death and vengeance
doomed,

The dogs of war and slaughter we let loose

With cries of blood and havoc.

Bot.—A bloody good speech. It doth possess

The note to fetch Whitechapel.

Puck—Ho-ho-ho! the game I see.

Lord, What knaves those bigots be.

Bot.—Boyne, you're in the third Act.

Boy.—I know. The part I represent.

Is Chairman of the Board of Ballinasloe,

And this my speech.

Boyne takes up an heroic attitude, and says—

Once more into the breach, dear friends, once more,

And with your fiery Roman valour cope

Again with those peace-loving, loyal "Saved,"

And send them flying from our rebel town.

In peace there's nothing so becomes us all

As simple bigotry and superstition,

But when the blast of Rome blows in our ears,

Then let us all be bloody-minded Papists.

Up Romanists and at 'em, charge, away;

My soul's in arms eager for the fray.

Bot.—A blazing war cry.

A splendid trumpet to the battle, Boyne.

"GENUINE" TRINIDAD COCOA SHELLS "EX-
CELSIOR" BRAND; the best procurable; buy
no other.

Now Howler, as you know you personate
The peeler Anderson.

How.—I know my part. I come upon the stage
A poor down-trodden peeler woe-begone,
With tristful visage, and lack-lustre eye,
And fetching sighs and groans I moan this prayer
Of sweet forgiveness and humility:—

A poor down-trodden Bobby sad and racked;
A wretched peeler groaning in despair,
A constable through Romish plotters sacked,
To heaven sends his prayer.

Upon benighted Papists shed the light,
And lead them in a meek and humble way
From out dark superstition's deadly night.
Sweet Lord to Thee I pray.

Oh, teach them love, and sweet humility,
The ways of gentle peace and sweet accord.
Oh teach them how to bend the humble knee
Before the "Saved," oh Lord.

Arise, oh Lord, and make us ever blest;
Oh aid the "Saved" to hold the lion's share.
Let pious peelers never be distressed.
Sweet spirit hear my prayer.

Bot.—A d——n good prayer it is too.

Scor.—Yes, but he left out, "To hell with the Pope."

How.—The plagues of Egypt, how did I forget it.
I'll have it entered later.

Puck (aside).—Hear ye spirits of the breeze,
What malignant boors are these.

Scor.—My part is at the last,
When Toleration's legions are dispersed,
Dismayed and broken at the Custom House,
I sing this pæan of triumph—
(sings)

Sound the loud timbrel o'er famed Sandy Row;
Rome is defeated and Popery low.
Sing for the glorious great battle victorious
Where Toleration has met his death blow.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er famed Sandy Row, etc.

How vain was their boasting, their threats and their
hosting,
Their great combination to cope with the "Saved."
For our mighty Bottom in ambush soon got 'em,
And proudly o'er them the victor's flag waved.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er famed Sandy Row, etc.

Now where's Toleration, and Ireland a nation?
Vanished and melted like last winter's snow.
The "Saved" in wrath towering, arose overpowering,
And buried them deep underneath Sandy Row.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er famed Sandy Row, etc.

Bot.—Scorcher, you're a duck for singing.
We'll now discuss the minor parts and plot,
The dress and scenery.

Puck (aside).—I'm getting tired of this dull bigot crew.
I'll spoil their fooling with a trick or two.

While the others are conversing apart, Puck puts an
ass's head upon Bottom.

Bot.—(oblivious of his transformation).
The Inquisition dungeon of Maynooth,
Wherein our tortured brothers will be—hang,
Why stare ye so as if I were a spook,
Or magic donkey from the Seven Woods.
Why act ye thus like madmen, idiots, fools?
Speak, lunatics!

Billy—Oh, monstrous, monstrous,
Baalam's ass is here.

Boy—Oh, Bottom, Bottom, you're a two-legged quad-
ruped.

How.—A miracle, a miracle.

Exit shrieking.

Exit shrieking.

Exit shrieking.

Scor.—A moke, a moke.

Exit shrieking.

Bot.—A dirty trick.

By Cromwell's noodle, I could kick them all.
The blockheads asinine!

Puck (aside).—I'll follow after those affrighted clowns,
And decorate them with some other crowns.
Exit Puck.

Enter Bubble.

Bub.—How mystic, sweet and whispery the gloom,
Within the hushful shadows of this wood.
The voices of the silences abound,
And presences unseen with ether tread
Pass to and fro among the waving trees,
Whose branches like maternal arms move
In soft caress and welcome as they pass.
Methinks each tree is full of sighing shapes,
With starry eyes which look into my soul,
And speak of old grey pain.

Bot.—Ho there Mr. Gloom-fancier,
You that can see the wind, just gaze on me,
And see if I'm an ass.

Bub.—Ha, a satyr. Oh blest the night
That I did hither roam.

Bot.—Rome, you say. To hell with Rome,
And the Pope too.

Re-enter Billy, Boyne, Howler and Scorcher, wearing
divers animal's heads, with Puck behind them laughing.
When they perceive each other they set up a horrible
screaming, and with cries of Popery and witchcraft, the
whole lot, with the exception of Bubble, rush madly off
in various directions through the wood followed by Puck.

Bub.—Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a fay,
That I could play with satyrs through the night.
But move coarse flesh, gross heaviness move on
And track those mystic wonders through the wood.
Oh, rare adventure of great Celtic note;
Oh, mystery poetic.

Exit Bubble.

Re-enter Puck.

I've clapped a donkey's noodle on poor Bubble,
So he will help to give the bigot's trouble.
The patches rush around in awful plight,
And meeting one another roar with fright.
And thus I'll keep them till the break of day,
And then their beastly heads I'll take away.
That task I love not, for such patches, shreds
And bigots always should wear asses' heads.
But lo! the dawn is breaking in the East.
The fun is over for this night at least.

Exit Puck.

Re-enter Bottom, Billy, Boyne, Howler and Scorcher,
with their own heads, and looking marvellously tired
and bedraggled.

Bot.—This wood is choke full of Popish goblins.

Billy—Oh, 'tis worse than the Catacombs of Rome.

Boy.—I'll have no more to do with that play.

How.—Nor I. Oh, let us pray.

Scor.—Oh, Lord, deliver us.

Exeunt.

Re-enter Bubble.

Bub.—Oh, such enchanted sights I've seen this night,
Such fauns and Satyrs, hamadyrads, elves,
And sylvan gods miraculous and strange.
Oh, let me haste to set in rhythmic rings
Those Pagan gems of wonder.

Exit Bubble. Curtain.

A. M. W.

FROM LADYSMITH TO CUSHLEAKE.

ON Friday, 30th ult., the tenants of the Cushleake
estate assembled, in Knocknacarry National School
to hear from their landlord, Sir George White, the terms
upon which he was prepared to dispose of his interests in
his Cushleake estate, Co. Antrim. The meeting was con-
vened in a suspicious hasty and underhand sort of way,
as the only notice received by the tenants was the word
of the bailiff, who on the previous day, in Cushendall
fair, notified some that all were to meet their landlord

Solur na nGaeboál.—All Irish Irishmen should insist on getting
the New Irish Match, made in Dublin by PATERSON & CO., and thus
support the Industrial Revival.

FRED LEWIS and CO.'S PERFUMES AND TOI-
LET REQUISITES; IRISH MANUFACTURE.

next day in Knocknacarry, at 3.30 p.m. Fairly punctual to the appointed time Sir George entered the hall, where manifestations of rejoicing on the part of the tenants were conspicuous by their absence. The first duty of the landlord was an endeavour to explain his etiquette in not replying to an offer of purchase made by the tenants, and the offer then made was twenty years' purchase, allowing the landlord to retain his rights to game, minerals, etc. This offer, which, by the way, was far in excess of the value of the soil, he now refused to accept. He then proceeded to explain the terms of the Land Purchase Act, and for the sake of obscurity, preferred speaking of percentage of reduction rather than of years' purchase. Retaining his right to game and all other rights which he now enjoys, he was prepared to dispose of his interest in the soil at $26\frac{1}{4}$ years purchase; or, wishing to be generous and considerate to his friends, he was prepared to remit the present year's rent, and then sell at $27\frac{3}{4}$ years' purchase. He had the honesty to acknowledge that the latter terms would be better for himself in the end, and endeavoured to show how desirable such terms would be to the tenants at the present time. After declaring this to be his final offer, and one that would hold good, only in case he could have his property declared an estate, and the tenants to pay $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on purchase money until it be invested, Sir George took his departure, amidst ironical cheers and other manifestations of feeling.

Those who are acquainted with Sir George's estate will at once acknowledge that the terms of sale offered by that military hero are far in advance of the value of the land, that they are excessive, exorbitant and blood-sucking in the extreme. The estate is situated in the extreme north of Co. Antrim. It comprises a cold, bleak, mountainous headland confronting the Mull of Cantyre and stretching from the confines of Cushendun to the neighbourhood of Torr Head. The estate is almost entirely a mountain, and the small patches of arable land are shallow, rocky, unfertile and almost as steep as the Pyrenees. For purposes of agriculture, the climate is the worst that Ireland can offer, as the place is without protection from the North wind and the sun's rays are cut off from the arable land, by the high ridge of mountain running through the entire estate—a distance of seven or eight miles. So steep is the land that, instead of ordinary carts, the farmers usually employ what they call "slide-cars" and side creels to convey the manure to the fields and gather in the produce of the land. The road on Sir George's estate is surely without an equal in Ireland. It is more like a pass on the Alps than a county road in a civilized country. The estate is on an average about twelve miles from the nearest railway station and about the same distance from a market town. Most of the houses on the estate are mere hovels, and the wolf is kept from the door, and the demands of the landlord satisfied, through the industry of the young men of the locality, who annually migrate to the Scotch harvest or follow the seafaring life.

"He was born in Ballytearim, where there's little work to do,
An' the longer he was livin' there the poorer still he grew,
Says he, till all belongin' him 'now happy may you be!'
But I'm off to find me fortune,' sure, he says, says he."

"Then the boy from Ballytearim set his face another road,
An' whatever luck has followed him was never rightly knowed;
But still it's truth I'm telling ye—or may I never sin,
All the gold in Ballytearim is what's stickin' to the whin."

No description in words can convey to the stranger a true idea of Sir George's estate. He must first travel,

or rather climb, over that switch-back-like road from Cushendun to Torr Head, gaze upon the continued mountain range to his left, and with steady foot and strong nerve, cast a glance to his right, to behold the precipices, or so-called arable lands of Sir George's estate, standing between the county road and the surging waters of the Moyle.

A meeting of the tenants was immediately afterwards held, and it was unanimously agreed that the landlord's terms were exorbitant, and therefore to be rejected. Disgusted with landlordism, and hoping to be for ever free from that dread curse of Ireland, the tenants agreed, after considerable discussion, to the following resolutions:

I. "That we offer to Sir George White, twenty-four and a half ($24\frac{1}{2}$) years' purchase, acquiring thereby the right to game, minerals, turbary, and all rights enjoyed by the landlord."

II. "In case Sir George White remits all rent due on his estate next November, we shall allow him during his lifetime, to retain his right to the game of his estate. At the death of Sir George White, said right shall fall to the tenants." At the request of the tenants, the above resolutions were forwarded to the landlord by Father MacDonald who presided at their meeting, and the gentlemanly reply of Sir George, which I enclose, speaks for itself.

It has since transpired that Sir George wished to have the meeting entirely private, that none but his tenants should be admitted, and that on no account should the proceedings of the meeting be communicated to the Press. The above wishes are expressly stated by Sir George himself in his letter applying for the use of the school-room. Why so very particular on this point, Sir George? When so lavish with your smiles and professing such kindness and regard for your tenants, why hide your candle under a bushel? The indescribable nature of your barren estate, and the exorbitant terms of sale offered by you, are, indeed reasons sufficient for your express and earnest wish that the light of publicity should never shine upon your actions in this matter.

CUSHLEAKE.

AT THE FRONT.

THE other evening in company, the question of the revival of Irish happened, as it happily generally does happen latterly, to come up for discussion. The district is bilingual, and most of those present could speak some Irish. All the same, the conversation showed that the majority of them considered the "Revival" a fad and the learning of Irish a waste of time. The writer tried to argue the opposite, more, however, for politeness sake than in the hope of convincing his opponents, for, like most of those who think "that Irish business" a fad, they were safe beyond the pale of argument. Eventually the whole matter in dispute was submitted for the opinion of one of the company who, as had previously transpired, had been to France to see Pretty Polly run, and was supposed, accordingly, to know a thing or two. It didn't take him long to dispose of the question. "For my part," he said, "I never knew anybody to make by Irish. There's Tom Keily the best man in the world—proved, admitted the best—and how much have they collected for him? Thirty pounds! If he was an Englishman he'd have thirty *thousand* by this time. And 'tis the same all over." The which naturally put further argument out of the question.

It is only after going through the country, mixing with the people, and hearing this sort of thing day after day, that you, who read Irish Ireland papers begin to appreciate the job that's before Irish Ireland. "A thinking Ireland," said Father O'Donovan some time since, "would be Irish in five years." Being convinced of which, one is all the more disheartened to think how long it must be before Ireland as she is will be Irish.

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For, after all our years of propagandism, you can hardly call it *thought*, that has, so far, been awakened in the minds of the multitude. The absence of the magnetism that kept them shouting in the train of O'Connell and Parnell may, I suppose, be taken as accounting for a good deal of their happy-go-lucky present-day doings and sayings, but the problem of getting their intellects of themselves to henceforward work intelligently is none the less bewildering. For the evolution of an Irish Ireland, unlike other evolutions or revolutions, that Ireland has been accustomed to look for, depends, not on what positions the people as a whole can carry by assault, so to say, but on the moral force that we can drive into each individual mind of the nation, a force that can be depended on to look after itself under all circumstances, and no matter what leaders come or what leaders go.

Some time since the LEADER said that there was "more movement than Irish," about the language movement. I don't know that this is as true of the Irish-speaking or semi-Irish-speaking districts as it is of the towns and of the Pale. Or rather I should say that the "movement" hasn't got any appreciable hold as yet of the country districts where Irish is alive and well, and where only "movement" is wanted. The Irish that is spoken in these places is not in connection, so to say, with the Gaelic League. In a way, of course, it is all the better so, but in the circumstances in which Ireland is placed, the big drum is indispensable at every point, and would be of especial advantage at those points where it would have the living language to play the tune for it. In other words, "quiet earnest work" isn't exactly the thing required in the Irish-speaking districts, but rather noise, *noise of battle*. It is strange that after the happenings of the last hundred years, we don't all know how to make that noise yet!

The political organizations have got the advantage of the Gaelic League, not so much in the machinery for agitation, as in that the people's minds are in the political groove and are greased to it. Of course the political organizations have got the Press too, and that reminds me—isn't it surprising that out of all "our local" and all "our special" correspondents of newspapers in Ireland, not one in a hundred seems to have got the Irish Ireland idea in his head! The metropolitan Press we more or less understand, or rather have become reconciled to as beyond hope, but the hundreds (I suppose) of little weekly papers with their thousands of average boy-in-the-street local correspondents, it seems strange how little show Irish Ireland noise commonly gets in them. The *Comrae Snocá* of the Gaelic League is weary trying to organize a newspaper corps or to incite local Gaelic Leaguers in each district to "look after" the Press. As far as I can judge, their failure—more than partial I fear—is to be traced to the fact that the Press having been and being still such an enemy of Irish Ireland, Irish Irelanders have an objection to writing anything for it—much as a Land Leaguer would have to associating with a grabber. And even if they had no objection, the Press has such a dread of disturbing the peace of mind of its readers and patrons and givers of ads., that it won't publish any adverse criticism of those it knows as "Nationalists." And so Seomin concerts are patronized, and resolutions by public bodies in favour of Irish quietly ignored when the time comes for enforcing them, and Irish Ireland events made look ludicrous by the "local correspondents" beslaving of them, and so on. A general shaking up is the recognised, if somewhat vaguely named cure for this state of things. An occasional reminder that such a state of things exists, and that Father Dineen is not a whit over pessimistic in his utterances is not unnecessary pending the advent of the shaking up. Those who read the Irish Ireland newspapers and magazines, and, as a consequence, can with difficulty bring themselves to read any of the others, are working more or less in the dark, are living in a way in a fool's paradise. Perhaps were it otherwise their spirits would break down.

The burden of all of which discursive chat is that to one like the writer, fresh from the Irish-Ireland atmosphere of a city Gaelic League, a visit to "the front," to an Irish-speaking district, is not, for all our labours and for all our progress, just yet quite reassuring.

"Maibhan"

RELIGION AND THE IRISH QUESTION.

MANY persons in thinking over the Irish question must have sometimes concluded that religion is at the bottom of all our difficulties, and many are, I fancy, of the opinion that the creed question essentially is the Irish question. For the sake of clarifying our ideas of the Irish problem let us see whether this is really so.

For my own part, I cannot think it is. There is no doubt that the relations between England and Ireland, and between various denominations in this country, are embittered and rendered more complex by creed differences. Yet I conceive that creed differences are not the source and origin of the Irish difficulty. My examination into the question seems to yield other results. Creed differences have aggravated the Irish difficulty, and they operate towards keeping it in an aggravated condition. This circumstance has led some persons into the notion that creed differences are in themselves the main part of the problem. In order to find out whether this be so, or not, we have only to consider Ireland before the "Reformation." When we look at *that* Ireland, we do not behold an ideally united country, or one contented with English rule. Many were the collisions between the native chiefs and princes and the forces of the stranger. We behold such a movement in Felim O'Connor's "rebellion." We find it in the support which Ireland gave Edward Bruce. We find it in the struggle between Art McMurrough and King Richard the Second, in the incursions the Wicklow chiefs made upon the Pale, in the support given to Perkin Warbeck and in the "rebellion" of Silken Thomas. Certainly we find that English and Irish were no fast friends *before* the "Reformation," and we have therefore no right to set down their mutual animosities *after* that event to the account of differences in creed.

As for centuries subsequent to the "Reformation," we know enough to show that religious differences are not the sole cause of antagonism or antipathy between English and Irish. Macaulay, in the best of his works—his *History*—tells us of the ill-concealed antipathy of James the Second's English followers to his Irish supporters, and their supercilious attitude towards the latter. He quotes letters from Irish Catholic Bishops in London to their friends at home which show that these Irish prelates were well aware of the feeling of disesteem towards Irish churchmen prevalent among the higher English Catholics. When James's men came to Ireland for the campaign against William the thing could not be wholly concealed from the resident Irish, and one of James's principal advisers—Lord Melfort—soon made himself the object of popular aversion by his ungracious bearing. Coming to later times we find a similar posture of affairs. O'Connell's saying is almost too well known for quotation. In a moment of bitterness of soul he expressed his regret that, when he emancipated the Irish Catholics, he unfortunately emancipated those of England also. And is it different to-day? Private advice tells me that the English Catholic looks down upon the mere Irish Catholics with chill disapproval, and, what is worse, that the Cockney "Irish" Catholic, with a couple of generations of London "back of him" as the Americans would say, is, of all men alive, the most extra supercilious in his attitude towards the hapless Papists of this country.

Again, look at the considerable body of Catholic peers in the House of Lords, and see how many of them were to be found amongst the forty-one noblemen who made up the meagre poll of Mr. Gladstone's supporters in the division on the second reading of the Home Rule Bill of

1893. Precious few of them were to be found there! And yet, I understand, there are more Catholic peers in the House of Lords than the whole phalanx of the Home Rule Bill's supporters there. No, the English Catholic is not a supporter of the Irish cause, and he never willingly will be. Look at the bench of Catholic Bishops in England and the same story holds good; precious few supporters of Home Rule there! When Dr. Bagshawe was Bishop of Nottingham he was a strong supporter of the Irish claims, and Cardinal Manning's friendship for Ireland was known too well to need telling about here. But the rest—what have they done for us, or when have they shown us any sympathy? I fancy I have said enough to make it clear that the English Catholic, *par excellence*, is emphatically not a friend of Ireland.

What, then, do I argue from this? Simply that unity of religion between the English and the Irish peoples would in no way contribute to the settlement of the Irish question. The Duke of Norfolk is the acknowledged leader of the English Catholic laity, and so long as he is also a leading luminary of the Primrose League we can easily guess how much good we are likely to get out of the English Catholics. These very same English Catholics are probably the most anti-Irish persons alive. Honourable exceptions there may have been, like the late Lord Acton, but the bulk of the aristocratic English Catholics are simply incorrigible re-actionaries. Would the fact, then, of the English people becoming entirely Catholic—supposing they did so—end our troubles? Not in the least. England no more loved Ireland when the English were all Catholics than she does to-day; rather less, if anything.

Would the difficulty be ended, or eased, if all the Irish people became Protestants? Surely not. The American colonists were Protestant in religion and British in racial extraction; yet these facts did not prevent their turning their guns upon "the forces of the Crown" when it appeared good to them so to do. Non-Catholicism of creed is not a basis of agreement with England; were it so the Boer War would surely never have been waged. On the other hand, non-Catholicism is far from being necessarily a cause of antipathy to the Irish claims, since the number of Welsh members who voted for the Home Rule Bill of 1886 formed a distinctly greater proportion of the whole Welsh representation than the Irish Home Rule members formed of the Irish representation. I have, of course, already admitted that the creed difficulty aggravates the Irish problem, but I contend that it does not fundamentally cause it. The prime difficulty is one of race, and the creed difference has had the effect of deepening the chasm between the races, and this very aggravating power which attends it has made the religious question seem to be *the* question. A very important question it doubtless is, but only in a secondary way. Protestantism in Ireland has given trouble, not because it is a religion, but because it is an ascendancy. The moment it ceases to be an ascendancy, at that moment it will cease to be a disturbing factor, save in so far as embittered memories of lost or lessened power may make it so; such memories would not survive for ever.

A special aggravation of the religious difficulty in Ireland arises out of the fact that those whom the Protestants regard as their leaders, socially and politically, are the landlords, a class as antagonistic to the majority of the Irish people in their interests as in their race. On one side we see as leaders men with an interest antagonistic to that arising out of the main industry of the

other side. For this very reason I look without compunction to the extinction—the more rapid the better—of the proprietary interest of the landlords, and if these individuals themselves should then leave the country—well, worse things might happen. Pecuniarily it might be a large advantage that they should remain in Ireland and spend their money here, but if they removed from Ireland and so ceased to be leaders, then their parasites and hangers-on would have no reason for maintaining a hostile attitude towards the nation any longer, and might become a part of the people. Of course, the Protestant clergy, Trinity-educated as they so largely are, cling desperately to the landlord class, and their attitude helps to perpetuate the existing unfriendly relations between the creeds. Were the landlords gone a large quantity of the parsons might go too, and the rest would find it advisable to redress their attitude towards the people. Religious differences and difficulties might not disappear, but they would dwindle greatly in their scope and intensity. This side of the Irish problem is not so dark as it looks. But our relations with England—there it is not so easy to see a remedy. Much still remains for Irishmen to do.

IMAAL.

CAMÓGURÉACÉT MO ŠRÁDÓ.

(Camóguréacét is the new out-door game for the women of Irish Ireland. This song is written to an old Irish air, lately desecrated by being wedded to a "song" called "Phil the Fluter's Ball.")

I.

There's a little rod in pickle, for the gentry with the drawl,
Who say the olden Irish games are "vulgawh," one and all.
Who "hem," and "haw," and "himitate" the sour Saxon ways,
Whose love for rank and Royalty, is always in a blaze.
And soon over all the land, we'll spread afar the fame of it,
From Carlow into Galway town, from Killybegs to Clare;
Camóguréacét they call it by—and that's the proper name of it,
But here's the fun, 'tis just the one to make a Seóinín swear.

CHORUS.

O, a rogue's the Camóg,
When it wants to vex the Seóinín,
To set them all a-groaning,
And to bend them down like Nóníní
"O, my! a beastly game,
Now isn't it, Papawh?"
Mo mún irí, mo rtor irí
Camóguréacét mo šrádó.

II.

The hockey-loving ladies, with an "accent" all their own,
At sight of young Camóguréacét, are heard to wail and moan.

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Wraithmines is robed in mourning, and Clontarf is
 "in the blues,"
 While every jumble sale has lots of tasty tennis shoes.
 There are bumps of consternation on the loyal-hearted
 cricketers,
 Ping-pong is nigh forgotten now, and Golf is not in
 vogue.
 The kakhi-coated runaways, the proud Imperial pick-
 eters,
 Are filled with fear and trembling, by a little plain
 Camóg—

CHORUS.

III.

There's a little rod in pickle, getting stronger every day
 For the fight with imitation, where 'tis bound to lead
 the way.
 'Tis as graceful as a lily, and as modest as a rose,
 And 'twill surely show the Freedom-path to Roipin,
 when it grows.
 And soon over all the land, we'll spread afar the fame of
 it,
 From Carlow into Galway town, from Killybegs to
 Clare,
 Camóguróeac^o they call it by, and that's the proper
 name of it,
 But here's the fun, 'tis just the one to make a Seóimín
 swear.

CHORUS.

Upian na Banban.

"GOING TO TRINITY."

Mrs. X—Real'y, James, he must go to Trinity.
 Dr. X—I don't think, my dear, it would be advisable
 for us to take such a step at present.
 Mrs. X—But why shouldn't he. Isn't he quite as
 clever as Mrs. Brown's sons. Our Willie shouldn't
 be at any disadvantage.

Dr. X—Of course not, my dear, but Mrs. Brown is
 different.
 Mrs. X—Very different, indeed, her father was a —
 Dr. X—A very honest and decent man.
 Mrs. X—They always *are* honest. If Brown had not
 married her for her money—
 Dr. X—She might have been sending her sons to the
 Catholic University.
 Mrs. X—It would have been the proper place for them,
 where they would meet their equals. But that is
 no reason why my son should go there.
 Dr. X—But you see my dear—
 Mrs. X—I don't see.
 Dr. X—As to an English school. I did not mind.
 Mrs. X—You ought to be very glad I insisted on it.
 Dr. X—Of course from the point of view of religion,
 that was all right.
 Mrs. X—Of course.
 Dr. X—And if it were Oxford.
 Mrs. X—Oh, I do wish you could send him there. Jack
 Murphy got a scholarship, or exhibition, or some-
 thing of £80 a year, and Willie might do the same.
 Dr. X—Well, I asked them at the school, and they said
 it was only boys who were very clever.
 Mrs. X—But he *is* very clever, James.
 Dr. X—Clever at examinations, that had any chance,
 and of course I can't afford £200 or £300 a year,
 with Lilly's presentation and all these other ex-
 penses.
 Mrs. X—Then, James, that proves what I said already.
 You must send him to Trinity.
 Dr. X—But then, my dear, there is the religious diffi-
 culty.
 Mrs. X—Really, James, you are not generally so pious.
 It was as much as I could do to get you to come to
 Mass when we were at Eastbourne.
 Dr. X—I don't mean religious in that sense. You see
 this is a public matter.
 Mrs. X—What can it matter to other people how we
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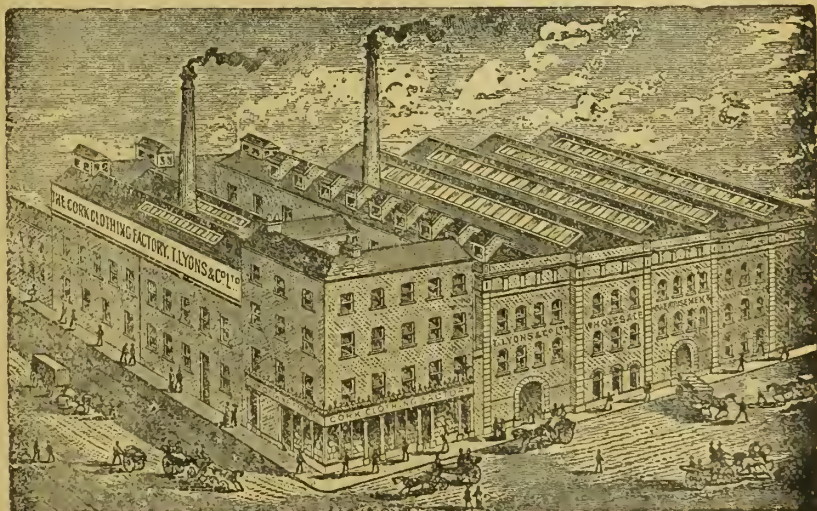
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Dr. X—But you see other Catholics.

Mrs. X—There are Catholics and Catholics.

Dr. X—Other Catholics might follow our example, we would be giving scandal.

Mrs. X—Indeed, James. I should think that a child of Mary like myself —

Dr. X—You told me you did not attend very regularly, my dear.

Mrs. X—I think you ought to see, James, this absurd parade of religion is very much out of place.

Dr. X—But hang it all, Marie, I can't afford to make enemies at present. There might be a paragraph about it in the " —."

Mrs. X—I am sure no respectable people read it.

Dr. X—But the clergy read it.

Mrs. X—O, James, he must go.

Dr. X—Well, I say he shan't. Not just yet, anyhow. (A ring. Servant enters with card. Dr. X reads.)

Mrs. X—Mr. Alfonsus Supple. That awful bore!

Dr. X (advancing)—Ah, my dear Supple, won't you come in. Marie, this is Mr. Supple.

Mrs. X—Mr. Supple has just come at the right time, we are talking about education.

Mr. Supple—Always my hobby, Mrs. X.

Mrs. X—Now do you think, Mr. Supple, we would be justified —

Dr. X—O, Marie, I don't think we ought to bore poor Mr. Supple with our domestic troubles, he is very hard-worked just at present.

Mr. Supple—O, if it's about education, I am sure I should—I shall be most interested; are you sending another boy to Hurstside.

Dr. X—O, no, it's still about Willie. You see, Mr. Supple, my wife was wanting me to send him to Trinity. But I told her I did not think College quite a fit place — Of course, there are grave dangers.

Mrs. X—Indeed, you never said anything of the sort, James.

Mr. Supple—I had to face them myself.

Mrs. X—O, I know you were very distinguished, Mr. Supple.

Mr. Supple—But still one may take precautions. When a boy has been trained at Hurstside —

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Mrs. X—There, now, James, I knew Mr. Supple would agree with me, and Mr. Supple is the Secretary of the Catholic Committee.

Mr. Supple—"The Catholic Gentry's Protest Committee;" indeed, it was about that I came. I want to induce your husband to second a resolution on Friday. You see here is the paper.

Dr. X (reads)—"That we protest in the most solemn manner against the intolerable wrong — (hum) Oh, I ought to be able to say a few words on that.

Mrs. X—And I shall go to hear him. Won't you get me a ticket, Mr. Supple?

Mr. Supple—Of course, Mrs. X; but you'll have to come early now that we've got Dr. X to speak.

Dr. X—But about this matter, Supple, do you really think it would be quite consistent for me to send my son to Trinity. Wouldn't it look rather like flying in the face of the Bishops' Resolution?

Mr. S—O, no. That is only a general prohibition. Of course, if any individual who has been well grounded

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Mrs. X—So Willie may go, mayn't he?

Mr. S—I am sure there could not be a clearer case.

Mrs. X—And you'll let him, won't you, hubbie?

Dr. X—Well, when both you and Mr. Supple agree, I don't think I'll be able to hold out, and now, Supple, you must stay for tea.

Mr. S—O, not for the world. I have to get to the committee meeting at once. But you won't forget Friday night. We'll shake the Government up!

Dr. X—O, I'll be there. I see you're not afraid of colds. Good morning.

(Finis).

CHANEL.

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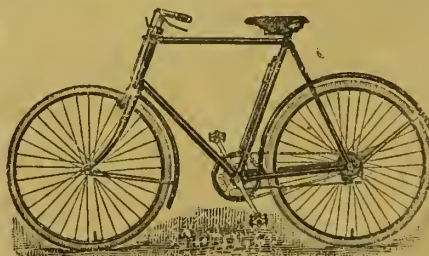
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CONTENTS.

CURRENT AFFAIRS:—

The Royal University Scandal ...	161
The Parochial University and "Idolators" ...	162
North Dublin Union and the Baltic Fleet ...	162
The People's William Again ...	163
"Honest John" on "Traitors" ...	163
Anti-Emigration Society ...	163
The Green Herald and "Chivalry" ...	164
Rev. Dr. Hogan, of Maynooth, Climbs Down ...	166
Protestants and Mike "the Catholics" ...	165
The Great Sourface Railway ...	168
Etc., Etc.	

ARTICLES:—

ΔΑΜΟΝ ΑΝ ΟΡΟΝΑ ...	169
The Catholic Association Again ...	169
The Catholic Question ...	170
Our Parliament in College Green ...	170
Open Letter to the Gaelic League ...	172
The Irish Blacksmith as an Artist ...	172

CORRESPONDENCE ...	174
--------------------	-----

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CURRENT AFFAIRS.

For the first time we were present at the conferring of degrees at the Royal University. It was, by accident, an interesting function. Under normal circumstances we would probably have had enough of it at the expiration of a quarter-of-an-hour or twenty minutes. On this occasion an attempt was made to exclude the undergraduates from witnessing the function, and as a consequence we found the proceedings lively. And strife any way is better than dullness. The schemes of mice and the Senate of the Royal University do not always come off. Some bold, bad, noisy undergraduates got in in spite of the police, and they gave the Senate a lively time of it; and what we say is, more o' that to the Senate. We were getting weary of the organ-playing, part of which, according to the programme, was executed by Thomas R. G. Jozé, who is Grand Organist of the Freemasons of Ireland; and the mild amusement caused by the flittings to and fro of Sir Creed Meredith, Deputy Grand Master of the Freemasons of Ireland, was palling on us too, when a few wild cheers and a rush of vigorous irrepressible youth brightened us up. A number of undergraduates—most of whom apparently were base Nationalists and low-down "Idolators"—had broken through in spite of the police and the Senate, and the voice of Sir Creed Meredith, the Deputy Grand Master of the Freemasons of Ireland, was drowned in the uproar that ensued. "Jimmy," as we gathered the undergraduates addressed the eminent Freemason, could be seen moving his lips, but that was all; in the circum-

stances the potent "sign" was of no avail. The Earl of Meath, whoever he is, was to have delivered an address, and we thank the undergraduate who kept up a sort of cannonade with a formidable piece of deal board, his friend with the tin whistle, and the rest with their lusty lungs, for saving us from the weary ordeal of having to listen to the noble Earl. The noble Earl happily decided not to deliver his address; and if the noble Earl never did anything else he has done something for which we return him our eternal gratitude. The undergraduates claim that, as legal members of the University, they have a right to be present at all University functions. It appears that all the undergraduates who applied for tickets this year were refused. The very lame excuse was that of lack of accommodation. We suspect that the fact that the undergraduates who would be likely to attend the function are largely composed of "Idolators," had something to say to the boycott of them. Sir Creed Meredith, of the Society of Free and Accepted Masons of Ireland, would no doubt like to keep the Nationalist undergraduates at the wrong side of the doors.

The Senate and Meredith of the "sign" were badly defeated on Friday last. It appears to us that it is shameful that an attempt should be made to keep the undergraduates out of the building. What did they ever do to deserve it? We have heard that they are wont to make witty remarks, and kick up a bit of a noise at these functions. Well, in the name of commonsense, what general interest would centre in the proceedings if it comprised of Meredith of the "sign" acting as a sort of court crier and the Earl of Meath drawing out an address? We have been told that, when a wise young man who happened not to have a superfluity of hair upon the top of his learned poll, was proceeding solemnly up the building to receive a degree, an irreverent undergraduate, forgetful of what was due to a head that was fruitful inside if somewhat barren on the rind, ejaculated "Get your hair cut." Of course, no proper person should deign to smile at such an uncalled for remark, but we should have enjoyed the incident ourselves, and let the "proper persons" go hang. The Senate and Creed Meredith of the "sign" had better grin and bear the undergraduates, for if they persist in attempting to keep them out some of them will, never fear, get in, and they will shout the proceedings down and refuse a hearing to anyone, though he be an Earl or a Freemason; and in our opinion they will be acting quite rightly.

When the meeting was over last Friday and the undergraduates had left the gallery, an unexpected thing happened. The undergraduates, like a mobile Boer Commando, appeared on the ground floor and rushed the platform. One of their number took the chair and harangued the rest; the Deputy Grand Master of the Freemasons, Sir Creed Meredith, might have given a thousand "signs" and all to no purpose. The undergraduates had their innings, and then left the building. There was another meeting held outside, and one of their number harangued it from the top of a cab. The police were looking after their "welfare" all the time; and the next thing we saw was a cab full of students and a crowd of undergraduates trotting along keeping pace with the cab, and behind all the majesty of the law in the persons of a large number of policemen making an effort—we cannot call it trotting—to keep up with the cab and the students. There was further oratory in Stephen's Green, and the best good humour everywhere. The Senate was beaten and we hope that next year it will have the good sense to fall back from the untenable and absurd position which it took up last Friday..

The Senate of the Royal University gave a characteristic exhibition of West Britonism in their conferring of Honorary Degrees upon this occasion. They selected two British Scientists as the recipients of their favours. One would think that some Irishmen quite sufficiently distinguished could easily have been found. Would it not have been an appropriate moment to confer an honorary degree on Father Dinneen, for instance, in view of the fact that he has just brought out one of the most important works that has seen the light for many years, and that he is himself a distinguished graduate of the University. Rev. Dr. Sheehan or Miss O'Farrelly, author of "Λεαβαρ αν Δεαρι Εοξαν" might also have been thought of. We were glad to see, however, that the two Britishers gave a well-merited rebuff to the University by not turning up to receive the degrees.

Who compose the "Institute of Bankers in Ireland?" We have before us the printed Catalogue of its Library. The books classed under the heading "General Literature," cover about two pages of the Catalogue. The collection is not a very extensive one, but small as it is it is significant to note that two of the "literary" works of the man McCarthy find a place in it! On turning up the Directory we are not surprised to find that the notorious "tame" one, Charles E. Martin, is one of its vice-presidents; John Mulligan, of the Hibernian Bank, is another of the vice-presidents, and H. F. Slattery is another. The hon. librarian who, we take it, is immediately responsible for the books, is one J. T. Reeves, whoever he is.

Of all places in the world, an address on "The Spirit of Patriotism" was delivered in connection with a society belonging to the Parochial University where the dilapidated Medical School is. What has a Parochial School that has a bigot like Traill for Provost and that has sunk so low in estimation that droves of "saved" living on this country pass by its doors and go to Oxford or some other University, when they can afford it—what has such a discredited seminary to do with "The Spirit of Patriotism"? Now we could understand an address being delivered within the precincts of that unhonoured building on "The Spirit of Nation-Killing," "The Spirit of Robbery," "The Spirit of Cunning Bigotry," "The Spirit of No-class Medical Schools," or such like subjects. We were sorry to find that several "Idolators" were so ill-advised as to have any dealings with this discredited institution; this parochial school is an enemy of the Irish Nation; it is living on funds that are diverted from the services of the nation; it is treated with real contempt by many of those of the Garrison who can afford to send their sons farther to fare better, and it is full time that self-respecting "Idolators" should refuse to have any voluntary dealings with it whatever. Of course, we were not surprised to find Mr. Jack-in-the-box M.P., who signed a petition for the release of two mean Unionist convicts, was present; where is he *not* present? We are not surprised that an intellectual giant like Dr. J. O'Connell should be present, but what brought Mr. Magennis there? Count Plunkett, of the Catholic—indeed, partly Cawtholic—Truth Society of Ireland, was there also, and we would think more highly of him if his sense of dignity kept him out of it.

Judging by the brief report or extract of Mr. Shannon's paper on the "Spirit of Patriotism," we can conscientiously say that history will not charge it with having changed the course of things in this country. The volatile Archdeacon ("saved") Daly, the corporeal guardian angel of Cusack and Family's Midland Railway, said, according to the report in the *Dust Bin*, that "The minority were called the English Garrison here." The "saved" Archdeacon should remember that it was Brother Goulding who referred to the Unionists as "England's Faithful Garrison." Artificial manure has been "ennobled" since then.

We put it to our readers that the time has passed when any "Idolators" should have anything to do with,

or with anything connected with, this discredited and robber "University." Its precious athletic sports should be left severely alone by self-respecting "Idolators" who believe in justice and protest against robbery. So long as it is an "Idolatorous" policy supported by the Irish Hierarchy, that "Idolators" should not go to this discredited school, individual "Idolators" who go, or who are sent by their parents, should be looked upon as black-legs. There is a great deal of flabbiness about the "Idolatorous" attitude towards this sink of bigotry and narrow-mindedness. Of course, we have learned to have little respect, from an Irish point of view, for Clongowes College, that advertised last season in the *Dust Bin*, and that held up as a successful pastman in its last *Clongownian* a Clongowes cad who, in an article in that mediocre periodical, flippantly boasted that he broke a solemn fast of the Church. Now the Hierarchy of Ireland denounce this discredited school by the name of "Trinity College" as a place for "Idolatorous" students, yet if an "Idolator" goes there he may be honoured by a notice in the *Clongownian*, the annual of the Jesuit College that advertised in the *Dust Bin*, and that this year held up a man who flippantly and cynically boasted in the *Clongownian* that he broke a solemn fast of the Church. We have before us *The Clongownian*, of 1903, and in the department headed "The Past" we read:—"Gannon having out-distanced all champions in Clongowes, went to Trinity, where he quite as easily disposed of his larger 'field.'" Of the late Mr. J. Carew, M.P., the *Clongownian*, in a laudatory notice, says:—"Leaving Clongowes he entered T.C.D., where he took his degree of B.A. in 1873." The notice of this "Idolator" who went to the school that the Bishops denounce is adorned by a photograph in the *Clongownian*. We read again:—"At Trinity, Arthur Scoope has obtained a Classical Scholarship." "J. M. Fitzgerald has been appointed Auditor of Trinity College Debating Society." "Oliver Gogarty has again been awarded the Vice-Chancellor's Prize at Trinity for English Verse." "James M. Fitzgerald also received a medal for Oratory at Dublin University. He has been doing very well at Trinity." Now all these puffs in the *Clongownian*, of 1903, concern "Pastmen" who went to Trinity, against which the Bishops warn the faithful! Go to this anti-Catholic seat of "learning" in spite of the warning of the Hierarchy, and if you have been to Clongowes, where the bragging fast-breaker came from, the *Clongownian* will give you a puff! The position is very weak. If we are to fight for University facilities for Catholics let us fight all along the line, and let us have no blackleg publications like the *Clongownian* patting the back of the deserters who stray into the enemies' ranks. Thought and feeling and the desire for action rather than talk are gathering and combining in the ranks of Irish Ireland, and Clongowes had better not presume too far. These other Jesuit Colleges, Mungret and Belvedere, might do worse than "tack" Irish Irelandwards whilst they have time. The march towards nationhood is not to be stopped because the authorities of these colleges may have a nation-killing sense of what is "class" and "tone." Irish Ireland and the vigorous "Idolators" are bearing, and have borne, with opposition where they should have expected support, very patiently; it will not, however, be good policy to trust in their extreme patience too long.

The Baltic Fleet crisis is over; that international body the North Dublin Union has intervened! At a meeting of the cabinet of the Rural District Council his Excellency Joseph Butterly proposed, and his Excellency James Flood seconded, the following note which their Excellencies of the North Dublin Cabinet agreed to:—"That we desire to express our deepest sympathy with the relatives of the fishermen who lost their lives at the North Sea disaster caused by the Russian fleet." It was also resolved to send a copy of the resolution to the Mayor of Hull. The only flaw that we can see in this wise and potent stroke upon the part of their excellencies to preserve the peace of the world is that it was only decided to send the note to Hull. Their excellencies should have presented it also to the Tzar of all the

Russians, to Edward VII., and to the Mikado. We feel sure that the Tzar of all the Russians has his eye on his Excellency Joseph Butterly, R.D.C., and that the Mikado and his advisers are anxiously awaiting the next international move on the world's chess-board of his Excellency James Flood.

The "People's William" is back again. The country sighed with relief when he happily resigned, and we suppose many people thought the news too good to be true. William did not like remaining in the state of being resigned so like the petulant child who "won't play any more," and who finds that the game still goes on as lively as ever he edges back, nearer and nearer until at last he throws off all reserve and spins his top again. But the People's William puts all the blame on Cork! A recent Sunday was a day of "unparalleled emotion" for him. No power but the power of Khaki Cork could have induced William to spin his top in public life again. He should be made of "lead or stone" if he was "not softened, aye, and conquered" by Cork. Well we never heard it suggested by his bitterest enemies that the specific gravity of William was anything like that of stone or lead. But William is certainly as hard as Cork butter. Cork, it appears, "dragged" William back by "main force," and William talked about his "humble name"! By easy stages we have travelled through upwards of nine columns of his two speeches delivered at Cork on a recent Sunday, as reported in the *Simply Deploable*, and having come to the end of the journey with a sigh of relief we can say that we thoroughly agree with Mr. William O'Brien's statement, made in the first sentence of his first speech at Cork—"This is a day of unparalleled emotion for me." Unfortunately, however, for the People's William the age of emotion in Irish politics is partly gone; that of calculation has partly succeeded and the glory of *raimeis* is dimmed if not extinguished for ever.

We hastily glanced through the speech that Mr. Redmond made in Dublin on the night of October 27th. We find that he once used the phrase "the floor of the House of Commons," but we looked in vain for any appearance of "at a no far distant date." He used the phrases "the near future," "a comparatively short period of time," and "the immediate future."

From a hasty glance through the speech by "Honest John," delivered on the same occasion, who never raised his voice on the floor of the board-room of the Great Northern Railway, of which he is, or was, a large shareholder, in protest against the bigoted exclusiveness of that Company—from a hasty glance at "Honest John's" speech we note that he refers to Dublin as "this ancient city;" that is rather an ancient phrase and ought to be abolished from the world of Anglo-Irish "oratory." "Honest John" said as long as the King comes "as the representative of an oppressive government," the man "who bids him welcome is a traitor to Ireland." That is rather hard on His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, who, with others, welcomed the King at Maynooth. According to "Honest John," His Grace and the others are "traitors." Now, why did not "Honest John" go down and preach that at the gates of Maynooth to those who were about to welcome the King? Why did he not go down to Waterford when that city, still "unconquered" by the Irish Ireland Enemy, was "prostituting" itself—to use an expression laid under contribution by "Honest John." We are not aware whether "Honest John" was in Ireland at these times or not; if he was not, of course he could not have gone personally; but, any way, he could have written to the Archbishop and told him that he was about to play the "traitor." And again, most of the "brave men and true" who listened to "Honest John," must have been in Ireland at these times. John Redmond allowed his own constituency to wallow in the state of being a "traitor," and he never went down into it to attempt to save it from itself. We fear there is a recrudescence of *raimeis* and windbag politics.

Mr. Dillon remarked that "the one weapon by the use of which we can make our enemies feel our strength, is the weapon of a united Party on the floor of the House of Commons, right in the citadel of the power of England." He also said:—"But, in spite of these difficulties, they fought their battle, in my judgment, with courage and with intelligence, and that they made the weight of Ireland felt as powerfully in the British House of Commons as ever it had been felt in the past (applause)." We would think more of John if he would tackle the Ascendancy at close quarters on the floor of the Board-room of the Great Northern Railway. All this blowing off steam against Castle Government in the abstract is only *raimeis*. Why don't they pluck up courage to tackle the Castle and its works and pomps on every side in the concrete and in detail. The bigotry of some of the railways and banks is part and parcel of the policy of Ascendancy which has its corner stone in Dublin Castle. Yet you have the *Freeman* afraid to open its editorial mouth about the Unionist convicts, Ladd and Macartney, and the political Jack-in-the-box William Field, "Nationalist," Empee, signs a petition for these mean convicts' release from their very short terms of imprisonment.

We are not against the Parliamentary Party as such, nor against the politicians as such; since we came on the scene things have so altered that the Irish Language Revival and the Industrial Revival, and to some extent, the fight for Tolerance are not barked at by conceited and incompetent political "leaders" as red herrings across the track, or as something else equally undesirable; and in so far the politicians have improved, and politics has drifted back somewhat towards its relative place as *one* and only one of the forces making for national existence. We wish that a few young sensible men would step out into the political arena; the "old firm" of "Honest Johns" and "People's Williams" are, by themselves anyway, ineffective and out of date.

The Anti-Emigration Society keeps the question with which it is concerned before the attention of the public; and that is good in itself. It has done very useful work. It is very easy to say that you cannot stop emigration by such a society; but the remark is rather shallow. A good deal of emigration can be stopped by enlightening the people on the many sided realities of the question, both here and in America, and the Anti-Emigration Society has done a considerable amount in that direction already. The honorary secretary, in the course of her paper at the recent conference, said:—"At home, the society asked the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction to institute an inquiry into all the circumstances attending emigration in our emigrating counties in Munster, Connaught, and Ulster, or even in one such county. The Department could not see its way to comply with this request, as emigration statistics were outside its province, and the society had then to fall back on volunteer helpers in the emigrating districts for its information." Perhaps the Department is more concerned with the statistics of immigration.

An Irish-Yank, one Mr. John O'Callaghan, of Boston, talked plenty of *raimeis*, and certainly *raimeis* won't stop emigration. He said:—"They had sufficient energy and native brain and manhood to carry on in Ireland all the industry needed and to save the population if they put their shoulders to the wheel, and made it apparent that foreign rule could not exist any longer in Ireland. That was what the Irish emigrants in America believed ought to be done. The fact that the people of Ireland could not build a few miles of railroad or build a bridge without going to Westminster for sanction showed there was something wrong." Now it did not need Mr. O'Callaghan, of Boston, to cross the Atlantic to tell us that there is something wrong; we knew that before ever he told it to us. Now what the Irish emigrants, who have cleared out of the country, think should be done by those who remain in it is not necessarily of great importance; what we who are in

the country think that the Irish emigrants who have gone out of it and have succeeded, should do is return and help those who are already here. If a man like Mr. O'Callaghan, of Boston—we presume he is a wealthy, able and successful man of business or industry—would return here with his money and his skill and attempt to do something in the nation-building line, he would be an asset; but his returning here to talk *raimeis* is a work of supererogation to say the least, on his part.

Mr. O'Callaghan, of Boston, also said:—"Every returned American should be received with open arms. There were thousands of emigrants who would return to Ireland but for the fear of the reproaches which would greet them. Some of them said they would starve on in New York rather than be taunted with the reproach they could not make a living in America." Well, we would not be quite so sweeping; we believe that many emigrants have left their country for their country's good; and certainly we are not over anxious to get back any who could be justly taunted with the fact that they were unable to make a living in America. We have enough who are not able to make a living in this country without America dumping an additional supply on our shores. The emigrants we want back are the successful type who can help us on in the making of a prosperous Irish Ireland.

Lord Rossmore has sent a bomb shell into the Orange camp. He has resigned his position of Grand Master of the Monaghan brethren, nay more, he has washed his hands of the whole brutal, ignorant and bigoted society. In the course of a letter to "Dear Brother Campbell Hall," Lord Rossmore says:—"I need not state that the *wicked and singularly bigoted* attack made on you by some Orangemen by reason of you having shown a *just and broad-minded interest* which vitally concerns Protestants of all classes, as well as Roman Catholics, urged me to the conclusion that local Orangism was coming to mean an Orangism seeking to establish the *worst mental slavery*, and this on the part of men who possess *no constructive policy of any character* in what has relation to our country and to our fellow-Irishmen. *Their policy is solely negative*, ever in opposition, *ever seeking to sow dissension*—a state of things I fancy to be directly at variance with the rules and constitution of the Society, as every intelligent member must clearly realise." The italics are ours. Of course we knew what the Orangemen were before my Lord Rossmore washed his hands of them. These men have up to this been carrying on their brutish, ignorant campaign, and the men who should denounce them, the Protestants who are living on the good-will and toleration of their "Idoltrous" fellow-countrymen, have practically "kept saying nothing," and under cover of the Orange artillery they have been strengthening their hold in this country and driving the "Idolators" to poverty and to America. We do not thank Lord Rossmore for washing his hands of this infamous Society; had he been a liberal-minded man he would have never entered it. Now that a few "Idolators" have carried on a fight in the teeth of all opposition, in front and rear, for Toleration, Justice and Fair Play, and have, without humming or hawing about it, gone straight against the bigot nation-killers of this country, we may expect the realities of the situation to dawn on the fairly moderate "Saved" who are capable of thinking out a situation. But if the moderate "Saved" who are capable of thinking are to be reduced to such a state as having to think out the situation, and as a consequence see, however vaguely, the realities of the case, the "Idolators" must keep on fighting for Justice, Toleration and Fair Play.

Here is another paragraph from Lord Rossmore's letter:—It is a source of deep regret that individual moderate Orangemen *do not think out such matters for themselves*. To me they appear to be following *blindly* the lead of some few *professional politicians and office-holders*, whose advice seems invariably to be the result

of a contemplation of their *personal interests* and hardly ever the outcome of a desire for the *peace and prosperity* of us Irishmen. Guides such as these feel that their *positions and salaries* depend in a great measure for their *continuity on the divisions* and antipathies of those who should work together to bring more prosperity and greater happiness to a common country." Again the italics are ours.

In the following further paragraph it will be seen that Lord Rossmore is impressed with a sense of the "isolated and stagnant condition" of certain of his kind. We are getting on. Our view is that if the Unionist and "the Saved" generally do not care to throw in their lot with the interests of the Irish nation, they can do the other thing; let them stay out. We mere Irish will push along in the work of nation-building by ourselves. But if the Unionists hate any one thing more than another it is to be "out of it." When they watch the edifice of an Irish Ireland rising stone by stone, they will suffer from searchings of conscience! They are welcome to come in and work on equality with the mere Irish, or they are welcome to stay out in the cold. Lord Rossmore says:—"Recently it was a subject of disappointment to me to learn of the utter inability of my brother Orangemen to grasp my motive in attending Lord Dunraven's Association, or the wisdom, from the point of view of Unionists, to seek a solution for the *present isolated and stagnant condition* of those in this country who cannot fall in with the Nationalist demand as we understand it, but who are desirous of doing in concert with moderate Nationalists what would be likely to contribute to our common prosperity and leave the principles of each untouched." The words we have italicised are very significant. We quote a few more sentences, here and there, from Lord Rossmore's letter:—"Surely Orangeism cannot necessarily mean everlasting mistrust of our fellow-men in all that appertains to the concerns of our common country?" "We should not wish to root out Roman Catholics, and if we did we could not do so." "My parting word would be to invite the Orange Society to think for themselves, and to consider well and carefully their present position in their native land, and not to be blind to what must be the inevitable result of always opposing what wise and moderate people devise for the general good." We have found Lord Rossmore's letter interesting reading, and we hope that the "To Hell with the Pope" brigade, or such of it as ever read anything, will find it interesting likewise.

We are pleased to see that Mr. Mahony at the Northern Police Court refused a drink-seller by the name of Urell, Ellis Quay, an occasional license for a concert and dance which a band was to give on Hallow Eve, in the grounds at Jones' Road. What a thirst there must be to be sure on that band and its followers that they cannot have a concert and dance without intoxicating drinks. Mr. Mahony said:—"You may find a more complacent magistrate than I am. I refused a similar application in respect of a dance in the Rotunda the other day. It was afterwards granted by another magistrate, and on the following morning I had two young men before me charged with picking pockets. One of them got a month's imprisonment from Mr. Justice Gibson. I find that these occasional licenses are run by publicans, who want a further opportunity of selling whiskey and porter. I would not give an occasional licence to a bazaar, good though its objects might be."

The following letter which Mr. Richard Hazleton addressed to *Pink and Green* appeared in the former paper:—

"Blackrock, October 25, 1904.

"Sir—Certain Unionist officials are engaged at present in hawking round South Dublin a petition in favour of the release of Messrs. Ladd and Macartney, the Unionist agents who were last week convicted of offences of a particularly despicable description. I

learn, with the utmost astonishment, that several prominent Nationalists have, with a soft-heartedness worthy only of sickly sentimental school-girls, been weak enough to sign this precious document. How many Unionists signed the petition for the release of the man who was sentenced to six months' imprisonment early this year for personation at the municipal elections? How many Unionists ever pleaded for the release of those Nationalists imprisoned under the Coercion Act? Offences, however, when committed by Unionist officials, and aimed at overthrowing the Nationalist representation of the premier constituency in Ireland, are evidently minor affairs calling for the tearful intercession of us mere Nationalists, lest the forgers should suffer inconvenience. Sir, before we make this sorry exhibition of ourselves, let Mr. Percy Bernard and the other lights of the South Dublin Unionist Association, come forward and express their disapproval of the methods of their officials, which have brought such discredit upon their cause.—Yours, etc.,

"RICHARD HAZLETON, U.D.C., P.L.G."

The petition referred to is the one to which we drew attention last week, and which was signed by Mr. Facing-both-ways, otherwise Mr. William Field "Nationalist," Empee. Mr. Hazleton requested space for this letter in the columns of the *Evening Herald*, and had an interview with a Bayard on the staff of that paper. This Bayard of the staff of *Green* read the letter and declined to publish it on the ground that he did not think it chivalrous to object to the release of these men! Where were the Bayards of *Green* at the time when the meeting in connection with the obnoxious "International" exhibition project was held at the Antient Concert Rooms? At that time *Green's* big brother the *Independent* referred to several ladies, many of them ladies of distinction, who attended that meeting as "uncouth females," companions of "corner boys," and as "slatternly women." *Green* itself treated the matter in a like "chivalrous" manner, but we cannot at the moment refer back to its choice expressions. Anyway the conduct of *Green* and its brother the *Independent* was such an outrage on decency that the branches of the Gaelic League in Dublin ceased to send *Green* any more reports. And now a Bayard of this insulter of women coolly tells Mr. Hazleton that he could not insert his letter about the petition in favour of two mean convicts, as he would not consider it "chivalrous" to object to the release of these Unionist Registration criminals! Oh, what a Press! We make no doubt that some of the back-boneless "Nationalists" are so "tame" and "chivalrous" that if they were offered Home Rule they would not consider it "chivalrous" to take it for fear of hurting the feelings of the Castle gang!

By the way, as we are referring to that "International" Exhibition outrage, we may recall the fact that the "gallant" soldier who is now honorary secretary of Dunraven's Reform Association, one Lieutenant-Colonel W. Hutchinson Poe, wrote a letter to the Press and referred to the ladies who voted against the holding of the obnoxious "International" scheme as "female dervishes."

The Unionists have withdrawn from the County Council Conference. On the face of it they are a good riddance. These gentry did not like the change that was made in the constitution. They don't like "politics" when the "politics" are not to their fancy. They are like the old woman who told the priest who was rebuking her for impatience and want of resignation that she was always resigned as long as she was left to have her own way. We trust now that these intolerant Unionist have taken leg bail from the conference, that the conference will have a big future before it.

Bung, as represented by the Castlebellingham and Drogheda Breweries, Ltd., is not an over happy man.

The gross profits for the year ending 31st August, showed a decrease of £818. The Chairman a Mr. W. P. Cairnes, in the course of his remarks said:—"He was sorry that he could not forecast the present year as at all favourable." Alas, poor Bung! The sooner people put their money into some other industries beside beer-making, and into some other business than beer-selling, the better for the country. The decrease in sales was, he said, "only to be expected, because undoubtedly the country was less prosperous and the wage earning power of the population had been less than in preceding years." Perhaps the anti-Bung campaign of the "little" LEADER had something to say to the decreased sales; mayhap the Anti-Treating League came across the victorious march of Bung. By this time a considerable impression must have been made on enlightened public opinion concerning the swineishness of swilling beer like a sponge; the young Irish Ireland fellows who are now eighteen or twenty years of age, have come to the threshold of manhood when "hell of a fellow" ideals were being rudely knocked about and broken; the Industrial Revival, too, has turned people's minds in the direction of productions of an unintoxicating nature as a means of livelihood, and must have taken some of the pressure off drink selling as a road to wealth. The gilt has been rubbed off Bung too. A common drink selling Bung putting on the airs of a fine gentleman must excite laughter in any part of the country now, and as for Mrs. and Miss Bung, their day as leaders of Society is vanishing, if it has not already gone. A combination of forces tend to discredit Bung and decrease his dupes in Ireland. If the country were rapidly rising in population and wealth, these forces might operate and yet leave Bung practically as he was as far as income went, though, of course, socially he has been de-classed. Unfortunately for Bung, what may be coming out at one end is not coming in at the other in the shape of an increasing population.

The great "Protestant demonstration" at which by a master stroke of unconscious humour Mike "the Catholic" was the central figure, appears to have been a bit of a fizzle. We learn from the *Independent* that there was a small attendance. Lord Bung-Ardilaun's *Express* describes the meeting as "crowded and enthusiastic." We have but little respect for the *Independent*, but we are inclined to take its word in preference to that of Ardilaun's *Express* in this matter. The meeting was held in a place called the "Metropolitan Hall," and this hall is important in that it is built facing the same street in which our offices are situate. It is on the side of the Street opposite to us, and it is lower down. We happened to be in our offices late that night, and we noticed, fairly early in the night that a policeman was evidently told off to guard our premises from any night attack on the part of the "Rule Britannia" brigade. When it neared the hour when it was calculated "the Protestant demonstration" in honour of Mike "the Catholic" would break up, the solitary policeman outside our offices was reinforced. We were amused to find that about forty policemen, each averaging we should say, sixteen stone, were drawn up outside our door. Perhaps the authorities feared that Mike might charge up our stairs with a sword in one hand and a pistol in the other. Besides there were several "gallant" soldiers at the "Protestant Demonstration" in honour of Mike "the Catholic," and the ruling passion of these comical sons of Mars might, under the heat of Mike's eloquence, have overcome these heroes and they might have "boo-ed" us, threw a stone at our windows and fled. Whatever was the reason the bobbies were there any way, and we heard one of them speculating about the "winner" of some race that, we understand, was to have been run the following day! When the meeting was over the gang of boys and comical military men, etc., did not take long to melt away. It evidently was a rather sickly hosting of the exploiters of Mike. A bar or two of "Rule Britannia," and a few yells as the rowdies passed by and Lower Abbey Street resumed its air of usual decorum.

We do not recognise the names of any prominent Dublin business men amongst those given in the report in Lord Bunge's *Express*. Some old comical military fogies—we assume that they are old, and surely they must be fogies—were present, though we miss the name of our old friend, the Pervert Priests' Protector, Captain Wade Thompson. Perhaps he has already joined the "Dippers." But the Pervert Priests' Society was not unrepresented, one Colonel Bredin of that brigade was there. The Rev. Dr. Moffat who was present is, we presume, one and the same as Rev. J. E. Moffat, M.D., of the Pervert Priests' Society. Colonel Sanderson was amongst those who wrote apologising for absence; Sir James Henderson of Belfast, the capital of the intellectual Sahara of Ireland, was there, so was a Mr. R. Pope Froste, M.A., J.P.; we can understand the Froste but why does he not knock the popery out of his name. We have to smile at the array of "military" gents who were gathered at this "Protestant" meeting in honour of Mike "the Catholic." What a sprint these old fellows would perform if someone shouted in through the keyhole, "The Russians are coming." There was a Major-General Dillon, a Colonel Doran, a Colonel Lefroy, a Colonel Digby, a Major Fielding, a Captain Persse, whilst a Colonel Denholm Young, all the way from the Land o' Cakes, where Mr. Campbell, of the Department (Scotch), comes from, wrote apologising for non-attendance.

The nasty kick out from Stephen's Green was a knock down blow for Mike; even Mick McQuaid, not to say Mick McCarthy, could scarcely have stood that blow. Besides the "Saved" clergy, at least such of them as belong to the Church of England's Faithful Garrison in Ireland, are now shocking the "economic sense" of the country by a frantic endeavour to collect a quarter of a million of money—what industries could be started with such a capital—with a view to lining the mortal pockets of those starving "Saved" ministers, who are, according to Creed Meredith, the Freemason, existing on an average wage of something more than a miserable £200 a year. The amount of money subscribed for Mike "the Catholic," by the true blue Protestants was—and the omission was no doubt discreet—not mentioned; whether it was £1 2s. 6d., or £3 5s. 9d., or £7 8s. 11d., or any other particular figure we know not; the fact that the amount was kept in the background justifies us, we think, in mildly suggesting that it could not bear publicity. The names of the subscribers are also kept in the dark. The Protestants who subscribed to Mike "the Catholic," are, no doubt, so virtuous that they do not wish that even the left hand should know what their right hand gave!

The centre figure of the verb "to say" that burst up some months ago at Maynooth is now, we see, reduced owing to the "representations both of friends and enemies"—particularly enemies, may we assume?—to a proper state of "tameness." The Rev. Dr. Hogan crawled down. He has written a letter to the *Spectator*, an English paper. The letter has reference to some remarks in an article by Professor Dowden, of the Parochial University, which appeared in another English periodical by the name of the *National Review*. The poor spirit of the half-slave sticks out in various shabby parts of the letter. The Rev. Dr. Hogan assures Professor Dowden that he is a man "for whom I have great regard." The Rev. Dr., who flared up in a great "say" at Maynooth, takes off his boots as well as his hat as he approaches the dread presence of a Professor of the Robber University! God help the poor Catholics of this country. The poor broken-spirited Rev. Dr. Hogan, for whom we cannot conscientiously say we have much respect, trots out a summary of some facts that go to prove that the Catholics are trampled upon in their own country. Of Plunkett's Department he says:—"Sir Horace Plunkett's Agricultural Department is no exception whatever to the rule. Indeed, it is one of the most scandalous exemplifications of it. His offices are literally packed with his own co-religionists, and when he

cannot get them at home he has no scruple in going to look for them abroad." That is all very fine. The Rev. Dr. Hogan has the temerity to bark though he lacks the nerve to bite. He says that "Catholics, apparently, are to have no living whatever in the higher walks of life in their native land." If the Irish Papists shared the "spirit" that the Rev. Dr. Hogan discloses, they would probably have the same complaint until they had been practically all wiped out of Ireland. "Now, sir," says the "tame" Dr. to the English Editor, "for years we have been asking, and asking in vain, for some relief from the scandalous injustice inflicted upon us in all these matters, and we have naturally enough come to the conclusion that our methods of application must have been defective." The italics are ours. Oh, we have been asking and asking and we may ask until we are black in the face, and instead of what we ask for we will get a kick, and we will partly deserve it too. The broken-spirited creature asks for his rights; the man of spirit fights for them and takes them. The "tame" Dr. humbly tells the superior British Editor that he "gave no countenance whatsoever to the Catholic Association or its Handbook." The Rev. Dr. would have to be born again before he could write such a work as the Handbook, and his countenance or non-countenance of the Catholic Association is not a matter of any great importance.

It may be well to recall the fact that in the great Maynooth "Say" of Dr. Hogan's, he remarked:—"In my opinion the young men of Catholic Ireland have been taking their ill-treatment very quietly indeed, and young and old have hitherto shown but little sign that they realise the injustice from which they suffer." In our opinion the young men of Catholic Ireland will be made of poor stuff if they do not repudiate the crawl down of Rev. Dr. Hogan. It is about time that the young men of Catholic Ireland played some of the game of self-preservation off their own bat and not stand idly by putting their trust in broken reeds like the "tamed" Dr. Hogan, of Maynooth. Dr. Hogan's flare up at Maynooth, and his climb down in the columns of the English *Spectator* would make instructive, if sad, reading in parallel columns.

Rev. Dr. Hogan tamely tells the readers of the English *Spectator*:—"I said, moreover, that we should have recourse to a special organization only as a last resort, and that if I saw any glimmer of hope from any other quarter I should be the last to favour a special association on religious lines." Let us recall what he said at Maynooth. After enumerating some of the organizations of the Protestants, Dr. Hogan asked:—"Now, against all these organisations, and many others besides, what have we? Practically nothing. We are living from hand to mouth, without making any organised effort to help ourselves or to help one another. These people plot, intrigue, shout, beat the Orange drum, and terrorise Governments and statesmen who show any inclination to do us justice. We, on the other hand, look on and fold our arms and trust in the advent of some golden age, when the corn will spring up of its own accord and fruit will fall from the trees without as much as an effort being required to stand and pluck it. I am glad to think, however, that there are many signs which show that we, too, shall know how to combine. We realise at last that we have been too long deceived, flouted, and tricked, and that the thing is not to go on for ever. Great though the dangers of an Association may be, and stormy the prospect before it. I do not think the country should hesitate to have recourse to it, seeing that all other available machinery has left us in the helpless plight I have described."

We leave our readers to judge for themselves whether the "tame" tale that the poor terror-stricken Maynooth professor told the readers of the English *Spectator* exactly squares with his brave words at Maynooth. He writes to the English *Spectator*:—"It may console Professor Dowden, however, to know that yielding to the representations both of friends and enemies, I have de-

cided, as far as I am concerned, not to urge any further the foundation of a special association, and to ask my countrymen to rally to the first alternative, and seek for redress through the agency of our Parliamentary representatives. It may be necessary before very long to try some other methods, but for the present, as our common rights are threatened, the time is not favourable. Protestants may have whatever organisations they please, from Orangeism to Freemasonry, but Catholics must not dare do anything to help one another." Catholics could do something to help one another if they had the pluck; it is only non-brave—that is less stinging than the usual word—Catholics who whine in the pages of an English periodical that they "must not dare to do anything." What in the name of commonsense is to prevent them but their own chicken-hearts? The final paragraph of the Rev. Dr. Hogan's letter is about the most childish thing we have read for a long time. Here it is in full and the italics are ours:—"Of one thing, however, you may be sure, and that is that if Irish Catholics do not get fair play from your Government, nothing can prevent them being *profoundly dissatisfied and discontented*. If your countrymen imagine that the state of affairs which exists is *happy or even tolerable*, I think, if you will permit me to say so, that they are profoundly mistaken." Heavens! The Rev. Dr. has the hardihood to say that nothing can prevent the Papists, if they do not get fair play, from being *profoundly dissatisfied and discontented*. The rebellious Papist who talks like that ought to be locked up by the "saved." His threat of being cross with the Government should bring Balfour to his knees!

The *Cuirm Ceoil na Samhna* of the Keating Branch of the Gaelic League came off on Saturday last, and from every point of view was a great success. Dr. Hyde's play *Caraid an tSúgán*, was the principal item in the programme. It is exactly three years since *Caraid na tSúgán* was first produced in the Gaiety Theatre. On that occasion Dr. Hyde himself took the part of *Tomár na h-Annraicáin*. On Saturday Dr. Hyde was amongst the audience, and *már* was impersonated by Mr. Hallisey; and very well indeed the latter acted. The play was well acted all round and the audience would not be satisfied at its conclusion until Dr. Hyde addressed to them a few remarks. The songs during the night were very well selected. One felt that one was at a merry-making, and not for one moment during the proceedings could one have been tempted to protest that he was not at a "wake." We are getting wiser and less solemn as we grow older. The Keating Branch demonstrated how unnecessary it was to have imported singers from the Land o' Cakes and the Land of Leeks for the *Oireachtas*, whilst we have Mr. Clandillon and Mr. Hallisey to draw upon. The highlander who sang at the *Oireachtas* had a song with a chorus which the audience took up, and when an audience joins in a chorus it is self-evident that they are pleased with themselves. It is also evident that that proceeding upon the part of the audience depends chiefly on the song or rather on the chorus, and Mr. Hallisey and Mr. Clandillon would not, by any means, take from their deserved popularity if they selected a song or two with a view to giving the audience an opportunity of using their lungs. Indeed, Mr. Hallisey, who was in splendid voice, did give the audience an opportunity, but they did not rise to it. The next time he should try the experiment of giving them a more tempting opportunity. *Cuirm Ceoil na Samhna* was one of the best Irish entertainments we have witnessed, and the Keating Branch are heartily to be congratulated on its success.

The information concerning the various activities of the Keating Branch that was set out in the programme impresses one with the idea that the thing is rather a complex institution, or a department rather than a branch. Recently the branch adopted the scheme of Evening Continuation Classes under the rules of the "National" Board of Education. This is what we would call collaring the enemy; it is a masterful move and a masculine one. By all means use even the "National" Board for your own ends and take its fees. Dr. Coffey is the Manager of the classes, and Miss

O'Kennedy is Principal. Exception has been taken, we believe, to this departure of the Keating Branch. Of course that was inevitable. But the Keating Branch will go on not minding the objections of the class of people who ought to refuse to handle coins of the realm because they are decorated with King Edward's skull. We understand the matter has been placed before the *Coirpe Snóda*. If the *Coirpe* objected to this action, on the part of the Keating Branch, those members of the former who are also, as Civil Servants of various kinds, in the pay of the Government, would be placed in a rather curious position. Of course, we do not for a moment expect that the *Coirpe Snóda* will do anything foolish in the matter. It would be well for many branches of the League if the members were examined in Irish by some outside body, even by examiners from the "National" Board. The result might probably be if not a little less pounce at least a little more *ceangsa*.

Father O'Halloran, of Shinrone, King's County, has taught Irish as an extra subject at the local "National" School during the past year. He conformed to the rules of the "National" Board, and on the 9th of August last his class were examined. Twenty-four passed. On the 17th September the Parish Priest of Shinrone, Father Gilligan, who is Manager of the school, got a letter from the Board of "National" Education in which it was stated that "in accordance with the usual practice of the Board, payment of special fees for instruction given in extra branches by a clergyman cannot be allowed." And so an "Idolatrous" clergyman who conforms to the rules and passes a class of twenty-four in Irish is not to get any fees! That little arrangement is very nice for the anti-priest and anti-Irish bigots. Of what value is "the usual practice of the Board"? Within recent times how many "usual practices" of that precious Board have been upset? Why not upset this particular absurd practice. Now we understand that the regulations do not exclude clergymen as teachers of extra subjects, but they explicitly exclude clergymen for night schools. A priest teaches a class, an examiner of the Board passes twenty-four, and then when the question of fee-paying comes up the Board attempt to wriggle out of their financial obligation. This custom, if it exists, must be cleared away like a lot of other absurd customs. The fee in question amounts to about £12, and as a matter of fact Father O'Halloran did not take on the teaching of Irish for the purpose of gain, but for the advancement of the Language Revival. We have authority for saying that, if he is paid his fees, £10 will go to the Gaelic League and the balance of £2 will go to the Irish Texts' Society; and we have authority also for stating that Father O'Halloran will continue the teaching whether the "National" Board pays up or not. But the matter does not concern Father O'Halloran and his Irish class alone; the "National" Board want to exclude all "Idolatrous" priests from fees earned by teaching Irish as an extra subject. That is a big order and it is worth having a fight over it.

We have received a letter which was written by a youth of about 14 to another youth of about the same age. Both brilliant specimens of budding Ireland hail from the South. The letter is written from a lad in the County of Waterford to one in the County of Tipperary. It runs as follows:—"——— Sept. 24, '04. Dear —— At last I have the right one for the Cambridge, it is ——

B A R B E T T E.

I need not say any more to you about it, but that it will win. I cannot even explain to you how good that horse is—nobody knows how good it is. Remember I have it straight ——." We understand that Barquette was what is termed a 33 to 1 chance, and that it came in last or second last. What a light this throws on budding Ireland. We have no doubt that these brace of fourteen-year-olds look with proper scorn on the useless activities of the Gaelic League.

The following circular has been, or is being, sent to several of the shareholders of the Great Southern Railway:—"Dear Sir—In 1902 some Shareholders, anxious to secure equality for Catholics in the Great Southern Railway, formed a Committee and raised a fund to meet necessary expenses. One of the first effects produced by the efforts of the Committee was the throwing open of Junior Clerkships to competition. Three examinations have already been held, and at these 71 young persons—most of them Catholics—have secured employment in the service of the Railway Company. The good example set by your Committee was soon followed in another Railway Company—the Midland. In it, too, a Committee was formed, and the Directors adopted the principle of Competition.

"Your Committee soon saw that in order to render matters quite satisfactory, it was necessary that some effort should be made to secure the services of suitable Directors. Hitherto, Directors have always been "co-opted"—their subsequent election by the Shareholders being a mere formality—and of twelve Directors only two are Catholics. The management of the Railway fell into the hands of a small clique; Catholics obtained few of the better-paid positions; and the value of Railway Stock continued steadily to decline.

"In August, 1904, three suitable candidates were proposed by your Committee for the vacant Directorships; and the support of eleven hundred Shareholders—holding half a million of Consolidated Stock—was obtained. The Committee is confident that at future elections the number of supporters will be very much greater.

"Circulars and Proxy Forms to thousands of Shareholders cost—for postage, etc.—a considerable amount. The sums, which were contributed by a few Shareholders in 1902, are now almost exhausted; and if the rights and interests of Shareholders are to be energetically looked after, funds are necessary. You are, therefore, earnestly requested to contribute.

"Subscriptions may be sent to any of the following:—

"Chairman—Right Rev. Monsignor Hallinan, P.P., V.G., Newcastle West.

"Hon Treasurers—V. Rev. Wm. O'Donnell, P.P., Waterford; Edward Martyn, Tullira, Ardahan, Co. Galway.

"Hon Secretaries—J. J. Donohoe, J.P., Abbey House, Enniscorthy; M. Sullivan, LL.B., Belclare, Temple Gardens, Dublin."

We hope there will be a generous response to this Circular. A splendid fight was made at the last general meeting, and twice as good a fight should be made at the next meeting. The two Catholic, or Cawtholic, directors at present on the Board are not much. The Directors flew in the face of popular opinion by refusing to place Irish on equal terms as an *optional* subject of examination for Clerkships with French, Latin and German. Yet we find the Sourface Railway offering for competition to the Gaelic Athletic Association two silver cups, value £50 each, one for hurling and the other for football. The Directors, as a Board, showed their anti-Irish spleen by refusing to place Irish on an equality, as an *optional* subject, with French, German and Latin, but they swallow their anti-Irish spite by coquetting with the Gaelic Athletic Association for the sake of the traffic that the fixtures of that body make for the Great Sourface Railway. The Gaelic League, with its *Feis* and *Oireachtas*, etc., makes a good deal of business for the line. Yet it is flouted. The League would do well to so order its fixtures as to only place a minimum amount of business in the way of this anti-Irish line until the boycott is taken off Irish. One of the Directors is Percy Bernard, anti-Irish candidate for South Dublin. Two of the registration agents employed for the furtherance of this person's candidature, the unhappy convicts Ladd and Macartney, are now undergoing well-deserved imprisonment for their crimes committed in the interests of Bernard's anti-Irish candidature. This person, Percy Bernard, was also one of the deputation from the Unionist Alliance to the British Conservative Conference at Southampton, in support of cutting down the Parliamentary representation of Ireland. What a fine broad-minded fellow, to be sure, to have as a Director of an Irish railway! These Directors are only moved by force; arguments are no use. They spat upon Irish; they

flirt with the Gaelic Athletic Association. We look forward to a splendid fight at the next general meeting, and we hope that Mr. Moriarty will drop his second-class fad. That second-class idea of his has no bearing on the Irish and "Idolatrous" grievances against the Company, and it only is a distraction and a nuisance. If Mr. Moriarty should be so ill-advised as to bring it up next time we trust the Catholic Committee will formally disassociate themselves from it, and let Mr. Moriarty's fad—be it sound or otherwise—stand severely on its merits apart from any other consideration.

As we have shown, the *Evening Herald*, the insulter of women, refused, on the plea of "chivalry," to insert Mr. Hazleton's letter protesting against jelly-fish "Nationalists" signing an outrageous petition for the release of the unhappy convicts Ladd and Macartney, whose crimes were committed in the interests of the candidature of Percy Bernard, the candidate of England's Faithful Garrison in South Dublin; Brother Goulding, the ennobled artificial manure manufacturer, is also connected with the South County Dublin Unionist Registration Association, two of whose official agents, the wretched men Ladd and Macartney, are now expiating their crimes against law and order in one of his Most Gracious Majesty's jails; and Brother Goulding is a fellow Director with Bernard, and both are colleagues in the Sourface Board of William Murphy, a "tame" Catholic. Now William Murphy may be good at making money, but he does not inspire confidence in the Irish public. He is a big man in the *Evening Herald*, the insulter of women paper, and the Bayard whom Mr. Hazleton saw at that office, and who refused on the grounds of "chivalry" to insert the Ladd-Macartney letter, is, in a sense, an employee of William Murphy. Now it is not conceivable that any independent man could rise to a position of responsibility in *Green*, the evening atrocity. Bayard, no doubt, fawns upon his masters, and one of his masters, William Murphy, would not, we take it, like to ruffle the nerves of good Brother Goulding, of the South County Dublin Unionist Registration Association, two of whose recent agents are now expiating crimes committed in furtherance of the Unionist candidature of loyal Mr. Percy Bernard, in one of his Most Gracious Majesty's prisons. And so the shady world goes round.

According to Marshal Oyama, the Russian losses in men at Shaho were about 13,333 corpses and 709 *prisoners*. What a tribute to the valour of the Russian soldier. Had Tommy Atkins been in the Russian shoes Oyama's report would read more like 709 corpses and 13,333 *prisoners*. And yet many of the mere Irish are afraid of the imitation-Englishers in this country!

We take the following from a recent issue of the *Irish Times*:—"Wanted, a Farm Labourer, Protestant preferred; wages 9s. weekly, perquisites, cottage, garden, turbary, potato ground. Address 'Z 2658, Labourer,' this office. Wanted, a well-educated Protestant young Lady as Book-keeper in Office of Steam Laundry. Address 'Z 2637, Book-keeper,' this office. Boot Trade—Young Man (junior) Wanted; Protestant; best and medium trade; must be good stockkeeper, tidy, methodical, habits; total abstainer; particulars, confidential, salary, age, experience, references last 2 employers. Address 'Z 2656, Man,' this office. Wanted, Young Lady, Protestant, for country; General Drapery, with knowledge boot department. Address 'Z 2667, Draper,' this office. Wanted, for County Waterford, a married Yardman, Protestant, to look after 8 cows; milk; feed calves; must be sober, competent, and well recommended. Address, stating age, wages expected, and number in family. Miss Fairholm, Comragh, Kilmacthomas."

The Winter Session of the City of Dublin Technical Schools, Kevin Street (Principal Mr. L. E. O'Carroll) has recently begun. We notice that commercial Irish is included in the commercial section in which commercial English, French, German, Book-keeping, Typewriting and Shorthand are also taught. The Syllabus is an exhaustive one and includes instruction in Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, The Building trades, Cookery, Dressmaking, etc., etc. The time table of classes with list of fees and Special Courses may be obtained (free of charge) at the Public Libraries, or at the Schools.

AMAΘÁN AN CÓRDA.

Doncáó: Fan go fóil, a Čairós. B' féoir go puitfadh pé leir féin go tapaidh dá mbéadh tarb ba čreire 'ná é i n-ineadh na túrčóige. Ní čairbeádhfadh fan, ar nóm, go puitfadh pé leir féin dá mba tarb ná béadh cómh láir leir a béadh i n-ineadh na túrčóige. Cao deirdean tú leir an tcaob fan de 'n rgeal?

Čarós: Čáim as faise ar an adaircail asur ar an rppriúcaó asur ar čairčeanh na b'fóó anáirde, le tamal maic anoir, a' Doncáó. Čáim as éirteacé, i gcaičeanh na h-aimprie, leir an tcaob a bion as adaircail na túrčóige, asur é as búirčig i tceóó gur dóic leat go gceapan pé gur b' é féin Donn Cuailgne 'n-a rteilbeacais. An lá ir čreine deim pé adaircail asur búirčead puah ní feaca puinn čairbče as teacé ar a faotar dó féin ná o' doinne eile.

Doncáó: Seacáin, a Čarós. Tuigim do čaint, asur tá éasgóir asat 'a' deánaim. Níl don iaraicé o'ar čug muinčir na h-čreann i gcoinnib a namáo, le deánaisge pé n-čirinn é, ná go tčáinig čairbče móp ar. Mura mbéadh obair na b'finini ní béadh an rgeal agáinn atá inoiu agáinn i tcaob čailim na h-čreann.

Čarós: Ní maic liom don focail a ráó i gcoinnib na b'feair a čuit le h-obair na b'finini. Ní ceart don focail a ráó 'n-a gcoinnib. Ac ba dóic liom gur móp an čruas ná raib fíor acu, an fáir a b'fóó ar a o' iaraicé iad féin o' olmú' čun tceóó i n-asaró Šarana, go raibdar go léir díolta, ná raib cori acu 'a' čur díob, le folur g'reine ná le folur gealaige, gan a fíor go čruinn asá namáo; ná raib feair acu gan a ainim asur a f'loinne as an namáo, asur gur b' iad na cinn puain a b' o'ra a b' 'gá n'oiol leir an namáo.

Doncáó: Doimair airuigim-re go b'fuit an obair čéadna, nú obair mar i, ar riúbal anoir féin.

Čarós: Ní feadar. B' féoir é. Ac má tá deirim an méir reo leat. Níl oiréad asur cori as doinne ra n-obair 'a' čur de, le folur na g'reine ná le folur na gealaige, ná fuit a fíor go čruinn as an namáo.

Doncáó: Ba ráó beas an čairbče čuit beic 'gá inrint rin díob.

Čarós: Ir fíor čuit é. An t-é go b'fuit cial a dóčín aige čun an rgeil a čuirgint ní gá beic 'gá inrint dó. An t-é ná fuit an cial fan aige ní h-don maic beic 'gá inrint dó.

Doncáó: Aróó, dar leat-ra, a Čarós, amaθán ireadh doinne do rašad irteacé i n-don tceasar oibre de 'n tceóó fan.

Čarós: Inir an méir reo dom, a' Doncáó. Cao é an ainim ba dóic leat ba čairč a čabairč oim dá n-aimp'iginn córda maic láir čnábé asur dá gcuirinn lúb ar čeann de asur fárgadh pučais ar an lúb, asur anfan dá gcuirinn an lúb fan ar mo muineál féin asur an ceann eile de 'n córda do čur i lámh pé marcail ar ro go b' 'a' Čuic gur maic leir rcaad baic ar?

Doncáó: Anraig ba dóic liom náp m'poe amaθán črióčnuigče čabairč oir.

Čarós: Níor m'poe. Ba deacair an ainim a čuiteam mura tčuilfí ar an gcuma fan i.

peadar ua laogaire.

THE CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION AGAIN.

YOUR correspondent "H." asks whether, "now that the Catholic Association is defunct," as he says, "we are to lapse once more into a state of torpor, and allow the policy of drift to go on." No, it is to be hoped. But, then, "what is to be done?" Something practical, let it be, and efficacious; something that will hit the enemy in a sore place and make him cry. Whenever he is hit hard he is wont to complain that those who hit have no moral sense.

Is it, however, practical to expect the Bishops to formulate the constitution of any association that is likely to hit the bigots so as to make them howl? Their Lordships, I suspect, good easy men, are rather ashamed of their connection with the old Association, and are not likely for some time to take part in framing constitutions for similar bodies. To tell the truth it does not seem to be any part of their duty. And if, instead of the Bishops, two or three priests in each diocese, selected by their Lordships, were to undertake the task of framing a constitution, with or without the assistance of laymen chosen by themselves, what kind of association would they be likely to beget? A body of fighting men or of tolerance-provers? Think, moreover, of the condition of a nation whose laymen—business men, too, whose contention it is that they are fit for anything—are not able to fight their own battles, nor even to form an association for the defence of their own interests, but must have one dry-nursed for them by the Bishops and priests. No, Sir; if the laity mean to win in this contest, they must bear themselves like men. If they are manly and stand by one another, the priests can and will help them; but let them not expect either priests or Bishops to form the fighting line. The Bishops are too timid for that, and the priests too much under the control of the Bishops. Let the laity be men, resolved to help themselves and fight their own battles, and they will keep the Bishops neutral and get assistance from the priests.

What, you will ask, can laymen do? Can they not stand by the old Association, which, though wounded, is not by any means defunct? Of what are they afraid? Of charges made by the bigots? But no association ever did or ever will hit these men hard, that was not, or will not, be denounced as immoral. Are they afraid of disobeying the Archbishop? But his Grace has not yet issued any formal condemnation. Could not the officials of the Association state boldly in the Press that they are prepared to abide by his decision, after a trial in which they shall have an opportunity of sifting and rebutting the evidence against the body which they represent? No judge, civil or ecclesiastical, has a right to condemn any man or body of men without giving an opportunity of defence.

I do not know what the heads of the Association have already done in this direction; certainly they have made no published statement. Let the facts be published. If crimes have been brought home to officials of the Association, let these officials be dismissed; if the constitution of the Association is proved faulty, let it be amended. I have read the constitution, as also the Handbook, with care, and have found nothing in either that deserves episcopal censure; neither, as far as I know, has the Archbishop condemned them, but only certain acts of officials. Cannot these faults be corrected if it be proved that they occurred? Is the Association not prepared to make amends for them if they are proved? Why, then, should we start any new organisation?

If, indeed, I had reason to hope that the Catholic laity, bonded together under a new constitution, would have more grit than they have shown during the past twelve months, I should join them gladly; or even if I could hope that the projected society would be less liable to episcopal censure if it showed itself any good to bite. I do not hope for either till the laymen have learned to stand up for their rights against all comers—legally, of

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course, and as Catholics may—and refuse to recognise any decision that is based on partial evidence, as also to admit that a Bishop has any right to dissolve a society merely because in carrying out righteous objects some of its officials may have committed faults for which atonement can and will be made, and which may be avoided in future. Until “H.” and those who, with him, may form a new association, show grit of this kind, I, for one, prefer to stand by the old one; and my advice to others is—to go and do likewise. The old Association has the sympathies of the fighting men, who alone can be depended on to make the bigots feel their blows. L.

THE CATHOLIC QUESTION.

I SHOULD like to offer a few remarks on the topic raised by your correspondent “H.,” namely, the Catholic question, but I must be somewhat brief, inasmuch as others will no doubt want to discuss the question too.

A cool survey of the present position is desirable. The circumstance upon which Mr. T. W. Russell dwelt in his mainly speech was one well known enough already to the very persons whom one would suppose ought to be the very first to take action. The fact that the whole twenty-one valuers under the Estates Commissioners are Protestants was elicited in Parliament by a question from a member of the Irish Party. Therefore, the Party knew well enough of this tough piece of bigotry; but what have they done? The *Freeman* (our great “Catholic” Daily!) knew well enough of it too; what has the *Freeman* done? Is there not something tragicomical in the fact that the first man who found a tongue to protest against the thing was a Presbyterian—a Scotchman by birth! Reverse the position. Suppose England governed by Ireland from Dublin, and that a new government department is opened in London and staffed completely by Catholics. Suppose that there is an English Parliamentary Party of Protestants who know all about the matter, and neither say nor do anything; and suppose that the *Times* is their organ and maintains a meek silence on the question also; can you, I ask, conceive such a situation? I cannot!

But just review the situation from the standpoint of action. The moment any temerarious laymen attempt to advance, out steps Mr. Charles E. Martin, who lets off a protest in the *Irish Times*—and in the obliging *Slave’s Journal*, too, and the *Independent*. Then the timid squeal and begin to run, saying that they never had anything to do with it! A few resolute rally and attempt to march on when they suddenly find themselves tripped from behind.

Then the bold and doughty Charles O’Connor, K.C., writes to the papers disclaiming the dreadful Association and all its works and pomps, and endeavouring to get up an irrelevant controversy with Solicitor-General Campbell about University education. Then the Association sinks into silence, and the Government goes and appoints twenty-one Protestant land valuers!

Certainly I agree with the editorial view of the LEADER on the situation. The temerarious Papists will be very rash if they attempt to move forward again without having some guarantee against an attack from behind. Courageous “Idolators” may form an organisation to protect Catholic interests, but who will protect the protectors?

To do absolutely nothing, however, is discouraging. Let me suggest something to be going on with. The excuse of successive Chief Secretaries for not appointing Catholics to well-paid positions under Government in Ireland has been that they could find none of sufficient educational attainments, owing to the lack of University training amongst Irish Catholics. Whether this applies to land valuers or not I do not know. I don’t think land valuing is taught at Trinity College; neither at Oxford or Cambridge. I don’t quite know, indeed, what need

there is for a land valuer having an University training, and I fancy that even a Catholic member of the Unionist Alliance would find it hard to say where any such need comes in, so far as land valuing goes. In truth, I strongly suspect that it is possible that some non-Catholic holders of well-paid appointments are men of no University education at all, or of none that is of the least use to them in the functions they discharge. When Parliament meets, some member of the Irish Party should move for a return showing the names and religions of persons holding appointments—say, of £300 a year and upwards—under the Irish Government, which they did not obtain by examination. This return should show the date of appointment and the name of the University (if any) where the office-holder received his “higher” education; also the nature of his degrees or distinctions at the completion of his course. I think it would turn out that a goodly sprinkling of the non-Catholics holding such posts had no University education. Such a return, I suspect, would expose the sincerity—or otherwise—of the professions of the English Chief Secretaries. Meanwhile I suggest that anyone having any knowledge of the twenty-one new land valuers should let the Editor of the LEADER know if any of them want that crown of culture which no Protestant is supposed to lack—an University education. If any of them lack it, we shall then know that not the absence of an University education is the fatal disqualification which shuts Catholics out, but the professing of the Catholic religion. As for technical fitness, it would be absurd to assume that there are no Catholics in Ireland who do not know how to value land. “Lack of qualifications,” “want of University training”—these are the cries of our opponents, and of the Chief Secretaries. Let us show up the hollowness of the fraud by definite data, and fling the facts in their faces.

LYNX.

OUR PARLIAMENT IN COLLEGE GREEN.

IRELAND has at last awoke to the fact that it has a parliament in College Green. This parliament in College Green has been there ever since the Union under the very eyes of the green tolerance provers, who, while they kept on shouting “Let us have a parliament in College Green,” never, of course, could see that they had one there already. This legislative body which sits in the Parochial Chambers of College Green is called the Garrison Parliament, and was established under the Sandy Row Act, which distinctly sets down that the bigots and Sourfaces of Ireland are the only body competent to make laws binding upon the mere Papists, or natives of Ireland. The Garrison Parliament sitting in College Green is a Home Rule Parliament in so far as Home Rule means government of Ireland by the bigots and Sourfaces, for the bigots and Sourfaces. The Government of Ireland is vested in the King, Lords and Commons of Ireland, the Lords and Commons being comprised in the Garrison Parliament in College Green. The Kings of Ireland ever since the Union have all belonged to the same royal family, or dynasty, and that is the Loyalty dynasty. The present King of Ireland is His Most Gracious Majesty King Loyalty XII., a mild and moderate constitutional monarch who rules according to the national characteristics and ideals of the bigots and Sourfaces. His Majesty King Loyalty XII., unlike many of his brother crowned heads, is by no means very sparing of his royal presence. He presides personally at all the public functions, and at all the big beanfeasts, dinners, and sprees given by his loving and dutiful subjects, the bigots and Sourfaces, and altogether behaves like a real “jolly good fellow,” instead of a King with an army ready to line the ditches of the Boyne, at his heels. His Majesty also dissolves, prorogues, and opens his Parliament in person. In opening Parliament the King goes in State to the Senate house, and is met at the door by his Council of State who receive his Majesty with the

sign. The present Council of State consists of—The Right Hon. Race Hate, Prime Minister, and leader of the Garrison; the Right Hon. Creed Discord, Home Secretary; the Right Hon. Sneer Claypole, President of the Muddle Board; Mr. Jeering Flummox, President of the Quack Board; the Right Hon. Economic Fogland, President of the Tinkering and Dump Board; Mr. Boycott Shark, President of the Sign Board, and Dr. Esculapius Montebank Graball, President of the Parochial Board. When the King enters the chamber all the members rise and sing:—

Gaud save our gracious King,
Our great pugnacious King,
Peace to him bring.
Send him like Boreas,
Rough and uproarious,
Saved and victorious,
Gaud save the King.

Gaud save our plunderers
From Romish blunderers—
Chained and enslaved.
From treason various,
Foul and nefarious,
Of Gaels gregarious,
God save the "Saved."

Gaud save our gracious liege,
From each vexatious siege
By Popish ring.
Bless our East si-ah-land,
Our heart's de-si-ah-land,
And damn old I-ah-land,
Gaud save the King.

Upon the conclusion of the Garrison anthem, His Majesty ascends the throne and addresses his Lords and Commons in Parliament assembled. The last throne speech ran as follows:—

My Lords and Gentlemen—I am fairly well in with my Big Brother at present, thanks to the diplomatic and able concoctions of my honourable ministers, Mr. Hate and Mr. Discord. In my dominion of Ireland treason and rebellion still hold the field. The mere Irish Papists still clamour and agitate for justice, toleration and fair play, to the great inconvenience and annoyance of my loving and dutiful subjects, the Orangemen, Freemasons, and Sourfaces. Bills dealing with the ways and means of disposing of those dangerous and disloyal claims will be laid before you this coming session. The first measure you will have to consider, my Lords and Gentlemen, will be the Sir Antony Bill, which aims at the subversion of Popery and priestcraft, and the consolidation of Protestant Ascendancy for ever and a day. In this Bill you will find that provisions are made to enable forgers, perjurers and other loyal and dutiful subjects to perform their patriotic and public spirited duties with greater freedom and facility. A measure will come before you called the Homeless Orphans' Bill, which has for its object the greater protection and security of our poor, miserable, social and political standing in Church and State, and another called the Educational Indivisible Atom Bill, purporting to safeguard our wretchedly endowed colleges and schools against the encroachments of bloated Papists, will also be submitted for your approval. A Bill for the relief of our over-worked Boards called the Cockney and Campbell Bill, which provides for the importation of 500 Englishmen and Scotchmen for duty in our various departments at maximum salaries, will also come up before you for discussion. My Lords and Gentlemen, I pray that your counsels may be guided with wisdom, righteousness, and a sound "Saved" sense of the inalienable rights and privileges which must ever belong to my faithful, dutiful and loyal subjects, the Orangemen, Freemasons, and Sourfaces of Ireland.

This Parliament in College Green owes its legislative

independence to green toleration, and the task before masculine Ireland is to prepare a grave deep and dark, where the sunbeams won't rest, for green toleration and the Garrison Parliament to lie side by side. Until this consummation most devoutly to be wished takes place our Parliament in College Green will continue to legislate for the mere Irish Papists of this country. The Garrison Parliament has found its way into Irish melody as the following verses testify:—

Oh, Irishmen of every creed and also every class,
From "Saved" of high Ascendant breed to Popish humble
mass,
Rejoice, rejoice, no more be bent as most of you have
been,
For have ye not a Parliament which sits in College
Green.

The selling of that senate old soon after Ninety-Eight,
For titles and corrupting gold no harm did the State;
For when that legislature went we got a go-between,
And that's the bigot Parliament which sits in College
Green.

This famous legislative power contains the very pick
Of fanatics and bigots sour who Ireland ever kick;
A body who'd annex the fat, and then annex the lean,
Is this abnormal party that we've got in College Green.
Green.

The chiefs of this law-making band who hold the Irish
throne,
Are Mr. Hate and Discord grand, celebrities well known;
And in their efforts to defy, and rule the Irish hordes,
They're aided and abetted by some "Saved," superior
boards.

First comes the Muddle Board so wise whose fame is
widely spread,
For quickness in whate'er it tries, and how its work is
sped;
This Board requires a year or two to use its wisdom
keen,
'Tis worthy of the bigots who make laws in College Green.

The next to come is that great Board, that able Board
of Quacks,
Where work constructive well is scored, by anti-Irish
Jacks,
Who dose and hypnotise the land, and vigour from it
glean;
They're also worthy of the band who sit in College Green.

And then comes Economic too, a statesman wide awake,
Who believes in Scotchmen tried and true, our apathy to
break;
That moral fibre Paddy lacks in Sandy's ever seen;
Oh, Fog's another of the quacks who help in College
Green.

But let us not forget the sign, the mighty sign so great,
Before that symbol all incline who's highest in the State;
A potent power it is to bind, as potent full I ween,
As any bigot force behind the crowd in College Green.

Our great Parochial Board is last upon this roll of fame,
Where Graball sticks like bird-lime fast without the
slightest shame;
To all he so unjustly got he sticks with hardness mean.
He is the toughest of the lot who sit in College Green.

Our Grattan's senate give us back, green Toleration cries,
Unheeded of the bigot pack who rule before their eyes;
A Parliament they'll never get from English King or
Queen,
Until that senate is upset which sits in College Green.

A. M. W.

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OPEN LETTER TO THE GAELIC LEAGUE.

October 29th, '04.

MY DEAR GAELIC LEAGUE—

I understood you were in a row with the *Examiner*: now, I was very glad when I learned this was so; for sham friendship is a thing to keep a man awake o' nights; but I see you have made it up with the *Examiner*, and I presume all will be as before. Of course, what you will say to me is: We cannot fight the *Examiner*, and besides the *Examiner* has published everything we sent it, and when we go interviewing it (as we have to do occasionally) it receives us very nicely indeed, and falls in with our suggestions; the fact is, we do not see how we are to get on without the *Examiner*. To all which I have to answer: Have you not been getting on *finely* with the help of the *Examiner*? Isn't our cause getting on splendidly in Cork—helped by the *Examiner*? Have we not made fine progress during the last four years—helped along by the *Examiner*? Truth to tell I think we have been going ahead exactly as the *Examiner* wishes us, namely, towards non-existence. Mind you, I put the cause of our failure as much on the *Examiner* as on the men who are governing you; these latter, I may assert, *passim*, are in league with no one, they are not leaguers at all, hence; but even so, their failure would not be as it is only for the state of self-contented ignorance and anti-Irish bias that the *Examiner* has brought the mind of Cork to.

Your interviewing of the *Examiner* has done a lot of good. Allow me to direct your attention to a "poem" in the *Evening Echo*, of this date. It has the real *Examiner* flavour; it is written by a leading member of the staff, if report say true; it is not culled from an English paper. Look at the last line—"Ochone! wirrasthrue!" What do you, Gaelic League! think of that last word as a grand *finale* for a comic song? I need not translate it for you, but I want to say a few words about the expression, which words the *Examiner* may catch a glimpse of. "Wirrasthrue" is an expression used by English writers of comic songs made to hold Ireland up to ridicule. From these writers the *Examiner* has conned the expression by rote. England, in using the expression, shows that nice taste which writers like Mathew Arnold and Heine consider to be part and parcel of the English mind. That same taste also uses the word "Jerusalem" as a refrain in comic songs; we may live to see such words as "Calvary" and "Olivet" worked in, later on, in the same manner. "Wirrasthrue," properly written, would be— $\Delta \mu \mu \rho \epsilon, \text{ } \eta \rho \tau \rho \alpha \varsigma$! that is, "O Mary, 'tis a pity," or rather, since the word $\mu \mu \rho \epsilon$ stands for a special *Mary*, a better translation of the phrase would be—"O Mary! Mother of God, 'tis a pity!" It is a phrase, if my observation counts for anything, specially sacrosanct in the mind of the Irish-speaker, if I may put it that way; he would as soon think of using it in jest as he would think of using the name of the Son of God. It is a peculiarly pleasing refrain for a comic song—isn't it?

My dear Gaelic League, the *Examiner* has to be fought; the sooner you begin the better. It is now too dead-stupid, too old and arrogant and fast-rooted to be changed. Don't think that it is a weak thing, serving us with no stronger drink than water—it gives us dirty water to drink, fouled with English slime, coming from a poisoned source. Its help is only snares; have nothing to do with it!

Míre, buí gcapa,

LEE.

THE IRISH BLACKSMITH AS AN ARTIST.

PERHAPS, I should have written the "Irish Blacksmith as an artificer," but I don't wish to begin by imposing a squabble on myself about the words of my self-chosen title, or text. The time was when the worker in iron, who was just a blacksmith, a hammerer of steel and iron—the time was when he was undoubtedly an artist; when he designed and made things as beautiful as the conditions of their service in peace, or in war, permitted him. In other lands, notably in France, Flanders, and Germany he was a great artist, this blacksmith, as numbers of fine examples of his craft, still defying rust, conclusively prove. The smith, as a hammering man in the arts of war, gradually fell away from the needs of his patrons as canons and muskets came into being; and as a worker in the arts of peace, as machinery generally, and the casting of iron ornamental detail in particular invaded the purview of his smithy. The shoeing of horses remained to him, and the shaping of an occasional pikehead, and the odd jobs of an agricultural countryside. To day, in Ireland, at least, the original and primal blacksmith, when not just a shoer of horses, a farrier simplex, is at the most a rivetter together of machine-made iron bars into uninteresting gates, or rails; his art carries him no further into the courts of everlasting beauty.

Now why should this be? Let one remember the number of churches lately erected in this country; let one think of the number of churches still needed; and then let one consider the place of smithery in the economy of church adornment—nay, church requirement.

The gold and silver smith have their place in the tabernacle and in the service of the altar generally—or, at least, what are termed gold and silver smiths have—but how far has the hammerer and twister of iron been patronised. It is true we may sometimes hap on a "wrought-iron" screen, or a grill, dividing a chapel from a nave, but the stamp of machine-divided labour is upon it; the blacksmith, as a man with hands of his own, is seldom, or never, evident in the little we find. For that is the evidence we search for—or should—the undoubted signs that the hand has worked upon the iron.

In the face of this expressed general fruitlessness of search, I feel more than glad to testify that, lately one evening in a remote country part, where if not under "a spreading chestnut tree," yet in the seclusion of a turn-off the high road, miles from any town, I found a busy smithy, with several bare-armed Irishmen, hammering away at a grilled railing for a church, that promises to be a work of art, as restrainedly sincere as anything of its kind in the past history of the blacksmith's art. Not "under a spreading chestnut tree," but beeches autumnally turning to russet and orange, all afire in the setting sun, fringed the highway; and a thatch still held reproachfully its place in the economy of a landscape mainly pastoral—sole token of agriculture in a country that has been robbed of it by the near sighted grazier.

I have written "restrainedly sincere," and I will explain why I levy the term in such a service as that of the forge; because what is wanted in the arts of this country (and I care about no other, except to point a moral) is an

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elimination of the affected and of the unnecessary. We want nothing that pretends to be something which it is not; no mosaics praisedly "mistaken for oil paintings" such is the way to the stars in a church I have read of; no stained glass like transparent "pictures," and no wrought-iron emulating castings, however fit a casting may be in another place. We want the work of the hand to be emphasized by the hand, because it is the work of the hand, and because half the truth and beauty of anything lies in its method of creation being discernible. True art is not more to conceal art than to exhibit itself as art.

And this is my explanation of the term "restrainedly sincere," which I use in relation to this work which I saw in progress the other day in Ireland. The man—the master smith himself—was restrainedly sincere in his manner as well as in his work; he was not the self-sufficient man that we are constantly meeting in the large cities of competition. This man would rather leave the marks of his hammer than file them off; not because it would be less labour, but because he had confidence in the designer who did not demand such "finish." He would rather see the variety that comes of the nature of the manual labour than unrestrainedly go on twisting, and filing, and mechanically measuring to make all one concretion of sameness. He is not a designer himself, but a worker—an artificer—and when he is given a design he may be trusted to put the pulsating life of his hammer arm into every detail.

And would it not be interesting if in all the arts we could find this personality of the labourer himself, expressed in such shades of variety which cannot upset the balance of the whole, judged wholly? For, mind you, in any art an irregularity that comes of its *manu*-facture was never yet a defect, but an inherent beauty, that is revealed in the creating of its form. And an attempted smoothing of something already fine into something else which may be fine (or not) for other purposes, but not for the purpose it has here to fulfil, is labour lost, because misapplied or unwanted. Others have said as much in other countries and in other ways, and I am only repeating and insisting on a well-known canon of art; but

what I have not yet read, or heard of, is that we must look to our Irish country blacksmiths—the more removed from the big cities the better—if we want fine wrought-iron work in the Church, or, for that matter, at the Hearth. They may not have studied design in a school of "art"—and design is the initial necessity for all fine work—but as artificers, as artists in their love of their medium, I have little fear that there are many of them who could not carry out a design in an honest manner. And provided always that they be gently complimented for their honest hammering, so that some of the shame they may feel for their hammers and pincers become obliterated. We want no such apologies as—"Faith, it's a bit uneven, but I'll just rub it down with the rasp," or—"I could give it a bit more of a twist and take the back out of that scroll, so's it'll *match* the other exactly." No, we want the regularity of balance, but we do not want exact uniformity of unliving detail; and we want the man who knows when to stop. And by the same token, we do not want inside a church wrought-iron that is coated with paint.

Indeed, do we not want more of this life of the nervy constructive hand—in iron work and in much else—and how shall we have it with us if its evidences be unwisely removed? The most skilful working in many a medium, imposes difficulties; but these very difficulties are in themselves generators of beauties. Evidences of those difficulties, and of their overcoming as far as the restraining hand permits, must remain, not be sand-papered into oblivion; but the beautiful life in many a work of art consists in those difficulties being acknowledged and loved for themselves, and in not being purposely (and yet purposelessly) eliminated. For vigour postulates life.

So the hand must restrain itself, must be taught restraint. We want the vigorous regularity of the constructive tool, not the weak uniformity of the oblitative ones. In the man at the forge we want restrained sincerity; and without that we indeed have not any art at its best, any artist or artificer at his best shewing; at his indicative power and intentional reserve.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

IRISH AS THE LANGUAGE FOR LEGAL DOCUMENTS.

A Úine Uapal.—If the Irish language is to become again the National language of Ireland in any practical sense, it is essential that no time should be lost in adopting it, so far as circumstances will permit, as the medium for transacting the business of daily life, including the kind of business upon which I now wish to say a few words.

While the progress of the language in most directions is being delayed by the apathy, or worse, of so many of those who should be foremost in a movement of the kind, we have further to reckon with the active or passive obstruction of the official class, in all matters that come within the scope of any department of state, wherein are necessarily comprised most transactions of a legal or public nature. One kind, however, of such transaction would appear to be outside of the mandarin's power for mischief; I refer to the legal instruments in common use—Conveyances, Mortgages, Wills, Agreements, etc.—which, for anything I can see, would be as valid if prepared in Irish, as they would be in English. It is laid down by recognised authority, that the only requirements of a deed, due formalities, of course, being observed, are that it should be "in writing, upon paper or parchment, in any language or in any character." In like manner, though a Will is required to be in writing, there is no restriction as to the language in which it may be written; so that if a Will

written in the Irish language and in Irish characters, be duly executed and attested, neither the Probate Registry, nor the Inland Revenue authorities, nor the Courts of Justice can refuse to take cognizance of it.

No doubt great caution ought to be observed in putting this suggestion into practice. In a matter so highly technical, zeal without knowledge would be even more than commonly apt to defeat its own ends, not to speak of the grave inconveniences that might be entailed by such means upon the parties concerned. Considering only the interest of the language itself, it could only tend to deter the wide use of it should indiscreet or incompetent action make pecuniary loss or litigation to be the result of such use. Progress should be made by gradual steps, and until a conventional legal phraseology has been established, adapted to modern conveyancing practice, operations should be confined to transactions of the simplest type.

For instance, it would not at present be at all safe to draw in Irish a Will containing elaborate trusts, alternative provisions, and the like. Still greater caution would be needed in the preparation of Deeds, owing to their more formal and technical nature. Moreover, there are certain words which are invested by statute with some special significance, whereby they are capable of passing an estate, creating uses, implying covenants, or the like. These words, probably, it would not be safe to translate at all, but until the legislature of the next generation deals with the conveyancing law from an Irish point of view, it will be safer to leave the technical words embedded in the Irish text, even as so many words of Law Latin or Law French used to be employed in English legal documents, and are not yet wholly disused. This practice, no doubt, does not conduce to the literary charm of a

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document, but we may leave the æsthetic qualities of legal instruments for future reformers.

Other considerations of a like nature will present themselves to every legal practitioner.

I refer to these difficulties only in order to remind those to whom my suggestion may commend itself, how necessary it will be to proceed with caution, and with a view to the circumstances of each particular case. Nevertheless, the great majority of legal transactions are of a simple nature, and might safely be carried out by documents written in Irish, always assuming that they be prepared by competent hands.

As no sensible man will expect to foster Irish industries by giving an extravagant price for bad stuff, neither will he think to promote the use of the Irish language by allowing his affairs to be botched by an incompetent enthusiast, or a pretender, but will wait until he can find a good *ḡaeilgheoir* and a good lawyer combined in one. Such persons may be rare at present, but their number is surely increasing, and the demand would rapidly accelerate the supply.

It would greatly further the scheme if a few practical conveyancers, solicitors and barristers combined, were to take counsel together, and concoct a set of simple conveyancing precedents. Probably the Gaelic League contain many members competent to the work.

Míre le mear Mór,
C. S. B.



An entertainment was recently given by the students of Rockwell College in honour of the Sacerdotal Silver Jubilee of the President, the Very Rev. N. J. Brennan, C.S.Sp. One of the items in the first part of the entertainment was a play entitled *ṬaḡṢ Ṣiobalaḡ*. What will Cawstleknock, of the College Ass, think of that. In the second part of this entertainment a "comedietta" by the name of "The man with the carpet bag" was per-

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formed. We know nothing of this piece, but we presume it is one of the usual type of British farce "suitable for schools." Might we suggest that in place of such things one or two of the many unique sketches of "A. M. W." would have been far more suitable. However, we are glad to find a play by the name of *ṬaḡṢ Ṣiobalaḡ* on the programme of a Rockwell entertainment. When may we expect an Irish play to be performed at Blackrock College? This question is not asked in sarcasm, as now that Rev. Dr. Crehan is President in place of Father Murphy happily removed to Bath, we certainly expect to hear at any time that a long felt want in the shape of an improvement, from the Irish point of view, has commenced in Blackrock. When may we expect the *camán* to appear in the grounds of that College?

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(By order),

P. E. LEMASS,
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Secretaries.

Office of National Education, Dublin,
28th October, 1904.

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CONTENTS.

CURRENT AFFAIRS:—

"Brian Boru" Presbyterians	...	177
A Patriotic Pub. boycotts Irish Hop Bitters	...	177
The Irish-killing Districts	...	178
Drapers' Assistants and their Hours	...	178
Maynooth and Irish	...	179
The Bishops and Trinity College...	...	180
Etc., etc.		

ARTICLES:—

"Cómraí an Éiríada"	182
The Dublin County Council and Trinity College	...	182
An Englishman and Ireland	...	183
Our National Mental Apathy Board	...	184
County Committees of Agriculture v. Emigration	...	185
Two Short Plays	...	186
An Irish Song Book	...	186
Dr. Hogan and "Says"	...	187

COI RESPONDENCE	...	188
-----------------	-----	-----

NOTICE.

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CURRENT AFFAIRS.

The Presbyterians of Clontarf held a bazaar last week. We take it that the Presbyterians are largely either Scotch or of Scotch extraction. If that be so it ought to follow that they should "joke wi' deeficulty." But in unconscious humour the Presbyterians of Clontarf are not barren. They called their bazaar after Brian Boru! At this "Brian Boru" bazaar one of the attractions was a ladies' soap-washing competition, the soap being one of foreign make and a keen competitor of Irish made soap! That was a rather nasty knock by the "Brian Boru" Presbyterians at the Protestant firms that make soap in Ireland. At this bazaar of the "Brian Boru" Presbyterians there was "character reading by Zanoi and Amanda." Now we wonder who are these two lights at the "Brian Boru" bazaar? We wonder how many Irish songs were sung at this "Brian Boru" bazaar where Zanoi and Amanda told characters, and where the movement in favour of the revival of Irish soap manufacture, in which a considerable amount of Protestant capital is sunk, got a nasty knock and where a British soap got an advertisement. There was, we see, a spelling competition; we do not know how these entertainments are worked, but we wonder were any of the "Brian Boru" Presbyterians asked to spell Seomíni or Sourface.

What a pity it is that some of these Jingo Editors cannot be sent to fight. The Editor of *Buff*, the evening

paper run from the same offices as Lord Ardilaun's *Express*, should be sent out in one of Guinness' porter barges to discharge adjectives at the Russian Fleet. That Khaki-coloured paper came out with some catch-ha'penny headlines one evening last week. "Russian Breach of Faith" was one; "Beresford's Ships Clear for Action" was another. The leading article in Lord Bung-Ardilaun's *Mail* declared:—"Every day that passes, however, brings fresh evidence to prove either that the Admiral lied deliberately to save his face, or is so hopelessly incapable that he should not be placed in command of a fleet of mud barges." The commodore of Guinness' fleet of Bung barges that ply in the Liffey should resign in favour of the Editor of *Buff*; and the Liffey fleet, under its fire-eating commander, cleared for action with a pop-gun mounted on every porter barrel, should drop down with the tide and intercept the Baltic Fleet before it reaches the Cape of Good Hope. Once the Editor of *Buff* was on board the lugger it would be all up with the Russian Fleet. A hurricane of adjectives and a fusilade of black porter would be more than Russians could stand.

In order to encourage the students to master the texts prescribed by the National Board for the certificate in Irish, and, even still more, to induce them to avail of the presence of several native speakers in their midst, the authorities of De La Salle College, Waterford, have decided to hold a College *Feis* some time about the end of next June. A preliminary announcement of the competitions has been already made. They will consist of story-telling, recitation, essay-writing, object lessons, dictation, reading (with explanation in Irish), etc., and they will be based as much as possible on the texts. But the competitions to which the greatest importance is attached is what is styled an "Inter-Group Conversation Competition." Each group is to consist of five students, not more than two of whom must be native speakers. Three subjects of conversation are to be prepared by each group and submitted to adjudicators on day of *Feis*, or some days before it. The adjudicators will prescribe one of the subjects, and on it the group (each member taking a reasonable part) will chat for 15 minutes; then the adjudicators will set an extemporaneous subject to be spoken on for about 10 minutes. As regards the texts for the certificate we hear that every student in training has provided himself with those for his grade, and all have entered into the work of Irish this year with renewed vigour. We are sure that past De La Salle men will be particularly interested in this development, and that many of them will help the good work on by their subscriptions. A College *Feis* has not similar resources to draw upon as an ordinary *Feis*. Any of our readers, whether past men of De La Salle, Waterford, or not, who would care to subscribe may forward their contributions to *Urádair Beiréan*, "De La Salle," *Portlaurge*.

We drew attention recently to a puff of foreign hop-bitters in an "Irish" trade paper; and that "Irish" trade paper puffed British hop-bitters in face of the fact that such firms as, Egan's, Hovenden and Orr's, and O'Brien's are engaged in this branch of industry in Ireland. But what are we to think of the "patriot" public house that refused to sell Irish hop bitters and that deals exclusively in the imported stuff? This is the case with Mooney's of Abbey Street; and as it is the case in one of the branch houses that trade under that name, one not unnaturally assumes that it is the same story with the other branches. A customer, or would-be customer, went to Mooney's in Abbey Street, and asked for a bottle of *Irish* hop bitters, and the reply was that they only sold a certain British make. That

is a pretty tale coming from a "patriotic" public house that has practically given a Nationalist Emmpee to "the floor of the British House of Commons." The member for South Dublin expects Nationalists to fight for his candidature against that of Percy Bernard, and yet a Nationalist who wants a non-intoxicating bottle of Irish hop bitters at Mooney's public house in Abbey Street, is sent away from the door, as only a British brand is kept. Of course we know that the Nationalists of South Dublin do not vote for young Mooney, they vote for the Nationalist party, which is a different thing; and no doubt there are few, if any, of them who do not regret that a worthy candidate is not forthcoming on the Nationalist side. We would be glad if all customers of Mooney's public house, whether of intoxicating or non-intoxicating drinks, would make it a point to ask for Irish hop bitters, whether they want it or not, in order to give the firm the opportunity of stating that they only stock a British brand, and in order to give the enquirers an opportunity of telling Messrs. Mooney that they ought to be ashamed of themselves at this late stage in the Irish Industrial Revival.

In the course of a letter which Mr. Roger Casement, British Consul at Lisbon, wrote to Dr. Douglas Hyde, there is a pretty picture of the Irish-speaking slave:—"My visit to Galway convinces me (beyond a shadow of a doubt, I am sorry to say), that the only hope of the language is in such groups as this of Tawin. The general mass of the Irish-speaking parents have kicked the language out of doors. In Kiltonan I heard the fathers and mothers speaking a vile attempt at English to their children—and with a rich, splendid speech of their own. But there it is! Nowhere did I find the language cared for, and, with the exception of Tawin, every Irish-speaking home I entered tabooed the tongue of the parents to the children. It is shameful, and almost inexplicable to a man who has travelled as I have among peoples who each and all respect and love their own language. My own countrymen alone are contemptible! For it lies with the people themselves, and if they wished or cared for their country really they could keep her language here in the West, where it is still known and spoken." The language movement, as we have before pointed out, has sprung from an Anglo-Irish conviction. The Irish speaker has been kicked into slavery, and, unfortunately, as far as we can see, the statesmanlike thing to attempt is to kick him out of it. We wish that some competent men would deal in Irish with the Irish-speaking slave, as we have dealt in English with the English-speaking Seomin, Sourfaces, and nation killers and monstrosities of various kinds, and let the Irish-speaking slaves hear it. That would be an effective way to waken them up. They prefer to speak English, or what they call English, because, poor bruised remnant of a battle that has raged for centuries, they in their ignorance, think it respectable. They are to be pitied of course, but they also want a good cuffing for their own good until they are driven into feeling that Irish is more respectable. We must save the language, and these slaves have got it, and they must be made to disgorge it for the benefit of the nation to which it belongs.

They have the custody of this vital national possession by accident. It is not that they possessed any inherent virtue over and above that of the battalions of us who were born to the English tongue; they have Irish because of their geographical position. Supposing that a great army at the end of a period of campaigning, found itself in the position that the artillery of a large part of it was captured whilst a part of it, not so exposed to the fighting lines, kept its artillery intact, but fell out of conceit of it, and did not wish to use it though the enemy was still pursuing its campaign of attempted extermination! What would the portion of the army that had no artillery think of the other remnant who had it—because they were under more cover during the campaign—but who refused to use it? They would not be allowed possession of it very long; and it

is a pity that language, unlike artillery, cannot be transferred mechanically from one set who skulk, to another set who would use it like men. Language not being transferable like ordinary chattels, the only thing for those who lost the language in the fight of centuries to do is to compel those who have retained it to use it. They must be made to feel that their not using a weapon that they retained owing to their geographical position, is treachery to the nation.

We hear a lot of talk about the "Irish-speaking districts." This, as a correspondent in the course of a communication to us very pertinently points out, is a misuse of terms. He very precisely refers to them as "the districts where *Irish is known but not spoken*." Perhaps they might be called the Irish slave districts, or the Irish-killing districts.

Referring to the well-known anti-National bias of the St. Patrick's Training College, Drumcondra, a correspondent writes:—"Almost every teacher I meet who has been trained there, assures me that the Principal, Father Peter Byrne, is most anti-Irish. Not alone is nothing done to encourage the study of Irish, but in every other way Nationality is banned at Drumcondra." Father Peter Byrne was, we believe, at one time at Cawstleknock where the College Ass comes from. They ought to send him back there, and place an Irish Irelander in his shoes at Drumcondra.

A poster, in the centre of which is a representation of a clock at the hour of two and which contains the words, "Please don't shop after" on the top of the clock, and the words, "On Saturdays" below it, is now familiar to the Dublin public. The poster emanates from a powerful independent Irish body that stands on its own legs and is not hitched on to any organization in Britain—the Irish Drapers Assistants' Benefit and Protective Association. It is sought to shorten the hours of the drapers' assistants of Dublin on Saturdays. For the larger shops, such as Clery's, Todd's, The Henry Street Warehouse, etc., it is suggested, that they should close at two on Saturdays, and that the smaller shops of the Camden Street and Talbot Street class should close at 7. On the face of it the demands are not unreasonable. A lessening of hours in productive industry—assuming efficiency to remain the same—means a lessening of output; a lessening of hours in shops does not necessarily mean a lessening of business, though it may mean some inconvenience to that noble public that has become accustomed to make some of its dry-goods purchases on a Saturday night when it has been turned away from the doors of Mr. Bung's wet goods. Part of the business of drapers is, of course, to facilitate and oblige their public, and one may press this reform without by any means making a scapegoat of the drapery houses. We believe it is claimed that the hours of the Dublin drapers' assistants compare favourably with those obtaining elsewhere. Be that as it may, could not the volume of business to be done be satisfactorily got through if the monster houses closed at two and the petty houses closed at 7 on Saturdays? And if it could, why not close? In the case of the petty house, girl labour, we understand, preponderates, and from every point of view it is desirable that young girls in drapery houses should finish their exhaustive week's work by seven on Saturday night.

Supposing the smaller popular shops, patronised by the working classes, closed at 7 on Saturday, where would the inconvenience come in? It might be answered that the hours between seven and eleven are those during which the Dublin workingman and his wife buy their boots and hats and ribbons and things. That may sound plausible in many ears, but what does it really mean? It means that the weary shop girl must end the weary week with a spurt—must stick behind the counter until near midnight in order to oblige the whims of the Dublin Trades Unionist, with his righteous cry for shorter hours (for himself) and his talk of "the cause of labour"! Touch the Dublin workingman on his toe and in a cloud

of rights-of-labour eloquence he will "strike," but for the convenience of this advocate of the rights of labour (for himself) gentle and often not too robust girls must work on and on and not end a weary and exhaustive week until close on midnight on a Saturday night! The Dublin Trades Unionist who prates about keeping work at home (for his benefit) and rocks his child to sleep in a foreign made cradle, that he could get as cheap and as good of Irish make, is not more ridiculous and absurd than the Trades Unionist bursting with indignation at the length of his own hours, postponing the purchase of his new tie until 10.30 or 11 o'clock on a Saturday night, unmindful of the claims of the shop assistants whom he helps to slave drive. Why cannot the workingman who, as a rule, has a half-day on Saturday, do his shopping before six or seven and let the assistants have a rest?

The workingman and his wife ought to be at home on a Saturday night, or amusing themselves at a Σφοδρὸν θεατρὸν or an Irish Ireland entertainment of some kind or other, or at a lecture. It tends to no great good that they should, with their week's wages burning their pockets, be loitering from one street to another and from one publichouse to another on the pretence that they are out for a cheap pair of imported British boots or a cheap imported tie for Jamsey or Patsey. No doubt, Bung gains; and when Mrs. Maloney, looking, by the way, for a frock for her Peggy, meets Mrs. O'Brien who is searching for a pair of shoddy British trousers for her Trades Union husband, nothing is more natural than that they should retire into Dan Tallon's or Alderman Delahunt's and have "a couple o' pints o' porther." And when they part there is no guarantee that each will not meet a new acquaintance and repeat the performance to the glory of Bung and the profit of the British Imperial Treasury. We are glad to hear that the assistants are taking the matter up in a vigorous manner, and we wish them every success in their humane enterprise.

We hear that a body entitled the Irish Commercial Industrial League, practically a re-incarnation of the lapsed Shop Assistants' Industrial League, is being formed. The inaugural meeting will be held on Friday, the 25th November, at the Mansion House, and on this occasion the Rev. P. F. Kavanagh will deliver a lecture entitled "A New National Policy."

We hear that Irish is taught in three Night Schools under the Manchester Education Committee, and that there is no obligation on the students to take up any other subject; further, that Irish is paid for as a special subject, which means that the teachers are paid similar to those teaching French, German, etc. The Irish classes are also allowed during the whole of the three nights on which Night School is held; the other language classes, we understand, are only held one night. Last year only one school took Irish as a subject, and in the giving of prizes for attendance, etc., at end of year, the Education Committee gave Irish books as prizes to those attending the Irish classes.

It would appear that they do things better in Manchester than in Βαυτε ἀπὸ Κιουα. In one church in Manchester (St. Wilfrid's) a neatly framed notice in forms visitors that Confessions will be heard in the following languages:—French, Irish, German, Italian, etc., and on two of the Confessionals framed notices appear that those Priests are prepared to hear Confessions in Irish. The notices, etc., we understand, were procured in Dublin. It might be of interest to know if similar notices appear in any other church in Ireland or England.

What does Horatius of Port Riverstown, think of this?—Some time ago a notice was displayed in the sorting office of the Manchester Post Office to the effect that letters addressed in Irish were to be forwarded

without undue delay. Arrangements, we hear, are being made to have Irish sermons in at least two Catholic churches in Manchester on next St. Patrick's Day.

It is not too early to call attention to the need for Irish sermons in Dublin and other Irish towns and cities on next St. Patrick's Day. We suggest that at least one Irish sermon should be preached in each Catholic church in Dublin on that occasion. Last year, as far as we know, there was no Irish sermon preached on St. Patrick's Day in a Dublin Catholic church. If none of the priests attached to any particular church is competent to preach in Irish, it ought not to be difficult to secure the services of some Irish-speaking priest from the country. The year before last, the Mount Argus priests secured the services of a native-speaking Irish preacher, and what Mount Argus did every other church in Dublin ought to do, and, no doubt, could do if the proper Irish spirit prevailed. It would be an inspiring thing if, at least, one Irish sermon was preached in every Catholic church in Dublin on next St. Patrick's Day, and the preachers who had come from various parts of the country for that purpose, would go back to the scenes of their usual labours refreshed and in spirits, and with new vigour in the cause of Irish Ireland.

An Irish correspondent in England writes:—"When on holidays last August, a draper in Youghal wanted me to have some Leicester underwear articles, stating that no such articles were made in Ireland. I remarked that if English make would have suited me it would not have been necessary for me to wait until I got to Youghal to procure it, and that if he could not supply Irish manufacture, I could easily go to a shop where I could get it. That was on a Tuesday afternoon, I was leaving for England on Friday night, and, seeing that the English make would not do me, my friend was anxious enough to get me the Irish articles, and these he had for me on the Thursday from the Kerry Knitting Company."

Parish Halls for the people are badly wanted throughout Ireland. We are glad to note that a new Parish Hall was opened recently at Ballaghameehan. It is intended to be used for lectures and technical classes as well as for occasional concerts and evening amusements. Around it will be an example plot for the farmers. On the opening ceremony a lecture not on the Japs, or the Russians, or the Canadians, but happily on local history and antiquities was delivered by Father Joseph Meehan, C.C., Creevelea. The lecture was illustrated by magic lantern. A concert followed. We hope that a vigorous Irish class will be, if it is not already, a leading feature in the programme of the Parish Hall. The Parish Priest, Father Peter Brady, is to be congratulated on the establishment of this new Hall at Ballaghameehan.

The Maynooth authorities have taken a retrograde step with regard to the language movement. The Bishops are the trustees of the College, and, since the majority of them have declared individually in favour of the Irish Language, we are forced to conclude that their Lordships did not consider fully and in all its bearings the effect of the new regulations.

The new regulation directly bearing on Irish is as follows:—Irish becomes a compulsory subject at the Entrance Examination in and after 1906, but the right is reserved to each Bishop of dispensing his students from this part of the examination. A futile resolution evidently, except in so far as it affirms the principle of equality for the native language with the other subjects for matriculation to Maynooth. If it were not for this fatal reservation the resolution would be welcomed through the country, though we cannot understand why

1906, not 1905, is taken for a beginning. When we consider further the new regulations concerning our National Ecclesiastical College we find that this apparent concession to the unanimous wish of the Gaelic League through the country is practically nullified. The Maynooth students must henceforward graduate in the Royal University, and must have already passed the University Matriculation Examination before entering Maynooth. During the first, second and third years of their course, they are to present themselves for the First University, Second University, and B.A. Examinations respectively. There is no longer any obligation upon the students to study any languages not required by the University programme. English and Latin must be taken for the First University Examination and also one of the following languages:—Greek, Irish, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Sanskrit, Hebrew, or Arabic. In the Seminaries all the students study Greek and practically all of them French. Very few of them study Irish, and still fewer at entrance to Maynooth have studied Irish up to Matriculation standard. Hence, on entering Maynooth, scarcely any of them can be expected to take up Irish for the First University Examination; the vast majority having scarcely learned the alphabet of the language. Now, if, in view of these further regulations, Irish had been put on as a compulsory subject for entrance to Maynooth, without any reservation, it would, of necessity, be taken up seriously in the Seminaries and, in technical language, it would pay them better to prepare their students in Irish for Matriculation than in French or any other subject. Under existing circumstances it is wholly impossible for the vast majority of Maynooth students to take Irish as one of the subjects for the University course. They must pass the University examination or lose their year, and being men, not angels, they will, almost of necessity, take Greek or French. It is only natural to expect them to concentrate their attention on the University subjects and on their professional work. This all means that unless some special provision be made for it, Irish must gradually and inevitably be squeezed out altogether.

It is impossible to believe that the trustees of the College realised the effect of the recent regulations on the language of the country. As Bishops they have, most of them, pledged themselves solemnly to forward the interests of Irish and never to rest until it again takes its rightful position. The language must be brought back into the homes; it must be introduced to the schools, it must be preached from the pulpit, it must be made a living, vital reality. This can only be done by the hearty co-operation of the Bishops and priests of Ireland, and with all the good will in the world it is hard work. But if those we look to as friends throw obstacles in the way, the work of the Gaelic League becomes well nigh impossible. We refrain from going further into the matter at present until we know definitely whether O'Growney's College will persist in carrying out a scheme totally at variance with O'Growney's ideals.

The St. Kevin's Branch of the Gaelic League, Camden Street, Dublin, is having a *Sgoirídeacht* in the Town Hall, Rathmines, on the evening of Tuesday the 15th November. We are informed that a very good programme has been arranged, and that an address on the Language Movement will be given by a prominent Gaelic Leaguer. Last year the Town Hall was packed to its fullest limits at the *Sgoirídeacht* given by St. Kevin's Branch which was a success from every point of view.

We take the following advertisement from the *Irish Times*, of Tuesday, 8th inst.:—"Wanted, Junior Assistant, Protestant, Ironmongery and Hardware.—Meyers and Sons, Rathmines." So the Junior Assistant wanted by Messrs. Meyers and Sons, Ironmonger and Hardware men of Rathmines, must be "saved." Will they be out and out exclusionists and exhibit an announcement in their window for the special benefit of the "Idolators" of Rathmines, from whose ranks no youth will be accepted

as Junior Assistant, containing the following inscription:—"Wanted, customers—must be Protestant, no 'Idolators' money taken—for Ironmongery and Hardware merchandise. Meyers and Sons, Rathmines."

The obnoxious "International" has had the assurance to lift its head in public again. And the *Independent*, that used grossly insulting language concerning several distinguished ladies on the occasion of the recent violent violation of the rights of the citizens of Dublin in lawful and peaceful meeting assembled, attempts to give a helping hand to the discredited and highly obnoxious scheme of the Sourfaces and others. The *Independent* clumsily attempts to make "International Exhibition" capital out of the scarcity of employment which exists in Dublin. Of course, that tricky use of trade depression will not deceive any sensible person. The Irish people do not want this proposed obnoxious International thing, and they will not have it. The appeal of the Internationalists is signed by Castletown, the Grand Secretary of the Free and Accepted Masons of Ireland; Sir James Murphy, Bart., one of the men prominent at the meeting where the rights of unoffending citizens were violated by the police; W. F. Dennehy, one time Editor of the *Independent*—we understand he has been shifted since; James Talbot Power, a "tame" Cawtholic Unionist Bung manufacturer; Col. Arthur Courtenay, C.B., whoever he is; John Simmours, a Trades' Hall hero, who dearly loves a lord, and Sir Thomas Cleeve.

The statement and resolutions of the Irish Hierarchy concerning the educational grievances of Irish "Idolators" were read from the various Catholic Churches in Dublin on Sunday last; they were also read in the various Catholic Churches throughout the land on the same day. We hope that this excellent move on the part of the Hierarchy in directing the reading of the Statement and Resolutions will have a profound effect on public opinion. If we are prevented by the Orange drum—the artillery under cover of which the so-called "moderate" Sourfaces cling on to Ascendancy—from being levelled up to a state of equality of opportunity with Sourfaces in the matter of University facilities, well then, in the name of all that's reasonable, let's have a level half way. Let us have our share of what is going, let the Sourfaces have their share, and not a penny more. In the meantime, so long as the existing unjust and cruel state of affairs lasts Trinity should be fought; its sports should be left severely alone by the outraged Catholics who have a shred of self-respect; its historical society meetings and such things should be severely left to "saved" orators and "saved" audiences; every paper claiming the support of Nationalists and "Idolators" should lose no opportunity of treating with well-deserved contempt the Robber University of the dilapidated Medical School. The policy of the nation should be—Equality of higher educational opportunity or war to a finish against the Trinity Monopoly.

At a recent meeting a majority of the Galway Guardians elected an Irish-speaking doctor, *Tómáir Ó Breátnaig* to the dispensary at Oranmore. It was a lively meeting, and the Irish movement was very much a live thing in its relation to this particular appointment. There were two candidates, and one, an Irish speaker, sent in his application in Irish. In addition to the Guardians, sixty out of sixty-eight of whom were present, a large number of the public helped to overcrowd the room. The Chairman, Mr. P. Cannon, was an Englisher on this occasion, and apparently behaved as rudely as an Englisher might be expected to behave, and Mr. Murray remarked to him, "Irish will be here after you." Why there should have been any commotion, or even a division over the appointment, it is hard to see in face of the fact that the advertisement stated that preference would be given to an Irish speaker, and we presume that the medical qualifications of the two candidates were about the same. The Clerk to the Board was unable to read the Irish application of the Irish-speaking doctor; and a Mr. Griffin proposed that anything that was not in plain

English should not be read. This utterly anti-Irish remark, caused a renewal of commotion, and indeed we are not surprised that it did so. Mr. O'Toole, the Workhouse Master, was asked to read the application of the Irish-speaking doctor, and the reading of it was interrupted by various exclamations, principally in Irish, and, we read, occasionally with such select English remarks as "Shut your mouth there." The application was as follows:—

CUAIM.

Oíðce fáinná.

1904.

Δ Όαοιμε ύαρπε

Leir reo cuirim irtead ar an aic Doctúir aca anoir folam i n-Órán-móir. Tá me ag cur éusaib mo páiréir 7 mo éalirdeact. O'n t-am a éuaib mé éirib mo ríuúduagad deirdeanaic bí me im Doctúir i n-Soir 7 n-oirpíreac Conrae na Sallúme. Tá me ionann Saebúige do labairt go maic 7 tá rúil agam naic ndéunfaib ríib dearmad ar rin nuair aca ríib ag cur an Doctúir irtead.

Míre te mear móir,

TCMÁS BREACINAC

(Thomas Walsh).

At the conclusion of the reading of the application there was great applause. On a division Dr. Walsh was elected by 32 votes to 27, one of the sixty Guardians present declining to vote.

In our note in last week's issue concerning the refusal on the part of the National Mental Apathy Board that administers Primary Education in Ireland, to pay the fees earned by Father O'Halloran, of Shinrone, we wrote:—"Now we understand that the regulations do not exclude clergymen as teachers of extra subjects, but they explicitly exclude clergymen for night schools." Of course, the phrase, "they explicitly *exclude* clergymen for night schools," should have read "they explicitly *include* clergymen for night schools." The Commissioners for the Promotion of Mental Apathy in Ireland in their rules and regulations expressly mention clergymen as eligible teachers for night schools, and this makes the action in refusing fees for *extra* subjects taught in a day school by a clergyman all the more inconsistent and indefensible.

Recently at a meeting of the Carnarvonshire Education Committee it was stated that there were 140 applicants for the headmastership of Llandudno School, but as 90 of them could not speak Welsh, their applications could not be considered. It was resolved to insert in all advertisements for masters that "Welsh is essential." Though Llandudno is a favourite resort of cheap trippers from the whole of Lancashire, Welsh is held essential in the qualifications of a public schoolmaster! When will we arrive at the time when Irish will be an essential qualification for all public schoolmasters in Bray of the Coons and such places.

We take the following from a paper by the name of the *Irish Draper*:—"Manchester, Woollens, and Readymades for Drogheda house; young man required to take charge; must be pushing salesman, good stockkeeper, T.T. and Protestant; state salary outdoor, 'A. and Co.,' care *Irish Draper*, 53 Lower Sackville Street, Dublin." Perhaps our Drogheda readers may identify this dry goods shop in which the young man to take charge must be "Saved."

We were not absolutely correct in suggesting last week that the cabinet of the North Dublin Union, led by his Excellency Joseph Buttery, was solely responsible for the settlement of the Baltic Fleet crisis. At the time we were not aware that another world-compelling body was moving in the interests of European peace. Usher's Quay was throwing oil on the troubled waters of European diplomacy. Round the head of his Excellency George Lawless, T.C., most of the glory must hover. That astute and far-seeing statesman proposed:—"That we condemn the inhuman action of the Baltic Fleet in their

attack on the fishermen in the North Sea, and tender our sympathy to the relatives of the deceased men." The announcement that this note of world-wide moment was passed unanimously by the Usher's Quay Ward Branch of the United Irish League in council assembled undoubtedly must have had an immediate steadying influence on Consols by restoring confidence, nay, almost assuring, a peaceful settlement of the Baltic Fleet crisis. It was a momentous gathering; and those great men sat around the council board, collected and calm, and even outwardly jovial, and little would a superficial observer, inexperienced at reading behind the masks that sit on great men's faces, think for a moment that the peace of Europe was at stake, that Europe, nay, the whole world, might be rushed into the most terrible war if one of those great men made a false move, uttered a hasty or unguarded word. His Excellency P. J. Cosgrave presided at the cabinet meeting of Usher's Quay, and their Excellencies W. C. Crimmins, P.L.G.; Hugh Kelly, P.L.G.; Edward Gibbons, William McManus, Pat Kileen, Thomas Farrelly, Charles Travers, James Slevin, John Spillane, Joe Douglas, and other notable members of the Usher's Quay Cabinet were present on this great occasion. Now that we have witnessed how great is the world influence of these cabinet ministers of Usher's Quay United Irish League, perhaps, King William the Silent of Mallow would take steps to put a summary stop to the Russo-Jap War.

We read in a trade paper devoted to the interests of Mr. Bung:—"Mr. John Keogh, of Stoneybatter, ex-T.C., has recently opened new premises in Fairview, which bid fair to become the popular house of the locality. For a long time back Fairview has been a kind of 'sleepy hollow,' and any effort to wake it up should be heartily welcomed." We doubt if the waking up of a peaceful locality by the establishment of a bungery will commend itself to the majority of the inhabitants of Fairview. Fairview has to put up with its slobland; why add this bungery to its trials?



PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Ten popular Irish National songs with pianoforte accompaniments, arranged by J. J. Johnson. The collection includes "A Nation once Again," "The Wearing of the Green" (in Irish and English), "Savourneen Deelish" (do.), "The Bells of Shandon," "O'Donnell Abu," etc. Glasgow: Cameron, Ferguson and Co., 263 High Street. Price 2s. 6d.

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The Leader

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FROM

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"CÓMAIRLE AN CÓRDA."

Doncáid: Tá go maí, a Chairde, ac ní an méid seo dom. Cad a déanfa péin? Ní cad a déanfa le tuine a déanamh a béad níor díge 'ná tú agus a béad 'gá beairtí' i n' aigne náir b'foláir do mhúintir na h-Éirean a neart do éirínníú' agus do éiríac agus do éirí le déile i gcóinnib a namhó?

Taós: Pé nio a déarfinn leir ní éabairfínn "cómairle an córda" dó.

Doncáid: An amháir a déarfa le fearaib Éirean fearaib amac ó déile agus leogaint do 'n namhó teacht oirca agus iad do leagad 'n-a n'uine 'r 'n-a n'uine?

Taós: Ní gá dóib donniú ó 'a fóir a déanamh. I r m'cuma 'nair péirí d' fearaib Éirean a neart do éirínníú' agus do éiríac agus do éirí le déile, agus do éirí i bfeiríom go 'daimgean ar a namhó, i n-éagmair "cómairle an córda" do glacad. Conur i r péiríom dom mo neart do éirí i bfeiríom má éirínn an córda ar mo mhúineál agus fársad pucais air agus an ceann eile dé i láim an parcail? I r oic an nio neart a beir ag an namhó ar teacht ar fearaib Éirean agus iad do leagad 'n-a n'uine a' 'n-a n'uine, ac cad é an fearaib a éirínn ar an rgeal d' fearaib Éirean má déimean tú nio a éabairfí caoi do 'n namhó ar teacht oirca agus iad do éiríac 'n-a n'uine a' 'n-a n'uine? Ní péiríom do 'n parcail mé díol agus aigeas na fóla éirí 'n-a póca, "mar doctú" ban a' r leab, mura mbéir an córda ar mo mhúineál aige agus an fársad pucais air.

Doncáid: Agus má 'r maí leir an namhó mé éiríac cad i r gá dó leir ag fanmair le h-aon parcail éirí mé éabairfí ar córda éirí? Cad é an bac atá air beir oirca agus córda leir péin do éirí ar mo mhúineál?

Taós: Duair do méir ar bun-phéirí an rgeil, a Doncáid. Daoine iread muintir Sárana nác péiríom leó don nio a déanamh ac do péiríom díge éirí. I r maí leó an uile fágar éagcóra déanamh ac ní fólaib leó pucais éiríom díge beir acu éirí na h-éagcóra déanamh. I r m'cuma éiríac d'ar i n-Éirínn le fára, ac feud riar agus éirínn nio gneanamh. Éirínn éirí, agus coirde d'aréas, agus beiréamh, agus cime, agus luét díge, agus trair, agus an t-"Informer." Caircear oirca d'aríne ag gabáil do 'n trair rín agus dá mba do éiríom d'arínnib a béad ior coirde agus beiréamh agus luét díge, a d'arínnib teacht ar an bfeirínn. Sa beiréamh an cime. Ac bí 'fíor ag gac doinne, ior beiréamh agus uile, ó éiríac, go raib an cime le éiríac. Má bí don baogal go fágar an cime rair do tuagad togar an aipeadair an coirde do pácail rair pé 'n-a éirínnib. An t-é béad ag feudaint ar an obair ní fársad pé gan a fáid i n' aigne péin; "Cad ba gá an pácail? Cad ba gá an trair? Ná béad pé cóir maí an uine éiríac ar éirínn agus éirínn ar mar rgeal?" Ba díle le h-aoinne go mbéad. Ac ní h-é rín ná d'ar muintir Sárana. I r díle go n-áirínn rair oirca péin, ó tá rairínnib díge ra rgeal, nác mura é. An fáir ná éirínn-re an córda ar do mhúineál ní péiríom díle gneim fágaib ar an gcóirca, agus gan gneim ar an gcóirca ní péiríom díle rairínnib díge déanamh éirí a díle.

Doncáid: Agus cad a déanfa, má 'reac?

Taós: Pé nio a déanfí déim or cóir ar an domáin é. Anrair caircear an t-"Informer" ríis beata éiríom eile éiríac éirí.

Doncáid: An bfuil focal Gaelumne ar "Informer," a Chairde?

Taós: Má tá níor aipígear-ra rair é. Slí beata iread é a baineann le díge Sárana i n-Éirínn. I r le díge Sárana a baineann an focal. I r maínn ná beiréamh a b'ar go maí.

peadar ua laogaire.

THE DUBLIN COUNTY COUNCIL AND TRINITY COLLEGE.

AT a public meeting in Letterkenny, over which his Lordship the Bishop of Raphoe presided, it was resolved:—

"That the rents drawn by Trinity College from Donegal land have been too long allowed to remain a State prize for a small, exclusive class in the community and that the time has come when, following the precedent of the Royal Schools' Endowments, they should be made available for the higher education of the nation at large in a way suitable to its wishes and requirements."

This resolution is, in substance, almost identical with a resolution passed by the Bishops of Ireland at their meeting on 1st June, 1904. Their Lordships say:—

"That the rents drawn by Trinity College out of land in almost every part of Ireland, which, as the outcome of confiscation, have been reserved during three hundred years for a State-favoured minority, are, of right, the inheritance of the nation at large, and should be devoted, however late in the day, to provide in an effective manner, as far as they can go, for the wants of all the people of Ireland in the domain of higher education."

The Letterkenny resolution came before the Dublin County Council for approval on 3rd November. After a discussion the resolution was rejected by a large majority, only "two or three" out of seventeen present, voting for it.

It is, of course, no surprise to see men like Captain Vesey and Mr. Hewson speaking and voting against the Letterkenny resolution, but I was surprised to learn that the chairman, Mr. O'Neill, Mr. Joseph Mooney, and other Catholics spoke and voted against it.

Let us examine the matter a little. Trinity College has an immense property, worth, in round numbers, about a million of pounds sterling. From this property it draws an annual income estimated at from £50,000 to £70,000 a year. How and for what purposes did Trinity College obtain this enormous property?

In the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and James I., large portions of Ireland were "confiscated," that is, the real owners were expelled, and the Queen, or the King, as representing the State, took possession of the "confiscated" estates. Thousands of acres of these Irish-State-lands were then made over to the recently created University of Dublin (Trinity College), and these lands have since continued in the possession of that College. These State-lands were given to Trinity College in order that the College might give higher education to the Irish people.

In the 17th century, the Protestants of Ireland, having the support of England, were a bigoted and unscrupulous Ascendancy, and they took Trinity College and its estates under their exclusive management. From 1600 to 1793 a Catholic could not enter Trinity College. In one sense the College was "open" to him, but he had to commence by taking an oath abjuring the Pope's supremacy, and denying the doctrine of Transubstantiation; in other words, the moment he entered the door of Trinity, he had to become a pervert. Scores and hundreds of unfortunate Catholics took the required oaths; sold their souls for a mess of pottage, and their descendants are at present among the most bigoted and anti-Catholic persons in Ireland.

In 1793 there was some "relief." Catholics were not required to take the obnoxious oaths, but in other respects Trinity College remained as non-Catholic, as anti-Catholic as ever.

In 1873, by Mr. Fawcett's Act, another step was taken. Trinity College was "secularized"—that is, all religious tests were abolished. But a leopard is not the less a leopard because a few of its spots have been painted over, and although Trinity College may have become more agnostic since the passing of Fawcett's Act, it has not become one whit less anti-Catholic.

As I have said, Trinity College holds property obtained from the State to the value of about a million of pounds. Lord Justice Fitzgibbon, whose Protestantism no one can doubt, when replying, as a member of the Educational Endowments Commission, to the "Epis-

copian Protestants of Ulster," expressed his approval of the principle that "Public endowments for education originally provided out of public funds, should be equally thrown open" to all. He went on to show that the pettifogging argument put forward by such men as Mr. Hewson, that Trinity is now "open to all," would have no weight with him, for his Lordship added—"I will be no party to preparing a scheme purporting to admit the members of any religious denomination entitled to its advantages on terms which I know they cannot conscientiously accept." Although such men as Mr. Hewson assure us that "it would be better to have all Irishmen educated in one college," every Catholic knows well that Catholics cannot conscientiously go to Trinity College.

The Letterkenny resolution, if carried out, would lead to inquiry on the following points:—

(1). What is the nature and the value of the property now held by Trinity College?

(2). How much of this is a State endowment?

(3). How does it happen that the Senate of Trinity College; the Fellows with just one exception; and the Professors, are all non-Catholics?

(4). As Catholics are 75 per cent. of the population of Ireland, how does it happen that only a mere handful of them go to Trinity College?

(5). As the endowments of Trinity are largely derived from the State, should not the State see that these endowments are not appropriated by a small section of the community?

I cannot understand why Mr. P. J. O'Neill, Mr. Joseph Mooney and other Catholics voted against the Letterkenny resolution. Mr. Mooney said that the resolution seemed to him to ask that the funds devoted to Trinity College should be devoted to the establishment of a Catholic College. The resolution asks that the money of the State should be devoted to the education of the people of the State, and not to a small section of them. There is nothing "impracticable" in this.

Mr. O'Neill said he was unable to support the resolution because "it was absolutely inconclusive." It is not easy to know what Mr. O'Neill meant by this statement. Mr. O'Neill went on to speak of "the methods proposed" as "utterly impracticable." I am unable to see why it should be "utterly impracticable" for a State to resume State-grants which were intended for the whole nation and which have been appropriated by a small and intolerant section. Misapplied State-funds have been resumed, again and again, with the happiest results, in the cases of the Royal Schools, in the case of the Swords Endowments, and in dozens of other cases. Why not with regard to Trinity College?

I hope Mr. Molloy will bring the matter again before the Dublin County Council. Trinity College has for years—for centuries—been a bar to the just settlement of the question of Higher Education in Ireland, and the Letterkenny resolution is right in maintaining that the funds of the College should no longer be used exclusively for the benefit of a small but arrogant section of the community. The late "Established Church" and the Land-laws were two of the branches of the Upas tree which poisoned Ireland; Trinity College is a smaller and weaker branch of the same tree, and a few vigorous blows will bring it to its proper level. S.

AN ENGLISHMAN AND IRELAND.

I.

AN Englishman whose life has some interest for Irishmen has had his long career chronicled in three big volumes by Mr. John Morley. I am referring, of course, to Mr. Gladstone. In the more than eighteen hundred pages which Mr. Morley's great work runs to, there is a vast deal of matter, but of course only a relatively small quantum of this concerns Ireland. I have thought that, as every reader of the LEADER may not have read this vast work, perhaps, those who have not seen it might like to accompany me in a run through the "Ireland" bits.

Writing to his friend, Hope-Scott, in the autumn of 1845, Mr. Gladstone says:—"As for Ireland . . . I feel rather oppressively an obligation to try and see it with my own eyes instead of using those of other people." For all this, it was some thirty-two years before he paid his first and only visit to Ireland, in October, 1877. As for his method of seeing it with his own eyes on the occasion of that visit, let Mr. Morley speak. "It lasted little more than three weeks, and did not extend beyond a very decidedly English Pale. He stayed in great houses, was feasted by the Provost of Trinity, in spite of Disestablishment, and he had a friendly conversation with Cardinal Cullen, in spite of Vaticanism. . . . He received the freedom of the city of Dublin, broke bread with the Duke of Marlborough at the Vice-Regal Lodge, admired the picturesque sight of the Castle of Kilkenny, enjoyed sympathetic talks with host and hostess at Abbeyleix, and delighted in the curious antiquities and exquisite natural beauties of the county of Wicklow. Of the multitudes of strange things distinctively Irish, he had little chance of seeing much." The usual old story! Englishmen of note and position come to Ireland to study the Irish question, and they do so by making the round of a few big houses to which they are invited, and pay a few hasty visits to people to whom they have letters of introduction. They "see Ireland" from the windows of carriages—railway and other—and hurry back to England crammed with ignorance of the very country they have been seeing.

During the fifties, when the "Papal Aggression" ferment was very furious, there was so much prejudice against all Catholic claims that Mr. Gladstone was of the opinion that the Parliament of 1854 would probably have refused Catholic Emancipation were it not already law. "There is no reason," says Mr. Morley, "to think this an erroneous view. Perhaps, it would not be extravagant even to-day." Undoubtedly it would not.

Some interesting views are to be found in a letter of Mr. Gladstone's to Lord John Russell (January, 1854), on the question of employments in the public service. "I have a strong impression that the aristocracy of this country are even superior in natural gifts, on the average, to the mass: but it is plain that with their acquired advantages, their *insensible education*, irrespective of book-learning, they have an immense superiority." Is not some of this true of Ireland? We have here a class whose "acquired advantages" have given them that *insensible education*, as Mr. Gladstone so well calls it, which helps them so often to out-distance the classes having no such advantages. And so it comes that the Irish Catholics are "backward"! Our people lack that *insensible education* of which Mr. Gladstone speaks, and for the lack of which nothing can ever wholly make up. A foreign aristocracy means almost death to a nation.

It was not till about 1867 that Mr. Gladstone really began to wake up to the Irish question. Speaking at Southport, in the December of that year, he said he "would never despair of redeeming the reproach of total incapacity to assimilate to ourselves an island within three hours of our shores, that had been under our dominating influence for six centuries." The bare idea of *assimilating* to "ourselves" this step-filial island called Ireland, shows a rather odd comprehension of the Irish problem. No matter! Within two years time he had disestablished the Church, and inside three more he had passed the Ballot Act (1872) and the Land Act—his first—of 1870. For Ireland the Ballot Act was politically as important as Catholic Emancipation; it meant freedom of vote—freedom from landlord intimidation in that process. Speaking of this period, and of some failure to consult Irish opinion, Mr. Morley says:—"It was, however, almost a point of honour in those days for British cabinets to make Irish laws out of their own heads." And is it not so still? But Mr. Morley, no doubt, meant that it was the way for even Liberal cabinets not to consult Irish opinion. It was in a private letter to Earl Granville, his most confidential colleague, that Mr. Gladstone wrote thus about Ireland (January 15th, 1870). "To this great country the state of Ireland after seven hundred years of our tutelage is in my opinion so long as it continues, an intolerable disgrace, and a danger so

absolutely transcending all others, that I call it the only real danger of the noble Empire of the Queen." Bating the "nobility" of the Queen's Empire, there is no exception to be taken to this passage. As for the "danger" it seems likely enough the Fenian movement *did* make the poor Britishers a little uneasy while it lasted. It probably gave them a "something must be done" sort of feeling, that quickened their steps in the direction of Land Acts, Church Disestablishment, and so on. Gladstone made a gallant effort to settle the University question in 1873, but Cardinal Cullen took a line which nullified the value of the attempt—probably the best ever made—and led to the defeat of the ministry in the House of Commons. I have heard even clerical opinion expressed to the effect that the Cardinal was in the wrong—at least, that he made a mistake in not accepting the settlement offered. Any way, we, Irish Catholics, have paid a good deal since 1873 for what, whether wisely or unwisely, was then done. Alas, we poor Irish, we *have* a thirst for ideal conditions! The defeat crippled the ministry, and the cabinet only remained formally in office till the General Election of the next year; its legislative life was at an end. The General Election of 1874 brought "Dizzy" into power for six mortal years. Here, for the present, I shall leave off.

HISTORICUS.

OUR NATIONAL MENTAL APATHY BOARD.

ALL our good old national boards are gradually dying out, and now we have only a few left. At one time we used to have the National Moral Fibre Board, the National Commerical Morality Syndicate, the National Civic Virtue Committee, the National Self-help and Self-reliance Organization, the National Economic Sense Trust, the National Incorporated Bigot and Sourface Character-Building Company, Ltd., and others, but now, alas—

All, all are gone but still lives on
The anti-Irish spite,
Which kept behind the nation's mind
In apathy and blight.

Of the few national boards now remaining, not the least efficient in its un-Irish, if not anti-Irish capacity is our National Board of Mental Apathy, which has its headquarters in Tyrone Place. The National Board of Mental Apathy is, of course, non-political, like most of our national boards which lay down laws, and dictate to this mere Irish Papist nation. Not so very, very long ago this mere Irish Papist nation was presumed to have no political existence in the State, and possibly during that bright period of "Saved" toleration the term non-political, the same as Protestant Ascendancy, might have originated. The object of the National Board of Mental Apathy is to give the poor, or ordinary common people of Ireland, a "loyal" education. In other countries ordinary common people receive a national education, but in Ireland such people get a "loyal" education. The word loyalty in Ireland is a term of extraordinary Protean character; it is used in so many moods and tenses here that no lexicographer could ever dream of giving it a definite meaning, but in this case it may be taken as signifying the negation, strangulation, or boycotting of national characteristics and ideals, and all that they stand for, even unto the seventh generation; so in the light of this, a loyal education is an education which ignores the national sentiment and aspiration. According to the National Board of Mental Apathy, Irish primary education might be divided into two heads—namely, Loyal Subjects, and Disloyal Subjects. The Loyal Subjects are Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, etc., and the Disloyal Subjects, Irish History, and, until lately, the Irish Language. Geography might become a Disloyal Subject if Ireland encroached beyond its two or three pages upon the empire on which the sun never sets. The Irish Language was for a long time warned off the premises in Tyrone Place as a very Disloyal Subject, until at last it came, backed up by forces which even the National Board of Mental Apathy could not ignore with

perfect impunity, and then it was very grudgingly admitted as a suspicious sort of character, and a subject it was scarcely the proper thing to know.

Among the very loyal and "Saved" Board are a few very loyal and superior tame Papists, whose records for tolerance proving and respectability have never been tarnished by a single stain of Independent Irish thought calculated to hurt the "Saved" feelings of the tenderest and most thin-skinned bigot. It would, perhaps, be felt that the National Board of Mental Apathy could scarcely be complete, no matter how "Saved" and overwhelmingly Sour and loyal it might be, without some representative of the Parochial University to adorn its councils. Well, that want, too, is adequately supplied. Such a Parochial guiding light gives his precious services to the cause of National Mental Apathy in the person of that eminent stagnationist, retrogressionist, and irreproachably "Saved" bigot, Tony Traill. Tony helps the National Mental Apathy ball along with all the rich and varied nation-killing skill and experience which he has derived from a life-long connection with the most mentally apathetic, and "Saved" College in Europe.

Very recently something like a sensation must have been caused among the loyal, primary educationists who sit in Tyrone Place, by a letter sent to them by a mere Papist priest. It appears that the priest wrote to the Board, of which Tony Traill is a member, requesting its permission to have A. M. Sullivan's "Story of Ireland" used in some schools of which he is manager. This was a terrible challenge. It sounded like a summons to surrender, and mental apathy must have trembled for a moment. A council of war was evidently summoned, and at this council it was decided that loyalty in education must be maintained at all costs, and Ireland must remain a British province in characteristics and ideals, subject to the laws of mental apathy, as embodied in loyal primary education in Ireland. This defiant decision was transmitted to the Popish priest, and now A. M. Sullivan's "Story of Ireland" is labelled dangerously disloyal, and subversive of mental apathy and "Saved," loyal, primary education by the National thought-paralysers of Tyrone Place. The incident has added to our Anglo-Irish anthology another ballad which moves along in the following rhythmical harmony:—

OUR PILLARS OF MENTAL APATHY.

One day very recent those cultured elite,
The National Board in Tyrone Place did meet;
They call this great council of wisdom full stored
The National Mental Paralysis Board.

This Garrison body of bigots unshamed,
And tolerance-provers so docile and tamed,
Has laid on its hostile, incompetent hands,
The mental direction of Erin's young bands.

Behold what the "tames" and the bigots have done;
'Tis open to all who may read as they run.
A system continues which nations all hiss;
'Twould live for an hour in no country but this.

Those bigots and "tames" ever try to ignore
The national feelings inspiring our shore.
They foster the British predominant mind,
And Ireland would leave in the darkness behind.

Well this foreign Board when it met on this day,
Imagined perhaps that the work was mere play;
Some change in a programme, or matters which mean
Reductions in fees, or affairs of routine.

Perhaps some imagined they came there to vote
On inkbottles, pencils, and cramming by rote,
Or hear with delight some inspector profound,
Reporting that Irish was dying all round.

The quorum complete, Dr. Tony arose,
And said, "Ancient fossils, I beg to propose,
That books about China, Hong-Kong, and the Japs,
Be read in our schools by the young Irish chaps."

"Hear, hear," said a bigot, "each youngster at least, Should read of our allies far off in the East."
 "Hear, hear," said a "tame," "all our culture depends On knowing the East, and our Eastern friends."

"Quite so," said the chief, "now this motion is passed, That nail in the coffin of Ireland is fast;
 But what have we here, something loyal at least, Oh, no; 'tis a note from a Southern priest."

"Good gracious! he wants us to break through our rules And sanction a disloyal book for his schools.
 He wants A. M. Sullivan's book full of truths Put into the hands of his school-going youths."

"What, what!" roared the bigot, robustious and rough, "To poison their minds with such rebelly stuff."
 "What, what!" whined a "tame," "such a book is not right;
 'Tis neither genteel nor respectable quite."

"Just so," exclaimed Traill, "you've decided in fine, This cleric's disloyal request to decline.
 A book such as that would our system lay bare, And British Ascendancy here might impair."

Oh, thus do our National Board get along.
 Great Britain, Jamaica, Japan and Hong-Kong.
 Their annals may ope to the youth of our land,
 But stories of Ireland are all contraband.

The National Board of Mental Apathy, the Railway Boards, the Bank Boards and others, all bear a striking family resemblance to each other, and probably when one falls the rest will soon follow. The motto for Irish Ireland should be—"Overboard with the whole lot."

A. M. W.

COUNTY COMMITTEES OF AGRICULTURE v. EMIGRATION.

IN Father Henry's report on the work done by the Immigrants' House in New York, stress is laid on the extreme youth of the Irish girls who passed through the Home during the last three months. It is sad to think of the probable fate of many of these innocent girls—often without a friend to help them in the hour of need. I venture to suggest a means of providing work for hundreds of young girls in the homes of their parents—a business which does not require much capital—I mean poultry keeping. There is an unlimited demand in England for high-class eggs and chickens. Why should not Irish girls set to work and win the best markets by providing goods of the best quality? At present Irish chickens bring the lowest prices, owing to their inferior quality, and Irish eggs are sneered at for their staleness. We must change all that by educating girls in modern poultry management. This task, Co. Committees of Agriculture are supposed to be doing. Under the Department's Poultry Improvement Scheme, Poultry Lecturers are appointed, but they do not seem to influence the people as much as was hoped, and very little progress seems to be made. Under this scheme, Co. Committees appoint suitable (or unsuitable) people to hold Egg Distributing Stations, at a £5 premium, and 1s. a dozen for eggs supplied to country poultry keepers. What I suggest is that these Stations should be made use of to prevent emigration, by placing them in charge of the daughters of working farmers (preferably those under £40 valuation), as it is from this class most of the emigrants are drawn. At present these Stations are in the hands of well-to-do people who are well anchored in their homes—ladies of position, wives of clergymen and strong farmers. Now I am not singular in thinking it would be highly desirable if these Stations were managed by girls who

would attend to the work themselves, instead of getting it done by deputy as it is at present. Under the Local Government Act each county is divided into so many County Divisions. In each of these divisions there are, or should be, two, if not three, Stations, in order to enable every industrious woman to procure hatching eggs for table chickens, and for layers. These Stations should be equipped with all modern appliances used by advanced poultry keepers. Poultry houses, nest and sitting boxes, chicken runs, incubator, brooders, fattening crates, cramming machine, shaping boards, and, finally, baskets or boxes for marketting eggs and dead poultry. Without these appliances it is a farce to attempt to teach the modern system of poultry management. I do not say that all should get these things as a matter of necessity, for it is possible to raise a large supply of chickens by hens in the natural way, but I do maintain that thorough instruction should be given at each of these County Stations, and let the girls who go in for rearing chickens for the London market, be able to use these appliances if required by increased demand.

Intelligent, hard working girls should be selected for these Stations; and, in order to fit them properly to teach others, they should be sent for, at least, a six-weeks' course of instruction. Any girl having a real taste for poultry should acquire enough of practical knowledge to show other young girls, from the district around the Station, what they must do in order to make money by their poultry. Trained workers like these would have far more influence with people of their own class in bringing them into modern ways than poultry lecturers. Generally speaking, country people are much more readily influenced by practical work done by one of themselves than by having things described to them by lecturers. It does not do much good, or make much impression to write down names of breeds of poultry which most of the audience never had the chance of seeing, and which, if may be, are not to be found at any poultry station within reach. Mere talk won't do, the work must be brought home to the people.

I am convinced that poultry keeping offers at once the readiest and surest means of providing home work for Irish girls; and if my suggestions were adopted, the output of eggs and dead poultry would be quadrupled within three years. Lace making is all very well in its limited way, but it can never be a steady source of income, as it depends on fickle fashion—it caters for the wealthy. On the other hand, good eggs and chickens are always in demand, and never out of season, though, of course, most profitable in the Winter and Spring; but the market is unlimited, and cannot be overdone. Here, then, is work for Irish girls—profitable work if the Department sets the machinery in motion.

I am aware that the system of work suggested calls for the expenditure of a good deal of money to set it afloat, but, I maintain, it would be money well laid out, and would bring in the quickest return of any money yet expended on any branch of agriculture. Does not the Department hold a huge sum in reserve. Why not use it for this purpose. Surely it could not be put to better or nobler use than to keep Irish girls from emigrating? One thing is quite certain—that the money spent on poultry up to the present has borne very little fruit, as the Poultry Stations have been chiefly used by well-to-do people who could well afford to procure hatching eggs elsewhere, and the poor working people have suffered much disappointment in consequence. There should be a valuation limit enforced, so as to confine the distribution of cheap hatching eggs to working farmers, artisans and labourers.

A pretty general feeling exists that too much money has been spent on thorough-bred horses, and shorthorns which hundreds of small farmers and labourers can never benefit by, while the one industry which is within reach of the poorest, has been only helped in a half-hearted

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way. Practical members of County Committees of Agriculture ought to bear in mind that horses and cattle must be fed for, at least, three years before they can return any profit, but a pullet is profitable in six months, and a table cockrel in three or four months. If the poultry industry was once established in thorough working order, it would require very little expenditure in future, as the Poultry Stations could be made self-supporting.

A CO. CORK WOMAN.

TWO SHORT PLAYS.

I VISITED two of the "Samhain" Plays on Friday night. While people are waiting expectantly for Mr. Yeats' new theatre, they are perhaps a little impatient of the older gods in Molesworth Street. Yet I must say, I spent a very enjoyable evening, a much more pleasant one indeed than when I paid twice the price a short time ago to see a dull comedy by a well-known author at the Gaiety. Of course, there are certain drawbacks. An amateur theatre and amateur performers will always be lacking in some of the hereditary paraphernalia of the professional. But then it is a great thing to feel that the performance, whatever its faults, is your very own. To know that it is your own life or the life of your forefathers that is being set forth on the stage before you, and being depicted by the hands of an Irish author.

There are at present two great divisions of Irish playwrights. Those who dwell on the hill-side, and those who inhabit the mountain tops. The latter, I may remark, send free-passes, the former I have to pay to see. However, as one can get a good seat for a shilling, I bear no malice and remain unbiassed. Indeed, I think that the hill-siders are in the long run more likely to produce good results than the followers of Mr. Yeats. For the hill-siders produce Plays that are easily understood of the people and are in touch with popular sympathy. The Yeats's school, whatever be their artistic merits, and I am the first to admit them to be very considerable, have singularly failed to take any grip on their audience and for the most part, wonder and perplexity would seem to be the chief passions they have applied themselves to purge.

On this occasion the productions were of the hill-side. "The Escape of Red Hugh," by Alice Milligan, which has been already seen in Dublin, and "The Resurrection of Dinny O'Dowd," by Seumas MacManus. One can imagine such a tale as done by the mountain, Hugh of the chrysolite locks, chained by potent spells, dreaming through life in the brazen tower. Miss Milligan came to closer quarters with her subject. I suppose there is no episode in Irish History more dramatic than Hugh's escape. The "aiglon" of Tyrconnell, the boy destined by fate for a great career, kidnapped by treachery and immured in the stern gray walls of Dublin Castle. His first failure. His flight on Christmas Eve. His terrible privations. His welcome by the O'Byrne's, and finally his return to his home and to his people.

The tale is rather epic than dramatic, and it is almost impossible to adequately represent it in the compass of a play. Miss Milligan confines her story to the night of his escape. We have the drunken tyrants of gaolers, the file and the silken rope in the loaf, the fevered conversation of the young princes in Irish, the devotion of the Irish-born gaoler, the escape by a slow descent through the grating. It was not, indeed, a play of the highest excellence. Its proportions prevented it from having that careful development of plot which is the highest merit of drama. But as a vivid presentation of an incident in Irish History that happened not many hundred yards away from the scene of its representation, it was peculiarly interesting. It brought back to us in a very striking fashion, the time when Ireland was altogether Irish.

The name of Mr. MacManus's play, "The Resurrection of Dinny O'Dowd," did not seem promising. The words have a stage Irishman sound and one is indeed always rather afraid that Mr. MacManus's humour will degenerate in this direction. Against this play, however, such a charge could certainly not be brought. It was a piece of wholesome fun without any higher purpose, and as such it was very successful. It certainly never degenerated into ridicule of the Irish character, and though somewhat rough and boisterous in character, it never sank into mere buffoonery, being indeed a good example of the lines on which Irish comedy of the lighter type should in future proceed.

There was much more plot in this play than in any former comedy I have seen in the Molesworth hall. The idea is that of a man who comes back, when he is believed to be dead. Everyone insists on treating him as a spirit, and when, for instance, in a burst of profanity, he exclaims that he has been suffering h— for the past two years, he produces a more profound sensation amongst his hearers than he had anticipated. The idea is no doubt far from being original, but it is well worked out, and the comedy depends largely on its situations for its humour, which is a distinct sign of progress in Irish play-writing. In another way it was interesting as being a comic counterpart of the subject treated in such sombre style by Mr. Synge in the "Shadow of the Glen." On the whole, I thought the night's performance very successful. Let me add that the acting of the comic piece, and especially of the interpreter of the sad-faced hero, was very good indeed.

CHANEL.

CHUASACÓ BEAG AMHÁIN.

AN IRISH SONG-BOOK.—PRICE 1D.

THE Irish Revival, during its comparatively brief existence, has been instrumental in producing a considerable supply of literature for the use of students of Irish at popular prices. The best value that has appeared yet is "CHUASACÓ BEAG AMHÁIN," a collection or little treasury of songs, Irish in music and words, compiled by Father Walsh, of Cork, which is a marvel of cheapness. It is published at one penny by Browne & Nolan, Nassau Street. The music is in tonic sol-fa notation. The music and words are clearly printed on good paper, and the whole forms a neatly-bound booklet of Irish songs.

Two Parts have already appeared, and a Third Part is promised. The First Edition of Part I (CURÓ A h-ÁOIN), consisting of 2,000 copies, has been exhausted in three months, so that a Second Edition has just come out simultaneously with Part II (CURÓ A DOO), in which all the errors incidental to a first edition have been corrected.

Part I (CURÓ A h-ÁOIN) contains 17 genuine old Irish melodies with appropriate words in Irish. Many of these old airs have never yet appeared in any previous collection, and are amongst the best of the melodies of which we can boast. Part I includes a particularly fine version of the Sean Bean Doct and of Éamonn an Chúic, and the favourites An Oimhionn Donn Dúir, Ó Tán Lá as Teact and Cill Cair, any one of which would be worth the price of the whole collection. Irish singers will be glad to find therein an Irish version of the famous "Bells of Shandon. The praises of Glendalough (Steann-bá-tóe) are sung by An t-Ádair Maunur na Paoláin, of Mount Melleray, to the air of Moore's "Meeting of the Waters," and the same poet also sings the praises of his native Comeragh (Comarag) to a charming Munster melody, and gives an Irish translation of Lover's celebrated "Fairy Boy (An Leabó Síge). Robert Weldon (Riobáro Deloon), a

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living Comeragh poet, is also laid under contribution in the fine songs—*Teanga na n-Ísacóeal* and *Máire na h-Ánna*, *Máire ní Cuimín*, by “*Pádraic*,” set to a fine rollicking old melody, is sure to become a great favourite in the schools and in Gaelic concerts. “*An Nónín*,” the praises of the modest little Daisy, by “*Pádraic*,” has already appeared in a far-back number of “*An Cláróeal Sotuir*,” but has, perhaps, escaped the notice which it merits, and “*Máire Ueas na Spuaice Dáine*” will be new to all. “*Ír tpuas san Peata*,” “*Eiblin a Rúin*,” and “*Caitlín n-í-Uallascáin*” complete Part I. How all these can be offered for one penny is a wonder to us.

Part II (*Curo a Dó*) is even more amazing value. It contains 16 songs, all of great merit, and some of the highest. It includes new and beautiful versions of the well-known airs, “For Ireland I’d not tell her name,” “The Dear Irish Boy,” “The Harp,” “The Fox” (*Maorín Rust*), *An Páirín Fionn*, *Tá me 'mo éorlaí* and *Seasán ó Duibh a' Gleanna*, as sung by “Traditional” singers in Munster. Excellent translations into Irish are given of “The Harp” (*An Chur*), by ‘*Liam Mac 'Liam*, a celebrated Irish scholar who died in 1875, of “O Native Music” (*A Ceol Shinn Útáir*), by *An t-Ádair Maupur* of Mount Melleray, and of “The Dear Little Shamrock” (*An Seampóisin Dúir*), by *Éamonn a' Chur*. Historical notes are appended to each song in Part II, giving the source of the melody and some interesting information about the writer of the words.

A complete Vocabulary is given at the end of each Part, which will make the difficult phrases that are to be found in so many songs quite intelligible. The Editor has done his work well, and deserves well of all Irish-Irelanders for this splendid contribution he has made to the publication of Irish melody and song. An attempt has been made to divide the syllables of as many verses as possible, and place them under the notes to which they are intended to be sung. The distribution of the syllables has been well done on the whole, but teachers and singers can exercise their own judgment in places where there is room for difference of opinion on this matter.

“*Cnuasáir Ueas Ámhán*,” Parts I and II, sold at 1d. each, should be in the hands of everyone interested in the Revival of Irish Music, whether in schools, Gaelic League branches, or outside them.

CEÓLAIRE.

Note.—In Part II there is an evident printer's error in a few places which it might be well to direct attention to in this notice. They are all of the same nature, namely, the omitting of the perpendicular line which marks the strong accent. They occur on p. 13, in the beginning of the third last line, and in the middle of the second last line after the second pulse of the second bar. Also on p. 17, the perpendicular is omitted in every line of music on the page after the first pulse to mark the first bar, and after the second pulse of the second bar. C.

DR. HOGAN AND “SAYS.”

THE “new say” of Dr. Hogan, as you very aptly style his latest exhibition of words, deserves all the ridicule that can be cast upon it. The truth is, that in our evolution from the stage of sentimental *raimeis* we have yet but reached the stage of intellectual *raimeis*. It is a fixed principle now, that the new movements have elevated thought in Ireland, but we take too great a pleasure in saying so. Orators and writers now like to

find nice phrases to express the new spirit of the country. They talk of the “infusion of manliness and self-reliance, the New Ireland, etc.,” and delight in their words—a thing not to be condemned in itself, but it is carried too far, with a result that, when some crying social necessity has to be met, men grow eloquent over the necessity, ignoring altogether the steps to be taken. I venture to say that, when Dr. Hogan was writing those famous “says” of his, he spent many anxious hours labouring at style, rejoicing when he discovered a nice turn of expression, but altogether forgetting the immediate practical issue involving the creation of means. I do not, mind, absolutely condemn such a form of writing. I should have very little psychological insight if I did. But I say, we have too much of it at present in Ireland. The verb “to do,” as the LEADER very long-headedly and with accurate psychology insists, expresses the power that meets the present want of Ireland in her evolutionary progress, as it must needs be the power that meets the want of any country approaching normality or actually normal.

The forces of Ireland are sufficiently analysed now. We want synthesis, and if writers in future take it on them to write eloquent articles about something that must be done, if we are not to lose our place in the rank of nations, etc., we would suggest to them to tell us how we are to make that something *real*.

The latest production of Dr. Hogan is a most silly and flabby thing. That, at this stage of Ireland's manliness, a priest in his position could say, “If Irish Catholics do not get Fair Play from the Government,” they will be “profoundly dissatisfied and discontented” is simply deplorable, and disposes of the idea that Dr. Hogan wrote his first paper with anything like calculation. Why, in our days of most inferior *raimeis*, we could fight, aye, and fight bravely and honourably and unselfishly. To be brief, Dr. Hogan is evidently a negligible quantity in Irish reform. Let me now pass to something which is germane to this. It has been said that the question of a University is one for laymen. If it is, then those in positions of Catholic influence would have done better if they showed more consideration for the laymen who honourably struggled for the rights of Catholics, in general. I say the question of a University is primarily one for ecclesiastics. If a trained body of men is necessary for the industrial life of Ireland, and if a proper industrial life in Ireland is necessary that the Catholic religion may remain in the country, then it is obvious since religion is our highest objective, and should be the highest objective of every man, that the affair of a University is one that primarily regards the priests.

In reference to the other matter just touched on, we have heard it said that Dr. Walsh did not condemn the Catholic Association. He may not have, absolutely, but certainly he did very much to discourage it. A priest myself, I think I should be guilty of a false *esprit de corps*, if I did not say, that I did not consider it fully just, when only details of the Association, it is said, were condemned, that no recognition should have been paid from any high ecclesiastical source to the single-mindedness and sincerity of the brave young laymen, who alone had the courage to formulate a policy when Catholics were being trampled on.

Cardinal Logue has a wise head—a sound, solid, practical intellect. But, from his age and dignity, he could not be expected to launch a movement. If there were a priest with the “to do” in him as regards Catholic reform, not a priest with the “say” only, the Cardinal's wise support would be a great asset. A thoroughly manly priest in a big sense is what Ireland badly wants.

TIMOTHY.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ANTI-EMIGRATION CONFERENCE.

DEAR SIR—I read with much regret your comments on the magnificent speech of Mr. John O'Callaghan, of Boston, delivered at the recent Anti-Emigration Conference. You quoted from the reports, necessarily condensed, which appeared in the daily Press. Had you heard the speech, you would probably agree with me that it was by far the most important utterance in the proceedings. It was thoughtful, earnest, sincere, and altogether devoid of what you call *raimeis*, and the Anti-Emigration Society are deeply indebted to the speaker therefor.

It is not the first time that Mr. O'Callaghan has helped the work of our Society. Since the appeal of the Anti-Emigration Society to the Irish in America, against the sending of unnecessary prepaid passage tickets, was issued last Spring, Mr. O'Callaghan has continuously used his great influence as Secretary of the United Irish League of America to discourage Irish Americans from assisting Irish emigration in response to the appeal referred to which was signed by Cardinal Logue and other distinguished Irishmen.

Apart from his representative capacity, Mr. O'Callaghan's leading position as a journalist, and high personal character have been of untold service to our work in the United States.

It was at our pressing invitation that Mr. O'Callaghan attended the Conference and spoke, and we feel bound in the circumstances to place before the public our appreciation of Mr. O'Callaghan's services.—I am, dear sir, yours truly,

MARGARET O'REILLY, *Honorary Secretary.*

The Anti-Emigration Society,
6 D'Olier Street, Dublin.

3rd November, 1904.

[Our opinions concerning the oratorical performance of Mr. John O'Callaghan, of Boston, at the Anti-Emigration Conference, were based solely on the newspaper report of the speech which we read. How the speech would have impressed us if we had heard it, we, of course, cannot say. The extracts that we quoted from the speech, as reported, and fully bear out, in our opinion, our charge of *raimeis*, and if Mr. O'Callaghan was materially misreported he has a decided grievance against the paper that we quoted from. But on Monday, November 1st, it so happens that Mr. John O'Callaghan, of Boston, received the Freedom of Seoinín Kilkenny, and the *Simply Deplorable* purports to report his speech in the first person. There was certainly no lack of high-falutin' and *raimeis* in that speech. For instance, in referring to the support Ireland gave America, when the latter was struggling for independence, Mr. O'Callaghan is reported to have said:—"The American people, regardless of class, or race, or creed, are mindful, and ever will be, of what such support and such sympathy meant for them in those days (applause). They are longing to repay it by aiding the people of Ireland in the struggle in which

they are engaged for the same liberties which the American people themselves to-day enjoy." Well, if that is not *raimeis* then we do not know what *raimeis* is. There are some 70,000,000 or 80,000,000 in America, and every one of those of responsible age are according to Mr. O'Callaghan "longing" to repay Ireland for past services. A dollar for every head in the population as an instalment on account of easing that "longing" would mean about \$70,000,000, and the Gaelic League and the Irish Parliamentary Party and various associations connected with the furtherance of Irish industry could make some use of that sum. How much did the "longing" of these millions materialise into for the benefit of the Irish Training School at Ballingearry, for instance? A few ha'pence a piece from each of the "longing" people out there would establish an Irish University in the Aran Islands. The Anti-Emigration Society has familiarised us very much, and with effect too, with the prepaid passage money which America, where the "longing" people come from, sends here to further denude this country of its population. We regret we cannot see our way to withdraw the term *raimeis* from the oratorical performances of Mr. John O'Callaghan, of Boston.—
ED. LEADER.]

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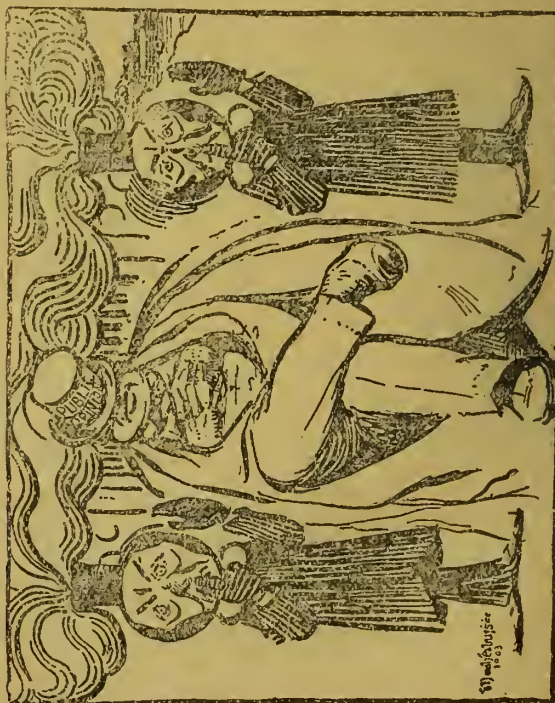
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Ἀ Ḳάρε, —Very good. You are determined to make your branch of the Gaelic League "the leading one" in your county. There is one way in which that can be done, and, I believe, only one way. I have seen a great many branches of the Gaelic League started in different parts of the country during the past ten years. I have seen in connection with them one curious fact. It is the number of them that have been, from time to time, "revived," "re-established," "re-opened," etc., etc. I have been watching those words as they have made their appearance in the reports of the progress of the movement. They are ugly words and they tell an ugly story. They tell in the plainest way that we have amongst us a great many people who are not ashamed to say, "I couldn't ever do it," to what is really very

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easy work. These are the people who are most forward in expressing their determination to do the work, at first. They are most enthusiastic at the first meeting, which is called for the establishment of a branch of the Gaelic League. The branch is established. The classes go on for a few evenings. It is soon perceived that some of the "enthusiasts" are dropping off. Soon the half of them are nearly always absent. After a few months no one attends except the few energetic people who established the branch. Those few see that all their energy has been thrown away. They say to each other "What's the use?" So they stay at home and study Irish at their own leisure.

Things rest in that way for a few months—for a few years perhaps. Then a report appears in some paper of the wonderful progress the movement is making in other places. The spark of enthusiasm is set burning again in the minds of some of those who "couldn't ever do the work." They speak to each other and to the energetic ones who first started the branch, and they say—"We ought to revive our branch!" And so the meeting is held once more and the enthusiastic speeches are made, and the well-worDED resolutions are passed. Then the public Press tells all whom it may concern

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that the — branch of the Gaelic League has been “revived,” or “resuscitated,” or some still finer word if there is one. Then the work goes on again for a time and dies out again and is “resuscitated” again. I believe there are districts in the country where the “resuscitation” has taken place three or four times during the past ten years. Of course, there is no doubt whatever but that “resuscitation” is good. In fact it is very good. There is really only one thing which is better

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than it. That one thing is that the life of the branch should have been all along so continuous and so vigorous that the idea of resuscitation should find no place. Your letter contains the following passage:—“Now that we have begun the good work, I sincerely hope that my fellow-members will stick to it, and that we shall have many new recruits joining us from time to time.” I should like you to post that sentence up in your hall. If you do, and if it is acted on by your fellow-members, I promise you that your branch will never require to be “resuscitated.” As a rule branches begin big and begin from the first day to get small. The healthy way

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is to begin small and to be every day getting big, or, in the words of your own letter—"to have new recruits joining you from time to time." It would be far better to have a small number—a very small number, of real workers—workers whom nothing could turn aside from the work, workers whose motto would be, "I will, at all hazards, keep alive at least one person's share of our Irish speech," than to have a very large number of people who would be ready to lose heart if they did not see the crowds coming, or if they came upon some bit of Irish which puzzled them. Want of grit sends away the crowds. They are disappointed and disgusted because learning Irish is not quite as easy as cheering a resolution. Then an almost empty hall disheartens people

who imagine that a big crowd means big work, whereas it generally means the opposite. The people who will really do the work, and who will keep your branch from ever needing resuscitation, are those hard-headed people who care not a jot about crowds, nor about cheers, nor about wordy resolutions—those strong-hearted people who will not turn aside for an instant from any difficulty no matter how apparently insurmountable. That is the sort of people that have made the Irish Language Movement what it is. That is the sort of people that will make your branch such a success that it will not require "resuscitation."

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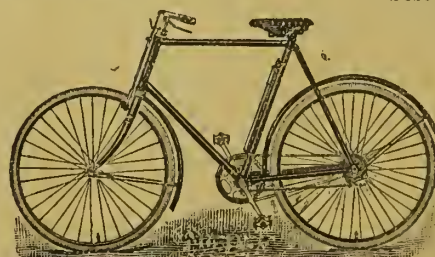
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Vol. IX., No. 13.

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DUBLIN, 19th NOVEMBER, 1904.

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CONTENTS.

CURRENT AFFAIRS:—

The Latest "Planter" for the Department	193
"Honest John" and Emigration	194
The Metropolitan Daily Press	194
"Saved" Ruinations at Aghadoe	195
The New Plantation "Smoker"	195
Irish Boots and Tricky Scots	196
God Save the King "Commercial Travellers"	196
Etc., Etc.	

ARTICLES:—

An Heapt in Tiper	197
The New Plantation and the Technical Congress	197
The Great Bishops	198
The Fall of Port Riverstown	199
An Englishman and Ireland—II.	199
The Appointment of Parish Priests	201
The Northern Counties Railway	202
Sir Horace Plunkett's Book	203
At the "Arts and Crafts"	204
CORRESPONDENCE	206

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CURRENT AFFAIRS

Sir Horace, as we mentioned, many weeks ago, slapped Irish architects in the face by employing an English architect for a private residence that he is about building for himself. We hope the Irish architects liked it. We are not surprised that the place of the late William Coyne has been filled by yet another importation. There is a time—curious though it be—when indignation gives place to laughter. One can only laugh at this latest importation to the Department (Scotch). It is a wonder he did not give the fat salary to the self-styled, "clear-headed man," or to his comical champion, "the Sober Nationalist," or to that great genius, Macartney-Filgate! Sir Horace's Department (Scotch) has given the late Mr. Coyne's job to a Mr. Adams, one of whose qualifications is that he is an M.A. of Glasgow University; evidently a man to whom the Scotch Department could give the salary was not to be found amongst the past students of the Robber University in College Green. This Mr. Adams may probably know a commendable amount about economic matters; but what does he know of Ireland? We presume when he is dumped on these shores as a surplus Glasgow product that he will, like a new Lord Lieutenant, make a tour of the country in order to "see for himself" what Irish-born men are accustomed to all their lives. He may give excellent advice concerning Trusts to communities that, outside agriculture, have practically no industries; he may devise an excellent scheme for tabulating statistics concerning in-

dustry in a country where industry is very much to seek; he will be probably like a physiologist lecturing a crowd on the various processes which food undergoes in the human body, a learned man able to answer any question concerning his subject except the plain one—where are we to get the food, sir? What does this latest importation know about Ireland? And if he knows nothing about this abnormal country of Dark Brothers, Sourfaces, half-slaves, peonini and the rest, in what way will his text-book economic knowledge serve to make this country march? As we presume he is "saved," he probably is more or less convinced that progress is impossible amongst us until the Popery is knocked out of us. However, as he is a statistician, he would give some return for his fat salary if he published a table giving us the names, salaries, religion, political parties, nationalities, to which all the officials permanent or otherwise in the Department (Scotch) belong.

Mr. John O'Callaghan, of Boston, who, in dumping *raimeis* on our shores, has, as it were, brought coals to Newcastle, was entertained to a dinner last week. "Honest John Dillon," who never raised his voice on the floor of the Board-room of the Great Northern Railway against the anti-Catholic bigotry, was there and made a speech. In the course of that speech "Honest John" said:—"But this is also true, that all the quack remedies which have been applied during the last few years have proved ineffectual, and that we have before us the awful fact that in this present year there has been an increase in Irish emigration." Well, one of "the quack remedies" that was applied towards stopping the emigration drain was the Industrial Revival. Now the Industrial Revival is a fact: there has been—however limited the extent of it—a revival in industry; old industries, such as soap, candles, boots, cloth, etc., have been supported and very many new enterprises have been started. "Honest John," we take it, calls that a "quack remedy." If emigration goes on to-day to a certain extent it appears plain to us that but for the Industrial Revival it would necessarily be going on to even a greater extent. No one has ever said that the Industrial Revival by itself and independent of other changes, movements, and reforms would stop emigration. Thinking Irishmen have left the days of panacea finding behind them. Yet "Honest John," who never fought for justice for Irish Catholics on the floor of the Great Northern Railway Company, appears to refer to the Industrial Revival as a "quack remedy." Now "Honest John" has been in politics for about twenty-five years, and one of the aims of his movements was to stop emigration and promote prosperity and freedom in Ireland. Ever since "Honest John" stepped into public life the population has been going down; now, what would any intelligent person say if we ignorantly turned round on the movements of the past few years—and called the Land League and the National League movements "quack remedies" merely because the population did not go up. Here is another brilliant saying from the speech of this melancholy genius:—"But the one way—and the sooner we face this fact the better—the one way in which Irish emigration is to be stopped is by giving liberty to Ireland (applause)." When the sky falls, John, we will catch larks. Will John tell us how we are to ensure that that person or persons unknown is to "give" us liberty? "Honest John" has been fighting on the floor of the British House of Commons for that liberty and the no far distant date has not yet arrived. If we saw an under-fed man looking where he could for the scanty fare that kept him alive, what would that man think of our intellect if we told him to give up his "quack remedies" for hunger and face the fact that the only real cure for him was three good square meals a day!

His Lordship of Raphoe, in the course of his speech, said:—"The industries of Ireland languish at home and revive on a large scale they shall not, except under the magic touch of Irish native government (hear, hear). You are overtaxed to a fearful excess to support a myriad of anti-Irish placemen (loud applause), and the placemen will keep their places until you have native control in Ireland (applause)." So far so good; but might we suggest that we won't get much Home Rule until we boldly attack the placemen and the whole stock, lock and barrel of Ascendancy, from Tony Traill of the Robber University down. But we appear to be mighty slow about coming to close quarters with the Sourfaces that are practically the Ascendancy. We are too "all-creeds-and-classy" for our business, and Mr. Wm. Field, Emmpee, signed a petition for the release of the two Ascendancy convicts, Ladd and Macartney.

John O'Callaghan, of Boston, let off plenty of *raimeis*. Here is a specimen:—"He thanked their chairman and Mr. Dillon, and he thanked not only on his own behalf, but if he might do so, in the name of the scattered race, the Lord Bishop of Raphoe (applause), whose ringing address would, he thought, have a powerful influence, not alone on this side of the Atlantic, but throughout the world (applause)." A man who speaks without being deputed for the "scattered race," and who thinks that the remarks of the Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell at this dinner will have "a powerful influence" "throughout the world," including, we suppose, Russia and Japan, is beyond criticism; no wonder Boston is too small for Mr. John O'Callaghan.

When will we have done with speech-making, that is, speech-making only, concerning the refined cruelty in the matter of University facilities to which the Irish nation is treated? Tongues were on tap again about the matter at the meeting in connection with the Mater Hospital last week. Could any of our readers supply us with a list of the Cawtholics who backslide into Trinity, despite the national attitude towards that anti-Irish, anti-Catholic, and mediocre institution? We suggest that the name of every "Idolator" who goes to Trinity should be published for the benefit of the public. The organ of Clongowes College, the *Clongounian*, has given us a few names of those who left Sallins to go to College Green; a full list of those at present in the Robber University would be interesting.

The Most Rev. Dr. Healy, Archbishop of Tuam, was in a most hopeful humour at the Mater Hospital; we regret we do not by any means share his hopes. In the course of his remarks he said:—"I hope the day will come, and that the day will come soon, when all that is best in Ireland of every class and creed will unite together for the good of the country (applause). I hope the day will soon come when they will all with one voice call upon the Government of England at Westminster to legislate upon the principles of justice and equity for all classes of Irishmen. I, for one, earnestly hope and pray for the coming of that day." His grace is full of hope. Now as his Eminence Cardinal Logue, a man of keen insight, pointed out at the recent Catholic Truth meeting we are denied University education not precisely because we are Catholics, but because as soon as we get it we destroy a monopoly. The Ascendancy have in their hands almost a monopoly of all the positions of emolument and honour in the country. Yet his Grace of Tuam hopes that the day will come very soon when all that is best of the men of the Ascendancy who hate justice equally as they hug their monopoly, will call upon the Government of England to deal out justice and equity to all classes of Irishmen! For our part we would as soon hope for the day when the "saved" higher officials on the Great Sourface Railway will proceed to the directors and ask for "justice and equity" for all classes in the railway service as share the hopes of his Grace of Tuam. One section enjoys a monopoly; we, who compose the real nation labour under penalties and injustices; the only straight and sure way out of that intolerable situation is for the nation to fight for its

rights. We will get as much of our rights as the Ascendancy are not strong to cheat us of out of.

The Rev. Dr. Delany, S.J., said, at the same meeting, according to the report in the *Dust Bin*—"It was the laboratory which had placed America and Germany in the front." We beg to suggest that the learned Dr. placed the car before the horse, and that it was America and Germany which placed the laboratory in the front. The laboratory would be little use to a tame and Seomin America. When all had been said and done, when pedants have prated about education, and when "experts" have been imported by the score, still the manhood of the nation is the one great vital force in the destiny of the nation. If we had *men* we would have laboratories and a University and other desirable things long ago; so long as we lack men and are prolific in Clongowes Colleges, peominini and "tames" we may, like Dr. Hogan, become "profoundly dissatisfied," but we may be sure we will have to do without progress.

The Armagh Diocesan Synod of the Church of England's Faithful Garrison in Ireland was held one day last week, and the Protestant Archbishop of Armagh commenced his presidential address, according to the report in the *Dust Bin*, in the following manner:—"The President, addressing the Synod, said he had devoted some of the little energy left him to the Auxiliary Fund. (Applause). He had addressed several meetings, and if he had failed, as fail he felt he had, there were plenty of other harvesters who brought in abundant golden sheaves." Oh, those "golden sheaves"! Still harping on the money!

The Robber University of the dilapidated Medical School is sending round the hat for money for science teaching for its "saved" and blackleg Cawtholic students. The *Dust Bin*, in a leading article upon the matter, says:—"We cannot but think that this arises mainly from a want of appreciation of the real nature of the issues involved in the appeal of the Irish National University." If Ireland is a lack-humour country she certainly possesses an abundance of unconscious humour. The anti-Irish *Dust Bin* calling the British Institution in College Green "the Irish National University" almost beats, in the realms of unconscious humour, the recent great "Protestant Demonstration" at which Mike "the Catholic" was the hero.

We have thrown search lights on the precious Metropolitan Daily Press of Ireland. The attitude of the public towards that press is very much altered since we threw our first search light upon it. The *Simply Deplorable*, the *Platitude*, the *Dust Bin*, and Lord Bung's *Express*, have all been laid before the country under our search lights. When we showed what a poor anti-national, anti-Catholic and mediocre thing the *Dust Bin* was, readers of that paper had to choose between the other precious three, and so on in the case of the others. As a net result of our criticism the *Freeman*, as the best of a bad quartette, probably gained, but our chief effect was that the gilt has been rubbed off the Metropolitan Press as a whole, and the wings of its influence very much cut. The Irish revival, the industrial revival, and the fight for Tolerance have been forwarded in spite of that press.

As we have not at present a daily paper of our own we welcome any disturbing influence in the stagnant waters of Irish Metropolitan daily journalism. The *Independent* has been a truly deplorable sheet for many years. Yet we are glad to hear that it is coming out for 1½d.; the penny paper at present coming out under that name is not worth a farthing. We, of course, reserve our judgment on the new enterprise until the paper appears; but at the worst it will put a shiver down the back of the *Simply Deplorable* and give a nasty kick to the *Dust Bin*. There will not be room in the ha'penny *Independent* for columns of names of those attending *raimeis* political gatherings and the "able speeches" of

village orators will have to be omitted or clipped to a few lines; and all that will tend to compel the sub-editors of the *Deplorable* to attempt to sub-edit.

The competition of the ha'penny *Independent* will put the penny *Deplorable* on its mettle. Already we see that the *Weekly Deplorable* is trying to write up Irish industries—over four years after we started the modern Irish Industrial Revival! But what will happen to poor *For*. We think that *For*, even without any ha'penny *Independent* on its flank, has seen its best days; we certainly would not care to have all our financial eggs in the *Dust Bin* just now. We put no trust in the forthcoming ha'penny *Independent* with its promised "tolerant" Nationalist policy, but we hope, all the same, that it will take a very substantial slice off the *Irish Times*. Probably the *Irish Times*, like the English *Daily News* and the *Chronicle*, will have to climb down to a ha'penny in time; and poor old Ten or Eleven Per Cent in Prince's Street will be at its wit's end what to do. It, no doubt, will wobble, as a preliminary. First it may put on an extra two or four pages. But after all a ha'penny in this poor country is very much a ha'penny, and if people can get six ha'penny papers in the week for 3d., which is 3d. a week, or 13s. a year cheaper than the cost of a penny paper every day, a great many of them will be inclined to save the money if the goods are about equally inferior. However you take it, the case of the *Dust Bin* and the *Deplorable* is not a happy one. The situation is very interesting for us, and we spy plenty of entertainment for ourselves and our readers in its development.

The "saved" are showing us poor damned "Idolators" a very bad example by fighting amongst themselves in Aghadoe, in the wild Papist Kingdom of Kerry. There was a vacancy for the post of Rectorship to the parish; wherever there is a fat job going the "saved" will have their ears cocked. At what is called the Board of Nomination the voting for two candidates for the vacancy was equal. One of the candidates for the post was son to one of the nominators who naturally did not vote. We read that the "saved" meeting was a stormy one; the "saved" show great zeal where a lucrative post is concerned. The Bishop, the mildly notorious Dr. Bunbury, of Limerick, voted for the candidate who was curate of the Limerick "saved" cathedral, and as there was a tie he decided the matter in his favour by a casting vote. And thus the Rev. Mr. Orpen was elected to the lucrative vacancy at Aghadoe in which parish the *Dust Bin* informs us there are about 80 "saved" all told.

But the casting vote of the "saved" Bishop of Limerick did not settle the matter. The blood of the Aghadoe "saved" was up. The Rev. Mr. Orpen proceeded to the church on the following Sunday to "read himself in" to the lucrative post to which he had been elected. But the door was closed. The other rev. candidate's faction were not going to take their beating lying down. It is said that a window was broken and the door forced. That is the gentle way the "saved" went about matters, and Mr. Orpen proceeded with his duties in the presence of one Hussey and some ladies. The closing of the church is said to be illegal, and legal proceedings are spoken of against the churchwardens. On the other hand, the same are said to be pending against the church-breakers. The Bishop is reported to be determined to suppress what he regards as a mutiny in the Church. We think that a force of extra police should be drafted to Aghadoe until this unseemly state of lawlessness is quelled. Law and order should be upheld at all cost, and we call upon the Government to take prompt and decisive measures at once before this mutiny spreads and leads to breaches of the peace in the tranquil plains and valleys of the Papist Kingdom of Kerry.

The members of the staff of the New Plantation held a "smoking concert" last week—our readers will note that it was not a *Scoir* or a *Centró* but a "smoking concert." We read that an interesting fea-

ture of this entertainment, which was graced by the presence of Sir Horace and of Mr. T. P. Gill, was "the clever sleight-of-hand feats" of a Mr. W. F. Cooper. We wonder did he show how a "saved" can be shoved into a job without exciting suspicion? Amongst the performers were a Mr. R. Victory, a Mr. A. E. Ashley, a Mr. O. Campbell—what, another one!—and a Mr. W. H. Huish. Cheers were given for Sir Horace at the conclusion of the "smoking concert." We have heard of that class of cheer before; the sneak who is working for "a rise" leads it off with vehemence, and the many other poor paid servants join in. We do not, of course, doubt that a good deal of the cheer for Sir Horace may have been spontaneous and heartfelt. The imported Scotchmen and Englishers who left their respective countries to better themselves in this one owe a debt of real gratitude to the head of the New Plantation. But it is a wonder that the wire-pullers of the New Plantation "smoking concert," were so clumsy as to give themselves away in the last song. The last song was a *Scotch* one, and one that Irish Ireland has very rightly banned; the New Plantation closed up their "smoking concert" by the "hearty singing" of, of all things in the world, "Auld Lang Syne." The voice of that admirable Crichton of the Department, the polished Professor Campbell of the New Plantation must have bellowed—we assume he was present—as the civilized natives and those who left their respective countries for their own good chanted that song from Scotland. We do not know whether all the company, including Sir Horace and Mr. T. P. Gill, clasped hands round as they chanted the appropriate Scotch lyric. We understand that Sir Horace and Mr. T. P. Gill flirt with the Gaelic League, but guid auld Scotland on a push! If our artist would fall to the idea, the picture which the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" on this occasion presents to the mind's eye of the humorist, would make a good picture for our Christmas Number. The New Plantation is rapidly becoming a broad farce.

The plain national duty at present is to fight the Robber University in College Green. That place of supposed learning whose doors are passed by by so many of the "saved" who live on this country who can afford to send their sons further to fare better, is now touting for money for some science scheme. The *Simply Deplorable* that ought to be in the van on the attack on the Robber University, prints the touting report in its news columns! In the report printed in the news columns of the *Freeman* we read:—"The Committee issue elsewhere in this journal a full list of subscriptions up to date." It would appear from this that the insertion of the advt. is conditioned by the printing as news of the report, and the *Freeman*, that should be fighting Trinity of the discredited medical school, the Robber University that spends the funds derived from Ireland on a clique in the nation, prostitutes its news columns to this report in exchange for the advertisement. We see no reason why it should not take the advertisement announcing the subscriptions; but it sounds a very low depth indeed in printing the report without comment of any kind, in its news columns. The spirit of ten or eleven per cent. at almost any price is a poor thing to have in the ranks of a nation's fight for Justice, Toleration and Fair Play.

A correspondent sends us the following clipping from the *Weekly Dust Bin*:—"Sergeant Charles R. Johnson, Santry, Co. Dublin, has retired from the force, after a service of 26 years. He has secured an important position under the Agriculture and Technical Instruction Department." Our correspondent writes:—"I came across a copy of the *Weekly Dust Bin* accidentally, and in running over its contents, I came across the enclosed. How many National Teachers retired like this policeman, and who are conversant with agriculture will get the chance of 'an important position under the Department of Agriculture?' Every day teachers are retiring

and with still some years work in them, but Sir Horace Plunkett's 'economic sense' does not permit him to avail of such trained intelligence. Dear Mr. LEADER, I should like to hear you on this topic."

We have discovered what we hope will prove to be an oasis in the intellectual Sahara of Ireland. It is a little magazine called *ULAO* a copy of which we have received. *ULAO* means Ulster, and the main idea of the new magazine will be propagandism on broad lines—the propaganda to be the fostering of a native, an Irish, spirit. The writers for the new venture are described as "mostly young men, of all sects and all grades of political opinion." So at least one of the editorial notes declares, but mistakenly declares, so far as we can see. There are two types wholly unrepresented in the pages of *ULAO* to wit, the anti-Irish Irishman, and the professor of *raimeis* and high-falutin. These gentry have either kept out, or been kept out, and the magazine *ULAO* is as much the better for their absence as all Ireland would be, could we only achieve the blessed riddance. Certainly for a periodical produced in a place like Belfast, where prejudice and distrust and party spirit run so high, *ULAO* is a revelation, and we can only wish it to go on and prosper. It is a well turned-out little magazine, the contents whereof are either formatively Irish or else not un-Irish or anti-Irish, nor even non-Irish, for everything in it bears upon this country and its people somehow. It bears chiefly upon Ulster, no doubt, but then Ulster is a part of *Ireland*, and one of the functions of *ULAO*—we take it, the main function—is to make that fact not only a known, but an admitted, and an active fact. The present, or Samhain Number, is made up of short, well-written articles, on various topics; of poems, illustrations, an Irish page—Irish in a Sahara magazine, mind you!—and a short, complete play, "The Little Cowherd of Slainge," by Seosamh MacCathmhaoil. It is hoped, we understand, to give a short play in each number; the essays, articles and Gaelic page will also be permanent features. Amongst the articles in the present number we read with interest those on "Literature and Politics," on "The Brick Villa," and "Art and Culture in Old Belfast." But all the articles are good and crisply written. The Editor says:—"We do not aim at being sixpence-worth; we aim at being priceless, for honesty and good purpose are priceless. If we do not attain to all this, we shall at least attain to something unique in Ulster, smacking of the soil, the winds on the uplands, the north coast, the sun and the rain, and the long winter evenings." We wish *ULAO* success, and may say it is better worth sixpence—to an Irishman—than most of the things in magazine guise at that price.

The British boot manufacturers are beginning to feel the shoe pinch in Ireland; the movement that might be expressed in the formula, Irish boots for Irish feet, is acting like a tack in a shoddy shoe to some of the British boot manufacturers. We hear that several Leicester firms are actually putting Irish calf into some of their boots and stamping them Irish leather. But trust a canny Scotchman when the Irishman is to be bamboozled. Perhaps, some of the Scotch "experts" that have made Plunkett's Plantation an anti-national byword gave "expert" advice to some of their Scottie friends in the shoe business how to get round simple Paddy. We have before us a poster emanating from Scotland. It commences—

"Important Advice
To Farmers
And all requiring
Sound Durable Footwear."

And it goes on in type of varying size, "To be wise in your time you will wear only the celebrated Hibernian boots and shoes. There is absolutely nothing to equal their all round excellence for hard country wear. See that every pair is stamped with the shamrock and the maker's name, without which none are genuine." The

stamp is a shamrock containing the words "The Hibernians" and the name is "Crawford's." Underneath is a space for printing in the name and address of any agents in Ireland who lends himself to this tricky endeavour to pawn off Scotch boots with a shamrock for trade-mark and "The Hibernian" as a name for them. Well, Crawford's come from Scotland, where so many of Plunkett's New Plantation of Ireland come from, and we hope that our readers will be on their guard against allowing these "Hibernian" boots made in Scotland being foisted on them as Irish manufacture. If Paddy nibbled at this Scotch thistle in the belief that it was a real shamrock he indeed would be an ass.

We take the following from a recent issue of *Nature*, a British paper—"Wanted for Protestant Irish School after the Christmas holidays, a Master to teach Modern Languages and Auxiliary Subjects. An Englishman who has resided abroad preferred. Salary, £150 per annum; non-resident. Also a Science Master with Certificates for the teaching of Drawing. Salary, £150 per annum; non-resident. Applications, with copies of Testimonials and Photos if possible, to be sent to Head Master, Office of this paper." The "saved" authorities of this Protestant school in Ireland—a far different thing from a Protestant Irish school—would prefer an Englishman!

The Dublin Branch of the "United Kingdom Commercial Travellers' Association" consumed a dinner on Saturday evening last; and when they had done that they toasted "The King." What about the Independent Irish Commercial Travellers' Irish Association? How many of the members of the "God-save-the-King" Dublin branch of the "United Kingdom" affair are mere Irishmen, and how many are Scotch, or English, or of Scotch or English extraction? Anyway, a Scotch importation proposed the toast, "Prosperity to Ireland"! This Scotchman, a Mr. James B. Monroe, said, according to the report in the *Freeman*:—"As a Scotsman who had lived here for eight years, he was proud to say he had been welcomed heartily wherever he went, and no one more heartily than he desired the 'prosperity of Ireland'" (hear, hear). We have no doubt about it; this is a soft land for superfluous "dumped" Scotchmen. The *Freeman*, in an editorial note, puffs this "God save the King" branch of a British Commercial Travellers' Union!

We take the following advertisements from the *Irish Times*, of Monday last:—

"Wanted, a young Lady, I.C., as Assistant to the Grocery and Ironmongery. Apply, stating age, experience, salary, George Claxton, Athlone. Wanted, Working Steward, for 1st January, who thoroughly understands the buying and selling of cattle and sheep; single; a Protestant. Address 'Z 466, Steward,' this office. Handyman wanted, married, Protestant; 12s., house and perquisites; rough carpentering, building, fencing; none need apply but those who have been on country gentleman's estate; send copy testimonials. Address 'Z 443, Handy,' this office. Wanted Working Caretaker, Protestant, for town and country house in Dublin and suburbs, Mother and Daughter or Sisters would suit; must understand keeping house and furniture in good order; character to bear strict investigation. Apply, with copies of testimonials, M 1345, this office. Wanted, Protestant Ploughman, with 1 or 2 strong Boys, to do farmwork and fatten cattle. Address 'Z 473, Ploughman,' this office."

The annual concert in aid of St. Joseph's Catholic Boys' Brigade will be held in the Round Room, Rotunda, on next Monday, November 21st, at eight p.m.

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We would be obliged if readers who find any difficulty in procuring the LEADER would send on their complaints to us.

AN NEARÚ IS TREISE.

Doncáir: Is breáas bog a éadan cainte éúgac-ra uaireanta, a táirg.

Taobh: Cáo i an éainte breáas bog atá déanta anoir agam?

Doncáir: "Pé ruo a déanfá," arpa tura, "oéin or cómair an doimain é." Nā beáir pé cóm maíe agat a riá, go breáas orgailte, "Má'f maíe leat, a Doncáir, cómaíe Sápana do bhuir agur do cúir pé cóir agur na Sápanaig a óibíre a' n-Éirinn, iméig or, i láir an lae gléigil, anpan poir go tóí an ééirte agur cúir an gáda ag obair láirteac ag déanam píce cogair, agur cúir doime go Corcaig agur go B'l' áe' Cliaé éun arim tème éeanaé. Tabair leat ábaile na píce agur na gundá agur na piorpail, i láir an lae gléigil, agur cúir i lámair na mbuacaili iao agur buail amac agur cúir cogair ar Sápana!"

Taobh: Jan amhar beáir pé par beas fiam agat ruo de'n tróir pan a déanam. Ac ní crocpi tú mar gheall air. U'féirir go mbéirpí or agur go gcuirpí irteac i n-apilium tú ar fead tamail. Ní baogal go tuitpáir doime airgead fola or.

Doncáir: Ní baogal. Agur ruo eile, ní baogal go ndéanfáir don tairpéce o' Éirinn ná don óibáil do cómaíe Sápana i n-Éirinn.

Taobh: Agur cáo é an tairpéce déanfá o' Éirinn, nū cáo é an óibáil a déanfá do cómaíe Sápana i n-Éirinn ná tóiréac ag déanam na bpíce agur do éeann páirte pa tróir-puir agat! Má'f maíe leat na píce déanam tá pé cóm maíe agat iao do déanam i láir an lae gléigil le beir 'gá ndéanam pa n-óiréce. Má déimean tú i láir an lae iao ní beir doime do cúram. Má bion tú 'gá ndéanam aróiréce, agur an párgad puéaig ar do muneál agat, ní beir an tairpá buille de'n éarúir buailte ag an ngáda óuit nuair a beir tuiúir nū ceáirar oer na parcairib ag buir a goir ag ruir go Corcaig nū go B'l' áe' Cliaé feúcaint cé aige go mbéir turaé éilim ar fiaá do éo' fola. Pé 'cu pa lá nū pa n-óiréce déanfá na píce ir don nio amáin é o' Éirinn agur do Sápana. Tá ná cómaíe ag tpoir anoir pa doimain tpoir. Feuc ar an tpoir rin. Cáo é an fáir le toul tú féin agur do píce ná mbéir or tpoir i n-áir do don tairpéce acu pan!

Doncáir: Agur cáo a déanfá féin? Ní'l don gúad agat do cómaíe Sápana i n-Éirinn ac oirpao agur tá agam-ra?

Taobh: Feuc do' éimpal, a Doncáir, ar an ndoimain, mar a éiréiréig Dia é. Tá nearta móra ag oirpú' ann, inr gac don tpoir, coitáirte. Tabair pé ndeair an méir peo. Na nearta ná feictear agur ná móiréirtear iriao ir tpoir o' oirpéirtear agur iriao ir páirpinge agur ir doime tpoir. Ní móiréirtear an neart a éirpéan ag páir an bpoir féin, ac ir tpoir é 'nā an neart atá pa tóiréiréig. Cuirpéan an neart ná móiréirtear an páir ar riúbal ar gac don óiréce de éalim an doimain mar a éirpéir agur riúéirtear agur tpoir gúéine. Ní riúbal tóir éimeac riám cóm láirpéir leir an neart pan go leir.

Tá páir ar riúbal anoir i n-Éirinn, a Doncáir, páir aighe. Tá ag teacé, or cómair ar rú, ar an bpáir aighe rin, tpoir nirt atá ag baint ó cómaíe Sápana i n-Éirinn ar cúma náir baimear riám fóp ó'n gcómaíe pan le gúna ná le clairéam ná le píce, pé 'cu pa lá nū pa n-óiréce a déimear iao.

Doncáir: Ní tóiréce liom go éirpéir a éuite le riá agam, a táirg.

peadair na laogaire.

THE NEW PLANTATION AND THE TECHNICAL CONGRESS.

WHICH

THE Department are "cross" with the Technical Congress. They welcome criticism—so they say—but evidently they don't like it, even though they welcome it—when it hits. In the course of a letter which Mr. T. P. Gill, as Secretary of the New Plantation, wrote to Father Dowling, Hon. Sec. of the Dublin Technical Congress; the former says:—"It is not the custom of the Department to take notice of erroneous or exaggerated statements which are made from time to time in the Press or otherwise concerning their work or that of local authorities." We are not aware that it is the custom of the New Plantation to take notice of anything the wild and barbarian aborigines of this island say, if they can at all avoid doing so. In another letter to Father Dowling the Secretary of the New Plantation says:—"The statements as to the Department's action in reference to the Science and Art Grants, were not made by you; they were made by the author of a paper, read at the Congress, which is full of inaccuracies." This evidently refers to the paper read by Mr. Fleming, of Arklow. We wonder what are the inaccuracies? The New Plantation have no reason to love Mr. Fleming since his article in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* made them look so foolish. Mr. Fleming stated that from 1889 to 1897, the English Science and Art Department captured no less than £58,000 of Irish money and devoted it to the services of English and Scotch schools. That statement was made at Cork in 1902; it was made again in the article in *I. E. Record*; it was repeated at the Dublin Congress. Does the New Plantation mean to say that that is an "inaccuracy?" Mr. Fleming also said:—"In November, 1903, I wrote to the Department for regulations to enable us in Arklow to form evening classes in Science and Art. To my request I got the astounding reply that the regulations for forming such classes were those contained in the London Science and Art Directory, and that that was out of print. That was an extraordinary admission for a public department to make." Was that an "inaccuracy?" Are the regulations for forming such classes still out of print at this very day? Did the New Plantation welcome that criticism? Mr. Fleming at the Congress said:—"The position now is that there are no regulations by which evening classes for Science and Art can be formed in Ireland. This means that there is to be no instruction in Science and Art for any boy or girl who has left school, except where Science and Art classes have already existed under the old London Department. This means too, that the necessary correlatives of such subjects as manual instruction and domestic economy are shut off from the adult population of Ireland." Was that "inaccurate?" Then there was the matter of that secret circular which has never been cleared up in public by the New Plantation that welcomes criticism. At the Technical Congress Mr. Fleming said:—"You will remember that in February last, the Irish Department was publicly proved to have been guilty of a grave neglect of duty in having no regulations for forming evening classes in Ireland. The criticism of the public Press upon this negligence of the Department was scathing and was repeated day after day. The Department could not say anything by way of defence. Gross and culpable neglect had been brought home to them. Anything they could say would only make matters worse. Then a strange thing happened. A secret circular was sent out by the Department to all the principal teachers throughout the country to attend a conference with the Department in Dublin. The secret meeting was held on the 24th and 25th of March. The County Committees were told nothing about it. All was secrecy. What the Department and the principal teachers came to confer about has never been disclosed. What the object of the conference was can only be guessed at. Surely it was not to get the benefit of the experience of these gentlemen. That would be absurd, as almost all these principal teachers were English and Scotch men who had been in Ireland only

about a year on the average, and whose knowledge of Ireland was, of necessity, limited. Besides, these gentlemen received their education in English and Scotch schools as the officers of the Department received theirs. All were, so to speak, London Science and Art Boys, and all saw Ireland through the glasses of South Kensington." Is all that an "inaccuracy?" Why has not the New Plantation that is so anxious for criticism, cleared up that backstairs business? Mr. Fleming complained that:—"Our grown up boys and girls have, through the culpable negligence of our own Department, been deprived of the benefits of Science and Art Education, and the country has lost large sums in the shape of school fees as well." Is that an "inaccuracy?"

Now the Secretary of the New Plantation, in his letter of September 7th, stated that they were constrained to "deprecate the inaccurate and misleading statements which were made by certain speakers at the Congress, and notably by yourself, as reported in the Press, concerning the work of the Department, their staff and expenditure, their action as regards the Science and Art grants, and other subjects." The Hon. Sec. asked for particulars, and the New Plantation replied on 13th September, and entered into details as to the alleged inaccuracies of the Hon. Sec. We are not dealing with these now. But the New Plantation made no effort to come to close quarters with Mr. Fleming's charges. Why? May we not reasonably assume that the New Plantation got "welcome" criticism from Mr. Fleming that literally struck them dumb? Mr. Fleming is a solicitor, and got his figures, etc., in his spare time in the public interest; the New Plantation have an army of highly-paid officials, and yet to Mr. Fleming's explicit charges the New Plantation can only retort after many months that his paper "is full of inaccuracies." Perhaps the New Plantation might set the newest planter, Mr. Adams, the statistician, to count up and tabulate the "inaccuracies." From the tone of the letter from the Secretary of the New Plantation, it is quite evident that he would be only too delighted to make a case against Mr. Fleming if he could. Has anything been done yet in the matter of the regulation of the evening classes? Can any such classes be possibly formed before September, 1905?

The wild Irish aborigines of the Congress have incurred the censure of the civilized native Secretary of the New Plantation; if they do not behave themselves better in future their railway fares may be stopped.



THE GREAT BISHOPS.*

IN a "Roll of Honour" the Catholic Truth Society has produced a very interesting, a very readable and yet a somewhat disappointing book. The idea of bringing together the story of the great Irish Churchmen of the nineteenth century was a very happy one. Doyle, MacHale, Croke—how much these names stand for in that troubled century of the nation's history which has just come to a close. What small impotent beings were all your Lord Lieutenants and Chief Secretaries in comparison. O'Connell and Parnell scarce sound grander. Was there ever a Prince-Bishop of the middle ages half so royal, half so powerful for good or for evil as these great ecclesiastics, whose kingdom was one sustained by moral force and whose reign was in men's hearts and consciences.

The stories of these great men are told in an entertaining way and he who has taken up the book will be slow to lay it down. The atmosphere of the time is skilfully reproduced, and what were before mere names and dates become living beings and moving events to the readers. We are, as it were, conning over a history of ourselves, and we learn a story, which, though it is new to many of us save in its broader outlines, is yet very real and present to the Irishmen of our own day. The tale of the fight for Catholic freedom, a contest that is not yet at an end, is depicted in the lives of its chief actors. The book is valuable because it presents to Irishmen in an agreeable form some facts that very much concern them,

and because it helps the task of turning our thoughts inward upon ourselves.

But it is here precisely that I blame it. The author in the course of such a work must meet with great contending forces, with deep underlying facts, with, in a word, the secret of Irish history. The events related raise innumerable problems and start ever and again questions that cry imperiously for answer. Yet in this book the philosophy of the subject is studiously avoided, or else a few platitudes do duty for it. A work replete with matter for original thought seldom rises above the standard of the personal paragraph. There is an affected moderation that avoids all controversial topics, and one feels—it is somehow rather the attitude of the Catholic Truth Society—that the writer would, on most subjects, like to say a great deal more than he dare.

Dr. MacHale, for instance, and Cardinal Cullen represented two very different points of view, so, too, Dr. MacHale and Dr. Murray, yet the controversy between them, which was surely a question of principle and not a mere personal squabble, is rather referred to than explained or discussed. The result is unflattering to both, since, owing to the writer's desire to keep clear of dangerous topics, these eminent ecclesiastics are represented to us in the most undignified light possible, as men fighting about nothing in particular. Again, the political situation calls everywhere for comment. O'Connell, Young Ireland, Keogh; these are the names of causes upon which any conscientious writer is bound to pass judgment, but in this book a question of politics is always adjourned *sine die*. Instead of thought we get anecdote and the final blow is struck when we find that Dr. Croke is to be treated of from a non-political standpoint.

Moderation and impartiality are valuable qualities in a historian or a biographer, but these virtues do not imply absence of thought and reflection, nor do they absolve him from the duty of making up his mind about his characters. To shun the office of criticism is pusillanimous and Ireland is one of the only places where such a course could be deemed desirable. Misrepresentation of ascertained facts is, no doubt, deplorable, and the *raiments* of history is as objectionable as that of politics. But a reasonable firmness and definiteness of view is one of the first requirements of a true historian. Historical scepticism is not the proper antidote to those over-coloured pictures which have sometimes brought discredit on Irish historians.

Within the limits of a short article it is impossible to go into the subject matter of the book at any length. The majority of readers will, however, find their sympathies most evoked by the great Bishops of Kildare and of Tuam. These two grand fighting Bishops will for all time hold a place in the love and in the imagination of Irishmen when the most pious and prudent of their contemporaries shall have been forgotten. To them Ireland and Catholicity were side by side in their affection, and they were not afraid to face the enemy either within Ireland or without. Dr. Doyle made his co-religionists blanch by bearding no less a person than the grand Llama himself, the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, when he had made a public attack upon Catholics in his cathedral. Dr. MacHale never hesitated to state home-truths to the British Government, or to defend the Irish people against their enemies and slanderers at Rome. All that was Irish found in him a champion, all that was anti-Catholic, an enemy. The following passage about Dr. MacHale gives a characteristic view of him:—

"Although Dr. MacHale entertained very strong views as to proper relief of the poor and the education of children, he ever condemned the Poor Law and National Schools devised for Ireland by the Government. To the Home Secretary (Lord John Russell) he wrote in February, 1838: 'Your Poor Law and your Education Board will be in turn institutions well worthy of each other, the one pressing on the country the flood of its Scotch faith, and the other filling it with the abundance of its English charity until the national feeling is completely drenched under the influence of the exotic mix-

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ture.' In a second letter he observed: 'I am quite satisfied with the ancient and simple faith once delivered to the saints, and I am resolved never to entrust the religious education of any child in my diocese to any teacher, Protestant or Catholic, whose faith shall be fashioned by such lectures as were and may still be delivered in the normal schools of national education.'

"Though Dr. MacHale wrote to Daniel O'Connell that he liked 'religion to be as free as air which is the only true liberality,' still he was ever on the alert for the thin edge of the wedge in the shape of non-religious, colourless teaching, in which God and dogma were to be quietly ignored. He who in his youth had heard so much from eye-witnesses of the godless education that produced the French Revolution, and effected such incalculable mischief, could not fail to raise the alarm when what appeared to be an insidious danger, threatened Ireland in the guise of National Schools and Queen's Colleges. To his last day Dr. MacHale distrusted both, and it was greatly due to his energetic remonstrances and opposition that amendments were eventually obtained by which the National Schools and books were freely opened to the inspection and supervision of the bishops and clergy as patrons, and also a Catholic lay manager appointed for each school."

I confess I like Dr. Murray very much less. He did good work for charities, and in his earlier days he exerted himself against the hideous proposal of an English concordat: But he was a silent bishop, a cautious bishop, a Castle bishop, a man who may have done something to deserve a place in heaven, but has done very little to merit one in history. MacHale was made of sterner stuff. I shall forbear to touch on the other lives in the work. Father Matthew and Father Tom Burke are already sufficiently known. The very interesting essays on Dr. Russell and Father Haly, S.J., deal with men whose lots were cast in a calmer sphere. The book is a distinct advance in the right direction for the Catholic Truth Society, but this advance brings all the more clearly to light those unfortunate defects in its character which this Society is tending to develop.

CHANEL.

THE FALL OF PORT RIVERSTOWN.

PORT RIVERSTOWN has fallen! a wide breach has been made in the sorter's rampart. Horatius is reported to have fled. The Gaels have staggered humanity. Shot and shell have been pouring in upon the doomed West British fortress since the LEADER led off with its artillery play. The resistance was stubborn but the attack was terrific. On the day that we called up the reserves, a general and invincible advance was made against Horatius. There was hell at the doomed port. Bombs filled with laughter, derision, contempt, and satire exploded under the very nose of Horatius and his comrades. Horatius has resigned his command, and the Sourface army of Riverstown have hoisted the white flag. Imitation England is biting the dust, and Gaelic post cards tramp victoriously up to time over the court-yards of the surrendered stronghold.

The leader of the conquering attacking force, *An t-ádhair Uíann Ua Cúroáin*, called to headquarters at 33 Middle Abbey Street, on Friday evening last. "I declare the LEADER must be going all over the world," said he. The shot and shell came from all points of the compass. The gallant and victorious leader of the attacking forces brought a bundle of the relics of war in the shape of a collection of spent shells for our inspection. They were only a fraction of the number of shells that have been exploding over the terrified head of Horatius during the progress of the assault, but a reference to them will not be without interest to the public who have followed the siege and capture of Port Riverstown. Many of the shells were ornamented by original illustrations, and a few of these we purpose reproducing in our forthcoming Xmas number. All the shells of the post-card pattern were fired in Irish, though some of them had messages in English on the other side. One shell from Drogheda burst with a "sincerely wish you a speedy and complete victory over the bounders at

the sorting desk." Another shell wanted to know "Has Horatius been purged from his damnable ignorance and bigotry?" Another pictorial shell represents Horatius between two rivers dropping a letter into a box inscribed "Return to Dublin for translation," and at the right hand corner we read, "With weeping and with laughter still is the story told of how Horatius kept the Bridge in the brave days of old." We purpose reproducing this shell in our Xmas Number. Another shell is inscribed "So he spoke, and speaking, sheathed the LEADER by his side, and with the post bag on his back, plunged headlong in the tide (with apologies to Macaulay). The writer fears that the above will be the solution of the difficulty." A pictorial bombshell that we also purpose reproducing in our Xmas Number has the following inscription:—"England hath need of thee Horatius! Thou shalt be P.M.G. hereafter." A shrapnel shell is illustrated by a picture of a Long Tom, and the letter-press is "Mind your eye, Horatio! J. Ball." Another shell is inscribed "Another knock for the Post Office Sours. We will concentrate all our forces on the fortress of Riverstown." Yet another contains the words "They are a handful—we are the nation."

We have only space to particularise a few of the spent shells that *An t-ádhair Uíann Ua Cúroáin* gave us as samples of the vast number that burst with victorious effect over the head of Horatius at Port Riverstown. The last one that we will notice on this occasion is a pictorial shell which we also purpose reproducing in our Xmas Number. Horatius is represented as taking "cover" under his desk as the shells fly around, and on the top right-hand corner the question is asked, "*An bfuil tú páirta anois?*"

Port Riverstown has been conquered by the Irish army. Horatius has resigned, and shells addressed in Irish are delivered at Riverstown now without delay; even the vile LEADER reaches the gallant soldier of Irish Ireland, *An t-ádhair Uíann Ua Cúroáin*, without delay.

But the army that fought and won—like the brigade at Fontenoy—at Port Riverstown, cannot be disbanded yet. There is other work for it; the campaign on the West British Post Office has only commenced—and commenced successfully—at Port Riverstown. The Long Tom that reduced the fortress over which the defiant eye of Horatius once blazed must now be turned elsewhere. Carlow must be taken by assault. An Irish Irelander in that besieged fortress in Leinster sent a message addressed in the language of Ireland, to a comrade in the same town. Some days afterwards the message reached its destination and the local Post Office Cromwell endorsed it "Indecipherable; no more of these accepted." Easy now, Cromwell! easy! by these insolent words of yours you have probably invited round your head a play of Irish artillery compared with which the storming of Port Riverstown, was as the gentle rain from heaven. Up lads, and at Carlow Cromwell now! Flushed with the victory of Port Riverstown, you should make short work of the Carlow Cromwell. Pictures, sarcasm, laughter, satire, wit, humour, derision, defiance—bring up the artillery and fire, and remember Fontenoy, Horatius and Port Riverstown! At the moment we do not know any willing target at Carlow, but we hope by next week that one or more targets will volunteer for service in Carlow, and that we will be able to let the army that conquered Port Riverstown know where to fire. In the meantime if any of the soldiers know of any targets in Carlow they might send in a few preliminary shells. Carlow should be reduced to obedience to the conquering will of Irish Ireland at this side of Christmas.

AN ENGLISHMAN AND IRELAND.

II.

WHEN Disraeli came into power in 1874, Mr. Gladstone retired from the leadership of the Liberal Party, but remained a member of Parliament. Had he persisted in remaining out of the leadership, it is interesting to speculate on what might have been the subsequent history of Ireland, for the main part of his influence on the destinies of that country lay still in the

womb of the future. However, though "retired," he lived a more active life than probably any other man of his then age (sixty-five) in England. First, he laboured at his famous pamphlets on "Vaticanism," and then he plunged into the Bulgarian question, developing a ferment on the latter subject which ultimately ranged everybody in England in opposite camps, Jingoos and anti-Jingoos. It was during this campaign that Mr. Gladstone became the idol of the people as distinguished from the classes. He became, in fact, more and more of a radical humanitarian, and by the time the general election of 1880 came, the "retired" Liberal leader was the only man anyone dreamt of regarding as the *de facto* head of the party, especially after his tremendous "Midlothian campaign."

In 1880, then, Mr. Gladstone became Prime Minister again, with a cabinet much more radical than his first one had been. He soon brought in a relief measure with regard to Irish land. This was the "Compensation for Disturbance" Bill. It was meant to protect the tenant from capricious eviction, but the Lords would have none of it, and its rejection helped to swell the discontent then gathering to a head in Ireland. In the next session, however, Mr. Gladstone was not to be balked, and the revolutionary Land Act of 1881 was forced upon the Lords, who thought well to pass it. As an instance of English indifference to Irish affairs let me quote what Mr. Morley says about the passage of this great measure through the House of Commons. "Northcote was not far wrong when he said that though the Bill was carried by two to one, there was hardly a man in the House beyond the Irish ranks who cared a straw about it. Another critic said that if the Prime Minister had asked the House to pass the *Koran* or the *Nautical Almanac* as a Land Bill, he would have met no difficulty."

Ere this, however, the ferment in Ireland had waxed pretty hot, and a Coercion Act—the famous "Suspect" Act—was forced through the House. It was then that a new feature was introduced into the life of the House, one which apparently Mr. Gladstone did not relish. This was Irish obstruction, carried on by means of extravagantly copious speaking. As regards the quality of the speaking, Mr. Gladstone described it as "sometimes rising to the level of mediocrity, and more often grovelling amidst mere trash in unbounded profusion." The first clause is very sarcastic: "*rising to the level of mediocrity!*" Still, as Mr. Morley tolerantly remarks, obstruction is obstruction, the world over. It is hard to talk against the clock and speak like Demosthenes or Cicero all the time, especially when obstruction is being met with the counter-engine, interruption.

In due time the "Kilmainham Treaty" came round. This was the name given to the understanding arrived at between Mr. Parnell and the Cabinet in the Spring of 1882, which led to the release of the M.P.'s from prison, and the passage of the "Arrears Act." The Chief Secretary, W. E. Forster ("Buckshot") did not like the new policy, and resigned. While he was still Secretary, Mr. Gladstone, then contemplating some extension of local governing powers to Ireland, wrote him a letter which contains some astonishing doctrine from a man who had begun life as a High Church Tory. "It is liberty alone which fits men for liberty. This proposition, like every other in politics, has its bounds; but it is far safer than the counter doctrine, wait till they are fit." That first sentence forms a golden dictum, which all the world should mark, and every statesman enfold in his memory. Years afterwards Mr. Gladstone said to his biographer: "I was brought up to distrust and dislike liberty, I learned to believe in it. That is the key to all my changes." He had ceased to think "class" thoughts, and he writes of "what is due to the fixed desire of a nation" as part of the leverage for getting the Saxon mind round to Home Rule.

That letter to Forster from which I have quoted, was written on April 12th, 1882, and it shows that Gladstone was in a liberal mood towards Ireland. But dark days were at hand. Three weeks after the writing of that "Liberty" letter the Phoenix Park murders took

place. England and the English people were thrown into a furious state. The policy of conciliation on which the Cabinet had entered was abandoned, and to appease British indignation a coercion bill was passed. This, in turn, threw Ireland into a state of indignation; it was like drawing an indictment against a whole people for a crime which they deplored, a deed in which only a few miscreants were implicated. Three years of rankling and bitter animosity followed; every mishap which England anywhere suffered was fiercely exulted in, and the heads of the government in Ireland, Lord Spencer and Sir George Trevelyan, were the targets of merciless abuse and of ignominious epithets. All of this had to be paid for afterwards, as we shall see; those mad murders in the Park on that Saturday evening of May, 1882, had a more injurious effect upon Ireland's affairs than has ever been imagined by most of our people. Nevertheless the Arrears Act was passed, and when the Reform Act of 1884 was enacted, Ireland was included in its operation, though there had been suggestions that it should not. When the next general election took place in the end of 1885, the Irish party bounded up to some 86 members, instead of the uncertain thirty or forty of former days. This brought the question of Ireland to a crisis, which Mr. Gladstone met by proposing Home Rule.

Some have said—the Tories openly, others implicitly—that Mr. Gladstone did not become a convert to Home Rule until Parnell had 86 votes at his disposal. This is not true. In the end of the spring of 1885, a large scheme of local government—not Home Rule, however—had been brought before the Cabinet. Mr. Gladstone was in favour of the proposals, but a majority of the Cabinet eventually decided against the scheme. Speaking to a colleague just after the decision had been taken, Mr. Gladstone said, "Ah, they'll be sorry for this," and he said to another that "six years hence they'll rue this day." Writing the same evening to a colleague who had not been at the meeting of Ministers, he fell into a similar strain. It was a true prophecy. The Liberal leaders must have "rued that day" many a time since, during their long wanderings in the barren and bleak wilderness of opposition. However, anyone who wants to satisfy himself that the adoption of Home Rule was not a sudden *volte face* on Mr. Gladstone's part, caused by the doubled numbers of Mr. Parnell's followers after the elections of 1885, need only refer to the third volume of Morley's *Life* of the great Liberal leader, page 194 and preceding pages, and also pp. 235-6 and 272. In a memorandum drawn up for circulation amongst the principals of his party, showing the terms on which he was prepared to take office as Premier once more, he distinctly laid it down that the Irish question was a radical matter. If others would not join him on this condition, he was willing to stand aside, and let the Liberals take office under some other chief—"With me the Irish question will remain paramount," he wrote; and it *did*.

The framing of the Home Rule Bill of 1886 brought the Liberal ministry into close relations with Mr. Parnell, who had, of course, to be consulted. This, however, I shall treat separately. The Bill of 1886 caused great commotions in the Liberal Party. Lord Hartington was frankly and fairly against the new policy the moment it was mooted, and, of course, numbers followed his example. Mr. Chamberlain and Sir George (then Mr.) Trevelyan joined the Cabinet, but left it on questions of detail. The latter wanted the Irish members returned at Westminster, and the former wanted some sort of federal scheme. More important than all, Mr. John Bright did not join the Cabinet. He wavered and hesitated long, but finally refused, evidently in much pain at the step. Still it was not certain that he would actually vote *against* the Bill, and this was an important matter. A friend, both of his and Gladstone's went to see him, to try and talk him over. The discussion seemed so hopeless that the friend wanted to leave after an hour of it, but Mr. Bright pressed him to stay. They buckled to it for another hour, and again the friendly intermediary wanted to go, but still

Mr. Bright detained him. They had another hour of it, after which they parted, without any change in Mr. Bright's attitude having been effected.

What next happened was this. A meeting—held in the fatal Room Fifteen!—was convened of such members of the Liberal Party as were “in favour of some sort of autonomy for Ireland,” but who “disapproved of the Government Bills in their present shape.” Some 55 members attended, and Mr. Chamberlain presided. The question was, whether they should abstain from voting, or vote *contra*. Members were uncertain as to their intentions. “The chairman opened in a neutral sense. It seems to have been mainly the moral weight of Mr. Bright that sent down the scale. He was not present, but he sent a letter. He hoped that every man would use his own mind, but for his part he must vote against the Bill. This letter was afterwards described as the death-warrant of the Bill and of the Administration. The course of the men who had been summoned because they were favourable to some sort of Home Rule was decided by the illustrious statesman who opposed every sort of Home Rule”—(Morley, Vol. iii., p. 336). Mr. Bright had practically intimated his course of action, and his reasons for it, in a letter to Mr. Gladstone, May 13th, 1886. The letter, though kindly towards Gladstone, is acrid against the Nationalists; he speaks of them throughout as “the rebel party,” and describes them as having for six years insulted the Queen, torn down the national flag, declared the Lord Lieutenant guilty of deliberate murder, and more in the same strain. From all of which it will be seen that “Three cheers for the Mahdi,” “Hurrah for Arabi,” and such like, had cost us pretty dear. Had those hellish murders in the Park never taken place, the fierce years from 1882 to 1885 might have been years of quiet and conciliation, and Mr. Bright might have been in a different frame of mind in May, 1886, and those 55 votes might have gone the other way. The Bill was defeated, 93 Liberals in all voting with the opposition. Mr. Gladstone, of course, did his level best for Home Rule, and his manifold exertions were such as would have prostrated any other man of his age. Both in the House and in the country at the general election which followed the defeat on the second reading, the old man did his best to change what (in a manuscript fragment of historical retrospect) he called “the inveterate sentiment of hostility, flavoured with contempt towards Ireland, which has from time immemorial formed the basis of English tradition.” But it availed not, though he worked like a Trojan during the elections. As Mr. Morley quaintly puts it, “the sons of Zeruiah were too strong for him,” and the allied Unionists came in by a large majority. There, for the present, let us leave them.

HISTORICUS.

THE APPOINTMENT OF PARISH PRIESTS.

THE Rev. Dr. McDonald, of Maynooth, has contributed two remarkable articles on “Canon Law Reform” to the October and November numbers of the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*. The article in the current number is very interesting to outsiders, and indeed is one that should be of national interest. It is sub-headed “Appointments to Parishes.” The Rev. Dr. McDonald suggests that some parishes should be the rewards of competition. The suggestion is a fascinating one as well as one of grave national concern. It is, of course, not a new idea, for the very first paragraph of Dr. McDonald's extremely interesting article runs as follows:—“The Council of Trent decreed that when a parish becomes vacant, by death or otherwise, the new parish priest is to be chosen by concursus. St. Pius V. determined more precisely the manner in which this concursus should be held; later on, under Clement XI., the S. Congregation of the Council issued a further decree to the same effect; and later still Benedict XIV.

embodied in his constitution *Cum Illud* the forms which he, by long experience had ascertained to be most useful for conducting the examination. There is scarcely any law of the Church that comes to us with more authority than this; nevertheless it is not observed in Ireland, nor in other countries more or less similarly circumstanced.” Dr. McDonald writes:—“No one, I take it, doubts that it is of the utmost importance to the Church to have in the ranks of her clergy not only men who are eminent as preachers, jurists, philosophers, and theologians, but also some who have been distinguished in almost every branch of history, science, and literature. Neither, I imagine, will it be denied that during the last hundred years few clergymen, comparatively speaking, have attained anything like eminence in any of those departments; and that very few indeed of these have been found outside the religious orders. If I were asked to lay my finger on the causes that have led to this sad divorce between learning and the secular clergy, I fear I could not say that it is altogether due to lack either of time or of occasion to cultivate some branch of study. Many Irish priests, I believe, do not well know what to do with their time; and as for occasions and opportunities, are not books cheap? Are not the fields, the rocks, the woods, the stars, the rivers, the historical monuments of the country, open to all? The Press is willing to receive contributions. There may be some little delay at first; this, however, does not damp the ardour of lay men and women. In every city and considerable town there are newspapers that might be worked in the interest of the good cause; but few articles appear therein from the pens of clergymen. How many lectures, as distinguished from political speeches, do they deliver? It is not, therefore, I fear, to any want of time or opportunity that the defect is due. I am disposed to ascribe it in some degree to the kind of education given in seminaries, which, as compared with university teaching, tends to narrow the view and stunt the growth of literary and scientific interest. That this, however, is not the only or even the main cause, is plain from the fact that even those sciences which are taught, and fairly well taught, in seminaries, have not sufficient attraction for priests in after life to induce any considerable literary effort. On these sacred subjects also books are written by heretics and infidels, by laymen and clergymen of other denominations; but not by the secular clergy of our Church, who, no doubt, lack neither ability nor training.”

Dr. McDonald pertinently asks may not the cause of stagnation be the lack of special reward for learning? Dr. McDonald writes—“Or you may hope for a parish; and you will be told by any one who knows ecclesiastical life that you will probably attain your object sooner and surer—and a more desirable parish, too—if you stick to parochial work, lie low, and publish nothing.” Let there be well-endowed scholarships for learned clergy is Dr. McDonald's suggestion; and we have those well-endowed scholarships ready made in many of the parishes of the country. The suggestion is certainly as fascinating as it is simple. Dr. McDonald does not suggest, of course, that all parishes should be given as a reward for intellectual distinction, but only a certain proportion of them. He suggests that they should not exceed, in any diocese, one-third of the whole number. The Rev. Dr., in order to secure a high standard, would dispense with examination as ordinarily understood and “take into account only published work; this, however, would comprise not merely books, but sermons, lectures, articles in magazines and newspapers—everything in a word, in the way of well-founded repute for learning that, if possessed by a priest, would be likely to redound to the honour of the Church.”

We do not care to quote any further from this article in the *I. E. Record*, and refer our readers who may be interested in the subject to the full text. It will well repay perusal.

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THE NORTHERN COUNTIES RAILWAY.

THE state of affairs on the Northern Counties Railway, now owned by the Midland of England, is not without interest for our readers. Here are a few particulars:—

TRAFFIC DEPARTMENT.				
	Religion.		Reputed Salary.	
			£	
Traffic Manager	P.	...	700	
Asst. "	P.	...	300	
Clerk	P.	...	225	
"	C.	...	120	
"	P.	...	100	
"	P.	...	90	
"	P.	...	85	
"	P.	...	75	
"	P.	...	60	
"	P.	...	55	
"	P.	...	50	
"	P.	...	45	
"	P.	...	40	
"	C.	...	40	
"	P.	...	35	
Not complete.				

SECRETARY'S OFFICE.				
	Religion.		Reputed Salary.	
			£	
Secretary	P.	...	700	
Clerk	P.	...	Not known.	
			Reputed salary and Expenses.	
Traffic Inspectors	P.	...	225	
"	P.	...	210	
"	P.	...	180	
Audit	P.	...	210	
"	P.	...	180	

No Catholics in Stores Office.
" " Telegraph Office.
" " Cashier's Office.
Audit Office, 3 Catholics and 3 Protestants.

Goods Office, Belfast.				
	Religion.		Reputed Salary.	
			£	
Goods Manager	P.	...	350	
Clerk	P.	...	180	
"	P.	...	125	
"	P.	...	120	
"	P.	...	110	
"	P.	...	90	
"	P.	...	85	
"	P.	...	85	
"	P.	...	70	
"	P.	...	65	
"	C.	...	60	
"	P.	...	55	
"	P.	...	50	
"	C.	...	45	
"	P.	...	30	

Two Catholics extra have been engaged for some time past in Goods Office. Salary not known.
Not complete.

Outside Foremen, Belfast Goods.				
	Religion.		£	s. d.
			Reputed Weekly Salary.	
Yard Inspector	P.	...	2	5 0
Quay Foreman	P.	...	1	12 6
Shed "	P.	...	1	12 6
Asst. "	P.	...	1	5 0
Checker	P.	...	1	7 0
"	P.	...	1	6 0
Quay Asst. Foreman	P.	...	1	7 0
Checker	P.	...	1	2 6
"	P.	...	1	2 6

	Religion.		£	s. d.
			Reputed Weekly Salary.	
Checker	P.	...	1	2 6
"	P.	...	1	2 6
"	P.	...	1	2 6
Head Shunter	P.	...	1	10 0
Not complete.				

			£	s. d.
Belfast Goods Guards	C.	...	1	5 0
"	C.	...	1	5 0
"	C.	...	1	4 0
"	C.	...	1	4 0
"	C.	...	1	3 0
"	P.	...	1	3 0
Cookstown Junction Guards	P.	...	1	5 0
"	C.	...	1	4 0
Coleraine Guards	C.	...	1	5 0
"	P.	...	1	3 0
Ballymena N. G.	P.	...	1	1 0
Belfast Passenger Guards	P.	...	1	8 0
"	P.	...	1	8 0
"	P.	...	1	8 0
"	P.	...	1	6 6
"	P.	...	1	5 0
" Extra "	P.	...	1	5 0
* Waggon Collector	P.	...	1	7 0
Carrickfergus Passenger Guards	P.	...	1	5 0
"	P.	...	1	4 0
"	P.	...	1	2 0
Larne Passenger Guards	P.	...	1	6 6
"	P.	...	1	4 0
"	P.	...	1	0 0
"	P.	...	1	0 0
**Doagh N. G.	P.	...	1	0 0
Ballymena	P.	...	1	6 6
"	P.	...	1	1 0
Derry	P.	...	1	8 0
"	P.	...	1	6 0
"	P.	...	1	3 0
Coleraine	P.	...	1	4 0
"	P.	...	1	4 0
Magherafelt	P.	...	1	4 0
Ballyclare	P.	...	1	1 0

STATION MASTERS				
			£	s. d.
Main Line				
Belfast	P.	...	140	0 0
Greencastle	C.	...	55	0 0
Whitehouse	P.	...	50	0 0
Whiteabbey	C.	...	75	0 0
Jordanstown	P.	...	60	0 0
Greenisland	P.	...	80	0 0
Mossley	P.	...	40	0 0
Ballyclare Junction	P.	...	55	0 0
Doagh	C.	...	55	0 0
Templepatrick	P.	...	50	0 0
Dunadry	P.	...	60	0 0
Muckamore?	P.	...	50	0 0
Antrim	P.	...	90	0 0
Cookstown Junction	C.	...	80	0 0
Kellswater	P.	...	50	0 0
Ballymena	P.	...	200	0 0
Cullybackey	P.	...	65	0 0
Glarryford	P.	...	50	0 0
Killagan	P.	...	50	0 0
Dunloy	C.	...	50	0 0
Ballymoney	P.	...	120	0 0
Macfin	P.	...	50	0 0
Coleraine	P.	...	120	0 0
Castlerock	P.	...	55	0 0
Downhill	P.	...	45	0 0
Magilligan	P.	...	50	0 0
Ballarena	C.	...	50	0 0
Limavady Junction	P.	...	55	0 0

* Wagon Collector acts as passenger guard in summer months.
** Narrow gauge.

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				Reputed Weekly Salary.		
				£	s.	d.
Religion.						
Ballykelly	...	P.	...	40	0	0
Carricorne	...	C.	...	50	0	0
Eglinton	...	C.	...	50	0	0
Culmore	...	P.	...	50	0	0
Derry	...	C.	...	200	0	0
Narrow Guage.						
Ballyboley	...	P.	...	55	0	0
Doagh	...	P.	...	55	0	0
Ballynashel	...	C.	...	45	0	0
Moorfields	...	P.	...	45	0	0
Kells	...	P.	...	55	0	0
Knocknally	...	P.	...	40	0	0
Cross Roads	...	P.	...	40	0	0
Cargan	...	P.	...	40	0	0
Parkmore	...	P.	...	15	0	0
Derry Central.						
Knockloughrim	...	C.	...	50	0	0
Maghera	...	P.	...	55	0	0
Upperlands	...	P.	...	55	0	0
Kilrea	...	P.	...	55	0	0
Garvagh	...	C.	...	55	0	0
Aughadowey	...	P.	...	50	0	0

(To be continued).

SIR HORACE PLUNKETT'S BOOK.

WHAT THE PROTESTANT CHURCH HAS GOT IN IRELAND.

I HAVE a few more matters to settle with Sir Horace Plunkett before I am done with his book; but my holidays, then a short illness, then some other obstacles came in my way. I now resume. The reader may recollect that I was pointing out the amount of money which the Government, the landlords, and the Protestant Church had got from Ireland. Those three elements are set before us as types of civic virtue, which the Papists of Ireland, enervated by their un-economic faith or superstition, could not do better than copy. Hence I wanted to set forth the money the country has given them, in order to ask what value they have ever given in return. I have considered the Government and the landlords. I now proceed to consider the case of the Protestant Church.

The revenues of the Catholic Church in Ireland before the Reformers came consisted of land and of tithes. The landed possessions were See lands for the support of bishops, Glebe lands for the support of the parochial clergy, Abbey and Monastic lands which were in the possession of Religious Orders, and Cathedral lands out of which the Cathedrals and Chapters were maintained. When our neighbours determined to convert us they deprived the Catholic Bishops of the See Lands, they deprived the parochial clergy of the Glebes, and both were transferred to the possession of the Reformation bishops and parsons who had received a royal commission to spread the light of the Gospel in Ireland and to save the souls of the Irish Papists whom they found sitting in darkness

The Monastic and Abbey Lands were confiscated. Most of them were bestowed as rewards of merit on the loyal champions who had helped in the plunder, and are held by their descendants or by others down to this day. Some of them were handed over to public bodies, such as the Monastic lands of All Saints which were given to the intruded Corporation of Dublin, whose benevolence granted them for a seminary of the reformers, known as Trinity College. Thus was the Protestant Church endowed, and the Catholic Church was despoiled of the old endowments which the Irish princes and people had allotted for its work. Besides these, some of the confiscated lands of the Irish chiefs were afterwards given by James I. for the enjoyment of Protestantism also. And the Tithes were thrown in with the rest.

According to the law of the Catholic Church the Tithes

were chiefly a trust. They were divided into four parts. One part went to the building and repair of churches, another to the support of the bishops and clergy in cases where sufficient provision was not otherwise made, another to the support of the poor, and another to schools for the people. That is what was known as the *quarta pars*. There were no poor rates or school rates in those days; the poor and popular education were maintained out of the tithes. It was so in England also, in Catholic times. The trust was faithfully fulfilled. Hence, when the Church revenues were seized and distributed amongst royal adherents, the poor were left without sustenance, and the Poor Law was framed in Elizabeth's reign to stop the "sturdy beggars" and "vagabonds" who roamed about lawlessly over England. Just so, the poor were left unprovided for in Ireland also; but here they were left to shift for themselves for more than two centuries, till the workhouse method of charity was extended to us in 1838. The tithes and the rest of the revenues were considered little enough for the work of the Protestant Church. Our present poor rate then is an additional tax on the people in place of the *quarta pars* of the tithes which is gone. The reformers repudiated every other discipline of Popery except the tithes, which they conscientiously cherished with unswerving fidelity.

The Irish Catholics who remained in possession of their lands naturally objected to pay tithes for the support of a church in which they did not believe, and those who administered the law regarded them as very wicked for thus ignoring a sacred duty. After the Treaty of Limerick they were dispossessed wholesale and in detail, but when the same legal burden passed on with the plunder to their Protestant supplanters, these whilst they held on to the land neglected their duty. The quarrel between the parsons and their flocks in time became general, and in 1720 the former brought the case before the Court of Exchequer, which decided in their favour. But the loyalists persisted in spite of the law, and in 1735 they had this resolution passed in the Irish House of Commons—"That any lawyer assisting in a prosecution for tithes of agistment should be considered an enemy to his country." Although it was only a resolution, they took care that it had the effect of a law, and at the time of the Union it was formulated into an Act of Parliament. The burden of the tithes was thus taken from the land and placed upon tillage. That is to say, it was transferred from the landlords and graziers who were almost exclusively Protestants, and it was imposed upon cottiers and small agriculturists who were almost exclusively Catholics. Whoever danced the Papist had to pay the piper. The more the Catholic population increased the more tillage they had; and according as their tillage increased in quantity, or became more fruitful by their industry, the greater became the tenth part of its value, and the more tithes they had to pay. What then was the Catholic's position? The tithes were a first charge on the fruits of his industry. Before he could think of providing for his family or paying his rent, he had to devote a tenth of his labour to the cause of a creed which he so abhorred that his kith and kin had sacrificed their lands and their lives rather than acknowledge it, which had persecuted and plundered them, and made them outlaws and paupers in their own country, as if they were the strangers and the intruders and as if the newcomers had been there always. Those who professed that creed and possessed all, paid nothing; those who disowned it and were poor had to pay all. Then as now they had "the economic sense"; consequently they are surprised and shocked by our church-building. It is but natural, I own, that they cannot understand it. Thus those who are set before us as types of "civic virtues and efficiencies" helped to check even the restricted industry to which the un-economic Papists were limited by law; because, after all he had sense enough to see that the more he worked the more he had to pay. Since the tithe of agistment, which was a tax on land, had been resolved out of existence by the Irish Parliament in 1735, tithes became not a tenth of the value of the land nor a tax on land at all,

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but a tenth of the fruits of the people's industry in tillage or in animals of all kinds from cattle to turkeys and hens. It was a direct tax on the fruits of labour, a penalty on industry, and the Catholics almost exclusively had to bear the burden, because in those days they alone were the cottiers and the tillers of the soil. That character of the tithe system should be borne well in mind; because in more recent times, when the Protestants came under public criticism and became ashamed of being religious paupers who had shifted the burden of their church from their wealthy selves on to the shoulders of the poor who did not believe in it, they industriously tried to spread the impression that tithes were a tax on land, and consequently were a tax on the Protestants who thus paid for their own religion out of their wealth, and did not come to the doors of the Catholic poor to levy blackmail after the manner of sturdy beggars for the cost of it. Grattan, who knew the tithe system, the parson, and the proctor of his day a great deal better than their recent apologists, spoke these words of biting sarcasm in a speech on February 14th, 1788:—"Conceive the pastor looking over the hedge like a spy to mulct the extraordinary labour of the husbandman. Conceive him coming into the field and saying—You are a deserving husbandman; you have increased the value of this field by the sweat of your brow. Sir, I will make you pay for that. I will take your tenth sheaf, and, if you choose to vex me, your tenth hen, your tenth egg, and your tenth goose." "I have seen," wrote Wakefield (*Wakefield's Ireland*, Vol. II., page 487) "the cow, the favourite cow driven away, accompanied by the sighs, the tears, and the imprecations of a whole family, who were paddling after, through wet and dirt, to take the last affectionate farewell of this their only friend and benefactor at the pound gate. I have heard with emotions which I can scarcely describe, deep curses repeated from village to village as the cavalcade proceeded. I have witnessed the group pass the demesne wall of the opulent grazier, whose numerous herds were cropping the most luxuriant pastures, whilst he was secure from any demand for the tithe of their food, looking on with the most unfeeling indifference."

The parson usually collected the tithes through a tithe-proctor who, when the harvest came, fixed his estimate and made his demands accordingly. Sometimes the parson farmed out his tithes, the tithe-farmer making as much profit as he could by careful collection of them. Sometimes, as was done in the case of land farming, the tithe-farmer sublet his interest to another. Sometimes the parson sold his tithes by auction to the highest bidder. In some cases it was the promissory note of the cottier representing the estimated value of the tithe he had to pay that was really sold or set up for auction; and if he was unable to pay the purchaser when the tithe came due his cow was taken and driven to the pound to be sold in discharge of the liability. The poor Catholic cottiers, some of them the sons of the landed gentry, now supporting themselves by tilling a little patch of land, and under a heavy rent for that little, were compelled to pay tithes, whilst those who professed Protestantism, the wealthy grazier who lived near, or the neighbouring landlord of a whole townland, which, perhaps, was owned by the cottier's family a generation before, had for the most part

to pay nothing. It was hard for flesh and blood to bear; but they had to bear it, or suffer worse. One proctor had 1,100 processes for tithes at the Gort Quarter Sessions in 1822 (*Galway Advertiser*, Oct. 18th, 1822). The defendants were all of the cottier class, and very poor; but each had to pay the tithe, together with 8s. law costs. Sir Henry Parnell told in Parliament in 1820 of a case in which the defendant who was processed for 8s. 10d. tithe had to pay £2 10s. costs. Those tithe cases had to be tried first before the Court of the Protestant bishop, and then before the Civil Court; and a poor man who having once refused tithes had passed through such an experience and expense, was not likely to refuse again.

M. O'R.



AT THE "ARTS AND CRAFTS."

I WANTED to go to this show in a cheerful morning mood, so that I might look at poker-work, even, with some approach to toleration. Here, for samples, are a few extracts from the morning papers (of Friday), which I self-sacrificingly read in order to generate my cheerful mood. Said the *Freeman*:—"Plaster modelling includes some very meritorious little works for decorative purposes." Now I knew that the few plaster casts of modelled works, and terra cotta works, and sculptured works, sent to the show were after originals by a great Florentine sculptor, by a great Frenchman (whoever he might have been) and by an Englishman great enough for what he had to do, men who lived long before there were newspapers. And that the rest of the plaster work had brought to these casts very satisfactory company in plaster and what plaster stands for.

Said the *Independent*:—"The society hopes by these exhibitions gradually to widen the field from which examples of Irish art work may be drawn. It should succeed in this, and, what is of as much importance, it should be able to protect the existing industries which it has taken under its patronage." Now just imagine this resuscitated, yet diminished committee, of a languid society, that has promoted three exhibitions in nine or ten years, protecting anything! The "society" owes what little gleam of existence it has, what little spark of vitality, to the independent labour of units outside of it; to the labour of those who have gone on working oblivious of its existence. If any "arts and crafts" flourish today in Ireland (and they can hardly be said to flourish, unfortunately) then it is not due to any society calling itself an "Arts and Crafts Society." But the gem of journalism shone in the columns of the *Irish Times*. Said the *Irish Times*, said it:—"A dish representing a ship from the Fivemiletown industry displays admirable sense of the true method of handling metal in designs of this class." I forgive the journalist not knowing that Fivemiletown has no shipyards, nor a harbour, but why should he not take the pains to crib a smattering of art from some of the committee. Surely none of them told him to write that unmeaning bosh, not even the British tourist developer among them.

But in honour of the show, to which I went in such cheerful humour, I wish to add my little note to the general paeon of praise. But my praise shall be of the workers themselves, not of the noble Earl who had his glory in the work of other people, as it was, in effect, fulsomely (yet derogatorily) put by his right

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honourable friend, according to the newspaper reporter. One might praise the committee, too, if the absence of poker work ("pyrography" it is termed at Ballsbridge) was due to their eliminative abilities; and could one be assured that they had not eliminated other and more meritorious work, which from the complexion of the said committee I, for one, should be inclined to doubt.

Well, there was no poker work so far as I could see, and very little of that bastard "Celtic" ornament so loved of Schools of "Art," in recent years, though I noted it stencilled on a costume for a lady, and on one or two pieces of tooled and embossed leather. I could obtain no catalogue, so I am unable to state the origin of these things; but in many cases I recognised the work of people whose work I already knew; and there was a dangling label attached to several objects. Generally the School of Art spirit, or art master's doppelganger, was absent; and if he cropped up suddenly in places it was rather in an apologetic, than in an insistent, form.

The coloured plaster work from the "Irish Art Companions," Clare Street, is such that it makes one take kindly to coloured plaster in the round; for, if we must have painted plaster saints, let us have them painted like this, and by native painters, by artists, not by tradesmen, foreign or native—as I have said elsewhere. I am rather doubtful about the improvement on the Della Robbia colours, yet I must say that in nearly all this work the colours seem to justify their use. I also desire to draw attention to two enamels, one a reliquary (?) and the other a small triptych numbered on their labels 251 and 252—I don't know who did them. They are good in the artist's sense—very good, I think. Then I indicate for praise the large and small rugs, mostly good in colour and design, and sound in workmanship apparently; and they should be both pleasant to look at in the house and durable in wear. There is but one really ugly one and that is a whitish one with a large formless splotch upon it like the result of an upset ink pot, and the ink half rubbed out around the splotch.

Then, again, I judge worthy of praise two or three illuminations on vellum by one Charles Braithwaite; but

coming to books and bindings there are four monstrous books of photographs, with a prefatory page inscribed by one "J. Vinycomb" (who, by the way, seems to be one of the committee, judging by the list). These are presentation volumes it appears—presented to the King. Well anything is good enough for a king, I suppose. There are bookbindings here, however, which are a credit to their binders; and generally the tooling of leather is full of interest, so called "Celtic" ornament notwithstanding.

The stained glass from Miss Purser's works in Pembroke Street is not well represented, and because there are small sash windows outside obscuring the stained glass within, these three little lights (experimental, no doubt,) cannot be seen to advantage. One of them in design is an affectedly mediæval copy, and I trust the workers at An tAinle are not going to travel that road to unrealities.

What I liked very much indeed was a coverlid, or what would serve as a coverlid, even were it a curtain, made of Galway (?) flannel; a fine design with peacocks at the bottom and smaller birds in the body of the design. The colour and stitching of this are admirable, and the material of the white flannel basis is a charming foundation to spread ornament upon. There are artistic and great "possibilities" (which I long ago discovered myself) in this coarse-textured material. I don't know whether this coverlid is from the Dun-Emmer (Dundrum) "industries," but some of the exhibits, so labelled, by the people from that place, seem to be the work of painstaking and serious artists. The name of Yeats was on some of the labels, and with various initials—and the only thing labelled thus that I disliked was a set of cream coloured poplin vestments.

From Fivemiletown there had come a number of copper utensils with *repoussé* decoration; that kind of work that the Ballsbridge, and other exhibitions, have familiarised us with. They are just a little "Arts-and-Craftsy," that is the only thing I have to say against them; for nowadays, especially in England where it originated, the "arts and crafts" sentiment has so long gone to seed, and is such a weary faddish sentiment among lazy dilettante people "interested in art" that a term like "arts-and-

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crafts" is an adjective of reproach. If the Five-mile-town Cottage Industry would beat up some honest ewers and basins of strong interesting shapes, and trouble less about the arts-and-crafts ornamental details, I think their products would improve. Candle sconces into which people never put candles to be used, and inkstands which are inferior in utility to a penny bottle (which is the best of all inkstands and often the most beautiful), are usually among the productions of this excellent copper working and pewter punching industry, yet some of their work is interesting and useful enough.

I have not referred to Miss Beatrice Elvery's modelled work. The lectern is rather arts-and-crafts, and one of her small terra-cottas has the futile literary idea in it. The crucifix has been exhibited before. Her work in general is clever enough.

There are two mantelpieces of white marble and inlay work—Bossi work as it has been termed—which work a Brunswick Street firm are attempting to revive. One of these mantelpieces has ornament of a rather too naturalistic order for my taste, but the other is more commendable for a greater restraint. There are also great "possibilities" in this work, which no doubt the revivers of this work were well aware of long before the "Arts and Crafts Society" discovered them. If the workers in this medium keep design in its foremost place, and technical perfection in its secondary, they will do well; not otherwise. So with a little sententiousness I arrive at the bottom end of my article, very pleased with my morning view of the work of the people represented by it here, and pleased with much more that I have not specified at all; and so arrive at the full and necessary stop to any expressed opinion by the pen: best o' Dia an' an obair!

ROBERT ELLIOTT.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MAYNOOTH AND IRISH.

Drumbaragh, Kells,
November 14th, 1904.

SIR—I do not take as pessimistic a view of the prospects of the Irish language in Maynooth College as you do. The managers of the College have agreed that a knowledge of Irish should be necessary for entrance into Maynooth after the year 1905. It would be impossible to make such knowledge compulsory before that, as the Diocesan Seminaries would not have had time to teach Irish. As to individual Bishops having, for the present, the power to dispense students from the examination in Irish, such power seems to me to be necessary. Individual students, who are slow to acquire a language, might for some years to come have to be exempted. I cannot think that our Irish Bishops would possibly be so mean as to publish a rule with the intention of making it futile by exempting the mass of their students.

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If Irish is to become the National Language of Ireland, it must be taught before the student reaches Maynooth. We want it to be known as a living language, not as a dead language, such as Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, and Sanscrit. No doubt, it would be well for the Maynooth students to continue their Irish studies when they are in that University. I say University, for we may truly consider Maynooth a Catholic University, as far as Church students are concerned.

As the Maynooth authorities have made an order that in future their students must have a knowledge of Irish before they enter that University, all that should be expected, once the students are at Maynooth, would be that they all should keep up their knowledge of it as a living language; and that the few, who have the ability, should take up the study of its literature, both ancient and modern. There should, however, be a rule that those students who are admitted without a knowledge of Irish should study it during their first years at Maynooth.—
Yours truly,
JOHN SWEETMAN.

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CATHOLIC STUDENTS AND THE PAROCHIAL UNIVERSITY.

SIR—I have read with interest your comments this week on the *Clongounian's* references to Trinity College, and permit me to say that, in my opinion, they are most opportune. If Catholic young men are not to go to Trinity, why not make this quite clear to them before they go there? Because, when they do go to Trinity College, are they aware of its condemnation? No doubt, they may know that it would be "more pious" to go *e.g.*, to the University College in Stephen's Green—but do they know of any *positive prohibition* about Trinity College?

If this prohibition existed before the Maynooth Synod of 1875 I am not aware, but if it did, it was not commonly known, and consequently in those times, as I can say from my own case and from what I know of others, Catholics then entered Trinity College with an easy conscience.

At the present day I should think their minds will not

be much disturbed by denunciations hidden away in records of Maynooth Synod if popular and pious journals are patting on the back the Catholics who have obtained distinctions in Trinity College.—I am, yours truly,
S. L.

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Browne's Diaries, 1905.

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
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..... OF

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W A—MS, B—HOUSE, PO—WN, Would like to know the name of friend who sends him the LEADER and TRUTH weekly.

FATHER MATHEW HALL, Church Street, Monday, 21st inst. 8 o'clock. Lecture by Very Rev. Dr. Waters, S.M.—"A Ramble through New Zealand"; Limelight Illustrations. Father Aloysius will preside. 97

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Vol. IX., No. 14.

(Registered as a
Newspaper.)

DUBLIN, 26th NOVEMBER, 1904.

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CONTENTS.

CURRENT AFFAIRS:—

The Railways and the Banks	...	209
Irish Xmas Cards	...	210
The Unseemly "Saved" Row at Aghadoe	...	210
New South Wales "Idolators" fight for Tolerance	...	211
A Freemason, the R.D.S., and the P. P. of Fairview	...	212
Cork County Council's Bombastic Address Etc., Etc.	...	212

ARTICLES:—

Crom Cruach	...	213
The failure of the Catholic University	...	213
Bung Halloo in Waterford	...	214
An Imported Statistician at Work	...	215
Irish in National Schools	...	216
The Estates Commission Appointments	...	217
A Gallery of Modern Art	...	218
County Committee of Agriculture v. Emigration	...	219
The Failure of the Irish in America	...	219

CORRESPONDENCE

NOTICE.

THE LEADER will be sent, post free, to any part of Ireland or Great Britain for three months, on receipt of Postal Orders value 1s. 3d.; six months, 3s. 3d.; one year, 6s. 6d. The rates of subscription for foreign postage are:—Three months, 2s. 2d.; six months, 4s. 4d.; twelve months, 8s. 8d.

The inland postage on *THE LEADER* is a halfpenny; to any foreign country the postage is one penny.

The Editor will endeavour to return unsuitable MSS. when a stamped, addressed cover is enclosed, but he cannot undertake to be held responsible for them.

Business Letters should be addressed to the Manager, at the Offices, 33 Lower Abbey Street, Dublin.

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CURRENT AFFAIRS.

The Committee of Catholic Shareholders of the Great Sourface Railway are working with commendable activity and we may—if, as we expect will be the case, the Catholic shareholders do their duty—look out for a good practical stand up fight against anti-Catholic bigotry, bungling business, anti-Irish prejudice and clique-management at the next general meeting at Kingsbridge in February. What are they doing on the Midland (Cusack and Family? Notwithstanding the expression of opinion at the last meeting old Sir Ralph has stuck to his large salary—that is sucked out of this impoverished railway—like a barnacle. Trust a "saved" to have a double dose of "economic sense" guaranteed to season with age! Is there to be any attempt made in the cause of Justice, Toleration, and Fair Play at the next general meeting on the floor of the Boardroom of the Great Northern Railway Company? As the Soudanese or the Boers do not labour under any grievances in that bigot and anti-National railway line, we need not expect "Honest John" to take the floor on behalf of those whose case cries aloud for honest and fearless championship. But something ought to be done; and those who draw dividends out of that sink of bigotry have a responsibility on their souls that they cannot evade.

And why has not something been done with regard to the banks? The banks are particularly vulnerable com-

pared with the railways which are to such a great extent monopolies. One can put his money in what bank he likes, there is nothing compelling him to deal with the Provincial Bank or the Royal Bank of Ireland or the Bank of Ireland, though if he wants to get to Cork by rail he must travel by the Great Sourface, and if he wants to get to Belfast by rail he must go by the Great Northern Bigot Line. Why have not the Catholics moved in the matter of the Provincial Bank, the awful state of which, from the point of view of the Catholic citizen who wants employment in his own land, we have shown up? Better still, why is there not a committee of Catholics formed to deal with all the banks that require to be dealt with from the point of view of the Irish Catholic citizen—who has to support his family and his Church—whose ideal is Tolerance, Justice and Fair Play? Had the Catholic Association not been hit in the back things would wear a different complexion now. However, though the bigots have had the enormous advantage of the work of people who should have been on the side of the rights of the lay Catholics, who have to live in Ireland in the teeth of such complex and heavy opposition, the bigots need not crow until they are out of the wood. A big, comprehensive, general organisation for the protection of the industrial and commercial, what for short we may call the livelihood interests, of the majority who labour under the "economic" disadvantage of being damned "Idolators," is urgently needed. And it will have to come, too; all whom it may concern may make their minds up about that. There are Catholic men in this country who do not intend to have their kind wiped off the face of Ireland. We hope that the new year will witness the making of history in this connection. Those who cannot see their way to go with the fighters for Tolerance, Justice and Fair Play can do the other thing; but the righteous fight *shall* go on.

We read the following in the "Money and Commerce" column of the *Irish Times*, of Friday last:—"Irish Times 2nd Pref. gave way 9d. to 19s. 3d., but the 5½ p.c. £5 1st Pref were steady about 5½." A drop of ninepence in the £ is equal to a drop of 3.75 per cent. The drop occurred in the 6½ per cent. Second Cumulative Preference shares. This 6½ per cent. investment dropping 3.75 per cent. below par is rather serious; but further comment might be cruel.

The Leader is four-and-a-quarter years old; it has made history; it intends to make a lot more during 1905.

The Irish Language will keep bobbing up at all sorts of places and creating disturbance. It bobbed up recently at a meeting of the Clones Urban Council. Discussing the price of name plates for streets one councillor asked another if the names were in Irish, and the latter replied that the names were in both English and Irish. Thereupon a Mr. Knight remarked—"We ought to get French on them too." Later on in the discussion on the motion of Mr. McElroy, that the names of Clones streets be written in Irish as well as English, a Mr. Kelly, who, we understand, calls himself a Nationalist, asked—"What purpose would it serve or who would read it. He did not intend using the language." A Mr. Smyth, another nominal Nationalist, we understand, said he "did not see the sense of incurring additional expense by putting the names of the streets in Irish." However, as Mr. Brady retorted that the entire cost would be only 24s., the intense spirit of economy of Mr. Smyth, the nominal Nationalist, can be easily appraised.

Instead of sending cheap and meaningless imported Christmas cards to their friends, and by so doing sending their money out of the country our readers should get a supply of LEADER Post Cards. They would make admirable and inexpensive Christmas Cards. They are retailed at ½d. each by stationers, etc.; or they may be had direct from this office, at 6d. per dozen, carriage free.

If you want business, advertise in the Christmas Number of the Leader; and, if you want an intellectual east, read it next week.

There was a great editorial puff of the British-made Christmas Cards of a certain London firm in the *Freeman*, of Friday last. The *Freeman* writes:—"There are close on 4,000 different designs, and every card is charming and artistic and executed with a finish that shows the great care expended upon them." Evidently the *Simply Deplorable* art critic devoted a whole evening to examining these importations which it attempts to foist off, as far as its puff has effect, on the green Irish public. Now, we hope that the Irish public will insist upon buying Irish cards this Xmas season. Our own pictorial post-cards retailed at ½d. each should be far more acceptable at Xmas to an Irish Irelander than any of the importations that the *Freeman* puffed. Now, M. S. MacSuiblaig, Dublin, and Messrs. Guy, of Cork, already announce collections of Irish Christmas Cards, and probably before the season is over other firms will place Irish Christmas Cards on the market; and yet the *Freeman*, notwithstanding that a serious flanking movement by a ha'penny *Independent* is being prepared, goes out of its way to stab Irish enterprise in the back by editorially puffing the British Christmas Card Dumper. Oh, what a Press; and the *Weekly Deplorable* is trying to write about Irish industry over four years after we started the modern Irish Industrial Revival! The *Freeman* says that many of the importations "will be treasured as works of art." It would be time, if the *Freeman* had such a thing as shame in its composition, that it "kept saying nothing," about art, of all things in the world.

We take the following advertisements from the *Bigots' Dust Bin*, of November 17th:—

"Wanted, a young Lady, I.C., as Assistant to the Grocery and Ironmongery. Apply, stating age, experience, salary, George Claxton, Athlone. Pianist Wanted, Protestant, for Dancing Season; Monday and Thursday, 8 to 10; state terms. Dance, *Irish Times* Office, Kingstown. Apprentice to Grocery and Provisions; good town; Protestant. Address 'Z 619, Apprentice,' this office. Apprentice—Wanted, a well-educated respectable country Boy (Protestant) for Hardware and House Furnishing Business. Address 'Z 558, Apprentice,' this office. Wanted, Working Steward, for 1st January, who thoroughly understands the buying and selling of cattle and sheep; single; a Protestant. Address 'Z 466, Steward,' this office."

If you would like to read another chapter from an unpublished book, and be informed of Miss Alice's love affair, buy the Christmas Number of the Leader next week.

The unedifying wrangle over the lucrative post of Protestant Rectorship to the parish of Aghadoe, containing about 80 "saved" all told, in the peaceful Papist kingdom of Kerry, has led to letter-writing in the *Dust Bin*. A Mr. James Dowd, of Limerick, who describes himself as Diocesan Secretary, wrote a letter to that paper; and that letter called forth a rejoinder from a Mr. Birt St. A. Jenner, of Aghadoe, who describes himself as "People's Churchwarden"—we take it that that means he is one of the churchwardens elected by or representing the 20 "saved" families or thereabouts of this parish over which the unseemly wrangle has taken place. When one "saved" gentleman politely says "You're another" to a second "saved" gentleman, it is difficult for poor damned "Idolators" like ourselves to decide which, if either, is speaking the

truth. In the course of his letter Mr. Birt St. A. Jenner writes:—"To revert to Mr. Dowd's letter regarding what occurred on the first Sunday Mr. Orpen presented himself at Aghadoe Church. Mr. Dowd says that several 'parishioners expressed their sympathy with Mr. Orpen,' and gave him assistance in his admission to the church. There is not a word of truth in the above statement, as not one single parishioner was inside or outside the church. The congregation consisted of a family of visitors and its tenants." When one "saved" says that there is "not a word of truth" in what another "saved" says, which are we to believe? Mr. Birt St. A. Jenner, "People's Churchwarden," winds up his letter to the *Bigots' Dust Bin* this way:—"The churchwardens treat the portion of the resolution referring to them with absolute indifference, and should the Bishop consider it advisable to make this appointment a test case, the parishioners are prepared to cross swords with him at every point." We were correct when we said that the blood of the Aghadoe "saved" was up. That phrase "cross swords" has a defiant, indeed a sort of jingo, ring about it. Time will tell whether or not the "saved" Bishop of Limerick will accept the implied invitation of Mr. Birt St. A. Jenner to tread on the tails of the coats of those "saved" Paddies—the "Church of Ireland" parishioners of Aghadoe in the peaceful and law-abiding Papist Kingdom of Kerry.

If you have brains, and taste, and a sense of humour, buy the Christmas Number of the Leader: if you haven't, don't.

We long ago drew attention to the public advertisement stipulating that the under-housemaid at the Vice-regal Lodge should be "Saved." The "Idolators" who are the vast majority of this country and represent, roughly, the historic Irish race, were brutally told that one of their low-down number need not aspire to the high position of under-housemaid to the Vice-regal establishment. Perhaps the under-housemaid in that place must have a University education! However, be that as it may, we repeatedly held up the gratuitously insolent advertisement to the Irish public. The Irish "Idolatorous" public are so inured to kicks that they take them meekly; nay, probably they would be surprised and lonely if they did not get them. Another high governmental establishment tried on the little bigoted game recently, but, happily, with different results. All "Idolators" are not tame. In the State of New South Wales, Australia, the Catholic community do not cower and say nothing when they are gratuitously and unjustly kicked. They evidently fight for Tolerance, Justice and Fair Play there. The following advertisement recently appeared in the *Sydney Morning Herald*:—"Wanted, for State Government House, second cook, young, Protestant. Y. W. C. A., 2 p.m.; no other time." We have before us a cutting from the *Catholic Press*, of Sydney. Here are the headings across two columns—"State Government House, Sydney. A Sensational Advertisement. 'No Catholics need apply.' An Explanation from the Governor." The *Catholic Press* of Sydney, writes:—"It is not often that the 'Servants Wanted' column of the *Sydney Morning Herald* provides the community with a sensation, but the extraordinary happened on Wednesday morning, September 28, when people looking for employment came across an advertisement in connection with the Government House of the State of New South Wales. It was a simple advertisement, and it was meant to catch the eyes of people in a very simple walk of life. It called for no more than applications for the position of second-cook in the establishment of his Excellency the Governor. But what arrested attention was the fact that the description of the qualifications necessary in the person seeking the position was somewhat more minute than usually found in advertisements of this character, and, not content with hinting at the age desirable in the candidate, defined the particular creed that would not only be acceptable but was apparently absolutely necessary. Here is the advertisement in question:—"Wanted, for State Government House,

Second Cook, young, Protestant. Y.W.C.A., 2 p.m., no other time. It is uncommon to find even private individuals publishing to the world the fact that only servants of a certain religious denomination shall be permitted within their gates, and it was certainly more than startling to discover the Governor of a State in which religious equality is supposed to exist, and a Governor whose very position makes it imperative that he should show no religious bigotry or bias, calmly announcing that he had so little respect for, and so little confidence in, people who worshipped at a Catholic altar that they must not dare to apply for even so humble a position as a second-cook in his service."

Would you like to see their Excellencies of the North Dublin Union Cabinet settling the Baltic Fleet question? If so, buy the Christmas Number of the Leader next week.

We make no apology for making further big quotations from our manly contemporary in Sydney:—"It seemed to place Sir Harry Rawson in a new light before the people of New South Wales, for during his sojourn among us he has been uniformly considerate and courteous to all religions alike, and there was nothing in his long and distinguished career which suggested that he was anything but a high-minded and liberal gentleman. Whether his Excellency's cook was a Christian or Mahomedan nobody cared; and nobody desired to pry into the religious atmosphere of his Excellency's household. But when the Governor of one of his Majesty's States, drawing a salary and allowances paid by the united people of that State, seemed to see fit to publicly ban any particular religion practised by any of these people from his household, publishing what was practically an insult to, and a condemnation of, that particular religion, it became a grave outrage on all of his Majesty's subjects thus concerned, and a question for Parliamentary and public inquiry. What made the matter particularly serious was the fact that we have recently suffered a great deal of sectarian agitation in New South Wales. We have heard Catholics vilified and insulted on platform and in press. Religious intolerance, worked up to suit political needs, has been rampant among us. To find on the heels of this an advertisement of the kind, stating in the clearest language that 'No Catholic need apply' for employment in the Governor's establishment, was certainly nothing less than sensational. With the religion of Sir Harry Rawson, as we have said, we have no concern; with his private predilections in the matter of servants we certainly would not wish to meddle; but when he, the official head of the State, seemed to see fit to allow an advertisement of the kind to be published in his name, assuredly setting forth a conviction that a certain section of the people of his State were not to enter his household even in the humblest capacity, it appeared about time that steps should be taken to question his fitness for the high and impartial position in which he had been placed by the King."

Sydney is very far from Drumcondra and from Mr. C. E. Martin, so we are not surprised to read:—"This was the view of the great mass of the Catholic people, for since Wednesday have been pouring into the office of the *Catholic Press* from all parts of the country, containing a cutting of the momentous advertisement, and demanding that public meetings of protest should be held throughout the State, and questions asked in Parliament in connection with the matter. Rarely have we witnessed more widespread indignation than that aroused by this public insult to the Catholic population. Since the unhappy penal days religious intolerance has rarely made an appearance in the Vice-regal residence of this State, and a recent succession of cultured, broad-minded Governors has led us to repose the greatest confidence in the impartiality and tolerance of those who have represented the reigning monarch in New South Wales."

A representative of the *Catholic Press* telephoned to the Private Secretary of the Governor for an interview.

The request was readily granted. Heavens, what a difference to the attitude of the Country when we showed that, as per public advertisement, the under-housemaid at the Vice-regal Lodge should be "Saved!" The tame Catholic population took the kick and laid low. The Private Secretary admitted that the advertisement was "certainly a mistake—a misunderstanding." The *Catholic Press* representative very properly stuck to the position that the advertisement must be taken, technically, as representing the views of his Excellency. We quote again from our contemporary:—"It is most unfortunate," he (the Private Secretary) observed, "most unfortunate, indeed; but I think I can assure you that it in no way represents his Excellency's views, and that he would not authorise an advertisement of that character." "But, Mr. Share, the whole Catholic community is seriously troubled about it, and our correspondents ask for public action with regard to it. Would it not be well if we had some assurance from his Excellency himself." Mr. Share seemed to recognise the importance of this, for after a few moments' chat, he disappeared into the Governor's study. He returned with a distinct expression of relief on his face. "I have his Excellency's authority to tell you," he said, "that that advertisement in no way represents his attitude and his views, and the wording of it is quite unauthorised. Furthermore, his Excellency has informed me of a fact of which I was unaware, and that at the present moment three of the servants in our household are Catholics. That in itself should be evidence that this advertisement is the result of some misunderstanding. I repeat that the Governor knew nothing of it, and certainly does not approve of it."

It will be seen that the spirited action of the Catholics made his Excellency apologise and explain. How different in this country where lay Catholics who go out to fight the awful bigotry that is squeezing the Catholics out of their rights in the country, nay, out of the country itself, get their most formidable set-back from Drumcondra! Dudley did not explain about the Vice-regal under-housemaid; not at all; the tameness and the supineness of the "Idolators" did not demand it. Some time afterwards he—he whose under-housemaid at the Vice-regal lodge should be "Saved"—made a speech on Tolerance!

If you want to see the New Plantation singing a Scotch lyric at a smoking concert, buy the Christmas Number of the Leader next week.

The Royal Dublin Society is, as far as the formation of its staff goes, one of the most anti-Catholic, bigoted corporations in Ireland. Our readers may remember that an article showing up its bigotry in this respect was published in the LEADER. Well, Father Pettit, now parish priest of Fairview, and until recently Secretary to His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, desired to become a member of that body. And who did the late Secretary to the Archbishop get to propose him do you think? None other than the Deputy Grand Master of the Freemasons of Ireland! No Catholic may become a Freemason, but Freemasons get a good deal of honour in this tame country. Well, Sir James Creed Meredith, Deputy Grand Master of the free and accepted Masons of Ireland, proposed the parish priest of Fairview, late Secretary to the Archbishop of Dublin, and he was seconded by a Mr. J. Joly, D. Sc., F.R.S., a schoolmaster of some sort in the Robber University in College Green. Here is a big man in the Freemason Society, a society which no "Idolator" may join, and a schoolmaster from a so-called University to which no Catholic ought to go under present conditions, and they, these two "classy" and "tony" people condescend to propose and second the late Secretary of the Archbishop of Dublin, Father Pettit, an "Idolator" parish priest for membership of the Royal Dublin Society, whose anti-Catholic bigotry in the matter of employing, or rather not employing Papists, is notorious. The "Idolator" parishioners of Fairview ought to organise a torch-light procession in honour of Meredith, the Deputy

Grand Master of the Freemasons, and they should erect a statue to the honour of Joly on the reclaimed land at the city ashpit at Fairview.

The election took place on the 10th inst., and the late Secretary of the Archbishop of Dublin was duly admitted a member of the R. D. S. As the parish priest of Fairview ambitioned membership of this "select" society, he might, no doubt, have secured a proposer and seconder amongst his own low-down co-religionists. It is right for your soul that you should be an "Idolator," but we all know, to our cost, that it is not "class" to be one in this country. Why should Father Pettit link himself with such "surpliced ruffians" as Bishop Donnelly, Monsignor Molloy, Canon Quinn or Father Delany, S.J., all men who smell of the Irish sod, whether they like it or not, when such real "tone" as a Deputy Grand Master of Freemasons and a Robber University Professor were in a condescending humour? God help us poor lay Papists. Seriously, an incident like this makes the heart sick. An incident like this throws a side light on the shot in the back that was fired at the Catholic Association. What an edifying picture it all is. Picture Sir James giving the "sign" to his brother Freemasons that the parish priest of Fairview, and Archbishop Walsh's late Secretary was to be let pass through! Perhaps if the Catholic Association had not been hit in the back Sir James might not have made this "gracious concession."

A. M. W. will be at his best in the Christmas Number of the Leader.

Raiméis is making a rally in Ireland now that it has recovered its breath after its rout by the LEADER. The Cork County Councillors presented an address to O'Donovan Rossa, and the address is a gem in the *raimeis* line. The address is signed by the Chairman, Mr. J. J. Howard; Mr. T. Lenehan, Vice-Chairman, and Mr. E. Callanan, Acting Secretary. We certainly cannot congratulate this trio on the mouthful of "flowery language" to which they put their names. Now, in the first place, why was not the address in Irish? O'Donovan Rossa, as a matter of fact, is an Irish speaker, and whether he intended it or not he, by replying to the address partly in Irish, delivered a sharp rap at the English high-faluters who presented him with the monstrosity. The hollowness and make-believe that unfortunately characterises so much of the doings of the "tried and true" in Ireland is vividly illustrated by the fact that when the *raimeis*-mongers of the Cork County Council presented an address to Cardinal Vannutelli, an Italian, the address was presented in Irish; now when they present an address to an Irish-speaking Corkman they do it in bombastic English! Who is the genius that drafted the Cork County Council address in "the vile language of the hated Saxon" to the Irish-speaking Corkman. His name ought to be published. It contains such original English literary gems as "in dark and evil days," "guiding star," "the grand old cause," "millions of your fellow-countrymen are under a debt of gratitude"—oh, those debts of gratitude, will they never cease—"the heart of the Gael"—fancy Corkonians who addressed a distinguished Italian in Irish blathering about the "heart of the Gael" in foul nefarious English to an Irish-speaking Corkman—"the good men and true," "still lives on the fame of those who died," "martyrs and soldiers in the grand cause of liberty," "grand and noble movement," "a truly Irish welcome"—in the hated tongue of the oppressor!—"the day is not far distant when the rays of liberty will shine on a peaceful, prosperous and contented Ireland." This bombastic and ridiculous exhibition of windy Despatch winds up with "God Save Ireland." All who read this absurd address "in the language of the oppressors of our race, that was forced upon us by a foul and tyrannical Government"—as they might say themselves if the occasion called for that sort of a tune—will echo that wish from their hearts.

At the Keating Branch *Ceilidh* in Banba Hall on Saturday night there will be an enrolment of the first batch of Irish speakers who undertake to wear the Gaelic speakers' badge and to fulfill the conditions upon which the badge is supposed to be worn. The wearer of the badge is pledged to speak only Irish to Irish speakers, and it is expected that nobody will buy the badge who does not intend to keep the pledge.

A series of Cartoons by one of Ireland's rising artists—a real artist, and not a tradesman—will be a feature of the Christmas Number of the Leader.

We hear that the "National" Board of Education has taken a small step further in the direction of Irish teaching by placing two publications of the Irish Book Company upon the list of books sanctioned for use in the National Schools. The larger of these books, "*Mac Fingin Dubh*, by Conán Maol," is a Kerry story, founded on historical fact, and full of stirring adventures. The second is Father Peter O'Leary's humorous little play *An Spior*. It is a good and a reasonable move to teach Irish to children through the medium of books such as these, which are modern in language and entertaining in subject.

Answer to correspondent, Medioburgan.—We refer you to the Advertisement of Mr. M. S. Mac Suibhlaigh 38 Cornmarket, Dublin in present issue.

NOTICE OF CHARITABLE BEQUESTS.

JOHN F. O'SULLIVAN, DECEASED.

NOTICE is hereby given that John F. O'Sullivan, late of 7 St. John's Terrace, Clontarf, in the City of Dublin, gentleman, by his will, dated 5th April, 1904, bequeathed to the Rev. Father Hayden, O.C., Clontarf, the sum of £50; to the Rev. Father Meehan, O.C., Clontarf, the sum of £10; to the Rev. Father Nowlan, Raheny, £10; and to the Rev. Father Nicholas, Church Street, the sum of £20, for Masses for the repose of his soul and the souls of his father and mother and deceased relatives, said Masses to be said in public in Ireland.

Testator also bequeathed £10 to the Treasurer for the time being of the Blessed Virgin Mary's Conference of St. Vincent de Paul, Clontarf; to the Treasurer of Our Lady Help of Christians Conference, William Street, St. Vincent de Paul Society, £10; to the Treasurer of the Sick and Indigent Room-Keepers' Society, £10; to the Sacred Heart Home, Drumconlra, £10; to the Hospice for the Dying, Harold's Cross, £10; to the Little Sisters of the Poor, Kilmainham, £10; to the North William Street Female Orphanage, £10; to the Asylum for the Blind, Merriem, £10; to the Magdalen Asylum, Drumcondra, £20; to All Hallows' College, where students are educated for the propagation of Catholic Truth, £20; to the Catholic Truth Society, £10; to the Skin Hospital, in which Father Hayden is interested, £10; to the Mater Misericordiae Hospital, £10; towards Building Howth Roman Catholic Church, £20; to Father John Byrne, P.P., towards building Glasnevin Roman Catholic Church, £25; to the Temple Street Hospital for Children, £20; and to St. Brigid's Orphanage, Eccles Street, £20. The said Testator appointed the Rev. Patk. Hayden, of 2 St. John's Terrace, Clontarf, Catholic Curate, and John J. Kinsella, of H. M. Prison, Maryboro', in the Queen's County, Physician and Surgeon, Executors and Trustees of his said Will. The said Testator died on or about the 15th day of September, 1904, and said Will was proved by said Rev. Patrick Hayden and Dr. John J. Kinsella, and Probate thereof granted to them forth of the High Court of Justice in Ireland, King's Bench Division (Probate), the Principal Registry, on the 4th day of November, 1904.

Dated this 22nd day of November, 1904,

JOHN GORE,

Solr. for said Executors,

4 Cavendish Row, Dublin.

To the Commissioners of Charitable Donations and Bequests and all whom it may concern.

STATUTORY NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE GOODS OF JOHN F. O'SULLIVAN, LATE OF 7 ST. JOHN'S TERRACE, CLONTARF, IN THE CITY OF DUBLIN, GENTLEMAN, DECEASED.

NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to the Statute 21st and 23rd Vic. that all persons claiming to be creditors or otherwise to have any claim or demand upon the estate of the above deceased, who died at 7 St. John's Terrace, aforesaid, on or about the 15th day of September, 1904, are requested on or before the 1st January, 1905, to furnish (in writing) particulars of such claims or demands to the undersigned Solicitor for the Reverend Patrick Hayden, of 2 St. John's Terrace, Clontarf, and Doctor John J. Kinsella, of H. M. Prison, Maryboro', the executors named in the Will of the said Deceased, to whom Probate of said will was granted forth of the Principal Registry of the King's Bench Division (Probate) of the High Court of Justice in Ireland, on the 4th day of November, 1904, and Notice is hereby further given that after the said 1st January, 1905, the said executors will proceed to distribute the assets of said Deceased, having regard only to the claims of which notice and particulars shall have been given as above required.

Dated this 22nd day of November, 1904,

JOHN GORE,

Solr. for said Executors,

4 Cavendish Row, Dublin.

There were, no doubt, other causes which contributed to the ill-success of the Catholic University. Unless all tradition is at fault, its management was at some periods of its history anything rather than business-like. Indeed, the spending of £600,000, that is about three-fifths of the sum needed to endow a University for all time, in less than thirty years would point to this.

Moreover, it may be doubted whether its constitution was altogether what Ireland wanted. There was, I am inclined to suspect, a little too much "culture" about it, the idea of a democratic University not having been at that time fully developed. Perhaps Dr. MacHale was not altogether wrong when he objected to bringing over Newman, for his great name lent its first beginnings an artificial prestige, and when he withdrew, there naturally came a reaction. In any case a body of English converts were not the people best suited to give a higher development to Irish intellect, and it may well be that had our fathers employed poorer instruments of home manufacture, had the foundation been firmer and the construction less ambitious, had there been more men like Casey and fewer men like Newman, an institution would have been erected which, depending on the Irish people for its support, would have been better qualified to withstand the contempt and neglect of our Catholic upper classes.

But, as Mr. Dawson pointed out, it is not quite fair to speak of the failure of this institution—I do so only in a qualified sense—seeing that the Catholic University still lives. So, for that matter, does the contempt, as you may see from the daily Press. But it is now better qualified to withstand it. Though the old Catholic University was not successful, its life is still continued in two very successful institutions. The Royal University having given Catholics the privilege of getting degrees, and having given indirect endowment, of course an absurdly inadequate one, of some five thousand a year to Catholic Higher Education, the Intermediate schools having moreover provided a supply of suitable material which made it independent of the weakling upper classes, the Catholic University has flourished amazingly. Its two great living lay colleges of Cecilia Street and Stephen's Green, the former conducted for practical purposes by a body of Catholic doctors, the latter by the Jesuit Fathers with the assistance of the lay Catholic fellows of the R. U. I., have carried everything before them. The contempt of the classes cannot prevent Cecilia Street from being the largest medical school in Ireland, or University College from carrying off all the prizes in the list.

Looked at from this point of view, the Catholic University has been a success. With the ridiculously small endowment of £5,000 a year (T.C.D. has between £30,000 and £40,000) it has done wonders. With greater resources it would probably develop still more astonishingly, and freed from the cramping conditions of the Royal University, it could do even greater things.

CHANEL.

BUNG HALLOO IN WATERFORD.

RECENTLY, at a meeting of the Waterford County Council, on some question relative to the evicted tenants, Major Stuart, as reported, took occasion to give it as his opinion that in many cases the evicted tenants were the drunkards and ne'er-do-wells of their communities. As might be expected, bearing in mind the Major's politics, his nationalist colleagues were at once up in arms, and Waterford has hardly yet done "denouncing," "placing on record its protest," etc., in connection with the incident. So well it may, in a way, for to find the landlords of Ireland in the person of one of their number preaching thrift and sobriety, is enough to upset one's equilibrium. It is refreshing, however, to find one public man taking a saner view of the whole matter. At a meeting of the Dungarvan Board of Guardians, Mr. Denis Ryan presiding, a "protesting" resolution was duly proposed and seconded, upon which the Chairman said that before he declared the resolution passed, he would like to know what Mr. Stuart really said.

Mr. Stack—That the evicted tenants were either drunkards or worthless.

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Chairman—I think he said a proportion of them.

Mr. Stack—He said that afterwards, but read the reports in the newspapers and you will know exactly what he said. He qualified it afterwards.

Chairman—Well, I believe a large proportion of them are intemperate, if not drunkards, and I believe landlords are the same, and that the same applies to nearly every class in this country. I believe drink is the ruin of our people. But in the case of the evicted tenants, I believe the landlords are responsible for it. Landlordism is the cause of drunkenness and every other attendant evil. The country at the present time is staggering under this terrible vice of drunkenness. I am glad that this discussion has taken place, so that public attention should be called to this besetting sin. They could not hide from themselves that, alas, too many of their people were addicted to the drink habit. The evidence was before the world that £14,000,000 a year went for drink. What hope was there for their salvation when such a state of things existed?

That "landlordism is the cause of drunkenness" in Ireland in general, is a statement one would wish to be able to believe to be true. If it is true, there is hope for us—when the landlords go.

"Ir fada rian
Dionn a iorrbat ó'n tábair."

however, and to trace all our present faults back to their historical causes were a big job. Better take them as we find them—as indeed we must—and make the best of them. The best that we can do with the "immortal thirst" fault is to show it up and, as far as possible, shame it down. The breeze referred to in connection with Major Stuart's statement has, as Mr. Ryan remarked, been showing the fault up here in Waterford. It were a pity not to make the most of the occasion and keep the breeze blowing a bit longer.

We had a football match hereabouts the other Sunday. A friendly match it was, one team's expenses having been paid, as I understand, by a lover of sport in the parish. The field of play happened to be situate near a public house. I am a lover of sport myself, and was afraid I'd be late for the match. I needn't have hurried. For two solid hours after the time at which play was understood to have been timed to commence, I had to amuse myself as best I could by watching the crowd surging round in and out through the door of that pub. I'm not sure was it awaiting the arrival of the band they were. It may have been. Well, at last the band turned up. We first heard and then saw it approaching. Along the road it came at double quick, the fifes making glorious marching music. The "Saint Declan's (I think) Total Abstinence Band" it was, as far as I could make out from the embroidered sash some of the men wore. They weren't many, a dozen or so perhaps, but they made a gallant show enough. On they came, themselves and their thirty or so followers, and, with unerring instinct—for they had no marshal—swung easily to the right up the borheen and halted opposite the pub. Once there it didn't take them long to finish the tune—the drummer seemed to be hurrying them on with it—and when they had retired a bystander, without any question asked, ventured the explanation that "maybe 'twas lemonade they were havin'." He smiled as he said it, and we made our way to the field.

Perhaps there were five hundred persons on the road that Sunday afternoon, half (say) of them *bonas*. Well, the proprietor of that public house had, I was informed, got in two hundred and eighty dozen bottles of porter in preparation for the match, and he calculated he'd be "dhrank out" before night. From what I saw I have no doubt he was.

Statistics prove that they drink more per head across the Chanel than we do in Ireland. That's so much in our favour, but I thought we aspired to a higher standard of moral excellence than that we should plume ourselves on not being as bad as John Bull. But anyhow, however much or little we drink, the stuff seems to rise in our heads much more quickly than it rises in John's. Another thing, burdened and shackled and

handicapped as we are by laws, by want of education, by the spirit of slavishness we have inherited, and the other ills we suffer from, we cannot afford to be as careless as, not to say more careless than, other peoples; we cannot afford it, either in money or in morale. Drunkard is an ugly word, but in the circumstances in which his country is placed, the Irishman should be popularly considered to "have too much taken" before he absolutely falls in the dyke.

So much has been and is being said about the drink evil, that one longingly wonders if anything is being *done* in the matter, or rather if anything is being effected—for, of course, Total Abstinence Societies and the Anti-Treaters are doing their best. I don't know that the Anti-Treating movement has caught on in Waterford, or that the drink bill of the county is being lessened. Two good signs, however, I may chronicle: One is that, as we have seen, the people resent being told that some of their number are over addicted to drinking. The second is that the chief man in "the trade" in these parts has just opened a cider factory in Dungarvan. Whether he sees reason to look forward to local custom or not I don't know, but if anybody knows the stomachs of his neighbours, he does. For more than one reason we all wish him, I am sure, every success.

"Maibán."



AN IMPORTED STATISTICIAN AT WORK.

MR. FIDLER was a world-renowned statistician from the land of brown heath and experts, and the Department of Angloculture and Technical Obstruction was very glad to secure his services. Mr. Fidler lost no time in settling about his duties. By way of getting his hand in, he started with an official visit to all his friends and relations throughout the Department. He first visited the Chimney Sweeping Branch where he was received by the Chief of the Staff, George Hob-Grimes, Esq., LL.D., A.B.C., D.E.F., who at once proceeded to give him an insight into the delicate and complex work of sweeping the soot out of a chimney. Mr. Fidler was very favourably impressed with the method of chimney sweeping described by Dr. Hob-Grimes, and warmly complimented the Chief of the Staff upon its obvious efficiency. "Our progress in chimney sweeping," observed Dr. Hob-Grimes, "is all due to the higher education possessed by our imported Scotchmen."

"Our 'townies,' Doctor," interrupted Mr. Fidler.

"An organiser of sweeps," continued the Doctor with a wink, "wouldn't be worth his salt except he was a University graduate."

"I presume, Dr. Hob-Grimes," said Mr. Fidler, with another wink, that all your officials are University men."

"All graduates of the Burgoo University, except the junior clerk, and he was the holder of a scholarship in the Royal College of Dufferstown," answered the Doctor.

"I congratulate you, Dr. Hob-Grimes upon presiding over such a brilliant galaxy of talent," said the statistician with a smile. "Under your cultured care chimneys will never go on fire. I suppose, Doctor," he continued, "that owing to the lack of facilities for higher education among Catholics in this country, you find very few of that creed eligible for appointment to vacancies on your staff."

"Very few indeed, very few," answered the chief of the staff with a concerned look, "and it is a matter which troubles me awfully, awfully, Mr. Fidler."

"It is very unfortunate, very," said the other taking out a handkerchief, "that our well-meaning, high-placed public officials are compelled to ignore the candidature of Catholics for well-paid positions on account of their lack of University education."

Having obtained all the necessary statistics about soot sweeping, Mr. Fidler took a cordial leave of the Doctor, and next proceeded to the Bootblacking Branch

of the Department where he was met by another "towny" in the person of the Superintendent Andrew Shiner, Esq., M.A., H U M-B U G, late professor of metaphysics and Sanscrit in the Pothooksburgh University. Mr. Shiner, a polished gentleman, and the right man in the right place, soon gave Mr. Fidler a brilliant and lucid exposition of Bootblacking, and the statistician was struck with admiration at the great depth and variety of erudition displayed by his "towny."

"Bootblacking," observed the statistician, with a very solemn wink, "must be a very delicate and complicated job."

"Very," assented the ex-professor. "A competent bootblack should be a good mathematical scholar, and no member of our clerical staff could cope with his work, and make out a report on imported blacking, unless he had graduated with classical honours in a University."

"All your staff are University men, I presume, Mr. Shiner," said the collector of statistics.

"All," replied the superintendent of Bootblacks; "Some graduated with honours, others with double firsts."

"Do you find any Catholic candidates cultured and erudite enough to come up to your standard?" Mr. Shiner, asked the statistician.

"Not one, not one," replied Mr. Shiner, with a sad and solemn wink. "Until Catholics receive that University training which alone can fit them to draw up a tabulated report upon the efficacy and excellence of imported blacking, they must remain content with the Civil Service, and other humble walks of life which are obtained by mere competition."

Mr. Fidler having obtained all the necessary statistics relating to Bootblacking from the ex-professor of Metaphysics and Sanscrit next proceeded to the Expert Pot and Bottle-washing Branch. The first person he met at the Pot and Bottle-washing headquarters was the dustman who happened to be sweeping the hall. The dustman gave him a military salute, and the statistician asked him with a grin. "What University gave you your crowning culture, Mr. Dustman?"

"The Sourbonne," answered the dustman, with a sigh. "I obtained a scholarship in classics, and stood second for senior wrangler in mathematics, when a domestic misfortune occurred which compelled me to leave my *Alma Mater* and join the militia."

"Ah, sowing your wild oats and reaping your economic sense, I daresay," grinned Mr. Fidler, as he entered the office of the Chief Commissioner of Pot and Bottlewashers, T. I. N. Potter, Esq., LL.B., C.A.D., a graduate of the Freemasonsdoirf University. Mr. Potter who turned out to be another "towny," quickly initiated him into the mysteries of Bottle-washing, after which he furnished him with all the statistics of the Branch. Before taking leave of the Chief Commissioner, Mr. Fidler observed. "I suppose, Mr. Potter, you find it very hard to have to exclude Catholics from your Department owing to their University disabilities?"

"It makes my heart bleed," said the Commissioner of Bottlewashers, with a very fervent wink. "But what can be done, Mr. Fidler, what can be done, so long as Catholics are unable to obtain that higher education which is necessary for every gentleman in this country seeking a job, every gentleman I mean who is not a Freemason or Scotchman," he concluded with another expressive meeting of the eyelids.

"I see. The kilt or the sign is University training enough for some people," said the statistician knowingly.

"Bless your heart, yes," said the other. "But this is not for statistics, Mr. Fidler, you understand," he added hastily.

"A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse," said the man of figures, gravely, as he took his departure.

Mr. Fidler next proceeded to the Grass-growing Branch where he dropped across another "towny" in

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the person of the Secretary, Mr. Livehorse, A.B., F.A.T. B.I.T., a graduate of the Make-hay University.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Livehorse, in the course of the interview, "it grieves me to the soul to see Catholics debarred from high positions in this country on account of their lack of University education. But you must admit yourself, Mr. Fidler, that no man could make grass grow, or make hay while the sun shines, fit for an ass to eat unless he possessed a University education."

"Culture and agriculture must go hand in hand," admitted the statistician very decidedly.

Mr. Fidler next proceeded to the Water-running Branch, where he met another "towny" named Mr. Canny, C.E., P.O.T.S., a graduate of the Bawbee University, and winner of the Bang-went-saxpence gold medal for Hindoo and Persian. In producing the necessary statistics, Mr. Canny referred tearfully to the deplorable absence of University education among Catholics, which left friendly and well-meaning statesmen and public philanthropists no option but to go to the Bawbee and other Universities for cultured and competent men. After going around all his friends and relations throughout the Department, Mr. Fidler next proceeded to visit the banks, and all the great public companies, colleges and institutions. At the Provincial Bank he was assured that the want of facilities of higher education among Catholics was going between the Directors and their night's rest. At the Great Sourface Railway Brother Goulding came to him with tears in his eyes, and confessed that he was nearly heart-broken that Catholics hadn't the necessary University qualifications and signs to compete with Freemasons for the higher posts on the line. When he had finished with the railways he took up the Parochial University, and called upon Tony Traill. Tony had a dismal tale to tell the statistician.

"Trade is very slack, very slack, Mr. Fidler," said Tony with a groan. "Parochial University stock is gone down fifty points, and our funds are terribly low."

"The Baltic Fleet trouble, I suppose, is at the bottom of this depression," observed the statistician, with a covert wink.

"No, no, no," groaned Tony. "'Tisn't the Russians but Oxford and Cambridge. At one time we used to do a roaring trade, but now Oxford and Cambridge are taking away our best customers, and the weeds and grass are beginning to grow around the door of our medical school."

"You sympathise with the claims of Catholics in the matter of higher education, Doctor, I daresay," observed Mr. Fidler, with a concealed grin.

"Do I," roared Tony. "Not if I know it. Our trade is slack enough without an opposition shop to drive us to bankruptcy."

Having finished with the Parochial University, Mr. Fidler went through all the medical colleges, the Royal Dublin Society, the Four Courts, the Freemason's Hall, and many other places where he found many friends and relations, as well as an overwhelming host of University people whom he found very understandable and congenial, and who, one and all, loudly regretted the fatal want of higher education among the Catholics. After doing the whole country, he wound up his statistical research by an interview with an eminent Orangeman.

"Why do Orangemen pelt stones at the Catholics?" asked the statistician.

"Because Orangemen hate people who have no University education," answered the other.

The following is a very brief extract from Mr. Fidler's famous Book of Irish Statistics:—

"The soil of Ireland is particularly favourable for the growth of Englishmen and Scotchmen, particularly the latter. Owing to this peculiar virtue, the soil of Ireland may be fittingly classed as a Sandy soil. The method of planting Scotchmen is as follows:—'Manure the land well with siller and bawbees—in this instance Goulding's manure, not being the real golden syrup, is

of no avail—and then take the hardy Highland plant and dump it down firmly, loading it over with siller and bawbees.'"

In this Book of Statistics, too, the following verses occur:—

THE HIGHER EDUCATION DODGE.

All pawky Scots to wander free,
Who love bawbees and dollars,
Should ever very thankful be
That Ireland lacks fine scholars.

The bigots and Freemason pack
Who prey upon this nation,
All thrive and flourish on the lack
Of higher education.

This lack of classic culture high
Comes in like signs and dodges.
In many cases 'tis a lie;
A trick of cliques and lodges.

But canny Scots and dumps who sway
In high and well-paid station,
For Paddys' land should ever pray
For lack of education.

A. M. W.



IRISH IN NATIONAL SCHOOLS.

IT seems to me that the position of the Irish language in our National Schools calls for somewhat closer and more practical attention from the governing body and branches of the Gaelic League than they have hitherto seen their way to bestow upon it. There has, no doubt, been plenty of denunciation of the National Board as an anti-Irish body, and of the National Schools as "nation-killers;" but I can't help thinking that the interests of the language would be better served if we had a good deal less of this indiscriminating style of denunciation, and a good deal more attention devoted to the specific obstacles which stand in the way of the successful teaching of the subject in National Schools.

Some of these obstacles are of the National Board's making, but for others of them that body must be held as free from blame as the Gaelic League itself. For the present I shall only discuss those for which the Board is responsible, and hereafter, I may, with your kind permission, take an opportunity of laying before your readers my views on the other branch of the question.

The provisions of the Board's Code which injuriously affect the teaching of Irish are as follows:—

1. Irish will not be paid for as an extra subject unless the Teacher possesses the National Board's Certificate of competency to teach it.
2. Schools which have not obtained a higher award than "Fair" for general efficiency cannot take up Irish as an extra.
3. Pupils classed lower than 4th are not eligible to earn fees on the subject.

To take these in order:—

(1). Getting a Board's Certificate in Irish is not a work of extreme difficulty for a young person whose mind is fresh and vigorous, and who has the habit of study; but for a person advanced in years it is a different matter. There are plenty of teachers of fifty or sixty years of age—native speakers—who have taken up Irish classes in their schools with a good will, and who have been getting along very satisfactorily, making up lessons as a pleasant exercise in their leisure hours, and thus keeping well ahead of their pupils, but whom it would be absolute cruelty to set down to memorize within a limited period the multitude of rules, exceptions, and details which one who faces examination requires to have at his fingers' ends. Besides, what is the meaning

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of these certificates at all? The fact that a teacher HAS taught Irish or any other subject successfully is surely the best certificate that he is competent to teach it. When a man gets a well-made suit of clothes from his tailor he is pleased, and pays for it without asking the tailor to produce certificates of any kind. In the old days third-class teachers were paid for instructing pupils in a course of Euclid and Algebra which was far above the degree of that on which they were required to qualify themselves. Even at the present time, a teacher who never passed an examination in Drawing may teach that subject in his school, and if he shows good results this will be set down to his credit, and may possibly be the deciding factor in getting him an increase of salary. I think that this is a matter to which the Gaelic League might very well give a little more attention than it has been giving. It may be taken as certain that if the present regulation is enforced, the Irish language will within a short time have disappeared from the curriculum of many a school in which it has hitherto been taught earnestly and well.

(2). Some modifications of this rule have, I believe, been conceded. Instead of a minimum standard of proficiency in the ordinary school subjects being prescribed to entitle a teacher to obtain fees for the instruction in Irish outside school hours, the matter is now left to the discretion of the Inspector; but the essential principle of the rule is still maintained, and I should say that the alteration is much more likely to make a difference for the worse than for the better in the working out. If the Inspector is favourable to the teaching of Irish, all will be well; but should his disposition towards it be unfriendly, we may expect that his veto will be used to crush it out wherever and whenever he can find a pretext for doing so. In any case it is an utterly indefensible proceeding to refuse to pay a teacher for satisfactory work done *outside* school hours, because his work *inside* school hours has not reached a certain standard of merit. There would be some justification for it, no doubt, if it could be shown that the attention given to the extra was in any way the cause of the unsatisfactory proficiency in the ordinary school subjects; but in the name of common sense how can that be the case when Irish has its own daily time set apart for it either before the instruction in these subjects commences or after it has concluded. What caps the climax of absurdity is that Irish may be taught *inside* school hours (thus really interfering with the ordinary work), whatever may be the Inspector's report on the general state of the school. It is quite evident from this that economy, not the interests of the children, is the guiding motive of the Board; for Irish *is not paid for* when taught inside school hours. The trail of the Treasury shows very plainly over the whole arrangement.

The Gaelic League protested vigorously enough against the rule when it was first promulgated, but it appears to have been coaxed into quiescence by the substitution of the Inspector's discretion for a hard and fast standard. This, to my mind, shows that the Gaelic League is remarkably easy to be pleased in some directions.

(3) Less than 30 per cent. of the pupils of our National Schools are in 4th and higher standards. To defer the commencing of Irish to pupils until they have reached 4th Standard would mean, as attendance goes at present, that less than 20 per cent. of them could receive instruction in the subject for a second year, while well under 10 per cent. of them would have an opportunity of going through the third year's course. Now 2nd and 3rd Standard pupils can be taught Irish as well as any other subject if a suitable programme is provided for them: much of the English they are set to learn is as foreign to them as Volapuk, but they grapple with it pretty successfully all the same. A child commencing Irish in the Second Standard would in general have the advantage of going through a three years' course of it, and if the system of teaching was

sound, would leave school with a knowledge of the language which he would find it easy and pleasant to go on improving afterwards. The right sort of material for Gaelic League classes would thus be abundant, and these classes would have the opportunity of showing some visible results of their work to the public that very few of them have hitherto had. At the risk of being set down as a faultfinder, I must express my opinion that to the supineness of the Gaelic League, as much as to any other cause, is due the fact that this most harmful regulation has not by this time disappeared from the Code.

The Gaelic League is no doubt satisfied that it has obtained concessions from the Board which more than compensate for the disabilities which I have been discussing. Let us see what these concessions are. They have got two programmes; a bilingual one for schools in Irish-speaking districts, and one for Irish as an ordinary subject taught within school hours; that is all. I have no means of forming an opinion as to how the bilingual arrangement will work out, and I therefore express none. I am very decided in my belief, however, that with the ordinary school programme, already overcrowded with compulsory subjects, the number of teachers willing to add to their work by taking on Irish as an additional one, without any monetary reward, will be found to be rather small. The Gaelic League has always attached great importance, and rightly, to having Irish taught within school hours, but they must remember that they are very far from having achieved that object when they have got an official programme; they must go much further, and insist on obtaining for the teacher liberty to *make time* for Irish within school hours by eliminating from his curriculum some other subject or subjects now compulsory. Indeed I cannot help saying that I think the cause of the language would be a good deal the gainer if the Gaelic League were to leaven its present policy with just a little consideration for the difficulties of various kinds under which teachers have to labour.

To sum up I would say:—

- (1). Let the answering of the pupils be the test of whether the teacher is competent.
- (2) Let teaching done outside school hours be judged and paid for according to its own merits.
- (3). Let pupils of all grades be eligible to receive instruction in Irish and be paid for if their answering is satisfactory.

These demands are so obviously reasonable that if a serious general effort is made they will certainly be acceded to. In making them, the Gaelic League will be asking for nothing that was not, until some months ago, the educational law of the land.

H. P. COURTNEY, Killarney.



THE ESTATES COMMISSION APPOINTMENTS.

I HAVE read with much interest "Lynx's" article on the above, and with every sentence of which I am in complete accord. I have often wondered that some of your clever writers had not drawn attention to this important matter long ago—but "Better late than never."

Whenever the Irish Land Act of 1903 became law, the matter of appointments in connection with its administration naturally arose. In reply to several questions on the subject from members of the Irish Party, Mr. Wyndham clearly stated that only persons of ability, and with knowledge and experience could hope to receive appointments. During the passage of the Bill through the House of Commons, Mr. Wyndham, if I mistake not, promised to hold himself directly responsible for all appointments made, and when Parliament assembles he should be made render an account of his stewardship.

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The Government soon after the passing of the Act, were loud in their cries regarding the reduction of the cost of maintaining and administering the affairs of the Irish Government, and a great cutting down of expenses was inevitably to ensue. The first cutting down was made in the staff of the Irish Land Commission, in October, 1903, when 31 Commissioners were dismissed, the majority of whom I heard were "Idolators." There we have the first move regarding the saving of expenditure brought to bear to the greatest extent on the Catholic element, and that in an office which can in truth be termed a "saved" preserve.

I daresay any of the "saved" that were amongst the 31 dismissed above-mentioned must have since been re-appointed, and these probably account for the greater number of the 21 land valuers referred to by Mr. T. W. Russell, M.P. Some information on this subject would be useful when Parliament re-assembles.

A number of clerical appointments to the office staff of the Estates Commission was made at the inauguration of the Act under the guise of temporary clerkships, and of course, being temporary, ability, experience and knowledge did not count as being absolutely necessary. These so-called temporary clerks are in reality permanent, for as soon as they have acquired the routine of the Department, they will be as surely placed on the permanent Establishment, and that through the powerful influence of the "big-wigs," of whom they are the nominees.

Through the operation of the Act it was found necessary to appoint a clerk having experience in land agency business as head of a new Department; and who obtained the job? A man named DeCourcy out of Lord Dunraven's rent-office, and it is not too hard to surmise whose influence secured him this valuable appointment. Very probably he is a "saved" gentleman: and if Lord Dunraven's "Devolution Scheme" became a reality, he would find "pets" for all the "fat" posts created under it.

Again, Section 52 of the I. L. Act of 1903, created a new Department presided over by an official termed the public trustee. A fit and proper person was to have been selected for the position. The salary attached to the office is £1,200 per annum. Now, to my mind, the person best suited for this position is he, who, besides having a wide knowledge of finance, has also a comprehensive knowledge of, and experience in, trustee affairs, and a thorough acquaintance with all the Trustee Securities enumerated in Sect. 51 of the Act. And who has received this valuable appointment? A "saved" gentleman, named McClintock, from the County Down, and that through, I have been given to understand, the influence of a well-known County Down Lord. And what qualifications had he for the job? Well, I understand he was a rent-agent for a considerable time in the North, for the County Down Lord who obtained for him the position; and, moreover, I heard he also did some soldiering in India, and if these are the qualifications necessary for such an important appointment, what may be expected next? Could no Catholic gentleman be found fitted for this position? Yes, I think, from the Stock Brokers of Dublin more than a dozen gentlemen eminently qualified in every respect could have been selected, and a Stock Broker was the proper person for the post, as he was the one—above all others—who was acquainted with the duties that such an official would be called upon to perform.

Now here we have a new Department created, for which a staff must be appointed as the needs of the office require. Only persons with technical training and experience in the special class of work to be performed in the office, can, I have been informed, be selected for an appointment. Yet, I am told from high authority, that the very first appointment made by Mr. McClintock to the clerical staff of the Department was a "yeoman." I have taken a great interest in the working of this Department presided over by Mr. McClintock, as I have a friend who is a candidate for a position in it. He is not only a trained and experienced person in the special class of work of this office, but also an expert at it, and as an exponent of trustee and financial matters in connection with Land Act

affairs, he cannot easily be beaten, yet he is under 30. His writings in the Press in connection with Land Act Finance are well known. I have it on good authority—from an official friend—that he is one of the foremost candidates for a position in this office, and it will be interesting to watch how his application will be treated.

I understand they are "bogged" just now in the Estates Commission Office with work, and the blame is left on the insufficiency of the staff. I am thinking all the blame cannot be attached to an insufficient staff. Would not some of it be traceable to the incapacity of the class of officials appointed? I should think so.

I hope you will be able to direct the powerful searchlight of your criticism on the Estates Commissioners and their Departments, as something must be done to prevent this packing of Government Offices with "saved" numbskulls to the detriment of trained Catholic candidates with ability and experience at their command.

AN IDOLATOR.



A GALLERY OF MODERN ART.

A FEW words, by way of note, on the suggested gallery for the pictures and drawings, collected by Mr. Hugh Lane, the Hon. Secretary to the Committee for the Show, now on view at the Academy rooms in Abbey Street. I intend writing a fuller article next week, as these fine pictures, and the project of forming a gallery of modern art too, is a subject of too much importance to be dismissed in a hasty column of print. Just here, in quoting from Mr. Lane's "Explanation," which prefaces the catalogue (under revision), I would suggest that, if there is not enough money in Ireland to purchase every picture that is for sale, then there undoubtedly is in the pockets of some Irish "exiles"; not alone for this object, but to build a gallery for the city—nay, for the land—into the bargain. Myself, I would be the last to advise that every picture there ought to be acquired by the country; but the majority of them should be. Says Mr. Lane:—"The City of Dublin Gallery would rank amongst the greatest modern collections in the world, could we but obtain the pictures now exhibited at the Royal Hibernian Academy." Well, it would rank high enough, I should say. And it is not so much a question, to my mind, whether Dublin wants a gallery now, or not, as whether Ireland will not want these pictures twenty years hence, and then (if she secures them not now) be unable to get them.

Here, then, is an opportunity for an "exile," or any selection of returning exiles, to shew a sample of undying love for the "dear old land." About the Corporation of Dublin helping the project "in a practical manner by granting a small annual sum," as Mr. Lane says, I take this to mean a levy on the city rates. Now, as the British Government has been robbing Ireland of millions, for I don't know how many years, and as the projected Gallery would be not alone for Dublin, but for all Ireland, is it not reasonable to expect, to demand, that (until a native legislature has the power to draw up her own estimates) that the "Imperial" Treasury should disgorge this annual sum, say, a few thousands, more or less, every year. The Police estimate, alone, for the Wallace Gallery in London averages £3,000 per year. We could do fairly well without the Police over here. That ought to be a consideration for the economical empire. In the meantime, one or two of Ireland's exiles with a few million dollars can give his undying love some visible expression in limestone, granite, brick or anything of that kind, on the condition of this disgorgement taking place.

All the Corots, one or two Rousseaus, the smaller Puvis de Chavannes, two Manets, all the Constables, an Harpignies, a Daumier, two of the Claude Monets, a Degas, all the drawings of J. F. Millet, a rare Alfred Stevens, a Walter Osborne, a Lepage and a Daubigny, one of the Whistlers—these ought to be secured without fail. A very good portrait by J. B. Yeats—and another by the same have been presented by Dr. Fitzgerald—they exhibit Mr. Yeats at his best, and two small and excellent landscapes by Mr. Duffy, by the artist himself. Other presentations are by Nathaniel Hone and C. H. Shannon. There are also paintings or drawings by Rothenstein, Mark Fisher, Conder, Wilson Steer, and

John Sargent. The latter is a Sargent portrait, with a face uncommonly worked up for a Sargent.

Here, then, if any rich Irishman wants to make an *invaluable* present to his native land, he can—in showman's language—pay his money and take his choice. And what a choice he has! Just now my emotions are aroused to such an extent by this fine collection of masterly painting (most of it) that I can only advise anybody who wishes to become an "unknown benefactor," and have his name inscribed in large gold letters over the entrance door of some gallery, to go and see what a choice is there. More in a similar strain, next week. Till then, lauds!

"ARTS AND CRAFTS."

STAINED GLASS, TO WIT.

After my article last week had gone to press I saw a catalogue of the above exhibition. From this I now quote:—"No. 102, Panel; colour study (after window in Nuremberg), £5 0s. 0d." I said of this panel, last week, that it was "an affectedly mediæval copy," and that I trusted "the workers at An Túr Síoné are not going to travel that road to unrealities." Well, it seems by the catalogue that there was not any intention of them so travelling. I took it to be a "palm off," not knowing that it was exhibited as a "colour study" to be sold as such. I now add this note to remove any false impression that my words may have conveyed.

ROBERT ELLIOTT.

COUNTY COMMITTEE OF AGRICULTURE v. EMIGRATION.

IN your issue of November 12th there appears a very important suggestion put forward by a "Co. Cork Woman," *re* Egg Stations and the present method of Poultry-Keeping Instruction.

Quite true, "the stations are placed in the care of well-to-do people—clergymen's wives and strong farmers instead of, as suggested, in the care of the daughters of small farmers who would see, by personal attention that the work was done properly and thoroughly."

Now, I would venture to bring forward a similar case, namely, Dairy Instruction. At the present time there is a dairy instructress going about with a number of churns *showing* the farmers' wives how to make butter. I believe the salary paid in this case is £104 per annum, car fare at local rates, bicycle at 1d. per mile, and £52 per annum for hotel expenses (which, by the way, is not at all times necessary, as the instructress very frequently while on duty is the guest of friends, though I expect the rate-payers are paying to the tune of £1 per week all the same). I may be misinformed about the above sums, but I think they are pretty accurate. Now, if those sums were taken and expended on the training of a few small farmers' daughters—say, two from each district—for a course of six months practical training each, the plan would be far better, as the future butter-makers "would be obliged, when under proper supervision, to do the work in the most scientific and up-to-date manner, and learn the proper treatment of cream," etc. As it is it would be interesting to know how many are following, in their own dairies, the instructions given at those classes!

The ratepayers are pretty easily fleeced, and they happen to be the people who gain *nothing* by the Technical Department. It would be more to the point to give direct aid in this way to the daughters of farmers and labourers—who may take service in farmers' houses—than to pay big salaries to ladies such as professional men's daughters who have no interest in their business beyond their salaries.

Farmers now understand the value of a proper market for their products and are alive to the keen competition of other countries, therefore, it's they who ought to get practical aid.

What a "Co. Cork Woman" suggests is, that girls should be selected for training for the poultry business. Why could not the two industries be taught together, as they are both the principal means of income on small holdings? A few years would have good practical up-

to-date methods fully established and save endless *useless* expense.

Then the girls of Ireland shall not find it quite so necessary to emigrate, as they shall have two thriving industries at home, for the products of which there is always demand if got by proper methods.

Those who hold up their hands in horror at the "Irish Exodus" ought to see that this money is made to benefit *directly* the people for whom it is intended, and not be paid in big salaries to a few individuals.

Bat, alas, we are a nation of dreamers and talkers!

A CO. WICKLOW WOMAN.

THE FAILURE OF THE IRISH IN AMERICA.

SPEAKING at Maryborough on the 30th October, Mr. Dillon, M.P., made the following surprising pronouncement:—"What is the use of telling a young man to stay in Ireland if there is no career for them, when by crossing the Atlantic there is the world before them. And when people tell me that all our people go to the bad in America, I say there is not a word of truth in it. They do well in America or wherever they go." And, again, in his speech at Dublin on the 9th inst., Mr. Dillon returned to the charge. He said, "Fault was found with me because I have denied—and I repeat the denial here to-night—that our people in America or Australia go to the bad or fail. They do not go to the bad or fail. They do well in America. . . . I feel humiliated when I hear men say as an argument against Irish emigration, that our people in America go to the bottom and fail. No, they do not."

This statement is so contrary to all the published evidence on the question that it takes one's breath away. Out of the host of witnesses who have testified to the pitiful condition to which the vast bulk of the Irish emigrants to the United States are reduced, let me quote from the remarkable series of articles on the question which were contributed to "United Ireland" in the year 1885 by its special commissioner in America who devoted months of close enquiry to the subject. The "United Ireland" newspaper was then edited by Mr. William O'Brien, a Parliamentary colleague of Mr. Dillon, and its contributor from America was no other than Mr. T. P. Gill, Secretary of the Department of Agriculture, who subsequently became a member of the Irish Party. Here is a striking extract from one of Mr. Gill's letters which I think may be taken as a complete answer to Mr. Dillon's extraordinary assertions:—

The nether regions of American life have been so little explored. They have not been explored at all, indeed, so far as any explorer's testimony is concerned. The world, and, of course, America herself, have been so much taken up with admiring what really calls for admiration in America, that the reverse of the picture has not been looked at. Her grand freedom, the vastness and richness of her territory, her surprising growth, have captivated our imagination and left us scarcely the power to be critical. If we have conceded any blemishes in America at all, they are either trivial or such as only emphasise her enormous prosperity; eruptions, if I may so put it, due to an over-richness of the blood; abuses of the universal suffrage, the gigantic political corruption, the indifference of the "respectable classes" to politics, a social "crudity" noticed by Henry James, a literary nepotism noticed by Matthew Arnold. Seriously, these and similar to these are the drawbacks taken account of by sociologists philosophising about the United States. Never a suggestion that there is such a thing as poverty among the phases of American life; never a word of the foulness, viciousness, and misery in which millions of the American population live; never another reflection on the stupendous rate at which new populations are dumped on the docks of American cities beyond the shallow and truly Yankee reflection that the value of emigrants to the country is supposed to be a thousand dollars. All men in America are free and equal, and nobody is poor; if you think a moment, reader, you will find that whatever other notions you

may have about America, that one is at the bottom of all, a postulate taken for granted, and with the Irish more than the imagination has been touched; our sense of gratitude has been appealed to by the hospitality (a hospitality by the way which I have yet to learn differs from that of the owner of a large empty house welcoming good tenants whom he estimated to be worth to him at least a thousand dollars per head) with which America appears opening her arms to the exiled of our race. So that we are positively unwilling to see anything amiss with America, and will chivalrously stick up for the Great Republic on all occasions and against every adversary. Now I declare that there are millions of people in America—millions of Irish people (and this is the main point, for after all, what do theories alone concern us?) millions who are poor, who are very poor, and who are poor with accessories of vileness and degradation undreamt of in the old country. I assert that henceforth the Irishman who ventures to emigrate to America (unless he comes equipped and provided for in such a fashion that he would certainly have done better by staying at home) is bound to be poor. Let the people in Ireland who are thinking of emigrating mark these words; this is the rule to-day. And I will furthermore say with reference to the people who have emigrated, and bearing in mind all that may be urged on the subject, bearing in mind the influence of Irish-America on the Irish political question, bearing in mind the indispensability of the Irish to Catholicity in America as its pioneers and champions, and bearing in mind the number of Irishmen who have risen to wealth and distinction here, and who would probably have remained peasants had they stayed at home, I say that emigration to the majority of the Irish emigrants themselves has proved a curse. Whether in giving an inspiring example and magnificent aid to the Irish at home it was necessary that they should suffer, or whether as a second chosen people guarding the Ark of the Covenant in the new land of Egypt, Providence decreed that they should suffer, the majority of the Irish who have emigrated to America have suffered, anyhow, by the change. They have suffered materially, morally and even physically.

Next to the St. Vincent de Paul Society the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor is the largest organization in New York, and it is one of several; but an idea of the magnitude of the Catholic Society can be had by a comparison of the relief lists.

In 1884, 4,070 families were relieved by the Association above mentioned. In 1880, an exceptionally good year, the New York Council of St. Vincent de Paul Society relieved 14,153 families, and the number of visits made to poor families was 155,138.

As far as the evidence of hard facts would seem to show the destitution, the unhappiness, and even the vice dealt with by the philanthropic bodies of the United States, sectarian or otherwise, are to a striking extent, Irish. The Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor is ever looked askance at by the Catholics as having the proselytising taint. Yet—to cite a single fact—the total number of Irish applicants

for "city coal" through that Association last year was "more than double that of the Germans, and more than six times greater than the Americans;" in short, of all the nationalities relieved by the Association in this manner—American, German, Irish, Italian, Hungarian, English, coloured and "various," the Irish number 52 per cent.

An Irish family comes out to this land of plenty and independence, and finds that it has not only to encounter hardship and poverty, but that it has to *accept charity*! There are no people in the world who have a greater repugnance to accept charity than the Irish. With what horror a man looks on the prospect of "going on the parish" in Ireland, although in "going on the parish" he is not accepting charity, but demanding his dividend from a fund to which he himself has contributed, for the expressed purpose, of duly assessed rates and taxes. Yet I have seen Irish men and women here, who would die of shame to have done such a thing in Ireland; accepting charity pure and simple with a hardened face. Ay, accepting the "soupers'" dole—for what difference is the coffee and bread of the proselytising Society bestowed on a promise of attending the "Church meetings" round the corner? "Charity" in this country demoralises the recipients.

Thousands of poor Irish are on the lists of the Charity Organization Society. These are some of the things I referred to when I said that our people are to be seen in American cities losing their self-respect. There is even worse, much worse, in this particular connection which might be adduced, but I cannot bring myself to write of it.

DEOPAROE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AN EMIGRATION SNAP SHOT.

DEAR SIR—Some time ago the parish priest of my district sent a young Mayo man to me, saying he did not know him nor anything about him, and asking me to give him work if I could do so; the young man arrived at Altrincham in his tramp through the country to find work, and called at the priest's house to know if he could help him to any, and beyond this, neither the priest nor I know anything of him or his family.

I had not any job to offer him, but I took him in my employment, explaining that he must get another job as soon as possible, and shortly afterwards I was pleased to find that he secured work on a Cheshire farm, and he left me, to attend to it.

A few days ago the man called upon me stating that the work for which he was required was finished, so he, with others, was paid off, and, though his employer was well pleased with him, he could not offer him another job until the spring of next year.

He called at my house again, looking for work—not begging—and told me that he had heard that men were wanted at a large job a few miles away, and, as I did not require his services, I gave him a little assistance to help him on the road.

A couple of days ago this unfortunate man called at my office to tell me that, when he arrived at the place where he expected work, he found many others who had also applied and been disappointed as no more men were

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required, and, by comparing notes with others who had tramped the other parts of the country, he became convinced that there was nothing to be hoped for until the winter is over.

I do not believe this man is an imposter; I believe him to be an honest, respectable man and the son of respectable parents who are too poor to keep him, and he tells me that he is one of a family of seven which is trying to live out of a few acres of poor land; we all know how these young men leave their home and country to work and send home what they can save—how their very circumstances force them into the slums of the towns and cities where they rest during their tramps—how they must be influenced by their wretched surroundings in these places and how, finally, through hunger and de-

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spair, or may be through drink as the result of both, they add another to the long list of Irish names on the rolls of the police courts.

It was quite apparent that the poor fellow was hungry, exhausted, and ill, and he told me that the small amount I had given him on his previous call was all the money he had had since, and all he could afford to buy with it

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Applications, with original certificates and copies of testimonials, to be lodged with me one week previous to election, viz., by 12 o'clock (noon) WEDNESDAY, 30th NOVEMBER NEXT, and the personal attendance of candidates upon the day of election will be necessary.

By Order,

JOHN O'NEILL,
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was dry bread, and the two previous nights he had slept out all night because he had no money to pay for lodgings, and, as both nights were frosty, he had got a slight attack of "rheumatics" and was generally in such a low condition that, if he had been offered work, he could not do it.

Under such circumstances I had practically no alternative to providing him with food and lodgings while I made a few enquiries, and it is with this object that I now write to you.

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Write to the Principals. A. I. C. College,
33 LOWER ABBEY STREET, DUBLIN.

I thought of sending him home, but the enclosed cutting from to-day's *Manchester Guardian* shows that this should be the last move to be considered.

I have not a file of your paper, but from different numbers which I have read, I think you oppose emigration on the ground that there is work in Ireland for farm labourers, and, though I dare not trust my memory so far as to give you as my authority, I am sure I have read and often heard that farming cannot be extensively taken up in Ireland for want of farm labour.

If this be the case, will you please advise me what is the best thing to be done with this young man in question? I will keep him while enquiries are made, and will pay his expenses to any place where suitable and regular work can be offered to him.

If necessary, I apologise for troubling you in the matter; my only excuse is the pressing need of an unfortunate countryman, and my reason for selecting you to help me is that I thought you would be the best under the circumstances.

In any case, I hope you will favour me with an early reply.—Yours faithfully,
H. F. O'BRIEN.

N.B.—There must be many others in similar predicaments, and it would be well to know if there is a remedy.

[Since the above was written the unfortunate Mayo man in whom Mr. H. F. O'Brien took such a humane and practical interest has secured some work for the winter. However, this snap-shot of Emigration in the concrete is worth placing before the Irish public.—
ED. LEADER.]

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Skibbereen is a comical place. Its *Eagle*, as the world knows, had its eye on the Tzar; it can boast of a Young Ireland Society, it is erecting a National monument, and O'Donovan Rossa was to have lectured there recently—we presume he has done so. A deputation was appointed for the purpose of meeting Rossa on his arrival at Queenstown. On the face of it, it would seem that Skibbereen is almost at exploding point with "the immortal spirit of Irish nationality." A Leaderite

had occasion to go to the town during last week. "I asked in a shop," he writes us, "for Irish cigarettes, and after considerable delay, a package was discovered in a musty old box; then I wanted matches—Hadh't Irish! I said she ought to be ashamed of herself. Tried next door. 'No Irish matches in stock.' Tried another, and another, and another, and another, six in all. Not one had Irish matches. They had Sweedish, Liverpool, etc., but no Patersons. And this in a town where they are erecting a National monument!" We wonder what the Skibbereen Young Ireland Society are doing?

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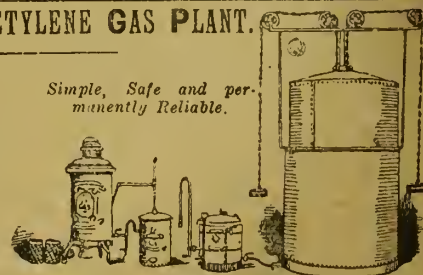
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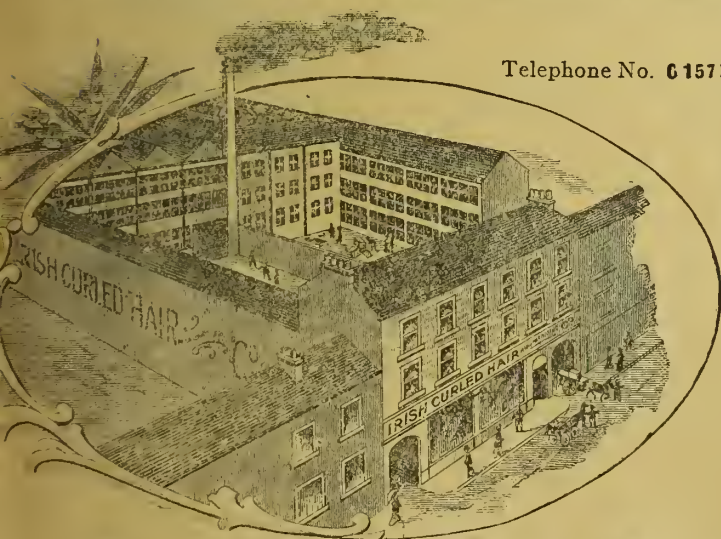
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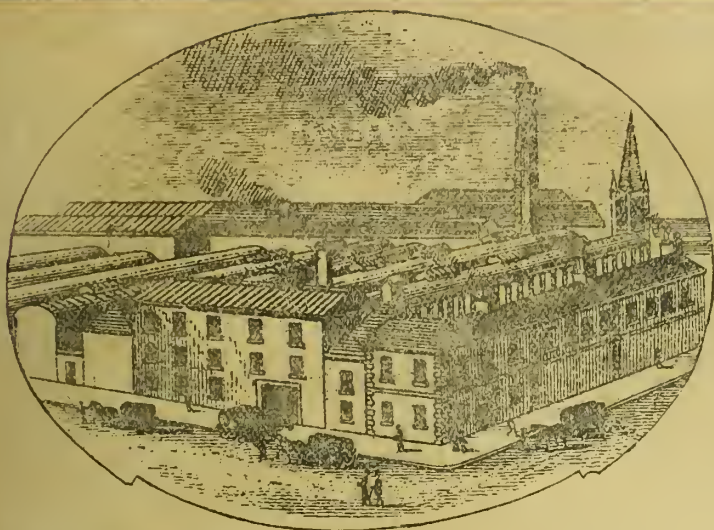
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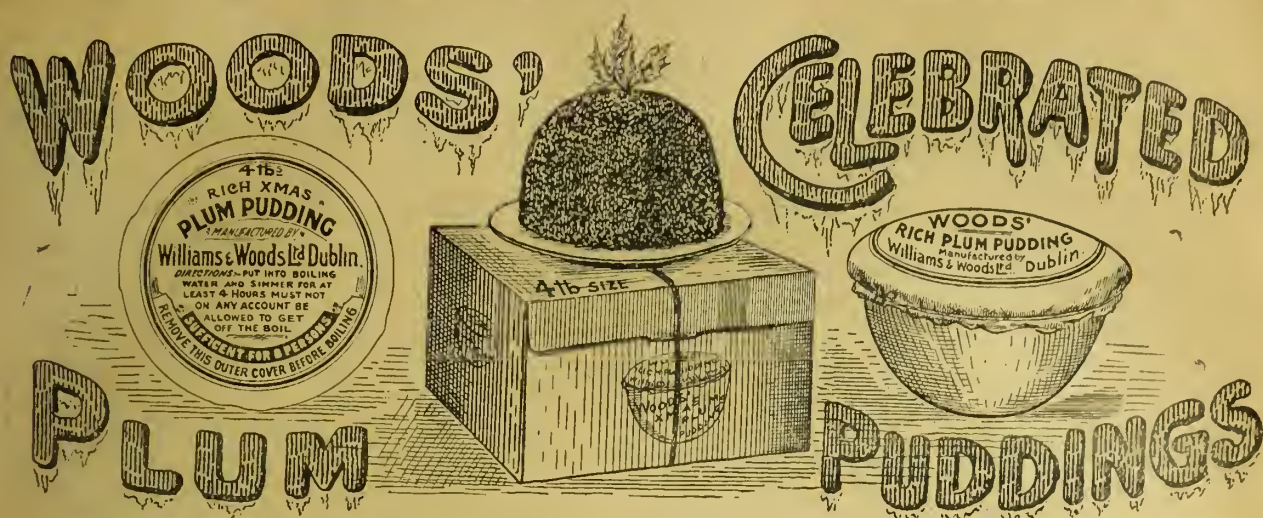
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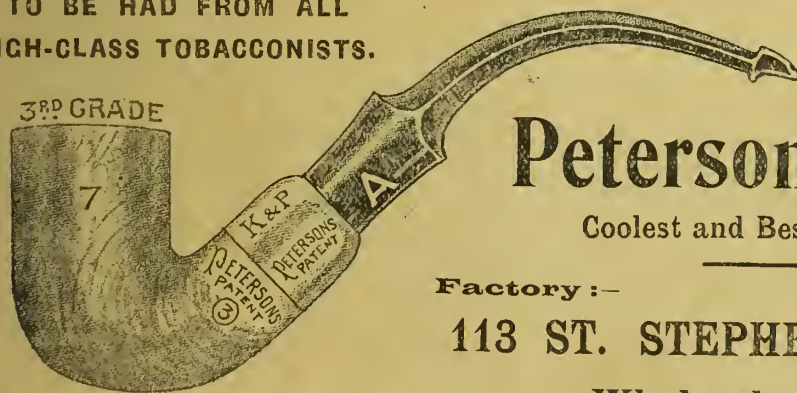
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Christmas Holidays, 1904.

NOTICE.

On Christmas Day the trains will run as on Sundays, except that a special will leave Macmine Junction for Waterford on arrival of 9.0 a.m. from Dublin, and a train will leave Waterford for Macmine Junction at 5.0 p.m. to connect with the 6.0 p.m. up Wexford train for Dublin.

A special train will also leave Bray on Christmas morning at 7.0 a.m. for Westland Row, stopping at Dalkey line stations, Kingstown and Blackrock.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS.

On 23rd and 24th December return tickets will be issued from Dublin, Bray and Stations north to Stations south of Greystones, and from Stations south of Greystones to Dublin, and all Stations north of Bray at

Single Fares and a quarter

available for return up to and including 31st December, 1904.

Return tickets at single fare and quarter will also be issued on above dates between all Stations 15 miles apart.

On Christmas Day the usual Sunday Excursion Tickets at Single Fares will be issued, and will be available for return up to and including 31st December, 1904 (Limited Day Mail Trains excepted.)

St. Stephen's Day, 26th December, 1904.

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Extension of Ordinary Return Tickets.

Ordinary return tickets issued from 17th to 31st, inclusive, for 15 miles and upwards will be available for return up to and including 31st January, 1904.

For Full particulars see Posters.

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One Shilling per Dozen allowed for Bottles when returned.

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Best Black Tea	-	32	Per lb.
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Breakfast Tea	-	26	"
Standard Tea	-	22	"
Broken Leaf Tea	-	18	"
Broken Leaf Tea	-	16	"

These Teas are Blends of the Finest Indian and China, and comprising great strength with Fine Flavor and Pungency.

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A Review of Current Affairs, Politics, Literature, Art and Industry.

Vol. IX., No. 15

(Registered as a
Newspaper.)

DUBLIN, 3rd DECEMBER, 1904.

Price Two Pence.

CONTENTS.

CURRENT AFFAIRS:—

The Attack on Carlow ...	225
Fall in <i>Irish Times'</i> Profits ...	225
Bung and Death ...	226
<i>Alf</i> on the LEADER ...	226
The Columban League ...	227
Sir Ralph Lets Go ...	227
Etc., Etc.	

ARTICLES:—

leis Cúgao an Sgeat ...	229
THE LEADER ...	229
Our Evergreen Pantomime ...	230
Modern Art and More Money ...	234
A Lay of West Britain ...	235
A Chapter from an Unpublished Book ...	236
Waterford Priests and Irish Ireland ...	238
Sir Horace Plunkett's Book ...	240
Rev Dr. Hogan and the Catholic Association ...	244
The Economists in a Fog ...	245
The Failure of the Catholic University ...	247
The Glasnevin Cemeteries Committee ...	249
An Englishman and Ireland—III. ...	249

NOTICE.

THE LEADER will be sent, post free, to any part of Ireland or Great Britain for three months, on receipt of Postal Orders value 1s. 8d.; six months, 3s. 3d.; one year, 6s. 6d. The rates of subscription for foreign postage are:—Three months, 2s. 2d.; six months, 4s. 4d.; twelve months, 8s. 8d.

The inland postage on THE LEADER is a halfpenny; to any foreign country the postage is one penny.

Editor will endeavour to return unsuitable MSS. when a stamped, addressed cover is enclosed, but he cannot undertake to be held responsible for them.

Business Letters should be addressed to the Manager, at the Offices, 33 Lower Abbey Street, Dublin.

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CURRENT AFFAIRS.

In another column will be found a reproduction of some of the shells that played round the head of the unhappy and routed Horatius, at Port Riverstown. After the fierce operations that eventuated in the fall of Riverstown, we gave the victorious army a week's rest before calling them to the attack on Cromwell, the defiant, at Carlow in the Province of Leinster. In Carlow it will be remembered, a man of the Irish sent a message addressed in the language of the country to a comrade in the same Leinster fortress. Cromwell, the defiant, intercepted it and wrote across the message "Indecipherable; no more of these accepted." The men of the grand army of Irish Ireland have now to ram these words down the throat of Cromwell. These insolent words have been made to ring throughout Irish Ireland, and gunners have rushed to their guns impatient for the word to fire. We do not know what class of entrenchments and fortifications the enemy at Carlow has made to withstand the Irish attack, but we are confident that the defiant fortress will fall before a vigorous frontal attack. The army that fought and conquered

at Riverstown has been reinforced, and is in splendid fighting form; it is spoiling for the fray. All shells should be aimed at Carlow and not at *Catarrhoc* for shells aimed at the latter place are liable to have the explosive power taken out of them along the line of fire. It is a curious phenomenon, but such shells land for a while on their way, and if *Catarrhoc* were written on them the name and other part of the address might be translated as well as *Catarrhoc* before they reached the sorters' rampart at Carlow where Cromwell presides, and that would take the dynamite out of them. All shells should be aimed at *Prionnias na Dubhais*, 55 *Spáirí 'Ad Cúat*, Carlow. Now, lads, load up, aim straight, write the name of the town in Beurla, and fire. Remember Riverstown and Horatius.

It is a sign of the times that the profits of the *Bigots' Dust Bin* have decreased. Poor *Alf*; it is not in a very robust state to resist the flanking movement of the forthcoming ha'penny *Independent*. As our readers know, notwithstanding the loyal help of the Jesuit Colleges, Clongowes, Mungret and Belvedere; and also Castleknock, where the lamented College Ass came from, the revenue derived from "Idoltrous" places of education by this libeller of a venerable Parish Priest, suffered a considerable diminution. We note that the second preference shares of 6½ per cent.—a rather big interest for preference shares—keep at 3·75% below par as we write. The announcement of a very considerable decrease in profits will not help to harden the price, as the Stock Exchange people phrase it. There is a bad time in front of *Alf*. If the landlords and their hangers-on clear out of the country *Alf* will lose a prop; and perhaps even the "tony" Jesuit Colleges, Clongowes, Mungret and Belvedere, and the other place associated with the College Ass may not always see their way to advertise in this self-confessed libeller of a venerable Parish Priest—a paper that said of the creature McCarthy's first book, "This book should be read by every Irishman and Irishwoman who desires to know the truth about Ireland"; a paper that in the drunkenness of its bigotry ignorantly threatened that, but for the advertisements of Protestants, no Nationalist paper could live. Alas, poor *Dust Bin*, you are only at the beginning of your troubles. Supposing all "Idolators" took it into their heads that the columns of the libeller of Canon McInerney were no place for the announcement of births, marriages and deaths of "Idolators," another chip would come off the declining profits of the *Bigots' Dust Bin*.

The Chairman, at the fourth annual meeting, had to let the cat out of the bag that the profits had gone down, but he avoided mentioning the extent of the drop in profits. Last year the Chairman said:—"You have doubtless seen from the report that the net profit earned after payment of all salaries, wages, cost of management and making a liberal provision for bad and doubtful debts, amounts to £31,517 1s. 4d." Alas, poor tottering *Alf*, this year the Chairman said:—"You will have seen from the report which you received that the net profit earned, after payment of salaries, wages, management expenses, and making a liberal provision for bad and doubtful debts amounts to £29,466 17s. 1d." That is, a fine, big substantial drop of £2,050 4s. 3d. on the year's trading. No wonder the second preference shares have dropped in the market. What prospect is before the *Irish Times*, Ltd.? Where will it stand in, say, ten years, when a vigorous Irish Ireland and back-boney people will face it? Perhaps, *Alf* may turn Nationalist in order to attempt to retain its profits! That bout of drunken anti-Catholic bigotry in which the *Dust Bin* indulged about a year ago is a rod in pickle for it.

We note that Mr. William Field, Emmpee, was heckled at a meeting called for the purpose of establishing a branch of the U.I.L. in Usher's Quay Ward. We read in the *Independent*:—"A member of the audience questioned Mr. Field's action in signing a memorial praying for the release of two men who were convicted of fraud in connection with the Registration Acts. Mr. Field replied that the Nationalists of Dublin could afford to be forgiving in such a matter." What do the Nationalist Constituents think of this excuse by Mr. Jack-in-the-Box M.P.?

The Unionist convict Ladd is free again. But, start not, gentle reader, the petition which Mr. Jack-in-the-Box, M.P., signed in his favour was not responsible for his release. Mr. William Field and the "chivalry" man of the *Evening Herald*, will be grieved to hear that the Unionist criminal did his full time, and that is the reason he has been let out. The Unionist convict Macartney is still doing time in one of His Most Gracious Majesty's prisons.

The "Fashion and Varieties" column of the *Freeman*, of Saturday last, contains a piece of news of exceptional interest. It is contained in the "Departure from the North Wall," sub-division of "Fashion and Varieties." Amongst the fashionable departures mentioned is that of one Mr. T. Theodore Ladd. We think we have heard that name before. Percy Bernard and Brother Goulding are intimately acquainted with it; we wonder was Mr. William Field, M.P., flooding the Liffey with his tears on the occasion of that "fashionable departure? Did the "chivalrous" man of the green *Herald* recite a poem on the gangway immediately before the steamer left its moorings, with its "fashionable" item, Mr. T. Theodore Ladd? And so the departure of this mean, convicted Unionist criminal, the man Ladd, is a "fashion and variety" item in the columns of the *Simply Deplorable*. Well, the man Ladd is one of the "saved," and so, we suppose it follows, that, though he is a convicted criminal, he yet remains "class."

Who would be a Bung? An unfortunate car-driver, primed with drink at several public houses, fell off his car and was sent into eternity. However, Bung has the profits of the drink, and they will help him to pay his way at the next Bung "At Home" dance in Rathmines Town Hall. The unfortunate man, now dead, was driving his car with two other men on it. They started, according to the evidence of one of them, with a "half-wan" at Long's bungery in Duke Street; a glass each at Tunny's public house; at Hughes' bungery, 8 and 9 Sussex Terrace, they had another glass of whiskey each; at Mrs. Slattery's bungery at Ballsbridge, one of the men had a glass and brought a glass each out for the other men; at McGuinness's pub, at Booterstown, a great resort of Sunday *bonas*, the now dead man had more whiskey. Subsequently the unfortunate man fell off the car and died of compression of the brain. One of the men with him was so drunk that when he had sworn that the man was on the car after his fall, he remarked, "I remember nothing more, but I remember being in the house later on with Mr. Pollard" (the deceased).

What a pretty state for a human being to be in. However, "the trade" has the profits. The other man, one Arthur Mitchell, of 12 Alma Road, swore that they drove to Long's public house, but whether they got drink there or not he could not tell—he remembered nothing more. Michael McCall, who assisted in lifting the deceased on the car when he fell off, said the deceased and Noud were so drunk that he took charge of the horse and car, and when coming through Main Street, Blackrock, he got a man named James Fields to sit beside the deceased in order to prevent him falling off again. Well, the unfortunate man is dead now, and Bung has made a profit out of him. We wonder will any of the Bungs see the unfortunate man's ghost as they trip the light fantastic at the next Bung "At Home" dance at Rathmines Town Hall? It is an awful traffic. One of the surviving two in reply to Inspector

Ennis, said that Mitchell was not sober when leaving Long's, and that before they reached Tunny's the drink that he had at Long's was beginning to have a little effect on the now dead man. This witness in reply to Mr. P. J. Brady, solicitor for the bungery owner, McGuinness, swore that he could not remember whether they were served with drink at the well-known Booterstown *bona* bungery; in fact he would not like to swear that they had been there at all. He had previously sworn that the now dead man and he were served with whiskey at McGuinness's bungery. Michael McCall, according to the report in the *Irish Times* swore that when they were taking the now dead man away on the car after his fall, that they pulled up at McCormick's bungery at Merrion; that the previous witness, Noud and he had a drink there. Noud was the man who would not like to swear that he had previously been at McGuinness's, Booterstown, *bona* bungery. The now dead man did not have any drink at McCormick's. McCall further admitted that they also called at Johnson's bungery at Ballsbridge, where he had a "half-wan," and Noud put a bottle of Lord Ardilaun's stout on top of all the whiskey he had had. And it appeared from the evidence of Inspector Ennis, that the assistant at Long's bungery in Duke Street, admitted that the three men at the start had *three glasses each*. The Jury were of opinion that the man would not be dead if he had not been supplied with so much drink. Yet no Bung will have to swing on the gallows in consequence of the death of this man. "The trade" is the richer for the whiskey that the now dead man drank. Long live Bung!

They are looking for dupes for the Kerry militia. A touting circular is before us and it is partly printed in *green*. It winds up with the following printed in *green*:—"So STAN UGAB OIA AN RIG! We were slightly mistaken, it does not wind up with that, for we notice that even below that is printed in small type the name of a printing firm at Aldershot! It is all very green, and evidently dupes for the Kerry militia are sorely wanted.

A large proportion of our present day readers were, probably, not readers in April, 1901, that is over three and a-half years ago. A strange thing happened at that time: the *Irish Times*, now better known as the *Dust Bin*, patronised us. It wrote a laudatory leading article upon us, and we resenting its patronising impertinence jumped on *For*. It was altogether unconventional, for when "a great daily" clapped a "little" weekly LEADER on the back the latter, by all the canons of convention, ought to have flopped on its knees and poured out volumes of eternal gratitude. But the "Little" LEADER was not like other papers, so sign it is prosperous and leading now that it is four and a-quarter years old; the "little" LEADER had the weight of flattering *Alf* just as it had the weight of the "Celtic Note" flatterers who quietly amused us with their attentions. It was Easter time, in the year 1901, when *Alf* vainly attempted to weaken us by its impertinent flattery. *Alf's* leading article of Monday, April 8th, 1901, commenced thus:—"Easter is the time of new movements in men and things. One such deserves more attention than it has hitherto received. Faint indications of its existence have appeared in our own columns and those of our contemporaries from time to time. But its full expression is to be found in that vigorous little review, the LEADER, which, while hitting round lustily among what it considers to be present day abuses, has singled out for special attack the practice or fashion of using foreign-made goods where Irish would suffice. Emissaries from the LEADER make the country tobaccoist's life a burden to him by insisting upon being supplied with Irish-rolled cigarettes, and refusing to be fobbed off with any others, even though they may be speciously adorned with a harp or a shamrock, or a motto in Gaelic characters. Grocers have to undergo a similar cross-examination with regard to the soap they purvey. It is surprising to find that so many saponaceous varieties are manufactured in Ireland. The

fact of the matter is that until recently makers concealed their wares under French or Saxon pseudonyms. But all this will soon be altered, no doubt, under the healthy vigilance of our contemporary and its self-constituted agents."

Poor *Fox* won't like to read that echo of its former self of over three and a-half years ago. Things have certainly been altered by *Fox's* contemporary, the "little" LEADER. The Irish Industrial movement has gone on and prospered in spite of the *Irish Times*, whose profits this year show a considerable decrease. At the time that *Alf* impertinently patronised us we treated it in the manner that it deserved. It also said:—"It (the LEADER) already had a considerable effect on the musical proclivities of country concert-givers. Their programmes used to be full of the generally vulgar and occasionally immoral ditties popular in East End music halls; but now we are assured that sometimes it is possible to pass an evening in listening to native melodies with hardly a trace of the unclean thing." The feeble old *Irish Times* at that time chided us in its old maidenly fashion for our advocacy of the Irish Language. *Alf* said:—"In fact it (the LEADER) shows so much commonsense in dealing with modern Ireland that we are somewhat surprised to find it taking up so uncompromising an attitude in regard to the spread of Gaelic." Poor *Alf*; that gentle chiding of over three and a-half years ago reads rather funny now; now that even the weekly *Dust Bin* contains a department by the name of "Language Notes"; now that the Irish Language movement stalks the land defiantly, if not yet triumphantly, and few dare ask it why.

In our issue of 13th April, 1901, in which we dealt with the old lady, as we then styled the *Irish Times*, we gave it its answer for its gratuitous attempt at patronising us; we said then that we would not do such a foolish thing as argue with the *Irish Times*. In the course of our notes we remarked—"We assure our contemporary, though we do not ask her to believe us, that in no part of our programme have we shown more common sense than in centering the whole thing in the Irish Language Revival." Even *Alf*, over three and a-half years since it gently chided us for our language policy, may see a glimmer of truth in that now. A great many people committed themselves to a declaration in our ability who are sorry now. Poor *Alf* would like, no doubt, that that article had never been written. But there it stands not to be blotted out; and *Alf's* profits on the past year's trading have considerably declined.

The C. D. and D. Breweries, Ltd., of Drogheda, are curious, though we fear not unique, specimens of Irish manufacturers who are Irish industrial revivalists. They believe in other people supporting their particular industry. We have a circular of theirs before us. They clap themselves on the back for their efforts "to supply ales at a price as reasonable and of a quality superior to the imported article." This is a bid to the beer-drinking Irish Industrial Revivalists. For our own part, though we would not take a Bung advertisement, we would be glad if all Irish beer drinkers would see their way to drink beer made in the country, rather than be bolstering up British industries like Bass and Allsop's. But on turning up the circular from the C. D. and D. Breweries, Ltd., of Drogheda, we find the following watermark "Pirie's Antient Scottish Linen." Could not the Drogheda manufacturing Bung firm get paper as good and as cheap of Irish manufacture?

We hear that Dr. Henry's Handbook, Parts I. and II., and also his short story, *Uíocht an Stiopaíne* have just been sanctioned by the Commissioners of the "National" Education Board.

The *Irish Rosary* Christmas Number this year is carrying on its tradition for fine reproductions of the old masters. A coloured supplement after Fra Angelico, the famous Dominican and Florentine religious artist, is presented with the number; besides numerous reproductions in tone on the cover and in the body of the

magazine. With respect to the famous "Dance of the Angels," the coloured supplement, we can, in perfect faith, recommend it as a good five shillings worth itself. It compares favourably with any reproductions of this selection from Fra Angelico's "Judgment Day" that we have seen, and it excels the majority of them. The price of the Christmas Number and Supplement together is only one shilling.

We note in the *Dust Bin*, the self-confessed libeller of a venerable Parish Priest an advertisement concerning a function named a "Kenilworth Lawn Tennis Club Daace." We see no announcement of this function in either the *Freeman* or *Independent*. Perhaps, it would not be "tone" to announce this "dawnce" in any other than the anti-Catholic *Dust Bin*. Judging by the stream of Johnnies who come from all quarters to play tennis in Kenilworth Square during the season, we would not be surprised if they all took in the *Dust Bin*. That fact, if it be a fact, would coincide with our view of their brain capacity, or rather lack of it.

The Columban League, Maynooth College, are anxious to do something for religion in the Irish Language. Secular literature in Irish is growing productive, but they say "very little has yet been done to put religion before the people in their own tongue." The Columban League, in the course of a circular letter issued by them, say:—"Among the MSS. in our College library there are hundreds of sermons in the Irish Language, the very Sermons that helped to keep the Faith so strong in Ireland during the days of persecution. If these could be given to the public in a suitable form, a great work would be done for God and Erin. The Columban League is anxious to undertake the publication of such sermons, and of any religious MSS. to be found in the Library. But, as we are weak in funds, we must rely upon the generosity of past Columban Leaguers and the priests of Ireland in general." Already members are at work, and it is hoped that before the close of the academic year is reached a volume of Irish sermons will be ready for the Press. Even a volume of sermons cannot be turned out without money, and the Columban League appeals to the Irish clergy for financial support. In any masculine effort to harness Irish Ireland to religion, or religion to Irish Ireland, the Columban League may count on the sympathy of the lay Catholics of Irish Ireland; and when the sympathy of a whole body may be counted upon experience goes to show that the subscriptions of a few from that body may be expected. We do not suppose that a "highly respectable" Cawtholic like Mr. C. E. Martin will give either sympathy or subscription to the Columban League; but let that not dishearten them; if they have good work to do and do it, God's Irish poor, even though they may not be "class," will support them with their hearts and with their penny and sixpenny pieces; and, as it is upon such support that the Church of God in Ireland rests, the Columban League may, if they do good Irish work, rest assured of support. In the meantime we trust that the clergy and some of the laity may provide the preliminary funds for this contemplated work of the Columban League.

Why did the Blackpool (Cork) Branch of the Gaelic League hire an Englishman, but a few years in Cork, to take charge of their newly established orchestra? Has he made any special study of Irish music? Did this British dump, since his arrival in the green country, throw in his lot with the Irish Ireland movement? Did the Blackpool (Cork) Gaelic League, by advertisement or other ways, take adequate means to secure a suitable Irishman for their work.

Old Sir Ralph Cusack has resigned the chairmanship of the Midland (Cusack and Family). Last week we remarked that he stuck to his large salary like a barnacle, and now he has loosed his hold. But we understand that the wily old barnacle still sticks to his position as a director—a post which carries emoluments and a vote at the Board. What game is on now, we wonder? It will be remembered that the Hon. Richard Nugent, the new chairman, was for a time deputy-chairman. Sir Ralph

was paying him something out of his own large salary in consideration of the Hon. Mr. Nugent's work as deputy; but after some months Sir Ralph found, or said he found, that there was as much work and anxiety as ever attached to his own job, notwithstanding the labour of the deputy. Sir Ralph thereupon intimated that he would not pay any more out of his own salary to the Hon. Richard Nugent, after March 31st last. Mr. Nugent sent some correspondence to the Press concerning the matter. Mr. Nugent had replied to Sir Ralph, that it was his duty to fill the post of deputy-chairman until the appointment was revoked by the Board, and that he would take Sir Ralph's kick-out if a majority of the Board called upon him to clear off. Subsequently a Board meeting, at which all the members were present but two—and these two were "Idolators"—took place, and Mr. Nugent resigned. The public does not know what occurred at that meeting. Mr. Nugent himself wrote—"I shall be silent as to what then occurred at our Board except to say that I then and there decided to resign the position of deputy-chairman, which I did on the spot."

At the last general meeting in August, Alderman Reigh, in the course of his speech, said:—The letter written by the chairman to the vice-chairman, the Hon. Richard Nugent, was a letter which no calm-headed gentleman would write in dismissing one of his foremen, much less a fellow-director sitting on equal terms with him, and, therefore, could only be read as the production of a very narrow-minded man, grasping every shilling he could lay his hands on. Nor could they congratulate Mr. Nugent in so quietly submitting to the arrogant action of the chairman." The Hon. Richard Nugent, whose apparent record as deputy-chairman was so inglorious, is now shovelled into the shoes of Sir Ralph. Perhaps, more interesting is the fact that one of the inner circle of Cusack and Family, one Major Cusack, is appointed vice-chairman. What is wily Ralph's game now? He has resigned the chairmanship, but, as we understand, he remains a director and holds on to his vote on the Board. Supposing an opportunity is found to remove Nugent from the chairmanship, as he was removed from the deputy-chairmanship, who will become chairman then? Who would Sir Ralph vote for? The Major, an ex. The shareholders and the public concerned should keep their eyes on this little matter.

Many of our readers will be buying dolls during the Christmas Season, and we hope that they will insist on being shown samples of the Irish dolls made by the Irish manufacturing firm of O'Moore and Co., Ltd., before they decide on their purchases in this direction. Whether or not they will buy them in preference to competing foreign dolls is a matter purely for their own judgment; but we think they should certainly insist that the shopkeepers with whom they deal should give them at least an opportunity of comparing the Irish made dolls with those imported from foreign countries. Every doll placed on the Christmas market by Messrs. O'Moore and Co., Ltd., will, we understand, have a label attached guaranteeing that it is made in Ireland.

A real personal sorrow will be felt by thousands in this country at the sad news of the death of Mr. John O'Mahony, B.L. He was not merely a popular man; it was something more than a feeling of popularity that he inspired amongst all with whom he came in contact. We met him for the first time five or six years ago at a *Féis* at Ballyvourney; we met him for the last time at the Consecration ceremony at Armagh. He was a brilliant Irishman, and his early death, at the age of 34, cut short a brilliant career. He had considerable literary ability, and we once had the pleasure of publishing in the LEADER a clever and humorous article from his pen. But it is the loss of the man of his loveable disposition, irresistible manner and genial humour and not merely the loss of the man of his literary gifts and professional achievement and promise that will have melted the hearts of thousands when they heard the sad tidings of his untimely death.

The *Southern Cross*, of Adelaide, commenting on the New South Wales affair, to which we referred last week, writes:—"One of the effects of the spirit of intolerance on the part of the Protestant ascendancy party in Ireland, to which we referred last week, is shown in advertisements in the Irish papers, in which it is specified that only Protestants are required. The Irish LEADER usually reprints a batch of these advertisements every week; and among those thus pilloried recently was one for a Protestant under-housemaid at the Vice-regal Lodge, Dublin. Although there was a time, in the early days, when 'no Irish need apply' was not an uncommon appendage to advertisements of situations in Australian papers, one hardly expected to find religious exclusiveness shown in the household of any Australian Governor. It was, therefore, with great surprise that the Catholics of Sydney read in the *Sydney Morning Herald* of September 28th, the following advertisement:—"Wanted, for State Government House, Second Cook, young, Protestant. Y.W.C.A., 2 p.m., no other time." They began to wonder if the trail of Dill Macysism was over Government House, and if the practices of Protestant ascendancy in Ireland were about to be established in a country which acknowledges no State Church. The *Catholic Press* promptly took the matter up, and obtained an interview with the private secretary of the Governor, which led to a disavowal from Sir Henry Rawson of the advertisement."

By an announcement in another column, it will be seen that Tadhg O'Donoghue, who needs no introduction from us to the Irish Ireland public, has been engaged by the All Ireland Correspondence College to give a series of correspondence lessons in Irish. The series is primarily intended for those National teachers who are preparing for the certificate examination in July, 1905; but it is hoped that many other students of Irish may avail of these lessons with great advantage. Particulars regarding the course can be obtained from the Principal, All Ireland Correspondence College, 33 Lower Abbey Street, Dublin.

We take the following samples from a recent *Dust Bin*:—"Gardener wanted, must be experienced in stove and greenhouse work, also vegetables; single Protestant preferred. Apply B. W., Doon, Broadford, Co. Clare. Farm Labourer, Protestant, married; prime of life; sober; recommended. Address 'Z 717, Labourer,' this office. Pantry Boy Wanted; Protestant; some experience. Apply Protestant Registry, 1 Duke street. Wanted, First Footman, Protestant. Apply Sir Hunt Walsh, Ballykilcavan, Stradbally, Queen's County." No doubt in view of the scarcity of Catholics, who have received a University education, in this country, these posts of farm labourer, gardener, pantry boy, and first footman, must necessarily be given to "Saved" with the adequate University educational requirements!

We take the following from the *Irish Times*, of Thursday, November 24th:—"Required, at once, Second Under Keeper; married; no more than one child; must be active, willing, and obliging; understanding rearing pheasants, and all his duties; wages, 18s. per week, furnished house, and fuel; must be Protestant. Apply to Hector S. Vandeleur, Cahiracon, Ennis. Waiter—Wanted, immediately, a young experienced Waiter, at Western Arms, Monaghan; applicants to send photo., copies testimonials, state age, religious profession; German preferred. Apply Robert Greacen, Proprietor. Cowman Wanted; good Man; Wife Care Gate Lodge; Protestants; without family; 14s. per week, lodge, 2 tons coal, milk, vegetables.—P., care of Drummond's, Dawson Street. Wanted, General Man, single, Mind Horses, Trap; some knowledge plain gardening, vegetables; must be steady, obliging; middle aged; Protestant; total abstainer preferred; live in house; quiet, country; state wages expected; copy discharges. Address 'Z 792, Man,' this office."

or less anxious to postpone everything until the arrival of "the no far distant date," that they were, and had been for years, constantly blowing about. It was an admirable situation for us to develop. Our main line of development was, of course, the formation of a vigorous Irish Ireland public, but incidentally we played Plunkett, the Unionist, anxious to do something in the living present off against the green "tried and true," anxious to keep doing nothing outside land tenure reform until the arrival of the "no-far-distant-date." As our readers know by threatening the flank of the "no-far-distant-dateites" with Plunkett, the Unionist, and by other tactics we succeeded in greatly reforming the points of view and behaviour of the green patriots. Incidentally we made Plunkett in the process, we found him rather isolated and unfriended, and we gave him, as it were, a letter of introduction to a vigorous, thinking and compelling Irish public. His Department went on by leaps and bounds as the LEADER grew in weeks and months. In fact, many people thought he ran the paper, or had some hand in it. We made a situation for him in which he had the chance of his lifetime, if he had had the qualities of head and heart that would have enabled him to take advantage of it. Unfortunately, he had neither. We laid the ball at his feet, and he missed his kick. His poor head swelled with a book, and when the book exploded on an amazed public, and when the smoke had cleared away, it was found that poor Plunkett was in pieces. If he had joined as an active member a branch of the Gaelic League four years ago, and had kept clear of the toy-philosophers, he would probably have played a better hand; but though he might have continued as a popular civil servant, he would never, in any case, have been a Statesman. He may or may not attempt to gather himself together, but in any case his future is now irrevocably behind him. Plunkett, and we say it in sorrow, rather than in resentment, was one of the great disappointments of the new century. He served our turn however, as a sort of flanking menace to the *raimeis* of the green "tried and true" and in so far he has not lived in vain, and has served a useful purpose in this country; for though we are not at all satisfied with the politicians, yet we confess that they are much better than we found them; and not the most senseless of the prominent ones amongst them would now dare to act as if Politics was Nationality. However, it was a set-back to the country that Plunkett should have been found wanting in capacity for the situation which we incidentally did so much to create for him. Had he surrounded himself with Irish Irelanders rather than with importations, Sourfaces and toy-philosophers, his Department might have been the means of conferring real and lasting benefit of considerable magnitude to the country. Personally we have no doubt the Right Hon. Sir Horace Plunkett is a most estimable man, and we are sure he is a nice gentleman to meet at a Smoking Concert by those who enjoy that class of British entertainment; but merely nice personal qualities and sincerity of motive do not make a masterful man; indeed has it not been said that one of the greatest enemies of the Church is a pious fool. Though we regret that he has not risen to his opportunities, we do not regret our part in making them for him; the idea he stood for is sound, though he has proved unwise; and though the usefulness of his Department, owing to incapacity to deal masterfully with the situation, was never great, and is now much hindered by his pious folly and his many importations, yet the Department remains, and it is for the people to make the best use of it they can.

We wrote our first article on the University question almost exactly four years ago. In the course of that article we remarked—"There is no use talking about justice to the English people—you must take it if you can, and if you can't, you may rest content to go without." To-day, the University question is little better than it was four years ago; but it still provides a platform upon which pious, if simple, people may make acts of hope. Since our first article on the University question was written, four years ago, a generation of young "Idolators" have grown from the age of 16 to

that of 20, to the threshold of manhood, and their chance of University facilities is practically gone for ever. "Idolators" may not go to the only University in the country such as it is—and heaven knows that is not much—and yet there is no proper fight made as an alternative. The laymen who founded the Catholic Association that would have out-flanked ascendancy, with all its works and pomps—and Trinity College into the bargain—were promptly hit in the back by his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin. Now if it is not practicable to send in all the brilliant young "Idolators" of the country who have proved themselves in the Christian Brothers' Schools and other schools as a conscious Irish Catholic body into Trinity—the thing could be done though it would cost money; and by lowering the "tone" of the place by the presence of so many lads from the Irish sod, many more of the ascendancy might fight shy of the place—if that is not practicable, then in the name of common sense, will the hierarchy, who do not see their way to advocate that policy, tell us how to fight, as an alternative. It is cruel to the nation to keep up a futile policy of passive resistance from generation to generation. For our own part we would fight Trinity by fighting the ascendancy in detail. We would hit the ascendancy where a wise commander always endeavours to hit his opponent, in the place where he is weak. The Catholic Association, if it had not been hit from behind, would have created such a situation that stronger British fortresses than Trinity College would have been willing to treat and come to terms with the Irish nation.

At the threshold of this holy time of peace and goodwill, we say that if we want justice we not only must, but, morally, we *ought* to fight for it. It is immoral to let this Catholic nation, with all its great potentialities, simmer on to death because we have not the virtue to fight for justice, and risk the few scratches we may get in the campaign. The new year, we predict, will witness a new organised campaign to defend the Right and to do battle with the entrenched forces of bigotry, intolerance and injustice.



OUR EVERGREEN PANTOMIME.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Vulture II.—King of Savedland.

Parasite
Plunder
Rancour } Chief Officers of State to King
Choke } *Vulture.*

Smugwig—A Judge.

Pitysour—A Lawyer.

Forge
and } Two respectable, loyal Convicts.
Fraud }

Fieldmouse
and } Humble and obedient native ser-
Crawl } vants to King *Vulture II.*

Shameless—A loyal public gentleman.

Saved Citizens—A prison van.

SCENE I.

A chamber in the King's Palace at Grabbers Green.
Enter *Vulture*, *Parasite*, *Rancour*, *Plunder* and *Choke*.

Vul.—Well trusty friends and Ministers of State,
How stands our Empire in this land of late?
Doth all the Papists in submission crawl
Beneath the feet of loyal subjects all?

I hope no sickly toleration finds
The slightest room in your ascendant minds.

If toleration is allowed to grow
King *Vulture* sinks before the Papist foe,
And carries with him 'neath the crushing stroke
His *Rancour*, *Plunder*, *Parasite* and *Choke*.

Par.—Fear not my liege, no toleration base
Our diplomatic tactics can disgrace.

But through our friends there spreads a revolution
A strange gyration termed Devolution.

Vul.—Devilution! What the devil is the Satanic thing?

Par.—A movement most invidious; a project most insane,

Nefarious and perfidious, fantastic and inane.

A treacherous pollution of Unionism staid

Is this sham Devolution, this traitors' masquerade.

Vul.—Oh, save my country, Heaven!

Par.—A hellish machination, a diabolic scheme

Against the Sourface nation, the dominant regime.

A maniac solution of problems in this state

Is this sham Devolution which quacks now propagate.

Vul.—Fire and brimstone.

Par.—This Unionist sedition, if e'er it comes to fruit,

Will mean the abolition of jobbery and loot.

This threatened evolution with terror makes me
blench

Vul.—Thanks gentle Parasite, my clever Coon,

I love the music of thy loyal tune.

Now noble Rancour give us tidings pray,

How things progress beneath thy loyal sway

I hope there is no loyal dereliction

Within the limits of thy jurisdiction.

Ran.—Most mighty liege it pleases me to tell

That in my province loyalty is well.

There is no dereliction from the creed

Which binds us all to pillage and to greed,

Those loyal subjects whom thy reign doth bless

Present thee with this dutiful address.

(Reads).

May it please your Majesty.

The bigots and grabbers 'neath Rancour arrayed,



THE RUSSO-DUBLIN NORTH DISTRICT COUNCIL CRISIS.

At a recent meeting of the Rural District Council, North Dublin, the following resolution was passed:—"That we desire to express our deepest sympathy with the relatives of the fishermen who lost their lives at the North Sea disaster caused by the Russian fleet."

Poor Paddy Tearful weeping stood,
And said, "Oh, District peers,
"For Ireland I would shed my blood,
"For England, shed my tears.

"All Europe, in excitement high,
"This crisis here will note;
"So let us like old women cry,
"And pass a melting vote."

Because this Devolution may keep me from the
bench.

Vul.—From your description, Parasite, 'twould seem
This Devolution is a hellish scheme.

But fear not, its development will clog

The grabbing chances of a hunting dog.

Oh, no, I promise our parochial drudge

Will engineer his way to be a judge.

Par. (sings) Gaud save our gracious King,

Our great voracious King

Of hunting dogs.

Send him redundantly

Brimful of fund and fee,

And jobs abundantly

For hunting dogs.

An humble and dutiful, loyal brigade

All under Ascendancy's wing,

On humble devotion, and loyalty bent,

This missive of deepest devotion present

To their loving master the King.

Your Majesty's orders we carry with zeal,

And make all Idolators thoroughly feel

They're ever exempt from our ring.

Their tolerant dreams of a Union we smash

With virulence, venom, and discord and trash

And anthems of praise to our King.

We pray that your Highness will ever declare
'Gainst fair play and justice and tolerance fair,

And all to which Papishes cling;
And then will you hold all our hearts and our
tongues,
And we'll ever bellow with loudest of lungs
God save our Ascendancy King.

Vul.—A loyal greeting by our Creed and State
For which our Rancour we will decorate.
Bend down thy knee, while on thy zealous breast
I pin this symbol of our order best.

Rancour kneels while the King pins the star of the
Loyal Order of Boycotters on his breast. During the
ceremony Parasite, Plunder and Choke sing "Gaud
Save our Gracious King," etc.

Vul.—Now tell us Plunder how all matters bear
Beneath thy loving and thy loyal care.

Plun.—Oh, my liege fear not that Plunder
Ever will in duty lag.
Many bonds will fly asunder
Ere he will renounce the swag.

Let the Papists cry like thunder,
And revolting wrongs impute.
Never fear, for still will Plunder
Stick to his misgotten loot.

Papists say I am a wonder
Of a mean and miser scab.
Yet for all fear not that Plunder
Will surrender up his grab.

I will let them see that Plunder
Can at all their charges smile;
For he is no tame refunder
Of his fat, piratic pile.

Never will he knuckle under,
Giving way to righteous cries;
Tooth and nail stick fast will Plunder
To his bucaneeering prize.

Vul.—On Plunder's breast I'll pin a ribbon blue,
For he has proved his loyalty full true.

Plunder kneels, and the King pins the Star of the
True Blue Order of Predominant Scabs on his breast,
while Parasite, Rancour and Choke sing "Gaud Save
our Gracious King," etc.

Vul.—We now will hear how far our loyal Choke
Hath done his duty to the Papist folk.

Choke.—A loyal blue-blooded position I hold
Within that Ascendancy tower,
Where lands confiscated from Irish of old
Are moulded to Unionist power.

This tower of Ascendancy's laden with swag,
With plunder and riches untold,
Yet sadly in learning behind it doth lag
Despite all its silver and gold.

Our wealthiest people all boycott it cool
For Oxford and Cambridge so grand,
And its poor incompetent medical school
Is ridiculed over the land.

A fig for defects of such trivial kind,
Let knowledge decay and still fail.
We'll follow along in our loyalty blind
The leading of Antony Traill.

Though loaded with swag we not only consent
To let our old school go to blight,
But Romanist Colleges also prevent
From getting a morsel or mite.

Think on all the claims of poor Penalized band
We caused to be choked and be killed,
And then will your Highness admit that I stand
For loyalty double distilled.

Vul.—Well done our loyal subject. Bend thy knee
Our Order of the Fleece, I'll give to thee.

Choke kneels and the King decorates him with the
Loyal Order of Peerless Fleecers. During the ceremony
Parasite, Rancour and Plunder sing "Gaud save our
gracious King," etc.

Vul.—Our Council's at an end.

But in a week it is my royal will
To hold a banquet in my palace here
Whereof some humble Papists may partake.
Your presence at this feast I do command,
And now I do bethink me of a trial
In which two loyal subjects stand accused
Of over-zealous conduct to our weal.
Is it not so?

Par.—It is my liege.

Two loyal loving subjects Forge and Fraud,
Within the snaring tangles of the law,
Doth wriggle in distress.

Vul.—See to them, friends

And try their parlous meshes to untie.

Now go. I give the sign. Exeunt severally.

SCENE II.

The interior of a crowded Court with Smugwig on the
bench, and Forge and Fraud standing in the dock.
The Jury have just brought in a verdict of guilty
against the prisoners, who had been arraigned on the
charge of unjustifiable and indiscreet loyalty. Pitysour
stands to address the Court.

Pity.—I appeal to your lordship to have mercy upon
these two young gentlemen, Mr. Forge and Mr. Fraud,
who are eminently respectable young citizens, full of
civic virtues, economic sense, moral fibre and strenuous
qualities of all sorts and sizes. They are only guilty of
a mere slip, my lord, a mere pardonable little mistake
which arose simply out of redundant loyalty and "Saved"
zeal. Oh, my lord, have mercy upon poor Mr. Forge
and Mr. Fraud.

Moans of mercy arise all over the Court, and one
"Saved" gentleman is heard faintly murmuring to
himself—

Rule Britannia, Britannia never failed;
Britons never, never, never will be jailed.

Smug. (with tears in his voice)—Alas I cannot, I cannot
show mercy. It would be straining my powers.

Pity.—In this case, my lord,

The quality of mercy may be strained
To dribble like a loyal rain from heaven
Upon your lordship's head. 'Tis only when a charge
Against an Irish agitator holds
That mercy's god-like portals must be closed,
And hearts judicial steeled to gentle ruth.
But when a loyal subject stands accused
Of ultra Unionism indiscreet,
My Lord have mercy.

Low moans of "My Lord, have mercy," are heard in
Court.

Smug. (addressing Forge in a choking voice)—Well,
Mr. Forge, do you desire to speak?

Forge—I do, my Lord. (Here Forge assumes a tragic
attitude.) I have but a few words to say. I am going
to my cold and silent jail, my lamp of liberty is about
to be extinguished, my time has to be done, the
black van opens to receive me, and I sink into its
bosom. But let no base-born Nationalist dare to think
that I stand humiliated here. No, a thousand times
no. The dock here is my field of fame, and the stone
jug will be my throne of victory. Just now I will get
no paragraph of praise, but when my country takes her
place as a loyal province of the Empire, then, and not
till then, will my paragraph be written. (Shrieks,
groans and sobs arise all over the Court).

Smug. (wiping his eyes)—Speak, Mr. Fraud.

Fraud.—Here stand I, Fraud, and 'fore my Gaud,
I proud and happy feel,
That in this dock 'neath key and lock,
I stand for Union's weal.

Forge—Gaud save England.

Fraud—Gaud save the King.

(Here several "Saved" gentlemen faint with overpowering emotion, and amidst a scene of indescribable sorrow, weeping and wailing, his lordship passes sentence. The prisoners are removed with their heads carried proudly and heroically, and followed by the whole Court weeping. Exeunt.)

SCENE III.

A Street. Enter Black Maria, bearing Forge and Fraud, guarded, and followed by a woe-begone procession of the "Saved," some groaning, and some dismally singing—"Gaud Save our Gracious King."

First "Saved"—'Twas a foul, nefarious miscarriage of justice.

Second "Saved"—The Jury was packed with Papists.

Third "Saved"—All Protestants who glory in the name of Protestant should endeavour to get them released.

Fourth "Saved"—They should move earth and heaven, Whereof we have a "Saved" monopoly To compass their release.

Fifth "Saved"—Do I sleep; do I dream;
Do I wake; do I stand;
Are things as they seem, or are visions at hand.
Is all loyalty turned a failure,
A thing that's played out in the land.

Sixth "Saved"—Oh, I could weep my spirit from mine eyes

To think that Papist agitators should
Retain the power within this loyal land,
To send the "Saved" to quod.

Seventh "Saved"—Oh, 'tis pitiful. 'Tis wondrous pitiful.

(Here Forge and Fraud in the black van, sing "Gaud Save our Gracious King," etc.)

Eighth "Saved"—'Tis sweet to hear
Our captive jail-birds tune their loyal lay.
The prison dark their bodies may engulf,
But their immortal spirits rise in song
As free as air.

Ninth "Saved"—The brave-hearted, staunch, loyal poor fellows.

Tenth "Saved"—Let us follow and keep within hearing.
Exeunt Black Maria and the woe-begone procession of "Saved" mourners.

Enter *Fieldmouse*.

I am an Emmpee of this nation,
I'm deeply opposed to John Bull.
Orating's my chief occupation,
My hands with its practise are full;
I'm known through the land to all readers.
But lately I'm getting some knocks,
For some of our critical leaders
Have christened me Jack-in-the-box.

I side with all trade exhibitions,
No matter whatever the kind.
In projects and schemes and petitions,
I'm never far backward behind.
All things that are out, and in season
I help like the Port and the Docks,
And that I daresay is the reason
They christened me Jack-in-the-box.

To-night on their grievances pressing,
I spout to poor jarveys resigned,
To-morrow I'm booked for addressing
The tinkers and shoeblacks combined.
Next day on equestrian knowledge,
I speak to the grooms and the jocks,
Soon after at Trinity College,
I'll pop up like Jack-in-the-box.

Come forward, each alien and stranger
Of colour black, yellow or pale,
Come tell me your story, no danger
But I will give ear to your tale.

With sympathy over I'm melting,
For foreign disasters and shocks.
This, too, is a reason for pelting
And calling me Jack-in-the-box.

Enter *Shameless*.

Sham.—Oh, my dear Mr. Ja—— Fieldmouse, how d'ye do. This is indeed a pleasure, and quite opportune and looked-for as well. You are the very gentleman I have been just thinking about, as indeed everyone do think about you who has a grievance, or a mission of benevolence on hand.

Field. (blushing)—Oh, you extravagantly over-rate my poor services in the cause of benevolence, harmony and toleration.

Sham.—Not at all, not at all, Mr. Ja—— Fieldmouse. Your benevolence is eighteen carat all over, and as for your toleration, ah, Mr. Ja—— Fieldmouse, let me assure you that you have proved your tolerance as conclusively as the forty-seventh proposition in Euclid. If the others were only like you, Mr. Ja—— Fieldmouse, we might—— but let that pass. My dear fellow, I want you to do me a favour.

Field.—Command me, Mr. Shameless, command me. I am your humble and obedient——

Sham. (aside)—Bootblack.

Field.—Servant.

Sham.—I have a petition here, praying for the release of two indiscreet young gentlemen, whose zeal in the cause of harmony, toleration and other things has, unfortunately, landed them in quod.

Field. (sobbing)—Oh, spare me the recital. I have read all about it, and my heart bleeds for the two poor, respectable young Unionist gentlemen. I hope, Mr. Shameless—sob—that you exonerate me—sob—from hand, act or part—sob—in the establishment of that ill-advised system of vigilance—sob—which led to this—sob—simply deplorable affair.

Sham.—My dear Mr. Ja—— Fieldmouse, the man who would accuse you of such intolerance would deserve to be (aside) called an idiot.

Field.—Come along, and I will sign the petition. I can never rest an easy hour in bed—sob—while these two most respectable, poor Unionist young gentlemen remain in jail.

Sham. (aside)—Got him again. Jack-in-the-box is always a sure mark. Pull the string and the figure moves.
Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

The Banqueting Hall in the Royal Palace at Grabbers Green, Vulture, Parasite, Rancour, Plunder, Choke, Fieldmouse, Crawl and others are sitting around a table upon which are the remains of a great feast. All rise and sing "Gaud Save our Gracious King," etc., during which Fieldmouse and Crawl look very stupid and abashed.

Vul.—My loyal friends,
And toleration provers meek and tame,
Who bend beneath my throne and sceptred sway.
I must unfold the joy that's in my heart
To see the creeds felicitously blend
In peace and love around my regal board.
My loving and devoted servant, Crawl,
With humble Fieldmouse flexible and tame,
The odious charge of bigotry hath cleared
From their most spotless characters away,
By their consenting presence at our feast.
If all my Romish subjects were as true
To toleration, harmony and peace
As humble Fieldmouse and obedient Crawl;
The light of peace would dawn upon our land,
And Grabbers' Green with glory would reflect
West Britain's golden splendour.

All—Gaud save the King.

Crawl—My Lord and master,
Thy golden words of commendation fall
Upon my abject self-abasing soul
As welcome as the sweet Arabian spring
To desert wanderer.

Field.—Most gracious liege,
Thy royal praise doth fill me o'er with joy,
And in my swelling gratitude I feel
I could perform miracles, and add
Another wonder to the world's page
With boundless toleration.

Ful.—'Tis well.
Our humble subject will have ample scope
To prove his grateful boast.

Par.—My sovereign liege, I note with pleasure that the Board of Green Sympathy and chivalry has passed a resolution of condolence with our two poor loyal victims, Forge and Fraud. Thus it runs:—

We, the Board of green sympathy and chivalry, do hereby express our heartfelt green sympathy and compassion for the two poor, indiscreet, loyalist gentlemen, Mr. Ford and Mr. Fraud, who have been so deplorably caught in the foul, nefarious meshes of the law, and we hereby call upon the British Government to take its eyes for a moment off the Baltic Fleet, and look pitifully and helpfully upon the said poor respectable Unionist gentlemen now lying on the plank bed.

(Signed) PATRICK SOFTY,
Chairman.

Ful.—Most encouraging, most encouraging.

Sings—
Success to our Sympathy Boards,
Our green, and our chivalrous hordes.
The Papists we'll stop from getting on top
While we have our Sympathy Boards.

Those Sympathy Boards are a sign
That tolerance flourishes fine.
While chivalry green around us is seen,
The bigots will never decline.

Long life to our chivalry proud,
Our ever-green Sympathy crowd.
In tears let them melt! We'll pound and we'll
pelt,
And roar for Ascendancy loud.

Our revels are now ended. Let us pray
That toleration, harmony and peace
As in our vision "Saved" they doth appear,
May never melt away to thinnest air,
And like the vanished Empire of a Sour
Leave not a Tame behind.

Curtain descends to "Gaud Save the King."

A. M. W.

MODERN ART AND MORE MONEY.

WITH emotions cooler for the weather, I find after another visit, and yet another, to the Hibernian Academy, I have nothing to say, worth saying, by way of criticism of the fine pictures there. I could, if I chose, turn a pretty sounding sentence upon each painting; but the fact is, the best of these masters here, excepting one or two, are themselves beyond criticism. All has been said that could be said, years ago, of Constable's and Corot's and Rousseau's landscapes—of the forest of Fontainebleau, of Barbizon, of English cornfields and hay wains, and of the men that lived and painted them. All has been said and a great deal too much has been said. No; I have seen their country and many works by these French landscapists and their English prototypes, works in foreign galleries and in auction rooms (the place to see the good ones), and I confess that all has been said that was worth the saying. Writers on art use certain words in the attempt to describe their feelings, and these words seem to set up another set of sensations which re-act on the former, and which deepen the obscurity of the whole to the reader. It should be remembered that criticism is twice removed from the painter, when read by another than the critic. Art criticism at its best comes as a veil, as it were, between the clear mirror "held up to nature" and the beholder

of himself in it. A critic may have words in his service that could charm his hearers even though they stopped their ears with wax as Odysseus did those of his crew in the great epic, for the printed word has its charm to the sight as well; but some of these very words would drive a painter distracted, or into spasms of laughter. And if criticism cannot bring the painter and reader together it had best be silent.

A writer, who knew J. F. Millet, makes the following point against a certain type of critic who will not deal with painting as a craft:—"Millet has been so often misrepresented as seeking to point a moral through the subject of his pictures. When we recall the manner in which 'The Angelus' was paraded through the country a few years ago, and the genuine sentiment of the simple scene, where Millet had endeavoured to express 'the things that lie flat, like a plain; and the things that stand up,' like his peasants, was travestied by gushing sentimentalists—it is pleasant to think of the wholesome common-sense of the great painter." The quotation within the quotation are Millet's own words to this writer, at one of the afternoon visits that he paid him, when Millet would talk painterlike about his painting as he worked away.

But one can write about these painters in a way, that is in a sort of a way, and about this project afoot to acquire some of their works for this country.

An excellent project surely; and if so, how much does the nation stand to gain? Will Irish landscape painting gain? For me, in a serious mood, modern landscape means an evolution come to its pass and near its ending. With the early Italians their beautiful landscapes were nothing without God, saints and men; but Titian had to come, and the French Poussin, and the Dutch, and then Claude Lorraine, and Turner—great Turner, the sordid magician—and so by Constable, Corot, and Troyon, men became nothing without landscape. Whistler and Claude Monet complete the cycle, and we have at last the very sublimation of landscape through the values of itself alone. There is no more painting landscape, and all that can be said has been already said in it. Evolution has closed its own ring. Irish students may learn hereafter to paint "bits" of Ireland, to coquet with landscape, but they will have arrived too late to take their place in the round of evolution. Some may try to paint blue editions of Millet's drawings, but they will have to paint until all is blue to take a place in a chapter that is closing for centuries; perhaps, for ever.

But if the wheel of landscape has come to its full circle there is life and religion on the prime vertical. These may open their blossoms again, for death and doubt ever make a soil out of which life springs periodically and sempiternally. If all the aspects of landscape for themselves alone, have been seized on for good and made one with their masters, the aspects of life and religion are freshened again; they have become as fresh to-day as they were in the days of Giotto and Mantegna; we shall start in this twentieth century another cycle of life and religion in art. Thereby the student may stand to gain, I think, by the works of men like Puvis de Chavannes and Manet and Lepage (represented in this collection at Abbey Street), and other moderns, and so—gaining—put money in his purse.

What then, we do come to that! Yes, and let us not shirk it like hypocrites. "Money is the end of every good story," say the people of Ireland, sometimes in Irish; but here in this question of pictures, that we all want—all of us who live here and love pictures—money happens to be the beginning. We want these pictures, want nearly all of them badly, and money is wanted to buy them. But, supposing them purchased and a gallery builded, what next? Let us be honest on this point; let us be as simple and as sordid as all of us are when alone with ourselves. Art truly comes not itself of money, yet does it live by money, and for money; that is to say, pictures and statues are first produced for money, for people with money. We cannot gainsay this, nor cloak it with incorporalities, it is too vital for that. Probably the people concerned in this matter of a modern gallery, and the people who are indirectly

To this Ho-ra-ti-us replied, "Your forces I defy,"
 "And on this bridge I will abide to conquer or to—fly."
 "To Ireland I'll not yield a yard, or basely knuckle down."
 "Come on and see how I will guard the Port of Riverstown."

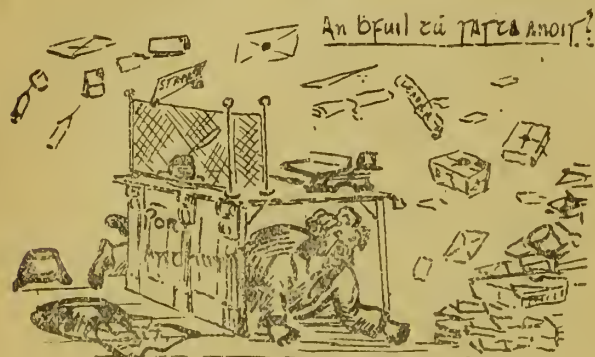
"This bigot sour defies our power," the Gaelic leader said.
 "Now train your guns upon this tower and bang about his head."

"This poor conceited hostile midge with shot and shell we'll drown,
 "And send him flying from the bridge before Port Riverstown."

Then with destructive deadly fire the guns besieging boomed,
 And quickly sent the missives dire upon that fortress doomed.

Without a pause still on they blazed and sent their missiles fell,

Till poor Ho-ra-ti-us was dazed amidst the shot and shell.



"Was Buller ever so distressed?" the puny bigot wailed.
 "Was White in Ladysmith so pressed, as I am here assailed?"

"Was Russian e'er so stranded clear and left without resource,

"As poor Ho-ra-ti-us is here before the Gaelic force."

And still came on the shot and shell, and still the guns were fired,

Until subdued and beaten well, Ho-ra-ti-us retired.

And when this broken hero "saved," his lowly level found,

The Gaelic colours proudly waved above the vanquished ground.

And now whenever laughter fails around the fire by night,

When flat are all the oft-told tales of merriment and fight,

This story e'er with mirth and fun the rafters will bring down,

How poor Ho-ra-ti-us did run before Port Riverstown.

A. M. W.

A CHAPTER FROM AN UNPUBLISHED BOOK.

In which a highly respectable young Anglo-Irish lady is laid siege to by a Saxon.

MISS ALICE saw every thing through a haze of sentimentality, that is to say, she never saw anything fair and square in her life, and when she contemplated what we call love, she looked out through the spectacles of the heroines of penny fiction of which she was a great devourer. Her heart was beating—or, at least she put her hand a little to the left of it, where the penny novels place that organ of the human body as if it were—and she peeped from the corner of the screen at the Englishman who was in conversation with this undeserving Irish beggarwoman in the street. She contemplated the noble and well-bred condescension of this thorough gentleman in talking to a lowly beggar, and compared it with the ignorance of Dr. Sullivan who described Biddy as a low, lying, cringing hag, and quoted the saying that, "Alms deeds breed beggars." Poor

Biddy; horrible Dr. Sullivan! But then, what did he know; what could he know?—the son of an Irish farmer. There was something so refined and nice and quiet about an Englishman. In this fashion were her thoughts running when the door opened, and Mr. Herbert Sharp entered the room. This was his first visit to the house, for all their previous meetings had been out of doors, and there was much anxiety in the kitchen where Mrs. O'Kelly and Miss Mary had taken refuge. Mrs. O'Kelly was afraid that the head of the house might turn up, and Miss Mary was all of a tremble that something or other in direct violation of the laws and customs of genteel Society would occur.

A volume of "Byron's Poems" lay open on the table, and "Shakespeare's" and "Milton's Works" were not far off; the penny novelette in which Miss Alice was actually interested was thrust out of sight in the crease of the sofa. She had had time when she darted up to her room to most carefully arrange herself so as to present a careless appearance, and when Mr. Sharp made a low bow at the door, Miss Alice rose from the sofa, rubbed her eyes, said that she had been taking her mid-day siesta, and that he was the last person in the world she had expected to see at such a time. "I hope," she added, "that you will overlook my untidy appearance."

A picture which Miss Alice, with the help of the drawing master, had put together, lay in a prominent position on the mantelpiece. It purported to represent "Brutus running on his sword." It was the first thing which Mr. Sharp admired. He smiled in a sickly manner at it, wondered who did it, curious character that Brutus, haw! haw! Now the sickly smile on Mr. Sharp's face struck Miss Alice at once as indicative that his eye had caught sight of some flaw in the picture, some want of truth to history, and she secretly admired the gentlemanly instinct that bade him keep the matter to himself; for when James Fitzgerald was first shown this work of art he immediately pointed out that the sword emerged at least two inches below where it ought to have come out. That, of course, had been seen to since, and on this occasion the sword came out in the right place. Miss Alice fell in love with that sickly smile. But the fact was that poor Mr. Sharp didn't exactly know how learned or how shallow Miss Alice was, and he moved gingerly about accordingly. He had often come across the name of Brutus, and had some faint recollection of him since his school-days. But since Mr. Sharp left school his reading was confined to his daily paper and to *The Pink Un* and *Tit-Bits*. He was glad to drop Brutus. But, unhappily, the poets whose works lay on the table inviting comment, were likewise outside the scope of his reading. Miss Alice on the other hand had a smattering of all, particularly Byron; and she was all on an edge to parade her knowledge. Byron was generally looked askance at, even by the intellectual minority of Ballytown, who were otherwise known as the Literary, Scientific and Archæological Society. Miss Alice, one of whose prominent affectations was to pose as original, swore by Byron; and the common impression that his morals were not beyond reproach, only made her stand up the more for him, for she was a student of the old old art of being conventionally unconventional, and she was not averse to occupying the position of martyr in a mild form when a little notoriety was to be gained thereby. Mr. Sharp was uncomfortable, and he was wondering if Miss Alice was on the border of despising his empty head.

"Which are your favourite poets, Mr. Sharp?" asked Alice. "Well, aw, aw," replied Mr. Sharp, as he put one leg over the other and then reversed the process, "fact is, don't you know, there are so many poets one reads, one finds it difficult to say which is—aw, aw—you know what I mean." "Ah," said Miss Alice, as she tried to give herself a rapt and enthusiastic expression, "Byron is my poet *par excellence*. He is so harshly judged by narrow-minded people." "Well, yes, there is something in that, certainly," and Mr. Sharp looked profoundly before him as if he was thinking of something. "By the way," said he, after a pause, for he was desperately anxious to change the trend of conversation, "By the way, are you going to the races at—"

aw-aw—oh, what's that awful Oirish name—Bally, Bally— Everything in Ireland is Bally," and Mr. Sharp broke into a weak giggle at this joke which he had used at least twenty times since his arrival in the country. "Yes," said Miss Alice, when she had finished her soft peal of silvery laughter which was always on hand to be let off, "Yes, but let's talk about the poets, the people here can't understand me, and it is such a pleasure to meet someone with whom one can talk about literature and poetry. How grand it must be, Mr. Sharp, to reside in England, the people are all so nice and clever. Of course, a few of the people here are not half bad, but—"

At this moment a knock was heard at the door, and Alice, into whose head several dreadful possibilities flashed, coloured slightly as she called out, "Come in."

The door opened, and the upper part of the domestic servant's body appeared in sight. Her face was shiny from a very recent wash, a wash which stopped abruptly at the points where her neck commenced. Miss Mary, who, above all things, was determined to uphold the respectability of the family, insisted upon putting one of Miss Alice's fancy cast-off pinafores on her, and a piece of linen neatly arranged by way of a cap on her head before she showed herself in the presence of the visitor. The domestic servant when she looked in through the door, appeared very nervous and sheepish.

"Plaise, Miss Alice, the misthess tould me to axe if you've the kay o' the sideboard." Miss Alice took in the situation at once, and knew that Miss Mary had sent the servant to ask this superfluous question, in order to show the visitor that the family had a domestic with an apron and a cap. She fumbled in her pocket and then replied, "Tell motha' that she will probably discova the key either in my davenport or hanging on the easel in my boudoir." The poor servant looked very puzzled on receiving this information, and she was evidently about to say something further, for she didn't understand many words of the reply, when the fear of the unknown became too strong for her, and she at the same time became conscious that she had a fancy apron and a cap on her. She drew the upper part of her body out of the room and shut the door. The first thing she did when she was safe in the hall, was to take off the cap and apron. "H'm," said she to herself, "a person can't go about now like a dacent human being, but she must have a bit of a clane dish-cloth on her head, glory be to God what's the world coming to at all, at all!"

Mrs. O'Kelly who found it difficult to keep her countenance when Miss Mary was dressing up the servant, and had been laughing ever since she left the kitchen, now tried to regain her composure as she heard the maid servant's step approaching.

"Well," she asked, as the domestic appeared with "a lip on her," and the apron in one hand and the cap in the other, "did you get the key?" "Wisha, indeed, an' I didn't, sure, Miss Alice is spakin' 'English,' ma'am, an' I couldn't undherstand wan word out of her mouth." The domestic servant then dropped into a mutter on her own grievances about the cap and apron, and the folly of the world generally. "What fools young ladies do be making of themselves before men. Wisha, an' he's a mane looking bit of a boy, too, God help him. 'Tis a wondher now, ma'am, that Miss Alice wouldn't clap her eye on a fine hearty lump of a man."

"Now don't be making answers and forgetting your place," retorted Mrs. O'Kelly. "I won't have it."

We must now return to Mr. Sharp and Miss Alice. We do it with fear and trembling, for we have a task before us at which our confidence in our ability to do it justice fails. Mr. Sharp, an Englishman, is in love, and with that recklessness characteristic of his race, he is about to take a leap at the dictates of his passion. The Irish are so full of soul, and the stirring of feeling within them is such an everyday occurrence, that they will seldom take any important step at its behest; whilst the Saxon, to whom emotion is a novelty, is carried away by it at the first assault. The Irish are

really cooler than the English, for what passes for coolness in the latter is in reality dulness. And we know no more mawkish or absurd sight than an Englishman, an English sect, or the English nation, in all the *abandon* of an attack of sentimental feeling. They take their sentiment very seriously in England. Mr. Sharp was never more solemn in his life than when, having successfully overcome the obstacles represented by Brutus and the poets, he sat down by the side of Miss Alice and braced his courage to the sticking place. The scene that was then enacted has been portrayed with such consummate skill, from the various lifting of the eyebrows to the heaving of sighs, in a thousand penny and higher-priced novels that we doubt not but that our gentle readers know all its shades and colours to a nicety. While Mr. Sharp was dilating upon his prospects in life, and drawing a picture of domestic felicity in a semi-detached villa of a London suburb, Miss Alice hid her blushes from view. What a triumph over Ballytown! She saw the scowls of the Misses Williams; she heard the futile sneers of Miss Flanagan; she would be even at last with Dr. Sullivan upon whom all her arts had failed. When Mr. Herbert Sharp, who had been talking and acting all this time, strictly in accordance with the most approved rules relating to such an enterprise as he was engaged in, concluded that the time had come for the finishing stroke, he drew his handkerchief from his pocket and laid it on the ground. The moment he looked at the white square upon the carpet, some vague sense which rarely stirred in him, prompted him to take it back again. He then pretended to blow his nose in it and subsequently put it back into his pocket. "Oh, Alice!" said he, looking with upturned eyes upon the object of his passion, "Oh, Alice, will you be mine?" For what Alice said and did, and for the general scene that ensued, we—feeling how inadequate are our abilities to rise to the occasion—refer our readers to any of the London penny periodicals and six-shilling novels which are read in such numbers in Ballytown and elsewhere in Anglo-Ireland.

There was great commotion in the O'Kelly household on the night of the day during which the romantic occurrences just related took place, and it was agreed that the work of breaking the news to the head of the house should be delayed until dinner the following day, that was about an hour previous to the time when Mr. Herbert Sharp was to come to speak to papa. Mrs. O'Kelly declared that she would not be the one to break the news, and Dr. Andrew said it was no business of his. At last Miss Mary volunteered to step into the breach.

"Are ye done?" said Mrs. O'Kelly to Tadg, Peter, and Kitty the following day at dinner, "because if ye are, let ye run out in the garden and play." Miss Alice did not make an appearance at dinner at all; she had lost her appetite—as other heroines have usually done under like circumstances—and contented herself with some plates of cold meat, tea and bread and butter in the kitchen. There was an air of suppressed excitement about Mrs. O'Kelly and Miss Mary when they found themselves unsupported, facing the head of the house. Miss Mary began:—"I wonder did you see the visitor the Wilkins-Jones' have staying with them." "Is it that pale-faced chap in the high hat?" retorted the head of the house sarcastically. "I never seen such sport as yestherday, an' he walking down the Main Street an' three barefooted gosoons behind him taking him off. Ould Mrs. Flavin had like to die wud the laughin'." This was an unsatisfactory start. "But he's from London," said Miss Mary, "an' he's very well-to-do." "Maurya!" retorted Patrick, "cows far off have long horns. I'd like to see the man ud be fool enough to give him thirty shillings a week." Mrs. O'Kelly's face fell at this, and she whispered to Miss Mary that it would be better wait until he was in a different humour. "But we can't," whispered back Miss Mary, "the man 'll be here in a few minutes." "Well, I hope its for the best," whispered Mrs. O'Kelly, trying to look resigned. "He's taken quite a strong liking to Alice," continued Miss Mary. "What!" in

terjected Patrick, as an angry look came into his face. "Now that 'll do; we don't want any of that kind o' talk, so dhrop it now." "Oh," said Miss Mary in a fit of desperation, "I may as well tell it out at once. He has asked Alice to marry him." It is a great mistake to suppose that when startling tidings are related to a man that the hair stands up straight on his head, or that he rises in a dramatic manner and flashes fire from his eyes. The information conveyed by Miss Mary to the head of the house had a cooling and subduing effect on him. He drew his knife from his pocket and commenced to cut his roll tobacco in silence. It was not until he was rubbing it between his hands that he looked up and said:—"Its jokin' y'are." "Indeed, an' it isn't," said Mrs. O'Kelly who didn't mind having her say now that the ice was broken, and that Patrick had taken the news so quietly. "He proposed to her yesterday, and he's comin' to talk to you in a few minutes." "To talk to me," said Patrick, with a twinkle kindling in his eye. "Yes," said Mrs. O'Kelly. "Is he a Catholic?" asked Patrick. "No, but he's willin' to turn," replied Mrs. O'Kelly. "How do ye know but he has two or three wives already," asked Patrick. "Oli, he's related to Mrs. Wilkins-Jones," joined in Miss Mary. "Faith, an' she's no great shakes herself," retorted Patrick, and then added—"Tell me how old is this Alice is?" "She was eighteen her last birthday," said Mrs. O'Kelly. "Ha, well 'twill be time enough for her to have notions of marryin' when she's seven or eight and twenty; there's Mary there, an' she's thirty-wan, and nobody has come for her yet. It's a good batin' wud a strap that Alice ud want for her gallavantin about wud chaps that no wan knows anything of. That'll do now. Don't say another word," continued Patrick, lifting up his hand as he noticed that Mrs. O'Kelly was about to make some remark; "Lave it to me, an' I'll give this gosoon his answer quick enough."

"Well, me boy," said Patrick O'Kelly, as he entered the parlour where Mr. Herbert Sharp was awaiting him, "what might be your business wud me?" "I called, sir, to speak to you about—that is to say, with reference to—well, aw, I suppose you have heard—you know what I mean." "Well, I needn't thank you for that, supposing I do," said Patrick, sarcastically. "You're the chap that wants to marry Alice?" "That is so," said Mr. Sharp, with an inclination of the head. "Well, look id here, sonny, the sooner you take that notion out o' yer head, the better." "Really, Mr. O'Kelly," began Mr. Sharp, "I'm not used to—" "I don't give a damn what yer used to," said Patrick, hotly. "But I tell you this, if there wasn't another man undher the canopy of heaven, I wouldn't have the likes o' you about me house. How the divil do I know but you've got a wife already." "I'm in a most awkward position. Really, I must protest," said Mr. Sharp. "Well you'll be in an awkwarder wan if you don't clear off wud yerself at wance out of this. Yer room is bether than yer company, me boy." "I'll not be insulted, sir, in this outrageous manner." "Do you know what it is—you had the devil's impidence puttin' notions into my daughter's head, and if I'd caught you walkin' wud her you wouldn't be plaized wud yerself, I can tell you." "Really, sir—" "That'll do, now, I don't want any more argufying wud you. Without a contradiction there's no argument, so dhrop it now, an' go out o' me house quietly, like a good boy, and don't ever let me see yer face again." "You haven't heard the end of this, sir; I call it outrageous," protested Mr. Sharp, as he moved towards the door. "Call it what ye like, me bucko, so long as you get out quick," said Patrick, as he slammed the door on the excited young British gentleman.

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WATERFORD PRIESTS AND IRISH IRELAND.

IT has been more than once pointed out in this journal that the priests as a class of the community have done as much, if not more, in proportion to number, for the Irish Ireland movement than any other body. They have contributed and they have worked. In most districts in which the Gaelic League exists, they have co-operated more or less actively with the organisers, and, even in cases where they have not so co-operated, they have thrown no obstacles in the organisers' way. As managers they have backed with the weight of their names the demands of the League in the matter of primary education. As curates they have been conspicuous from the start amongst the workers.

All this is patent enough and the Gaelic League as a body, gladly recognises it. Individual Irish Irelanders, however, being in the main, happily, young and, therefore, impatient and impulsive, will, many of them, tell you how that such and such a priest is not doing his duty to the language, and then, easily reasoning from the particular to the general, will roundly complain that the priests are responsible for the position of the language. We are adepts at finding scapegoats as we are at devising at panaceas, and when on the look out for somebody to blame because the world isn't what it might be with us, we don't forget the priests. I don't know that the priests should not feel complimented at being blamed in this way for everything that goes wrong. It shows how much the people look to the priests for guidance and help. To strangers who would reason out the matter, not to speak of us who know all about it, this looking up to is a tribute to the fidelity of the *Sagart a púin* to his people down through the centuries. On the other hand the fact that the priests are not what idealist Gaels would have them, is a standing reminder that the people in general are much less still what they might be. For the priests are of their people and with their people always, not an alien body thrust upon Ireland like the little *amroir* troop of the garrison we, as boys, used sit on the ditches to watch file coldly to mid-Sunday church long ago. Thackeray, when he made *magazine* matter out of the dark uncommunicative priests he met in the stages, etc., in his travels through Ireland, saw the other, that is his own side of the picture. Very likely the usual travellers in Ireland in those days were as Sourface as they, in the main, are to-day; the sort Irish priests, or Irish laymen either, would have no consuming desire to strike up an acquaintance with. And—, but as I was saying, I don't know that we do not sometimes forget this fact, that in the Irish Ireland movement and generally in every secular movement, the priests are simply *with* the people; a little ahead perhaps in places, the more the better, but in the main *with* the people, in no case behind.

I think it is Mr. Healy I remember attributing Parnell's courage and success as a leader to his inability to see the difficulties ahead of him. Well, the Waterford Irish-Irelander that does not see difficulties ahead must be very blind indeed. Bearing in mind what I have above written, and bearing in mind the county that Waterford is as regards the living Irish speech, a round of the churches there leaves an impression as regards the Irish-Ireland movement, anything but heartening. The Press, or the schools, or the meetings of public bodies are, in their own way, indexes of the life of the people, but not in the same sense that the church services are. Red tape, to an extent, ties the hands of the school-master as of the P. L. G., and the Press does little more than report the public man. In church, however, the people are unaffectedly themselves, and their language there in prayer is the language of their average daily life. When, therefore, I say that in all the County Waterford only thirteen priests, as far as I can discover, say the Acts before Mass in Irish, that of these, only some say the prayers after Mass in Irish, and that not one at all, that I know of, preaches or gives the notices in Irish, it will be understood to what an extent Irishism is nothing to reckon with in the county. If to have "everything in Irish except what

the Church requires to be in Latin"—as the notices of Gaelic League weddings and baptisms put it—would be the normal state of affairs in an Irish Ireland: Waterford has a long road to travel yet.

Now, although as I have said, I am not one of those who would blame any priest who would not choose to lead his people in the Irish-Ireland movement, I need not say that I would, nevertheless, wish to see the priests of my native county doing so. There are, of course, even still, those who hold that the movement is merely a secular movement and a mere sentimental one at that, but no one holds more heartily than the re-

of the county, practically every grown person can speak Irish if he likes. Now two thoughts occur to one in connection with such a county. One is that if the Irish-speaking children of Ring were properly taught in school, they would now be earning hundreds upon hundreds of pounds yearly as travelling teachers. Instead of that, when the other day the local *Corporé Ceann-tair* wanted a travelling teacher for a neighbouring district of the county, there was no one in Ring fitted to fill the post! The other consideration is that as, when all is said and done, the whole question of an Irish Ireland is one of *speaking the language*—if every



A CELTIC NOTE EXCURSION.

We will embark and go now, we'll go to Fairyland,
And a big palace build there of starry shimmers made.
Nine rainbows will we have there, ten opal hushes grand,
And live alone in golden lightning's shade.

And we shall have some dreams there, for dreams upon
us fall—

Falling down from the man in the moon to where the
donkey plays;

There midnight's all a blazer and noon a sombre pall,
And evening all a blind man's gaze.

We will embark and go now, for always in our dreams,

We hear the voices whisper, the symbols roar and
bawl;

While we stand on crowded street just to catch a thought
that gleams,

We hear the symbols' thunder hushes call.

vered Bishop of Waterford that it is an educational, a moral, and a national movement as well. His lordship, in his now famous address at Clonmel, gave his priests a no undecided lead in the matter. People are wondering why they in turn are not, so far, following the lead more noticeably.

Waterford is of special importance amongst the counties in that it includes perhaps the finest Irish-speaking area in the world. All over the Ring peninsula the people not only can, but *do* speak Irish; child or adult, it is all the same, Irish is *his language*. Besides Ring, outside some of the towns and the extreme Eastern part

human being in the country were reading the language or writing it for that matter, unless they spoke it in their daily intercourse, it were all of no avail—as this is so, any Irish Irelander who misses an opportunity of speaking the language and encouraging others to speak it is only toying with the question, and throughout the County Waterford, where, as I have said, practically every grown person can speak Irish, if he or she likes, it is particularly deplorable to find earnest Irish-Ireland priests and laymen neglecting to act on their own convictions, neglecting to speak Irish. "Tradition the Tyrant" is at the bottom of it, of course, but men who

are otherwise working heartily for the cause ought to be more thoughtful than to neglect this seemingly elemental duty.

A word or two more. It goes without saying that in Irish-speaking or potential Irish-speaking counties, the people are more accustomed to look, nay more under the necessity of looking, to their priests for guidance than in other places. In Waterford the priests are working energetically for the people in connection with the Land Act and the industrial movement. Father Coakley, for instance, was primarily responsible for the recent Exhibition in Dungarvan. As regards the language movement however, the managers, not being young men and being but human nature, need not be expected to make, all of a sudden, any startling change in the schools or elsewhere, such as the introduction of the bi-lingual system, even though they have the example of priests in other districts to lead them. To the young men and to the future we must look for things of that sort. But meanwhile these young men have a special department of their own. The young it is who are ashamed to speak Irish, and a young priest speaking it is a greater encouragement to the children who hear him than an old priest would be. I know leading Gaelic Leaguers whose children can reply to only the most commonplace salutations in Irish—the grit and enthusiasm that kept their fathers teaching classes and advocating the speaking of Irish during the last ten years, seemingly failing them in presence of their own children. Irish Ireland young priests, too, seem, many of them, afraid of speaking the language.

With penny Irish prayer-books now so plenty, the prayers before and after Mass, at least, should be within the power of any priest identifying himself with the movement. And in connection herewith a thought occurs to me. Twenty years ago, I don't remember hearing a word of English except now and then the Gospel at Mass hereabouts. Then after a time the Acts came to be *read* in English. Later on the sermon came to be in English. Well, we seem to be on the road back again to that Irish Ireland. The Acts are coming to be *read* in Irish. By and by we will have the notices and the sermon once more in Irish. I only wish those thirteen Irish-Ireland Waterford priests to whom I have referred were as impatient in the matter as

“Maibán.”

SIR HORACE PLUNKETT'S BOOK.

WHAT THE PROTESTANT CHURCH HAS GOT IN IRELAND.

THE Catholics were prostrate. Slavery, and the dread of more of it, had become their normal condition. They had inherited oppression, and had almost come to be satisfied with it, provided they were allowed to hug their chains in peace. They lived and acted, or rather suffered, as though they were a people without rights, whom nature had ordained to be outlaws and strangers in the land of their fathers. But courage to resist the exaction of tithes came to them from a combination of causes. Their first moving power was their poverty, and their inability to pay. Then there was the sense of injustice which they felt in having to pay for a creed which slavery and chains had failed to make them accept, and there was the sense of cruelty which they felt in being driven to leave their children without bread in order to pay an impost which the law had privileged with a first claim on the fruits of their labour. Then came the New Reformation Society in 1824. Those “New Lights,” as they were called, made the people feel as they had never felt before that in paying tithes they were paying the parsons to insult them. The Rev. Mr. Blakeley declared before a Select Committee in 1832 that those Scripture Missioners were inspired more by political rancour than by religious zeal; and, according to the evidence of Mr. Montgomery, the people “knew little of the Protestant Episcopalian parson, except in the character of tithe-proctor.” Then, the intrepidity of O'Connell gave them hope, his eloquence roused them from their lethargy, and the winning of Catholic Emancipation

made them feel their power. With O'Connell was associated Dr. Doyle, who wrote these words, the last of which became a kind of war-cry:—“There are many noble traits in the Irish character, mixed with failings which have always raised obstacles to their own well-being; but an innate love of justice, and an indomitable hatred of oppression, is like a gem upon the front of our nation which no darkness can obscure. To this fine quality I trace their hatred of tithes; may it be as lasting as their love of justice!” (Letter to Thomas Spring Rice, Esq., M.P. (afterwards, Lord Monteagle); page 121). Finally, the people were exasperated into fight by the action of Rev. Mr. McDonald, who, whilst supplying for the Protestant rector of Graigue, a man who had lived in harmony with his Catholic neighbours, not only collected the tithes with a provoking imperiousness, but demanded them also from the parish priest and had his horse distrained for the debt. That was in 1830. The tithe-war was begun. It rapidly spread over Carlow, Kilkenny, Tipperary, Cork, Limerick, and over all the South. The police and the soldiers who were called on to assist in collecting the tithes, came in conflict with the people at Newtownbarry, Thurles, Castlepollard, Carrickshock, Wallstown, Rathkeeran, Carrigtwohill, Kilmurry, Mullinahone, Palleskenry, Castlemahon, and Rathcormac; and blood was shed, and lives were lost in each encounter. Grattan said in Parliament years before:—“The most sanguinary laws in your Statute Book are the tithe-bills; the Whiteboy Act is a tithe-bill; the Riot Act is a tithe-bill.” In fact, to the exactions of the tithe-proctor are to be traced the Whiteboys, the Whitefeet, and other societies of those days whose members injustice and oppression had driven into a guerilla warfare because the law which they were asked to respect had outlawed them from all constitutional action to recover their civil rights.

Mr. Stanley, the Irish Chief Secretary, said that “the people must be made to respect the law.” In 1832, Parliament meanwhile gave a grant of £60,000 to the parsons to recoup them for the tithes they were unable to collect, and the Government undertook the work of collecting them to recoup itself; “the Lord Lieutenant.” as O'Connell said, “was made tithe-proctor general of Ireland.” Between the cost of lawyers, soldiers, police, and proclamations, they spent about £60,000 more on the work, but they succeeded in collecting only £12,000. In 1833, the arrears went up to £1,200,000, in place of which, £1,000,000 more of public money was granted by Parliament to the parsons. Instead of making the people to respect the law, the law was made to respect the people, or rather the justice of their cause, and the Tithe Composition Act was passed in 1834. That Act did not take the burden of the tithes from the people. It altered them into a fixed-average quantity instead of letting them vary in amount with the industry of the husbandman and the value of his produce. It made no change in the burden of the tithes, but only in the method of collecting them. The tithe was still to be collected, no longer, however, by taking away the tenth of the actual harvest, but the composition estimate of the tithes, taking their average value for a series of years. The Catholics still persisted in protesting against being made to pay for insulting their faith. They refused to respect a law which refused to respect them; and finally, in 1838, a tithe-rent charge was substituted by Parliament for tithes collected directly from the people.

It is to be observed here also that the tithe burden still remained; only the manner of payment was again changed. The landlord was for the future to pay the tithe to the parson, and he was to recoup himself by raising the rent on the tenant. In other words, the landlord became tithe-proctor, for which the law allowed him 25 per cent. commission on the collection. The parson got only three-fourths of what he used to claim; but he had the benefit of getting his tithe without trouble, and with security. The landlord was well paid by the extravagant commission which he received. The one who still had to bear the burden was the Catholic, on whom the rent was raised as a set-off against the tithe-rent charge which the landlord paid the parson.

The parsons still got their tithes; the Catholics still paid for them; and the landlords gained over £125,000 a year by the transaction. As the spokesmen of the Protestant interest have been insisting that, not Catholics, but the Protestants themselves, have been paying for its maintenance, I think it well to quote the following from a pamphlet published in 1867, by Dr. O'Brien, the Protestant Bishop of Ossory:—"The Tithe-rent charge is paid by the proprietor to the parish clergyman, not as a voluntary contribution to his maintenance, nor as an impost laid on him for that purpose by the State; it is a consideration for the tithes, which were the property of the Church, but were transferred to the landlord, and are enjoyed by him. . . . the fraction of the rights of the Church which the Tithe Composition represented, was ascertained and secured by the law to the Church. And one-fourth of the amount of this composition was allowed to the landlord for receiving the whole from his tenants, and paying over three-fourths to the clergyman. So that, for every £75 that he pays in rent-charge, he has received £100. This is the only sense in which the revenues of the Irish Church are extracted from the landlord."—(*The Case of the Established Church in Ireland*, by James Thomas O'Brien, D.D., page 32. See also *The English State Church in Ireland*, published in 1869, by Wm. Maziere Brady, D.D., Vicar of Donoughpatrick, and Chaplain to four Lord Lieutenants; page 21, *et passim*). I have other Protestant witnesses to the same interpretation of the tithe-rent charge; but I have selected Dr. O'Brien, because he was in his day one of the ablest and one of the most uncompromising champions of Protestantism in Ireland. Having given his words, I let its present champions settle the matter with him, and with men of authority like Dr. Maziere Brady. But, that the burden of the tithes was not taken from the people is evident from the Tithe Commutation Act itself. It allowed the landlords 25 per cent. commission. Commission on what? Not, certainly, on voluntary offerings of their own; and yet it was a commission on something. It was a commission on the tithes which they were to collect from the people under the new name of rent. We are thus enabled to set its proper value on what Bishop Chadwick wrote some months ago in the course of the usual anti-Catholic cry:—"We never ask anything from the people," he said, with that unblushing coolness which seems to be one of the *charismata* of the "simpler Christianity" in Ireland. To which the *Freeman's Journal* promptly replied:—"No; you have long since taken all." We are also enabled to think of with the right idea, although one may not call by their right name, the words which Bishop O'Hara, at his Synod in Waterford within the past few weeks applied to a plain and unquestionable statement of facts as to the Catholic source of Protestant Church revenues, embodied in their Maynooth Resolutions by the Bishops of Ireland last summer. The Resolution was as follows:—"That, whereas in addition to their endowments for higher and intermediate education and the great wealth of their Church, amounting to a capital of £8,000,000, derived originally from the appropriation of Catholic Church property, etc." Having recalled that statement, Dr. O'Hara said:—"Now, that is a lie." One thing is true at any rate, that this Protestant bishop of four dioceses is consistent with himself. The value of the property handed over to the Protestant Church when it was disestablished in 1869, exclusive of Church buildings, furniture, and all its equipments as a "going concern," is estimated at over £13,500,000. That is what its apologists love to call "disendowment." It is a consoling ambition to bear the name of martyr, as long as one has not to bear the reality of martyrdom. They would keep the cash in their pockets, and at the same time retain the grievance of having been "disendowed." I have traced the identity of the source of their Church endowment to the Catholic spoliation of the past and to the tithe imposts of 300 years down to our own day. For my present purpose, however, I am not much interested in the arrangements made at the time of the disestablishment. My purpose is to set forth the resources of Protestantism in the past, and to ask what

it has done for the people in return. But before I make a statement of these resources, it is well to consider for what were those resources provided. At the time of the tithe-war there were 6,427,712 Catholics in Ireland, and only 852,064 Episcopalian Protestants. In 1861, there were 4,505,265 Catholics, and only 693,357 Protestants. But of these there were 417,011 in the two Protestant dioceses in Ulster, leaving only 276,346 Protestants in the rest of Ireland. There were in 1861, only 80,860 Protestants in Munster; that is, nearly 6,000 less than the population of Cork. There were only 40,000 in Connaught; that is, less than the population of Limerick. At present there are 3,308,661 Catholics, and only 581,089 Episcopalian Protestants in Ireland, notwithstanding the emigration of the Catholics on the one hand, and the enormous amount of money which has been spent to gain converts for love or money, or for culinary considerations, over to Protestantism. But in the rest of Ireland outside Ulster there are 2,609,459 Catholics, and only 220,716 Episcopalian Protestants; that is nearly 12 to 1. Even in Ulster, the Episcopalian Protestants are just a little more than half the Catholics of Ulster, and the Presbyterians about three-fifths. In the rest of Ireland outside Ulster there are only 17,750 Presbyterians; of other Protestant sects, there are 56,703 in Ireland; but in the rest of Ireland outside Ulster, only 9,845.

As I am dealing with population, I may as well, once for all, get rid of a pharisaical scandal which our critics take from what they call the awful army of priests in Ireland. There are 3,542 priests in Ireland, for 3,301,661 Catholics; that is, 1 for every 934. And if we deduct members of Religious Orders and priests engaged in teaching, there remain 2,714; that is 1 for every 1,206. Now, let me first compare that with the Catholic Church in Great Britain. There are in England and Scotland 3,711 priests for 2,014,000 Catholics; that is 1 for every 542. As in Ireland, many of these are engaged in teaching; but on the other hand, nearly every Religious Community in Great Britain has charge of a parish or mission; in Ireland, members of Religious Orders have no parochial duties. I do not make this comparison for the purpose of showing that there are more priests in Great Britain than are necessary; I think that there should be more priests than are available for missionary work there. I make the comparison to recall the curious fact that we never hear the cry about the army of priests in Great Britain, although the priests are more numerous, and the Catholics, as a body, are poorer there than in Ireland. But why do our critics of "the economic sense" turn their microscope especially on Ireland? I take the cause to be that they can no longer hide the economic desolation which they themselves have made, and they want to throw the blame of Ireland's poverty on anything or on anyone to shield themselves from public scorn. It is a paradox in human nature, yet it is proverbial, that one is rarely or never forgiven by the man who injures him. The very presence of his injured victim is a living rebuke to him, and one does not like a rebuke; if the victim not only lives but thrives, his success reminds the wrong-doer that his injustice has been in vain, and he is angry that the victim succeeds. It is in Ireland they have made the ruin, and, of course, they do not like to be held accountable, or to have it thrown in their face—Hence Romanism has caused it all! It is the Romish priests, monks and nuns that have desolated the land!

Now, considering the cry they raise about the army of priests in Ireland, and considering moreover that, whilst a priest's duty is every day and any hour of the day or night, the parson is wanted usually only for an hour or two on Sunday, one would be inclined to think that there are only a few scattered parsons to be found in the country. But what do I find? According to the *Irish Church Directory*, there were 1,724 parsons in Ireland in 1903, for 581,089 Protestants; that is, 1 for every 331. Hence, setting aside all consideration as to hearing confessions and various other duties of the Catholic Church which require proportionately many more priests than parsons, if the priests in Ireland were proportionate to the actual number of parsons, they

should be about 10,000 in all, and if the parsons were in proportion to the actual number of priests they should be only about 600 in all. But they are 1724; and if we suppose that 1,000 of them are married, and that each has a family of about five, we have in all about 6,000 inhabitants of the episcopal palaces and of the glebe houses of Ireland. There are 800 Presbyterian ministers for 443,276 Presbyterians; that is 1 for every 554; there are 250 Methodist ministers for 62,000 Methodists; that is, 1 for every 248. Let us set down 250 more ministers for other Protestant sects. And if we count in the families of the married ministers and add them to those of the other bishops and parsons, we arrive at a grand total of about 11,000 of the tribe of Levi, out of the 1,086,371 Protestants of all sorts in the country. I do not compute those statistics to complain of the revelation they make. Why should I complain? Protestants might very reasonably remind me that it is none of my business. To be sure, they constantly do so towards us. But then it is one of the many privileges into which they have been born, a monopoly prescribed by long tradition and by constant use, to denounce or to defame any Catholic person or practice, as they choose, and the further protective privilege to taunt us with stirring up sectarian strife should any of us dare to strike back in defending ourselves. Neither have I made the calculation for the purpose of making our critics appear ridiculous, although I see that, of course, it will have that effect. I am merely discussing the question.

According to Dr. Maziere Brady (*The English State Church in Ireland*; page 158 and *seq.*), out of the 2,428 parishes in Ireland there were 199, covering an area of 557,000 acres, in which there was not a single Protestant. Yet revenue to the amount of £13,400 a year went out of that district to non-resident Incumbents for their labours in saving souls that did not exist there. The old churches which had been taken from the Catholics were let go to ruin, and may be seen to this day standing in lonely desolation in the midst of country grave-yards. Sometimes that disgrace is disguised by uniting several parishes into one benefice, and placed in charge of one Incumbent. According to Dr. Brady there were, out of the 1,570 benefices in Ireland, 107 covering an area of 626,000 acres and yielding a revenue of £20,000 a year, in each of which there were only an average of two or three families, including the family of the parson and the sexton. According to Godkin (*Ireland and her Churches*), in 1834 there were 456 parishes, each of which had a Protestant population of from 1 to 20; that is, only a few families at most, always, of course, including the families of the parson and the sexton. And the number of such parishes had increased to 575 in 1861. In 1834, there were 382 parishes, in which the Protestants varied from 20 to 50; and the number of such parishes had increased to 416 in 1861. In 1834, there were 307 parishes, in which the Protestants varied from 5 to 10; and the number of such parishes had increased to 349 in 1861. According to the Report of the Commissioners of Public Instruction, issued in 1834, there were 157 parishes in which the parson was non-resident, and in which there was no Divine Service. In 1849, George Henry Moore stated in Parliament that he paid tithes in eight parishes, and that in all there was neither Protestant church nor glebe, nor a resident parson, nor a single Protestant as far as he knew. Not without reason, therefore, did Lord Lytton say in 1835: "They talk of Irish bulls; but the words *Irish Church* was the greatest bull in the language. It was called the 'Irish Church' because it was a church not for the Irish." About the same time Sydney Smith wrote of the anomaly of Irish Protestantism:—"I have always compared the Protestant Church in Ireland (and I believe my friend Tom Moore stole the simile from me) to the institution of butchers' shops in all the villages of our Indian Empire. We will have a butcher's shop in every village, and you Hindoos shall pay for it. We know that many of you do not eat meat at all, and that the sight of beef-steaks is particularly offensive to you; but still a stray European may pass through your village, and want a steak or a chop; the shop *shall* be estab-

lished, and you shall pay for it? There is no abuse like it in all Europe, in all Asia, in all the discovered parts of Africa, and in all we have heard of Timbuctoo. It is an error that requires 20,000 armed men for its protection in time of peace; which costs more than £1,000,000 a year."—(*Works*, Vol. III., page 500).

Let us now consider a few of the dioceses. I will take those in charge of Dr. Bunbury and Dr. O'Hara, who have made themselves specially notorious in reviving current polemics. Dr. Bunbury is bishop of three dioceses: Limerick, Ardfert, and Aghadoe. According to returns given before the disestablishment, there were 15,103 Protestants in the three dioceses. There were 188 parishes, which would leave an average of 15 or 16 families in each, including the family of the parson and the sexton. Of those, 22 parishes had no Protestant; and 68 parishes had an average of 5·3 Protestant individuals. Dr. O'Hara has four dioceses: Cashel, Emly, Waterford and Lismore. At the time of the disestablishment there were 13,853 Protestants in the four dioceses, including civil, military, and other officials. There were 261 parishes, in 40 of which there was no Protestant; and in 65 of which the number of Protestants varied from one to ten. There were only 94 churches, the rest having been let go to ruin in the course of time. Some of the Catholic parishes within the same area contained each more Catholics than all the Protestants of these four dioceses taken together. Yet there were one Bishop, four Deans, four Archdeacons, four Precentors, four Chancellors, four Treasurers, Rural Deans, Choral Vicars, in all 152 clergymen to look after souls of the 13,853. If I went through all the Protestant dioceses of the country I should have a similar tale to tell.

Having to face such facts, and such a state of things as I have thus briefly exposed, Lord Macaulay once said in Parliament—"Two hundred and eighty-five years has this Church been at work. What could have been done in the way of authority, privileges, endowments, which has not been done? . . . Did any other set of bishops and clergy in the world ever receive half as much for doing twice as much? And what have we to show for all this lavish expenditure? What but the most zealous Catholic population on the face of the earth! Where you were a hundred years ago, where you were two hundred years ago, there you are still, not victorious over the domain of the old faith, but painfully and with dubious success defending your own frontier."

Now, what were the resources by which the Ecclesiastical machinery was kept going, which ministered to nobody in 199 parishes, to the family of the parson and the sexton in many others, to a few families in more than a thousand parishes? The following is a return of their landed estates made to Parliament by the bishops themselves, and published on 11th Februray, 1824:—*

	ACRES.
The Archbishop of Armagh	63,470
" Dublin	28,781
" Tuam and Ardagh	49,281
" Cashel and Emly	13,372
The Bishop of Meath	18,374
" Clogher	32,817
" Kilmore	51,350
" Derry	94,836
" Ossory	13,391
" Ferns and Leighlin	11,697
" Limerick, Ardfert and Aghadoe	6,720
" Waterford and Lismore	8,500
" Cork and Ross	22,755
" Cloyne	15,871
" Killaloe and Kilfenora	11,081
" Elphin	31,017

Those 16 bishops who sent in returns had 473,313 acres of See lands.

* I have compiled these from "*Ireland and her Churches*," by James Godkin. Pp. 96, 97, and 141; and from the "*History of Tithes*," by John D'Alton, Esq., B.L., M.R.I.A. P. 50.

No returns are given for the other six dioceses; but according to Parliamentary Reports 1831-1833, the See lands of the 22 bishops were ... 669,277 acres. But besides the See lands they had demesne lands estimated at ... 5,500 acres.

Total landed property of the bishops 674,777 acres.

According to a letter† which appeared in *The Times* of January 29th, 1866, from the Rev. Dr. Alfred Lee, in reply to one from Aubrey de Vere, "the whole of the glebe lands now in possession of the beneficed clergy of Ireland amount to 132,756 statute acres, *no very considerable quantity* when compared with the area of Ireland." The Deans and Chapters had, at the lowest estimate, 500,000 acres. The grand total of all would be 1,307,533 acres. Baron Foster estimated the average value of the See lands at £1 an acre, and taking the other Church lands at the same value, we find that the revenue derivable from *its landed property alone* by the "Church of Ireland," that is, the Church of a small fraction of the population, would be £1,307,533. The reader is not to understand that the bishops actually received in rents £674,777 a year from those to whom their lands were leased. According to the bishops themselves, their revenue from their lands was only £140,704 7s. a year; according to a statement made in Parliament by Grattan, it was £250,000 a year. But, taking either of these estimates, why did the bishops not draw from their lands all the income which their lands were worth? They received much more than appears from the rental, because they let their lands on the Trinity College system; that is, at a low rental which made a show of generous leniency, at heavy fines which retained the reality of revenue, and on short leases which secured a renewal of those fines almost as regularly as rent. Moreover, they let many of their lands to relatives in whose favour they might forego the fines, and according to Read (*on Simony*, page 137, cited by J. D'Alton, Esq., in his *History of Tithes*, page 54), some of them let lands on trust for their own benefit. The residue did not go to further the interests of the Protestant Church; the Papists were made to pay for that.

The revenue was retained in the family or, at all events, was not diffused beyond the limited circle of the Protestant interest, either to the economic interest of the people at large, or to the spiritual interest of the Protestants themselves.

That is how the residue between the value of the bishops' lands and their rental went, whilst they were getting public money from Government and were exacting cesses from the Catholic cottiers of the country to build their churches, or to repair those which the Catholics had built and had once used, but which had passed into the possession of Protestantism by the right of plunder. I will return to this presently. Their "simpler Christianity" showed its "economic sense" against the interests of that Christianity itself. Bishops and parsons had to pay out of their bishoprics and benefices an impost called First Fruits, that is, one year's revenue which was administered by the Board of First Fruits for general Church purposes, since that impost was transferred from the coffers of the Sovereign to the treasury of the Church in the reign of Queen Anne—(Blackstone's *Commentaries*, vol. I., page 284). That taxation of First Fruits was fixed according to the value of the See and glebe lands in the time of Henry VIII., and was payable ever afterwards in the same unchanged ratio of a remote and low valuation. On the other hand, the tithes which the poor Catholic had to pay for the work of the Protestant Church increased according to the increasing value of the land, to the increased produce of his tillage improved by the labour of his hands. Thus, the Archbishop of Armagh paid First Fruits on £400 a year, the ancient value of his See lands when they were in the hands of Catholics,

instead of on £15,080 15s. 0d., his actual income from his See lands according to his own return. The Bishop of Derry paid on £250, the ancient value, instead of on £10,000, his actual yearly income from his lands. The Bishop of Ossory paid on £50, the ancient value, instead of on £3,000, his actual yearly income from his lands. The Bishop of Cloyne paid on £10 10s. 0d., the ancient value, instead of on £2,000, his actual yearly income from his lands. And so on. In this, as in every phase of the question, "heads I win, tails you lose," was the fundamental economic principle which in its dealing with Catholic Ireland the "Simpler Christianity" never failed to apply. Besides the See lands, the bishops held 5,500 acres of demesne lands, which brought them an income of £10,295 13s. 0d. a year, according to their own return. The Estates of the Deans and Chapters brought an income of £130,000 a year. The glebe lands brought an income of £150,000 a year. The tithes (excluding those payable to laymen) brought an income of £590,450 a year. Then there was the Minister's money, which brought an income of £25,000 a year. As that impost was abolished in 1857, and is now forgotten, I may explain that it was a house tax levied in corporate towns. It was the *peculium* of the parson, and went to supplement the revenue he received from the glebe lands and the tithes. The reader will get an idea of the share of that impost which Catholics had to pay from the fact that such Catholic towns as Clonmel paid £341, Cork paid £3,324, and Dublin paid £9,868, towards the Minister's Money in 1853. According to the *Black Book*, quoted by D'Alton, they derived an income of £25,000 a year from *Church Fees*, that is, from burials and other such offices. Any monies paid by Protestants for their own Church could not, of course, be considered a grievance, and was never made a ground of complaint by Irish Catholics. In former times the faithful were buried beside the parish church; hence a burial ground was called a churchyard. Mass was always offered up in the Church for the dead person, the corpse being present, and the funeral rites were afterwards completed by the priest at the grave outside. The churchyards were taken over with the churches for the use and profit of the "simpler" and more economic Christianity. Nevertheless, the Catholics continued to lay the remains of their dead in the graves of their fathers. They had to pay burial fees to the parson, but the priest was not allowed to perform the Catholic funeral rites at the grave side. That was one of the grievances to correct which "The Irish Catholic Association" was started by O'Connell in 1823. He said at one of their meetings, on November 3rd 1823, at the house of Mr. Coyne, the Catholic bookseller, in Capel Street—"They were not content with oppressing Catholics when living, but they must insult them when dead. . . . He heard it gravely asserted that the churchyard was the parson's freehold, and he could do as he pleased with it. And so he always understood that a man could make what use he pleased of his own freehold. But he had yet to learn whether a parson could plough up the burying-ground and sow turnips in it; and yet he was told it was his freehold. If he could appropriate the ground to sowing turnips or other vegetables, yet he doubted whether such an occupation would be as productive as sowing Papists, for the 'freehold' of St. James', he was informed, produced the minister near a couple of thousand a year." O'Connell's memory was fresh of what happened a few weeks before, when Father Blake, a Dublin parish priest, afterwards Bishop of Dromore, was prevented by the Protestant sexton from reciting the burial rites over the remains of Mr. Darcy, in St. Kevin's churchyard; although the family of the deceased was not prevented, rather compelled, to pay the parson £10 for burial fees, in other words, for the privilege of having their dead father insulted. The paupers of the Limerick workhouse used to be buried in St. Patrick's churchyard, which legally was under the jurisdiction of the Rector of the parish. In 1847, disease and want so raised their death-rate that burials in St. Patrick's soon increased considerably whereupon

† The letter was published as a pamphlet afterwards, from which I quote, at page 4—*The Ecclesiastical Settlement of Ireland*. By the Rev. Alfred T. Lee, M.A., LL.D., Rector of Ahoghilly, and Rural Dean, and Hon. Sec. to the Church Institution for the Province of Armagh.

the parson appeared before the Guardians and raised his burial fees to two shillings each—(See *The Limerick Reporter*, April, 1847).

Putting aside pensions, proxies, symbols, and refections, not considering the fines raised on leased lands, or the family interests secured by the residue between the value and the actual rental of See lands, and after the loss to Church purposes of lands which were from time to time legally sneaked into and were retained in bishop's families, the actual revenues used up by the machinery of the "Simpler Christianity" in Ireland to take 693,357 souls to heaven amounted each year to about £1,500,000.

M. O'R.

REV. DR. HOGAN AND THE CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION.

IN a letter published in *The Spectator*, Dr. Hogan repeats what he said at the meeting of the Maynooth Union, that "the policy of exclusive dealing

Professor Dowden calls the 'Catholic Association,' or else it would not have me very long as a member"; the only reason assigned being the principles enunciated at Maynooth.

A charge of serious breach of the moral law is thus levelled at the members of what Dr. Hogan must allow us to continue to call the Catholic Association; and I, as one of the number, protest against the calumny. The Association comprised and comprises some of the best of the clergy and laity of Ireland; what ground has he for publicly censuring them in this way?

He admits that the policy of exclusive dealing is lawful "in certain cases, such as strikes, trade unions, and international protective tariffs"; his contention is that "used as a weapon in social or religious warfare, it brings so many evils in its train as that it becomes an evil in itself." What is evil only by reason of the effects which it produces, necessity may make lawful, as every moralist knows; so that Dr. Hogan should have justified his censure by showing that the good which the Association might hope to accomplish could never counterbalance the



AT THE "ARTS AND CRAFTS."

In arts and crafts we get along,
So "clevah," don't you know;
We have Lawn Tennis and Ping-Pong,
And guilds like this also.

Success to fads and faddy set;
Success to social ease.
Oh, we will lick the Germans yet
With workers such as these.

... when used as a weapon in social or religious warfare, brings so many evils in its train that it becomes an evil in itself, and as such should be repudiated and condemned." In the context this implies that the Catholic Association advocated and adopted a wicked policy in the warfare which it conducted. The charge is almost formally made in the body of the letter, wherein, after justifying his own position by quoting what he said at Maynooth, the writer proceeds:—"An association for the defence of Catholic interests . . . would certainly be something very different from what

evils which it was sure to work. He has not done this, nor even pretended to do it; he takes our character without ceremony and throws it to the wolves.

Note, moreover, the implied endorsement of the calumny so often repeated by the Protestant party—that we are waging a religion warfare; as if we asked people to deal only with Catholics, or not to deal with Protestants simply because of their creed. Over and over we have challenged our opponents for proof of this statement. Those who have condescended to take notice of our complaint have referred us to our *Handbook*, in

which the conduct ascribed to us is distinctly repudiated; or to wild rumours whereby children, women, tradesmen, and half-pay captains, are so easily frightened. If a concrete case of religious persecution had been brought home to one of our officials, and if our Association had refused to reprimand him, we should have no cause of complaint. Dr. Hogan, however, without a tittle of evidence other than what fired the soul of the valiant Wade Thompson, implicitly endorses this stale, old calumny. As one of those caluminated, I protest against this.

But we were, and are, carrying on at least a social warfare; and in such contests, we are assured, policies become immoral which are admitted to be lawful when adopted by trades unions, so far even as to result in strikes. As if trades unions did not exist for the very purpose of conducting social warfare—against oppression on the part of capitalists; and as if a strike were not as much a social warfare as what we have advocated.

THE ECONOMISTS IN A FOG.

THE officers of the 1st Battalion of the Plunkett Highlanders gave a great smoking concert recently in the Departmental Officers Mess. The Plunkett Highlanders is not a crack regiment, but a quack regiment, and is as often as not designated the Royal Economics. Paradoxical as it may appear, this famous regiment is stationed here, not on home service, but on foreign service. The Plunkett Highlanders, like the Cameron Highlanders, the Gordon Highlanders, the Seaforth Highlanders, and other Jocks of that ilk are mainly recruited from—

Caledonia stern and wild
Meet nurse for economic child,

or, as it is elsewhere quite as poetically described—

Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood



"AULD LANG SYNE."

We have been made familiar with this kind of ethical sermonising—by the oppressors who have denounced every combination that withstood their power, and by the slavish-hearted who turned tail whenever they were called bad boys by the advocates of respectability. Was there ever an agitation or organization, in Ireland or elsewhere, for the benefit of the poor, that was not denounced as immoral—by high-placed churchmen, too—because of the evils it was supposed to bring in its train? We are sick of this puling; angry, also, that while engaged with the enemy in front, we should be distracted in this way by the weaklings in our rear. We do not claim to be free from failings; but while professing readiness to make amends for the faults that have been brought home to us by evidence—and we expect the evidence to be judicial whenever the sentence pretends to be authoritative—we assure Dr. Hogan and all whom it may concern, that, till this is done, neither their desertion nor their calumnies will prevent us from fighting on.

W. J. LYNACH.

Whose barren, wild and rocky breast
Produces expert tillers best.

All the officers of the famous quack regiment were present at the smoking concert. Whether the smoke produced at this concert was on foreign service, or home service, there is no evidence to show, as the Counsel for the defence might say. The first item on the programme was a recitation by the Commanding Officer of the regiment. When Colonel, the Right Hon. Sir Kenneth MacAlpine McGregor Plunkett appeared upon the stage, he was greeted with a veritable explosion of applause and smoke, while the regimental band struck up "Blue Bonnets over the Border." Sir Kenneth delivered the following verses very prettily:—

Solup na nGaebeál.—All Irish Irishmen should insist on getting the New Irish Match, made in Dublin by PATERSON & CO., and thus support the Industrial Revival.

An expert to old Ireland bound,
Cries boatman loose thy wherry,
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row me o'er the ferry.

And who be you who'd brave this day
The waves high agitation?
Oh, I'm an expert on the way
To Plunkett's new Plantation.

An expert dump, my canny Scot,
I'm hasting to get over
Eight hundred pounds a year I've got;
Oh, won't I be in clover.

"Eight hundred pounds," the boatman cried,
As he unloosed the tiller,
"I'd brave the ocean's tempest tide,
For half that bag o' siller."

"Now ply thy oars, my canny Rob,
And cross this Styx or Tiber,
For I'm on wings to reach my job,
And show my moral fibre."

But when the boat had left the shore,
The waves began to rock her,
And threaten her contents to pour
In Davy Jones's locker.

The boatman cried with fear and dread.
The expert silence beckoned,
Then with a smile serene, he said—
"I'll calm it in a second."

Then from his carpet bag he took
A bottle of some lotion.
And on the waves the stuff he shook
Which calmed their furious motion.

The boatman in amazement spoke—
"Good God, what education!
A Scottish expert is a bloke
Who simply beats creation."

Beset no more with peril, they
Got o'er their passage daring,
And then the expert went his way
And left the boatman staring.

In response to an encore, Sir Kenneth sang, "Oh, where, tell me where is my Highland laddie gone," with much taste and feeling. The next to "work the pipes," as the Cockneys say, and contribute to the smoke, was Captain and Adjutant Campbell, who sang—

THE SONG OF INNISFAIL.

They came from a land beyond the sea;
From Scotland's barren strand
They sailed in their good ships gallantly,
Across to Paddy's land.
"We go to the land of harp and song
Where agriculture slumps."
Thus sang they as they ploughed along,
A freight of expert dumps.

At last they view o'er the waters blue,
A speck of green arise,
A beauty spot which quickly grew
An island on their eyes.
'Tis Innisfail, 'tis Innisfail!
Each heart with rapture jumps,
As bending down the Scotties hail
That isle of expert dumps.

PORTRUSH.—Mark Street Private Hotel (No. 20) Miss Donaghy. Magnificent Sea and Mountain Views; Sunny Aspect; Large Airy Rooms. Central. Convenient to baths, Bathing Places, Golf Links, Band Promenade, etc. Private Apartments, with Cooking and Attendance, can be had on moderate terms at all times of the year, except July and August.

"Behold our land of cakes," they cried.
"Our land of nut-brown ale.
No more again we'll cross the tide,
But stick to Innisfail."
No canny face was sicklied o'er,
No brow bore sorrow's brand,
When Plunkett's famous Highland Corps
Were dumped on Paddy's land.

For this song Captain and Adjutant Campbell was loudly encored by the "children of the mist" and smoke. Responding to their piping calls, he recited in a very expert manner—

YOUNG LOCHINVAR.

Young Lochinvar came out of the West;
No expert in Scotland with him could contest.
From Highland or Lowland, from near or from far,
There ne'er was an expert like young Lochinvar.

One day an advertisement spread through the land;
An expert was wanted in Plunkett's famed band;
An expert who knew all the wants of their green
Poor Ireland, a country he never had seen.

The notice traversed on the wings of the gale
Until this economist heard of the tale.
"Ha, here is some luck from my auspicious star,
This job will be mine," said the young Lochinvar.

Young Lochinvar came out of the West
With papers and documents all he possessed;
With scholarships, honours and college degrees,
And all that's required in an expert to please.

[crowds.
With him came the Campbells and Grahams in
McDonalds, McGregors, Macleans and McCleods,
McLarens and Mintos on motor and car,
All flocked for the job with the young Lochinvar.

But all were rejected though skilful and good.
Not one of their papers declared that they could
Plant oats and potatoes on dark Lochnagar
Like that famous expert the young Lochinvar.

Young Lochinvar came out of the West
And went to old Ireland to feather his nest.
From Highland or Lowland, from near or from far,
There ne'er was an expert like young Lochinvar.

For this recitation Captain and Adjutant Campbell was rewarded with an enthusiastic blast of applause and smoke, accompanied with cries of "He's a right good body for a smoking concert. After Captain Campbell, came Lieutenant and Quartermaster Mason Stone with a whiff of vocal harmony in the shape of a song called—

THE IRISH DEPARTMENT NATION BUILDER.

The Gaelic Leaguers sing away
A nation once again,
And dream upon the golden day
Which dawns in that refrain.
But no one ever dreams I wis,
The best to give effect
To Irish nation-making is
The English architect.

CHORUS.

The English architect, my boys, let all of us respect,
The best of nation-builders is the English architect.

"GENUINE" TRINIDAD COCOA SHELLS "EX-CELSIOR" BRAND; the best procurable; buy no other.

Old Ireland never will be free
 Until the Union binds
 Our hearts to those across the sea
 Who bear Imperial minds.
 When Ireland follows in the van
 Of British race elect,
 She'll welcome that superior man
 The English architect.

CHORUS.

The English architect, my boys, let all of us respect,
 The best of nation-builders is the English architect.

The civic virtues, where are they
 In this inferior land.
 And economic sense, I say,
 They cannot understand.
 The man most competent to build
 Those virtues most select,
 Is that great nation-mason skilled
 The English architect.

CHORUS.

The English architect, my boys, let all of us respect,
 The best of nation-builders is the English architect.

Our moral fibre will he make
 Quite strong, and hard, and fast;
 Our mental apathy he'll break
 And build us fit to last.
 New plans for Ireland will he strike,
 New schemes he will perfect.
 Oh, where's the nation-builder like,
 The English architect.

MADE IN IRELAND.—M'LOUGHLIN'S Irish Poplin Ties, from 1s. 6d.;
 White Shirts from 2s. 6d.; Under Vests and Pants, 2s. 6d.; Knit Half Hose
 from 6d.; Irish Linen Collars, Cuffs, Fronts, from 6d.; Irish Tweed Caps,
 from 1s.; Hats, etc. 19 Parliament Street, Dublin.

CHORUS.

The English architect, my boys, let all of us respect,
 The best of nation-builders is the English architect.

Scattered through the smoke were Highland Flings
 and other misty things of that ilk, and a varied and
 interesting programme was at last smoked out with the
 regimental anthem—

Shall dear Auld Reekie be forgot
 By Scotties here brought o'er.
 Shall auld acquaintance be forgot
 In Plunkett's Highland Corps.

A.M.W.



THE FAILURE OF THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

DEAR SIR—Perhaps, your contributor on the above
 subject would tell us what has become of the Library of
 the old Catholic University? It certainly is not in
 Stephen's Green, and not one of the present generation
 of Catholic University men has ever seen a book from
 it. My information is that the books are still lying in
 packing cases at Holycross College, unopened for 21
 years, but I shall be very glad to learn that I have been
 misinformed.

Mr. Dawson informs us that the Catholic University
 has still a legal existence in the Faculty in the Medical
 School, Cecilia Street. I am delighted to think so, but
 surely if the Catholic University still exists, *de jure* the
 Catholic University Church still belongs to it. Yet it
 has not the most remote connection with any University
 work now, and appears to be utilised as an ordinary
 parochial church, whilst the present students have to
 crush into a little chapel next door.

The principal legacy which the old Catholic University

THOUSANDS OF POUNDS WILL BE SPENT BY

People in Ireland in the purchase of Dolls during the Christmas Season.

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No Connection with the Jews.

has left to the country, in return for some hundreds of thousands of pounds, is a number of soured, blighted, bitterly disappointed dispensary doctors, who believe that they have ruined their careers by avoiding Trinity at the advice of the Bishops, and have afterwards been despised and abandoned in some desolate country dispensary; and a few lawyers whose sons were sent to Trinity even after the Royal University was available for them. And even now an effort is made to repeat the ghastly blunders of the last century. The Catholic students are no longer to be sneered at for lacking degrees, but every effort is made to destroy the reputation of the only University at which these can be honourably attained. For conscience sake hundreds of Catholic young men have taken degrees at the Royal University (when they might have secured them on much easier terms at Trinity), and their only reward is to have the most strenuous efforts put forth for the belittlement of the Royal University, and the consequent exaltation of Trinity College. The students of the latter institution positively chortle with joy to see a Catholic prelate belaud their College, and belittle the degrees which Catholic students obtain.—Yours truly,
Dublin. J. C. McWALTER.

bury this little child, but that he would not be allowed to enter the gate without a ticket.

Just imagine the pangs of grief that poor unfortunate father must have suffered standing beside that little coffin on the roadside from 7 o'clock in the morning until after 11 o'clock, under the notice of every person that attended the funerals all the morning. And this by order of a committee calling themselves Catholic. Would any Protestant committee act in such a way. But the saddest part of all was, when I saw the poor man take up the little coffin in his arms, and the big tears rolling down his cheeks and falling on the lid; at last he was allowed in and, preceded by one grave-digger, carried it to the grave. I have been in many countries, both Christian and pagan, among Hindoos, Mahometans and fire-worshippers, but the like of that I never witnessed before. All these have respect for the dead, and don't go in for making money by the dead. But this to happen in a Christian country and so-called Catholic Ireland. I do not know who the members of this Catholic Cemeteries Committee are, but I think one and all ought to be thoroughly ashamed of themselves for the scene enacted this morning outside their gate at Glasnevin.

G.

THE GLASNEVIN CEMETERIES COMMITTEE.

SIR—Knowing you to be a lover of justice and fair play, I wish to draw your attention to an act of the Catholic Cemeteries Committee which I witnessed this morning, outside the gate of Glasnevin Cemetery. Attending a funeral there about 11 o'clock, I noticed near the entrance a little coffin lying on the roadside, beside which were standing a policeman, and a rather tall, respectable-looking man. The latter seemed more like a statue, he stood so immovable and took no notice of anyone around. My first impression was that some one found the coffin near, and that they were going to hold an inquest. I went over to see the little coffin. On the lid of which was—

“Died 26th Nov., 1904.
“Aged One Year 8 Months.”

On asking the policeman what was the matter, he told me that the unfortunate man arrived at 7 o'clock this morning, at the Cemetery, from the ———, to

The Leading C. S. Institution in Ireland.

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G. B. and W. RAILWAY CLERKS (Sept., 1904).—10 of 31 appointments. BEST RESULT.
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AN ENGLISHMAN AND IRELAND.

III.

WHEN Mr. Gladstone took up the cause of Ireland it was with both hands and with his whole heart. While England was still fermenting with the excitement of Home Rule a pious Evangelical lady of high position sent Mr. Gladstone a form of prayer she had composed against his new policy. He replied to her in a letter (July 27, 1886,) in which he said (*inter alia*):—“I cannot but think that, in bringing the subject of Irish intolerance before the Almighty Father, we ought to have some regard to the fact that down to the present day, as between the two religions, the offence has been in the proportion of perhaps a hundred to one on the Protestant side, and the suffering by it on the Roman side. At the present hour, I am pained to express my belief that there is far more of intolerance in action from so-called Protestants against Roman Catholics than from Roman Catholics against Protestants.” Some of the Catholic Association's critics would do well to bear these words in mind; others of them might profit by noting the following sentence from Mr. John Morley:—“No reformer is fit for his task who suffers himself to be frightened off by the excesses of an extreme wing.” Mr.

Gaelic Xmas Cards for Foreign Postage.—Carefully selected stock of Irish Cards with Gaelic Greeting and English translation, or in Gaelic only. Also Gaelic Books, suitable for Xmas Presents, now on sale at Lennons, 19-21 Chapel Lane and Mill Street, Belfast.

FATHER MATHEW HALL, Church Street, Monday, 5th December, 8 o'clock. Lecture by Dr. Anthony Roche—“The Care of Infants and Young Children”; Musical Selections; Limelight Views. Father Aloysius will preside. 116

PATRICK CAHILL, Optician, 13 Wellington Quay, Dublin. Barometers; Clinical, Bath, Garden Thermometers; Sikes' Hydrometers; Lactometers; Stereoscopes; Pantoscopes; Gold, Silver Spectacles and Pince-Nez; Surveying Instruments adjusted; Opera, Field, Marine Glasses; Kodaks; Mathematical Instruments; Magnifiers; Microscopes; Telescopes; Magneto Coils; Batteries; Phonographs.

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At exceptionally low prices.

This week we are making a very attractive display of Novelties suitable for the Xmas trade.

6 & 7 TALBOT STREET.

Gladstone wrote the letter I have quoted from the depths of knowledge. In a letter referring to the fatigues he had undergone in 1886—the bringing in of the Home Rule Bill, and the subsequent hard-fought general election—he includes among his manifold labours “*studying the subject*” (his italics) which, he added, “none of the opponents would do.” By the way, in the course of these studies he mentions Burke, whom he has been reading, as “sometimes almost divine” and Mr. Morley (an out-and-out Burke idolator) recalls the fact that Macaulay had said after a feast of Burke: “Admirable! The greatest man since Milton.” I wish Irishmen had an equal admiration for the great philosophic orator!

Near the end of 1889 Mr. Parnell visited Hawarden. “His air of good breeding and easy composure pleased everybody,” says Mr. Morley. In his diary Mr. Glad-

stone writes of the Irish chief:—“He is certainly one of the very best people to deal with that I have ever known. Took him to the old castle. He seemed to notice and appreciate everything.” Next year Mr. Gladstone was destined to give a remarkable testimony to the influence of agitation in Ireland and its effect upon legislative history. In the debate on the Special (or *Times*) Commission (March 3, 1890), he deprecated the idea of the House adopting the Report in so far as it concerned the general actions of the Irish Nationalist members in public life. He told the House it would, in effect, stultify itself by adopting the censures of the Report on the conduct of land agitations in Ireland. “I must record,” said he, “my firm opinion that it [the Land Act of '81] would not have become the law of the land, if it had not been for the agitation with which Irish society was convulsed.” This frank tribute he gave as the person most concerned in the passing of the

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Tannin, a substance which abounds in low-class Teas, has the effect of hardening the delicate membrane of the stomach, and of impeding the process of digestion, and many nervous sufferers owe to the use of inferior low grade Teas the ailment that has brought about their prostration. To such it is essential that the Tea they use shall be exhilarating, restorative, soothing and gratifying without the possibility of after evil effects.

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MEMORANDUM.

FROM

JOSEPH PIGOTT & SON,

Court Hair Dressers,

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Since the article, "No Irish Need Apply," appeared in one of our local dailies, speculation is rife as to how far the principle of employing imported labour in preference to native talent has obtained in Cork.

To satisfy anxious inquirers, we beg to state that our permanent Staff of Hair Cutters is composed of Coiffeurs of acknowledged ability, *all of whom are Irishmen*.

We think it hardly necessary to add that a policy we initiated, and which we have adhered to for over half a century, we will not depart from.

Our reasons for so doing may be found in our Memorandum for last year, and which we reproduce at foot.

"Memorandum"

"From JOSEPH PIGOTT & SON, 36 Marlborough Street, Cork."

"We are desirous of correcting a false rumour that has gained currency to the effect that we have introduced English workmen into Cork."

"We have no prejudice, but other things being equal, we think the Irish tradesman has a superior claim to the support of the Irish employer and the Irish public, and on this principle we have always acted."

"Practically engaged, as we have been, in the Hair Dressing business for more than half a century, we necessarily have had a fair experience of the capabilities of tradesmen of various nationalities, and we are satisfied that the first-class Irish assistant coiffeur will compare favourably with his confreres at the other side of the Channel."

"It goes without saying that London tradesmen of experience and ability will neither seek nor accept employment in Ireland, and Englishmen of inferior ability will not find a place in our Establishment."

79 LADY TYPISTS.—79 of our Young Ladies have recently obtained Situations in Leading Offices, chiefly in Belfast and Derry. Best Equipped Business Training Institution in Ireland. Fifty New Typewriting Machines added during past year. Business Firms rely on Certificates given by Mr. Hughes. Write or call for particulars. **HUGHES'S ACADEMY**, Royal Avenue, Belfast; and Hughes's Academy, Baltic Buildings, Londonderry.

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A domestic story, suitable for older boys and girls.

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DUBLIN.

Act, and who therefore ought to have had most knowledge of the governmental springs of action. But evil days were now at hand: the "Split" was coming.

To relate the history of the "Split" is hardly necessary, so far as its leading details go; it is only needful to show how the event affected Mr. Gladstone. Judging from Mr. Morley's account of the matter Mr. Parnell seems to have kept out of the way of the Liberal leaders at and after the time of the proceedings in the law courts. Evidently he never contemplated resignation or retirement, either temporary or permanent, and did not want to receive any communications or suggestions that way tending. Mr. Gladstone was very anxious on the whole question, knowing, as he did, how the Nonconformists, his chief supporters, would take the matter, and knowing that the alliance between the Liberals and the Nationalists had become so close that the attitude of the English public in the matter could not be altogether ignored. Well, what happened, happened, and Mr. Parnell's elusion of the Gladstonian embassages did—so far as I can judge—more harm than good; certainly no good. At all events, the "Split" took place, and the Irish Party was riven. This was a great blow to Gladstone; he was then eighty-one years of age. He had set his heart on the Irish question, and at his great age he could not possibly hope to become Premier more than once again. If Home Rule was ever to be carried by him, it should be at the next general election, and the rift in the Irish ranks was generally thought likely to stop the "flowing tide" in Great Britain, and imperil greatly the Liberal chances of carrying the country. A week before Christmas, in 1890, Mr. John Morley paid the old man a visit at Hawarden. "I found him in his old corner in the 'temple of peace.' He was only half recovered from a bad cold, and looked in his worsted jacket, and dark tippet over his shoulders, and with his white, deep-furrowed face, like some strange Ancient of Days. . . . He was cordial as always, but evidently in some perturbation. I sat down and told him what I had heard from different quarters about the approaching Kilkenny election. I mentioned X. as a Parnellite authority. 'What,' he flamed up with pas-

sionate vehemence, 'X. a Parnellite! Are they mad, then? Are they clean demented?' etc., etc. I gave him my general impression as to the future. The bare idea that Parnell might find no inconsiderable following came upon him as if it had been a thunderclap. He listened, and catechised, and knit his brow." Mr. Morley gives us some notes of the conversation which followed. He said to Mr. Gladstone—" . . . looking to Irish interests, I think a Parnellite Ireland infinitely better than a divided Ireland. Anything better than an Ireland divided, so far as she is concerned." To this Mr. Morley afterwards added:—"It is the old story, English interference is always at the root of mischief in Ireland." Replying to what Mr. Morley had said about a Parnellite Ireland, Mr. Gladstone said:—" . . . For me that is notice to quit. Another five years' agitation at my age would be impossible—*ludicrous* (with much emphasis)." The two statesmen went on to compare the Parnell split to the dissensions in the mediæval Italian cities, Florence or Pisa—"with the French or the Emperor at the gates"—or to the internecine fury of the Jewish factions (Zealot and Herodian) at the siege of Jerusalem, while Titus and the legions were marching on the city. A week later, when the result of the Kilkenny election (a Parnellite defeat) was known, Mr. Gladstone wrote to Mr. Morley:—"Only in one proposition do I differ from you. I would rather see Ireland disunited than see it Parnellite." Further on he says:—"Personally I am hard hit. . . . I am extremely indisposed to any harking back in the matter of Home Rule; we are now, I think, freed from the enormous danger of seeing P. master in Ireland; division and its consequences in diminishing form, are the worst we have to fear." A few days later (Dec. 27) he wrote to his friend, Lord Acton:—"The public mischief ought to put out of view every private thought. But the blow to me is very heavy—the heaviest I ever have received. It is a great and high call to work by faith and not by sight."

There were special reasons why Mr. Gladstone found the "Split" a heavy trial. He had been a very long time in public life, and he was a very religious-minded

A COMPARISON.

Irish Industry v. Foreign.

New 2lb. Packet
White's Wafer Oatmeal

COSTS 4½

Advantages.

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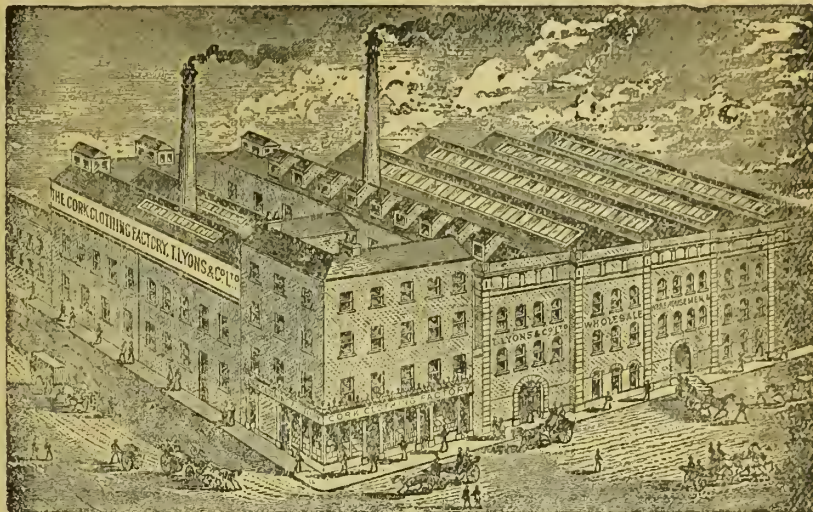
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man. It had always been his intention to spend the last few years of his life in quiet and retirement. He was now very old. How was he to fit into his few remaining years a period of political activity—as he must, if he became Premier once more—and a period of retirement. If the next general election miscarried, where would he stand? Complicated by the split, the election easily might miscarry: what could he do then? His course would have been run. Four and a-half years back he had already felt a heavy blow in the defeat of the Home Rule Bill. “As I passed into his room at the House with Mr. Gladstone that night,” writes Mr. Morley, “he seemed for the first time to bend under the crushing weight of the burden that he had taken up.” A defeat at the coming election would have forced him into retirement at once; the game would have been up. However, though he did once again become Premier, he was not destined to carry his great measure. He had to retire, leaving his last great task unaccomplished. A few years later he passed away. The Carlyle breed of historians may say what they will of him; certain it is that he was incomparably greater than any statesman now living, and that in him Ireland lost an earnest friend.

HISTORICUS.

RUMOURS AND HUMOURS.

We understand that our old friends the “Freebooters” are sometimes playfully termed the “Pirates.” We had no idea that they were all Irish landlords.

At last Sir Ralph has wrenched himself away from the chair of the Midland! We hear that the Hon. R. Nugent has been appointed in his place. Our funny man says he knows no place where there was a *new gent* wanted so badly.

We have been trying to make out a list of the questions in which Mr. Field is *not* interested, but can think of nothing to put on it—except the Catholic question.

We understand that when the Catholic question was at a crucial crisis a year ago, Mr. Field discovered that he had a great *steak* in the country.

We hear for a fact that many “Idolator” youths are so busy following Rugby and Soccer “form” that they really haven’t time to learn Irish!

Galway, it seems, has given up all hope of being made a “port of call,” or a “naval station,” or a dockyard, or a “repairing depôt,” or anything of that sort. It has sat down with all its energy to wait for the Millennium.

The latest panacea for Ireland and for the emigration fever is re-afforestation; in other words, replanting the country with trees. We approve the idea. Indeed, anything is better than planting it with Scotchmen.

We hear that there is not the least truth in the rumour that Father Pettit is to be made a Cardinal “at the next consistory.” No, nor at any other consistory.

Somebody says that the International Exhibition Com-

mittee has gone into winter quarters, and may possibly hibernate for many months. Perhaps, the project may even be “hung up” *sine die*. “O that ’twere possible,” as Tennyson sings—and the promoters, likewise!

If the Liberals come into power at the next general election, the event will automatically effect a perfectly new translation of Horace. But will translations from the Scotch—and English—then cease? There’s the rub.

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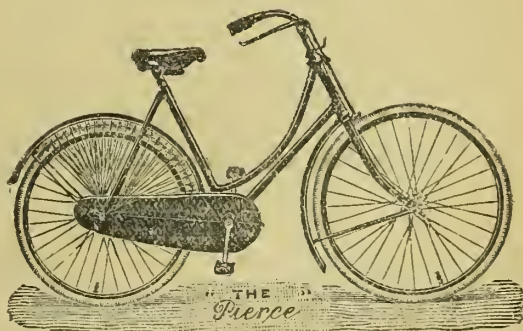
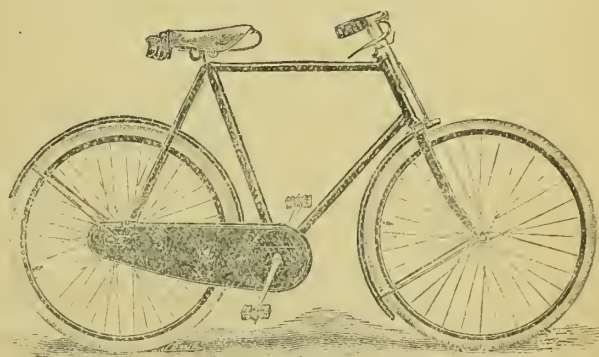
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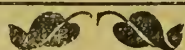
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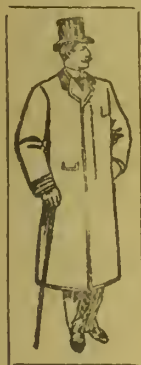
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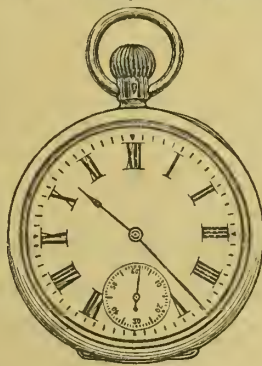
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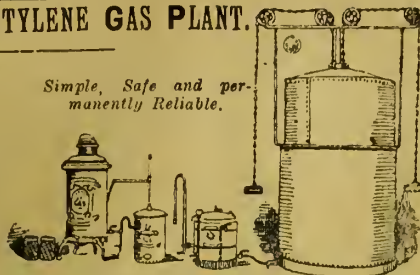
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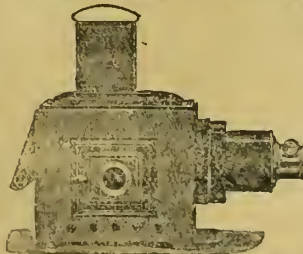
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CONTENTS.

CURRENT AFFAIRS:—

Carlow Cromwell Surrenders	...	257
Young Men and the U.I.L.	...	257
Scotchmen Dine and Paddy Jokes	...	258
Great Sourface Railway Fares	...	258
A Waterford Convent's Importation	...	260
Etc. Etc.		

ARTICLES:—

DUARÓ AN tÉAPLA	...	261
The Dublin Port and Docks Board—A Close Borough	...	261
"Protection" for Foreign Instructors	...	262
Committees of Agriculture v. Emigration	...	263
The Rights of Labour in Danger	...	264
Sir Horace Plunkett's Book	...	265
Mr. Davitt and Mr. Morley on Parnell	...	268

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CURRENT AFFAIRS.

Horatius of Riverstown, is indeed a hero compared with Cromwell of Carlow. There was not much behind the defiant, "Indecipherable; no more of these accepted" of the Carlow Cromwell after all. When will the Irish people learn their power, and put empty bounce on its defence? So many people in Ireland are afraid of their shadows that the empty bounce and swagger of anti-Irish bigots is often effective; and people cower before it. The Carlow Cromwell probably calculated that his "no more of these accepted," would dispose of the matter; but Irish Irelanders, he should have remembered, are the pioneers of back-bone in Ireland. What figure does the swaggering Carlow Cromwell now present? On Friday, at about half-past one o'clock, we received the following telegram from *Phonniar na Dubthaig*:—"Carlow. Editor, LEADER, Abbey Street, Dublin. Enemy defeated at first assault. Gaels victorious." Well, poor Carlow Cromwell did not make much of a fight notwithstanding his swaggering "no more of these accepted." These words have now been rammed down Cromwell's throat. Of course the Irish Army should waste no further ammunition on Carlow Cromwell. Let them rest in patience for a while, and keep their powder dry. Perhaps there may be a mute inglorious Wellington stowed away in command of a sorter's rampart in some other part of the country who is anxious to prove his mettle against the grand army of Irish Ireland. Now is his time to strike the pole of combat. We are ready for him.

A young men's branch of the United Irish League has been started in Dublin. Several speeches were, of course, made upon the occasion, and some report of them appeared in the *Freeman*. We have not read the report of all the speeches; but we were specially interested in the speech of Mr. T. M. Kettle. Mr. Kettle is one of Ireland's promising young men, and we were curious to know what he had to say on the platform of the U. I. L. Readers remember our campaign against the nation-killing concept that Politics was Nationality. It has already come about that that very view is attacked from a platform of the U. I. L. itself! Certainly things have changed and we welcome all such changes. Mr. Kettle said:—"There seemed to be some delusion in this country that movements which were not identical must be hostile one to another—that, for instance, because a movement worked for the development of the language and literature and industry of the country it must be hostile to the movement that confined itself to the political side of things in the country (laughter)." And so it has come to this that the one-time general attitude of the politicians that every movement but politics is a nefarious red herring, is propounded on a U. I. L. platform only to be laughed at. Of course, though this is a very satisfactory state of affairs, it would be easy to exaggerate its significance; for we have no doubt that many who laughed would, if a clever man like Mr. Kettle put forward the opposite proposition, laugh at it also. Mr. Kettle added:—"It needed merely to state that delusion to expose its absurdity (applause)." Certainly that is not in conformity with our experience. Surely Mr. Kettle ought to know that it required a regular propaganda to partly purge that delusion out of what we may call the orthodox political mind.

We generally agree with Mr. Kettle in this:—"The life of a country was too complex and vast to be exhausted by any one organisation. What they claimed was that the United Irish League was the only organization in existence capable of doing work for Ireland which was absolutely indispensable to-day. A man surrendered nothing of the objects he had in view and aimed at in another organization by becoming a member of the United Irish League." So long as political activity is necessary, a political organization, or organizations, will be necessary. The United Irish League is, and no one will deny it, the political organization of the Nationalist party; and so long as it sticks to its last and recognises that, as Mr. Kettle said, "the life of a country was too complex and vast to be exhausted by any one organization," and so long as it is conducted with that minimum amount of efficiency and common sense that it is reasonable to look for in a big voluntary and popular organization, it will be treated by sensible Nationalists with sympathy and consideration: of course the captious critic we will have always with us, but fortunately, he tends, like water, to find his level. Recently we expressed a wish that a few young sensible men would step into the political arena as the old firm of "Honest John's" and "People's William's" were, by themselves anyway, ineffective and out of date. We are glad to see that young men like Mr. T. M. Kettle and other distinguished young University men are stepping into the arena.

In a prolix and dull paper read by Lord Dunraven, at the Bankers' Institute, he said:—"The effect upon the landowning class is more difficult to gauge; if, as some people suppose, it will be to produce a tendency towards emigration the result upon the country will be injurious, not only economically through the withdrawal

of money, but also socially through the loss of a cultured class." The loss of a cultured class, indeed! Now that is unadulterated clap-trap. What did the so-called "cultured class" represented by the landlords ever do to Ireland but injury socially as well as materially? What wholesome part did they ever play in the social development of Ireland? They have been the leaders in Anglicisation, and Anglicisation has been a social curse to this country. So far as the social power of the so-called "cultured" Irish landlord is concerned, the sooner Ireland slips free from that power, the better. What a social example they have been indeed! We may next hear that the type of landlord who is a cross between a squireen and a horse-jockey will be a loss to literature and art in Ireland if he should leave the country!

The annual dinner in connection with the Scottish Benevolent Society of St. Andrew was eaten one evening last week. Amongst those present were, Mr. Justice Ross, Commissioner Wrench, Sir Charles Cameron, J. G. Sweeney, W. M. McGrath, A. Dawson, T.C. We learn with pleasure from the report that 55 dumped Scotchmen have been sent back to their friends in Scotland. When the "usual loyal toasts" had been honoured, a Mr. Robertson read the following telegram:—"Sandringham. The King thanks the Scotchmen and all those assembled at annual dinner at Dublin for their message of loyalty and goodwill.—KNOLLYS." The chairman was a Very Rev. John Gillespie, LL.D., of Monsward, Dumfriesshire, and in the course of his address, he said:—"Scotchmen had a habit of leaving their own land. They went primarily for their own good, but subsequently it turned out that they really left their native land for the good of the various countries in which they settled." Very funny, is it not? The chairman also said:—"But let him here remark that if he was a younger man he would, he thought, make an attempt to be a Scotchman resident in Dublin. (Laughter and applause.)" No doubt green Dublin, the "heart of Irish nationality," as it is sometimes styled, is a soft place for a Scottie to fall. At this Scotch feast one of the stock orators in ordinary at the general meetings to the very "Saved" board of the Great Sourface Railway, one Dr. Falconer, K.C., gave the toast of "The City of Dublin, its Trade and Commerce." This funny man commenced in this way:—"He said that Dublin as a city had improved to a great and considerable extent even in his recollection. For that improvement they were largely indebted to the importation of the Scotchman. (Laughter and applause.)" A Mr. J. L. Scallan, who is, we believe, a Dublin solicitor, referred to the distress at present in Dublin, and brilliantly added:—"One bright prospect, however, was to be found in the fact that so many Scotchmen were resident in Dublin. If the bawbees were not to be picked up here there would not be so many Scotchmen about."

The Bigots' Dust Bin of November 30th, publishes the following letter from a Mr. A. C. Rogers, 3 Devon Place, Galway:—"Sir,—A Galway paper, calling itself *The Connaught Champion*, published on Saturday last a letter from Canon McAlpine, P.P., of Clifden, complaining bitterly of the failure of the potato crop, and also of the failure of a paternal Government to provide labour for the people by working local marble quarries, building piers, etc. Surely these are works for local enterprise, which should not need Government aid. The Government really is not a trading concern; but the remarkable thing to which I ask you kindly to allow me to call attention is that the same journal announces that the Archbishop of Tuam is in Rome, presenting the Pope with £600, and that the Bishop of Galway is also there, making a present of £234. Where do these large sums come from? The distressed inhabitants of Co. Galway. If wisely disposed, this sum of £834 would go very far towards relieving distress, and providing employment. When will patriotic Irishmen rebel against this robbery of the poor for the benefit of the wealthiest

man living?" This is the sort of letter that the *Irish Times* welcomes. How the tender heart of Mr. A. C. Rogers bleeds at this £834, alleged to have been given to the Pope. We wonder how much does Galway County pay in over-taxation to the British Government? We wonder how much do the "distressed inhabitants of County Galway" pay yearly to landlords over and above what is equitable? Who is this Mr. A. C. Rogers who finds a ready welcome from the *Irish Times* for his silly anti-Papist letter? We wonder how much did those who are sending round the hat on behalf of the Church of England's Faithful Garrison in Ireland, whose ill-paid 1,500 ministers at present only draw an average pittance—according to "Jimmy" Meredith, the high-placed Freemason—of over £200 a year—we wonder how much was collected for the Auxiliary Fund, as it is called, in the County of Galway? Why does not the Church of England's Faithful Garrison in Ireland try to collect a quarter of a million pounds sterling so as to apply it by way of partial restitution to the outraged country that it has robbed and fleeced? We commend this letter that received the hospitality of the *Irish Times* to the authorities of Clongowes, Mungret and Belvedere; they should double their advertisements to the *Dust Bin* on the next occasion.

Are Napoleon Dent and the multitudinous higher "saved" officials of the Great Sourface Railway asleep? Can it be possible that the imported Dent does not know how many beans make five? Here is an extract from an interesting letter that has appeared in the Limerick papers:—"There are two routes to Dublin from Limerick, and *vice versa*. There is the route *via* Nenagh, and the alternative one *via* the Limerick Junction. The distance *via* the Limerick Junction is 129 miles, and the single fare, third class, is fairly, as far as law goes, 10s. 9d., and the return fare by same route, as the custom goes in Ireland, a fare of two-thirds, 18s. 1d. The distance *via* Nenagh is as can be seen in the 'Official Irish Railway Guide,' 123 miles. Yet, strange to say, the fare instead of being 10s. 3d. is also 10s. 9d., and the return, the same as by the Limerick Junction. I question the legal right of the company to charge more than a penny per mile on the Nenagh route as it actually does to the Limerick public who are not "in the know" as the saying goes. Besides the company is bound to send a Parliamentary train over all its system once every day at a penny per mile. This it does not do, for there is no such train going to Dublin from Limerick *via* Nenagh. This the company is bound to by Act of Parliament. But here comes in the unfair methods of the company. It does not charge the public indiscriminately 10s. 9d. to Dublin, but only such as know not the company's tricks, when these apply for tickets to Dublin at the Limerick ticket office, and *vice versa* at Kingsbridge. I find on turning to the pages of the 'Official Irish Railway Guide' that a single third class fare from Limerick to Nenagh is 2s. 3d., and the single fare from Nenagh to Dublin is 8s. both which tot up 10s. 3d., and the two return fares come to 17s. 3d.; whereas any person taking 'through' tickets to Dublin is charged 10s. 9d.; and 18s. 1d. respectively. The difference, though small in individual cases, amounts in the case of a family going together to a considerable sum of money coming out of the befooled portion of the public, and put into the company's coffers. Now, sir, I consider this is unfair dealing on the part of the company with the Limerick public, who are not aware of these facts, and I am afraid but few are aware of them, and think that the company charges in all cases 10s. 9d. from Limerick to Dublin, and 18s. 1d. for the return." Perhaps all the "saved" higher officials are suffering from an over-dose of University education.

"Honest John," who has never raised his voice on the floor of the Board-room of the Great Northern Bigot Railway, made a long speech at Belfast last week. We did not read it, but we note by a cross-heading in the report in the *Deplorable*, that "Honest John" said:—"I think the country is in a worse position to-day than

I ever remember." We are not concerned now with the truth or lack of truth in this statement; we are only concerned with the view of "Honest John" that it is so. And is this the end of all the "no-far-distant date" prophesying? "Honest John" has been one of the leaders of "the Irish race at home and abroad" for about 25 years, and at the end of that time, after all his labour and speechifying, he thinks the country is worse off to-day than he ever remembered. Would it not be time for "Honest John" to retire from the field.

The shareholders of the Dolphin's Barn Brick Company are to be congratulated on the year's working. This, by all accounts, is a time of great general trade depression, but those interested in Irish productive industry, outside agriculture, having the force of the Industrial Revival at their backs have no reason, as far as our knowledge goes, to complain. The Dolphin's Barn Brick Company earned, after providing for debenture interest, etc., £4,149 8s. 10d. on the year's industry. Out of that £1,265 14s. 3d. was written in respect of depreciation on lands, buildings, plant, machinery, etc., 7½ per cent. was paid on the year, the large sum of £2,000 was placed to reserve (the reserve now amounts to £5,000) and £985 1s. 10d. was carried forward to the next account. It was no wonder that the Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report and statement of accounts, said it was seldom a chairman had the privilege and pleasure of meeting his shareholders with a statement as satisfactory as that which had been placed in the hands of the holders of stock in this company. That statement dealt with an Irish company, built up by Irish capital and Irish labour on Irish soil. So far as brick-making was concerned in this city and neighbourhood, the company had supplied a long-felt want, and when they had made the new addition to their works they would be in a position to meet any demand made upon them. If they had more Irish industries there would be less reason for the Lord Mayor to call a meeting of the citizens, as he had very properly done, to consider how best to deal with the question of the unemployed. As stated in the report, they had purchased the premises, plant, and machinery of the Irish Portland Cement Company, and when their arrangements in connection with the purchase were completed their property would be within what he might call a ring fence. He congratulated the shareholders on the prosperity of the company.

Where is the idle pay, that is, the weekly allowance to idle members, of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, paid in Dublin. Is it paid in a bungery? And if so, why? The club house of the Second Branch of the Dublin Amalgamated Society of Engineers is situated at 85 Queen Street, and 85 Queen Street is the local habitation of Michael Morkan's bungery. The local habitation of the No. 1 Branch of the Engineers is, at another bungery, Carolin's, of Smithfield. Here, in order to get to the society rooms, it is necessary to pass the shop and snuggery or tap-room. Many children go with their father's club money on meeting nights, and have to pass through Carolin's bungery. We have heard of a case where, on the death of a member, the burial money was paid to the son, a lad in his teens, across the counters of Carolin's bungery. Why cannot the Amalgamated Society of Engineers meet in some place other than the premises of a bungery?

The railway managers of Ireland recently put their weighty heads together with a view of deciding what Tommy Atkins is to pay for his railway travelling. If Irish manufactured goods, not only do not get special terms for freight, but have to struggle, or, as it often happens, die, before the through rate system, why should Tommy Atkins get special terms? It appears that Tommy by himself, or Tommies in batches up to ten, have to pay full fare. After ten, and provided that the reduction does not lower the total sum to the full fare of ten men, Tommy gets a reduction of thirty-three and a third per cent. off the usual rates. If chartered for con-

centration purposes, and provided that Tommy is carted in train loads of not less than 400 with a total of 2,000, a reduction of 20 per cent. is made, but whether the 20 per cent. is off the usual fares or off the reduced fares we are not quite sure; but we believe the reduction is off the reduced scale. It is suggested that these proffered terms should stand for three years as a trial, and subject to the War Office utilizing Irish railways for the carting of Tommies, as per some arrangement made a few years ago, rather than by other means of transit. We wonder what does Mr. John Sweetman think of this arrangement by which the company of which he is a proprietor favours the cartage of Tommy? Why does it not do something for Irish industrial enterprise? We note that the Belfast and County Down and Derry and Lough Swilly Railway Companies do not subscribe to these arrangements.

We have seen that it is proposed that Tommy Atkins be treated leniently in the matter of fares. An Irish manufacturing firm in Dublin wrote to the Great Southern Railway asking if the Great Southern Railway would adopt the same system as the English railways adopted with regard to the consignment of their goods, that is, that they should consign in bulk to the goods agent, at the stations, giving him a note of the several consignees for the several lots. The practice is, we understand, universal in England. However, the Irish railway managers declined the application of the Irish manufacturing firm! Concessions are made to Tommy Atkins, but an Irish industrial firm is slapped in the face when it asks for treatment only similar to that it gets from English railways. We are not altogether sorry. Why do not all the manufacturing firms throw themselves in with the fortunes of Ireland an entity, and become Irish Irelanders?

Is Mr. Bung, in the person of Alderman Delahunt, a fit and proper person to represent the Royal Exchange Ward? Evidently the Very Rev. Father Bartley, O.C.C., Prior of Whitefriar Street, thinks he is, for he presided at a recent meeting for the purpose of endorsing and promoting this eminent Bung's candidature. Mr. Kavanagh, South Ann Street, moved an amendment at the meeting to the effect that, as the licensed interest was unduly represented in the Corporation, Alderman Delahunt should not be put forward as a candidate. However, the Chairman, the Very Rev. Father Bartley, O.C.C., ruled that the amendment was out of order, and the motion in favour of Alderman Bung was passed, a section of the meeting happily dissenting.

The Newington Visiting Committee recommended, at the fortnightly meeting of the Southwark Guardians, (England), the appointment of Miss Florence Collins as superintendent nurse. Miss Earp declared that the best candidate was not recommended because a religious test had been imposed. The most suitable candidate was a Catholic. She moved a reference back to the committee, with an instruction that, in future, appointments should be made without reference to religion. Mr. Finney seconded the reference back, and said that this custom had been growing at Newington for some time past, and all candidates for superior positions were questioned as to their religious persuasion. After a discussion, the amendment was lost, and the recommendation carried. Miss Earp intimated that she would carry her protest to the Local Government Board. Mr. Crewe gave notice that at the next meeting he would propose—"that in future appointments for any post under this board no questions respecting religion be put."

A truly great discovery has been made according to a British contemporary. Here is the whole thing in full:—"It has been discovered lately that Lord Iveagh is a descendant of Alfred the Great. His paternal grandmother was a Miss Lee, a descendant of the Right Rev. Thomas Smythe, who was Bishop of Limerick and a direct lineal descendant of Alfred the Great." Why not call his lordship, Bung the Great.

In our issue of November 26th, we drew attention to the difficulty which a Leaderite, who happened to visit Skibbereen, experienced in his endeavour to buy an Irish box of matches. We now note that a public meeting has been held at Skibbereen for the purpose of establishing a branch of the Industrial Development Association there. Skibbereen badly wants such an Association. His lordship, the Bishop of Ross, in the course of his speech, said "there were many articles made in this country, and the consumers should demand these articles. Let them have an honest demand for those articles, and let the shopkeepers act honestly, fairly and patriotically, and when asked for articles of Irish manufacture, give them, and not palm off on the customers English shoddy in Irish name (applause). Their manufacturers also would have to bestir themselves. They all required to be waked up and stirred up, and the manufacturers, amongst others, should have more energy, enterprise and courage (applause). In many cases where their orders had been largely increased, owing to the action of the Cork Industrial Development Association, they had allowed their orders to remain unfulfilled, and when asked why they did not put in additional machinery, and give more employment, they replied they were afraid that this movement was only a temporary one. They would do no good in Ireland until they risked a little, and had more courage and enterprise. Consequently they should have a combination of manufacturers, shopkeepers and others."

The following advertisement appeared in a recent issue of *Pink*:—Found; Donkey found at Castleknock; owner can have same by giving description and paying expenses. Apply J. Sweeney, Castleknock, Co. Dublin." Can it be possible that the college ass has broken loose.

We would like to call the attention of our readers to an address, entitled, "The Urgent Need of a National University for Ireland, and how best to construct it," which will be delivered by Mr. John Dillon, M.P., on this (Thursday) evening, 8th December, at 8 p.m., in the Supper Room of the Mansion House. The public will be admitted free. The speakers will include the Lord Mayor, Dr. Walter McDonald of Maynooth, Mr. T. P. Gill, Secretary of the Agricultural Department, and Professor P. B. Foy.

A crowded audience was present last Friday night at the Dominican Convent, Sion Hill, Blackrock, Dublin. The audience was gathered together to witness a play. Blackrock, for obvious reasons, rather smacks of West Britain, and one would not be surprised if he were told that the play on Friday night at the Dominican Convent was from over the water where the "experts" come from. Apart from any other pleasures, it was a pleasure in itself to go to the Dominican Convent at Blackrock in order to witness an Irish play. There is every reason to be dissatisfied with the attitude of the Colleges and the Convents, as a whole, towards the Irish revival; even where they do make their bow to it, one is suspicious that there may be a great deal of make-believe about the business. However, it was pleasant to go to a Convent to witness an Irish play, and we see no reason why every Convent in Ireland that goes in for theatricals, should not stage an Irish play as well as the Dominican Convent at Blackrock. The nature of the play is implied in its name, *Naomh Pádraig*; it was written by M^{me} M. C^{te}merie who is to be congratulated on the work. The play was admirably staged and acted, and was followed with great interest. We note that the performance will be repeated at St. Catherine's Dominican Convent, 19 Eccles Street, on Friday evening next (the 9th inst.). The play will commence at 6-30 p.m.

The third annual concert of Messrs. Varian's prize choirs will be held in the Round Room Rotunda, on Friday, 16th inst., at 8 p.m., Mr. Robert O'Dwyer conducting. These choirs were established some three or four years ago in connection with the scheme of commercial choirs, originated by the Feis Ceoil, at which they have won distinction. Having taken three first and second prizes in class 3, they passed into class 2 in

which last year they won the three first prizes. We understand next year the choirs will compete in class 1, in which the competition is expected to be very severe. It has been pointed out to us that the performance of such a work as "The Stabat Mater" (including the difficult final chorus) which forms part of the programme of the forthcoming concert speaks well for the prospects of the choirs in the next Feis Ceoil competitions.

Next Wednesday, the 14th inst., the Very Rev. Robert Kane, S.J., will lecture in the Round Room, Rotunda on "Is the Irish Celt Homeless at Home." Those who have experience of Father Kane's oratorical powers will be anxious to avail themselves of this opportunity. He enjoys a great reputation as a lecturer, and the Round Room ought to be crowded on the occasion.

We are informed that a foul and nefarious man with two eyes in his head, discovered that eight bales of fruit trees were landed on the quay of Waterford. Are there no Waterford or other Irish nurseries from which such merchandise could be purchased? But perhaps it was some anti-Irish Sourface who sent this order out of the country? Nothing of the sort; the trees were consigned to the Good Shepherd Convent of Waterford! In view of the fact that the Good Shepherd Convent of Waterford import bales of fruit trees, it would be interesting to learn from what part of the world this Convent procures the soap that is used in the laundry.

We hear that a student of the Columban League, Maynooth, has written a play in Irish which will be acted by the students under the direction of the Columban League, soon after the Christmas holidays.

MAYNOOTH AND IRISH.

The news from Maynooth is welcome and is, so far, satisfactory. The arrangement now made, however, about Irish, does no more than secure for the National Language, the status which at the very least, it ought to enjoy in the National College. Ireland is not Persia or Patagonia, nor is the Irish Language a foreign tongue. The National Language ought to be an essential and obligatory feature of Irish education. Where should the recognition of this principle be looked for if not in Maynooth? If the language be not obligatory for ecclesiastical students, particularly in Maynooth, how can its recognition as an obligatory subject be looked for and insisted upon elsewhere?

To do Maynooth justice, this appears to be the view of the authorities there. We understand that the domestic action of the College has been satisfactory throughout. The Collegiate bodies unanimously recommended that Irish should be made compulsory during the first two years of the course, and this, not merely because the University regulations, in existing circumstances, threatened to prejudice its study, but also on broadly National grounds, or, as the wording of the resolution has it—"for other obvious reasons."

This is only what might reasonably be expected at the present stage of the Language Movement. The possible bearing of University courses on the fortunes of the language, and all other such considerations apart, Irish ought, on National grounds, to be obligatory in Maynooth and, for that matter, in all Irish Colleges and Seminaries. Even if the voluntary or alternative arrangement should practically lead to the same results, the study of the National Language should, on the highest grounds, be obligatory, during, at all events, the early part of the course. There may be a few—but they must be very few—who cannot take it as a University subject. Any such should be obliged to take it as a Collegiate subject.

Again the writer would like to repeat that Irish is not Chinese. It is not Arabic. It is not French or German or Italian. It is the National Language. Without it there can be no National education in any Grade.

It is to be hoped that the arrangements now operative in Maynooth, will be henceforth continued, and that all other Irish educational institutions will follow suit.

AN FHIRINNE.

buaio an béalra.

A fupáil orcu reo do pasart ós a gcuro Saebiltge do cleactaó, agus a cleactaó do molaó le n-a gclainn, le h-áirí a pásála in a noiaio ag a gclainn féin ari, agus a leigin ríola mar rin ó glúin go 'céile, mar do fuaiparar féin ó n-a rinreapairb í, ar mhlaio do beaó an pasart rin ag solácar bapamla acu ar a inntinn féin buó fuaiparar agus do b' iuriple ioná mar do glacaóar muintir an "Oileáin ar Eitill" do tuisre Shullibier nuair do fuaiparar amac nac raib luét na n-éatromán ag tearóail uaire. le n-a mhúrghailt ar néal meabhrac, nó fuan rmaointe ar éruairó-céirt úócámlaig éigin. Agus dá mbuó fuaio é gurp ar a inntinn agus airtí rin amáin o' eipeoacáó an oipocmeap acu, cia 'r éár é? Acé ní h-eaó. 'Sé an mianac daoine ar de é do éioepar i gceirt go ríopparáde ar a' oá luaithe agus aipeoacá go bfuil pé 'n-a Saebiltgeoir; agus ní béir épuetúgáó ná deapbáó ar bit eile ar iapairáde gur tuatac, iapscúltac a éaitéapar pé gurp eaó an mianac rin acé an épuetúgáó agus an deapbáó amáin, eaóon, agus Saebiltz to beir ag mo duine boéc. Níl goir ag a bpacar féin ariam ar éacé in aice le paimple agus boirde na daoirreacáta atá le capacóail tuic lá ar bit ir toir leat riúbal amac paol 'n tír i gceanntapairb na Saebiltacáta. Feicirí tú peanbean i oisig ar bit a otospóacáó tú uil irteacá ann, ag bogáó éiaóáin, b' féioir, nó ag tabairt aipe do'n tiz ar éuma éigin. Níor labair pí focaí amáin Béalra ó iugáó í, glóir amáin de níor tuis pí acé a oipeao. Amanna ir peanmáctair bíor inntí, amanna eile máctair élaíne. Féacá annpín anoir í, o' oile, 'n-a ruíde ar an tpuibitceois agus ag bpeactnúgáó in oiaio na bpáirde, agus ag rmuineao agus ag cumhniúgáó oí féin. Tá na páirí i gceoinn a gcuro oibpe féin, ní nac iongnáó, ag déanamí riampa agus ginn oóib féin. Páirí iao nac bfuil rmeio Béalra ag a n-áirí ná ag a máctair. An tpean-bean, nó an bean bun-aopra úo, náir éan glóir Béalra ar feaó a pasáil, agus náir tuis agus náir éualaió de acé a oipeao, reacónóacáó pí i féin ar focaí amáin Saebiltz to leigean tap a beal leir na páiríob rin, go oipeacá mar go mbuó é an lúbra nó an "bár duib" do bí inr 'ac uile glóir oí. Ruó ir meapá ioná rin féin, ní rgeal anoir fearoa é a oteapouigeann iapriacé ná aipeacáó uaire, agus a mb' féioir a éabairt i bpaill, nó i nteapmao anoir agus ari. Tá an iomarca taitige aip le n-a áiríob rin; tá pé níor mó ioná rin 'n a "rgeal ir oóga," ceana. "Sit dow-win" (ruio ríor), nó "Folz that an'new" (cao é rin orp), nó a leiríoi eile de cómpáiríob uairle, rin oipeacáó Béalra na bpáirde reo; acé oá fuaiparar é, meapap ag na daoinib reo gurp é corp agus élaí na h-uairleacáta é o' féacáin na Saebiltz buó rnapta o'á otáinis ariam ó beal paol ná pasapit. Ní béir don Saebiltz ag na páiríob cómpáó agus beap neap ag na h-aitepeacáib agus na máitpeacáib reo aip. Agus rin uile le h-áiríob coranta a gclú, le a otáinis pompa ariam to éur i bpolac agus to mhúcaó ar cumhne, le n-a déanaó plán, cinnte, nuair éioepar an uain le n-a áiríob, go bpeapap a gceinn to éóg-báil, agus a páó amac go muiníneac, oána nac bfuil ríor ná eolap acu ar Saebiltz, agus ríu nac gcuatapap tpaéc ariam ar a leiríob reo fuaio.

Cia an bpeir ar éion ná ar éimacé ag Saebiltgeoir to pasart ós in a fámáil rin de ceanntap, agus imeapz a fámáil rin de daoinib? Tuisgeann ríao 'éuite focaí o'á bfuil le páó aige, agus ir leop rin; agus buó leop é oá mbuó nac otuisgeaó, cómpáó agus buó Saebiltz é. Do rápóacáó pé ar an pasart ós rin cumhniúgáó ar cómpáca buó cinnte to éabairt oóib, nac bfuil ann féin acé "teanam a baile" de duine boéc. Ní féapap pé airtíopra b' féapir to gábal éum a n-aitepe agus a oteapuirne. Ní féioir gur duine uapal é. Oá mbuó eaó, ní Saebiltz to beaó aige, nó oá mbuó pí

aige, beaó a áiríob de gcapáó ann reacáó beir 's a amóail agus 's a peic aip féin go raib. Agus ruó eile in a éionn rin, oá mbuó duine uapal to bí ann, ní éugainn-ne annreó to cuipreóe go reo é, acé go oáite móir éigin, nó go h-aic éigin oóigeamáil, áro-nópaig eile. Acé go bfuioir Oia ar na boécáib—eaóon, muintir na Saebiltz—ní bfuigro-ran ruó ar bit ar poanáó, ríu an pasapit. Go deimín nac boéc an rgeal é, agus a páó nac bfuigraó na daoine pasapit o' féapap ruó éigin nac bpeapapir to tuisrin to páó leo, ruó éigin, o' á péir rin, a gcaitpeaó pé go mbuó tábaéc agus meáóacáan ann? Maroir leir an bpeap boéc reo to cuipreó éucú, ar noóig ir oóig go gcaitpí a leiríoi to beir ann, mar gcaill ar na boécáib, agus le mic na n-uapal to congáil ó na h-aiteacáib iapscúltac, gortaca. Go bpeacáó Mac Dé ar na boécáib!

Conn.

(Cuipreap ar reo.)

THE DUBLIN PORT AND DOCKS BOARD.—
A CLOSE BOROUGH.

THIS public Board, to manage the affairs of the Port of Dublin, was reconstituted under an Act of Parliament passed in 1898. It is composed of twenty-eight members made up of the Lord Mayor for the time being, who is ex officio a member, six members appointed by the Corporation, twelve members, called Traders members, who retire annually in rotation and are elected by traders of the city under a special franchise granted under the Act of '98 and nine Shipping members elected in the same manner as the Traders members.

We give here their names, and opposite each are the letters P or C to denote whether they are Catholics or Protestants of some sect or other.

- C. The Lord Mayor.
- C. Alderman Cotton, J.P.
- C. Councillor T. Harrington, M.P.
- C. Councillor J. P. Nannetti, M.P.
- C. Alderman D. L. Bergin.
- C. Alderman John Davin.
- C. Councillor Thomas Byrne.

The above are the members appointed by the Corporation, and it will be observed that they are all idolaters.

- C. William Field, M.P.
- P. Frederick H. Hall.
- P. Laurence Malone, J.P.
- C. Thomas Martin.
- P. Jas. H. North, J.P.
- P. William Ross.
- C. George Byrne.
- P. William Crowe.
- P. Marcus Goodbody, J.P.
- P. John Mooney, J.P.
- P. William Wallace, J.P.
- P. S. Boyd, J.P.

The above are the twelve traders members, and were all elected by the traders of the City of Dublin except the last one, Mr. Boyd, who was co-opted in October last.

- P. H. G. Burgess.
- P. D. J. Stewart.
- P. S. S. M'Cormack, J.P.
- C. Sir Jas. Murphy, Bart.
- C. Michael Murphy.
- P. Geo. Macnie, J.P.
- P. W. Baird.
- P. J. D. O'Connor, J.P.
- P. William Hewat.

The above are the nine shipping members. Now it will be seen that out of twenty-eight members twelve only are idolaters, of which seven are appointed by the Corporation of Dublin. Up to quite recently all appointments to places of employment under this Board was given by patronage. But by hard and persistent work this Board have been shamed into adopting the system of limited competition. That is to say each member of

the Board now has the right to nominate two candidates for any vacancy that may occur, and then those nominated are required to pass a literary test and also a medical examination. At the Board meeting held on 1st December, it was announced that the first examination was held, and that four young men had been selected for service. Two to take up duty at once, and two to hold themselves in readiness for any vacancy that may occur in the near future. It may be here stated that fourteen candidates were nominated and examined at the Rathmines School of Commerce, but two of them were disqualified, being over the prescribed age. The Christian Brothers, North Richmond street, were responsible for the education of six of these fourteen young fellows, and, strange to say, the four placed and recommended for the vacancies were from North Richmond street Schools. We are now giving the names and salaries of the officials as disclosed in the printed accounts for the year 1903 following the same markings as to religion as we took with the members of the Board.

SALARIES—OFFICE IN WESTMORELAND ST.

	£	s.	d.
P. N. Proud, secretary ...	1012	0	0
P. F. W. Deane, assistant sec. ...	500	0	0
P. G. N. Millner, clerk ...	70	0	0
P. C. F. Millington, do ...	70	0	0
C. P. F. M'Allister, accountant ...	650	0	0
P. E. H. Bailey, clerk ...	170	0	0
P. W. S. B. Homan, collector rates ...	405	0	0
O. E. J. Clifford, cashier ...	252	10	0
P. C. W. Wilson, clerk ...	252	10	0
P. T. S. Rooke, do ...	80	0	0
P. S. E. Polden, do ...	50	0	0

SALARIES ENGINEERS' DEPARTMENT.

	£	s.	d.
P. J. P. Griffith, engineer ...	1250	0	0
P. W. P. Moore, mechanical assistant engineer ...	450	0	0
P. J. W. Griffith, assist. engineer ...	250	0	0
P. F. Pilkington, storekeeper ...	245	0	0
P. D. Swayne, clerk ...	250	0	0
P. H. W. Fennell, do ...	200	0	0
P. F. J. Wakefield, draughtsman ...	200	0	0

HARBOUR MASTER'S DEPARTMENT.

P. George Groves, harbour master ...	780	0	0
P. W. F. Hartford, assistant harbour master ...	350	0	0
C. J. J. Reddin, clerk ...	235	0	0
P. Medical officer, Mr. Hamilton ...	250	0	0

There are also in these accounts items for superannuations, and we give the details here :

	£	s.	d.
P. John Cossart ...	90	0	0
P. L. J. Mann ...	240	0	0
P. R. W. Barton ...	30	0	0
P. B. B. Stoney ...	1333	6	8

They also manage the docks, and have a separate establishment for this purpose. The Westmoreland street staff think themselves far superior to those working in the docks, and should anyone be moved up to the city offices he is quite looked down upon by these superior people. Here are the details of the salaries, etc., at the Custom House Docks and Warehouses :—

	£	s.	d.
C. E. Grandy, manager ...	502	0	0
P. W. Proud, cashier ...	308	0	0
P. J. R. Chambers ...	80	0	0
P. F. Millington, chief clerk ...	301	17	6
P. H. S. Nixon ...	186	0	0
P. W. Price ...	180	0	0
P. C. A. Graves ...	160	0	0
P. W. H. Ellis ...	160	0	0
C. C. Walsh ...	100	0	0
C. J. Barden ...	100	0	0
C. J. Hickey ...	100	0	0
P. A. Hughes ...	100	0	0
C. A. Lyon ...	65	0	0
C. Capt. Gill, dock master ...	350	0	0
P. Inspector Dowzer, quay police ...	91	0	0

The above exhausts the permanent staff so far as the printed report goes. But we find that the Dock Master is at present on sick leave, and that his substitute is a Protestant, and is in receipt of temporary pay to the amount of £3 10s. a week. These temporary appointments have been very useful to the majority of the Board, for they put a man in as a temporary hand, and in almost every case he gets a permanent appointment. Let us hope that in this case Mr. Gill, who is a most capable official, will soon be able to resume his duties. It does not need any great knowledge of arithmetic to find from above statement that it is quite time that all appointments should be open to at least the restricted competition which has been introduced mainly through the efforts of Alderman Bergin. In the Custom House offices there are five Catholics to nine Protestants, all the Catholics, except Mr. Grandy, being the worst paid on the staff.

In the Westmoreland street offices and Engineers' Department there are twenty-three Protestants to three Catholics on the list, and the Catholics are in the lowest positions as regards salary. Now is this fair or reasonable? that a Board elected mainly by Catholic votes, for a vast majority of the Dublin shopkeepers, publicans, and the like, are Catholics, should give all the best berths and almost all the position to Protestants. The Catholic shopkeeper should waken up, and at the coming election nominate and carry four Catholics for the vacancies which will be open then.

With reference to the salaries of the staff of the various offices it should be stated that for the purposes of this article the writer brought such salaries since 1903 up to date. That is to say the salaries quoted are, in all cases, the sums at present paid.

The retiring traders members are Messrs. Field, M.P.; F. H. Hall, Laurence Malone, and S. Boyd. They intend offering themselves for re-election, and will be nominated for the vacancies.

NEMO.



“PROTECTION” FOR FOREIGN INSTRUCTORS.

A MATTER of some importance arose at the last meeting of the Wicklow County Committee in connection with the appointment of an instructor in Horticulture. Amongst the candidates for the post were two officers who were in the employment of other counties in Ireland. The Wicklow Committee were disposed to consider the qualifications of these two officers with those of the other applicants, but were met by a letter from the Department to the effect that the Department were not prepared to approve of the transfer of an instructor from one county to another.

The Wicklow Committee had also before them a communication from the County Donegal Committee to the effect that the Department refused to sanction the appointment of two ladies in County Donegal on the sole ground that they were natives of that County. The Wicklow Committee spoke on these matters with no uncertain voice and characterised the action of the Department as an attempt to harrass the natives of this country for the benefit of foreigners. They further declared that those rules were an unwarrantable interference with the liberty of County Committees in Ireland.

Now in England and Scotland, where the officers of this Irish Department come from, they foster and encourage their teachers in the pursuit of knowledge. In those countries the teacher may have to begin at the bottom of the ladder, but he knows that if he has ability he can work himself up to the highest positions in his profession. In Ireland, however, we must always have coercion of some sort or other. We have it in these new rules which are an ukase to the Irish instructor that he

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must remain at the bottom of the ladder all his life. Would such a thing be tolerated anywhere outside of Ireland? Here we have the foreign man, kept up by our money, making rules to advance his own people over the heads of the natives of the country.

Take an example. There is an appointment of Domestic Economy Instructress to be made in an Irish County, and there are three applicants for the post equally qualified in every way; Irish Miss A., English Miss B., and Scotch Miss C. Miss A. is disqualified because she is engaged in teaching this very subject of Domestic Economy in another Irish County, or perhaps is disqualified because she is a native of the county in respect of which the appointment is to be made. English Miss B. and Scotch Miss C. have no such qualifications. One of them consequently gets the position. And mark you, the fact that the foreign lady has been hopping about from post to pillar in England is regarded as an item of appreciation with her instead of a disqualifications as in the case of her Irish sister. The fact that the English lady has had so many appointments was because of her excellence. She was eagerly sought after and was always able to better her position. But experience of teaching in Ireland and the knowledge gained thereby of the wants of the people of the country is a disqualification. The canny Department finding, too, that the native of a county naturally found more support there than the foreigner hasten to try and make things equal for the foreigner by compelling the Irish candidate to seek for employment outside of his own county.

It is plain how the game is worked. The foreign man in office sits down in our Irish Department and drafts one of these regulations hampering Irishmen in their own country. Nobody questions him. He is the man in possession. When he gets his regulation printed it becomes law. This may seem a strong statement, but watch how the trick is done. He issues his regulation to the County Committees. They must obey it to the letter. Suppose they treat it with contempt and appoint one of the Irish candidates banned by the foreigner's regulation, what happens. The moment they pay the man his first cheque, another friend comes along in the shape of the Auditor of the Local Government Board, who promptly surcharges the committeemen who signed the cheque on the ground that the appointment of the banned certificate had not the approval of the Irish Department, and therefore was illegal. The County Committees are powerless, and their so-called government an empty sham. It is the foreigner who governs the country. It is he who makes the law.

One may ask are there not Agricultural Councils and Technical Boards with whom Sir Horace Plunkett is supposed to commune and submit all these drastic schemes before putting them into force. There is the Council of Agriculture consisting of 104 members and made up of the most prominent men. Then there is the Agricultural Board consisting of 14 members and the Technical Board of 23 members. And finally, the Consultative Board of 5 members, which is supposed to be able to deal with questions of any difficulty. They make the grand total of 146 members in all. I do not know if Sir Horace Plunkett avails himself of the assistance of these Councils and Boards. But these regulations disqualifying the natives of the country for the benefit of foreigners are now public property, and their terms are known to every person interested in such matters. I now ask the members of these Councils and Boards, do they approve of these coercive regulations?

Certain members of these Councils and Boards are supposed to represent Provinces and Boroughs. Do they represent them? Do they ever hold converse with their constituents? Do they do anything but nod and nod while Sir Horace Plunkett and his foreigners are promulgating penal laws against their countrymen?

GEORGE F. FLEMING.

COMMITTEES OF AGRICULTURE & EMIGRATION.

FIVE HUNDRED Irish women of the small farming class, in charge of 500 poultry stations, would form the most effective anti-emigration society that could possibly be established. I challenge any one to find a better or more practical use for public money. Many of these girls are already capable of managing the ordinary egg distributing branch of the business, and are intelligent enough to follow instructions as to rearing and fattening table chickens (for this should be taught at every station), until such time as they can get further training. Each of these practical workers may be counted on as likely to influence from 10 to 20 other young people in her district, and thus lay the foundation of a great home industry. But it would be absolutely necessary to place each station and its pupils in direct touch with the best English markets, otherwise their work would not be sufficiently profitable to encourage perseverance.

Unless something is done at once the Department will sanction the present system of poultry stations—which means endowing, or rewarding, well-to-do people—at the expense of the ratepayers, for doing what they ought to do for their poorer neighbours without fee or reward, if they had an atom of public spirit.

I agree with a "Co. Wicklow Woman" that the ratepayers do not get value for their money, and that it is a waste of public money "to pay big salaries to ladies who have no interest in their business beyond their salaries." This does not apply to all, I am glad to think, but many of them are certainly not in a hurry to help the people to acquire information too fast. I suppose it is natural to keep a good berth when one has once got it; but I think it would be hard to dock their salaries because they are sometimes made welcome in friend's houses. I think, however, their ordinary travelling and hotel expenses could bear cutting down, and the money expended for the good of the many rather than for the advantage of a few. I, too, believe that dairy and poultry instruction could be very well taught by one person; and I know that this is done under the Cornwall County Council in England, and should be equally possible in a poor country such as Ireland.

Where it happens that an Instructress has no natural liking or aptitude for her work—merely regarding it as a means of living—she rarely has the power of influencing her audience, who seem to find out quickly that she merely gives out like a parrot what she has learned from the experience of others. They respect practical knowledge—they pay no regard to mere theory.

To show us how to make money by fruit, plots are being wired in and stocked with fruit trees. Why not do the same for poultry?—an industry likely to return a thousand times more profit than fruit in our climate. Why not wire in and stock with table and laying breeds the field a farmer would gladly place at his daughter's disposal to keep her at home from America, and let her pay for the fowl by degrees, or raise a number to replace them? This is one way to prevent emigration.

A Co. CORK WOMAN.

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THE RIGHTS OF LABOUR IN DANGER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Woodhead—President of the Rights of Labour Association.

<i>Striker</i>	}	—Officers of the Association.
<i>Mulshoddy</i>		
<i>Killsabberly</i>		
<i>Blackjar</i>	}	Members.
and		
<i>Sprece</i>		

SCENE.—The interior of the Rights of Labour Hall, Club Street. On one side is an open door leading to a bar. Enter *Woodhead*, *Striker*, *Mulshoddy*, *Killsabberly*, *Blackjar*, *Sprece* and members.

Wood.—Fellow members of the Rights of Labour Association, we are here to-night to enter our protest against the uncalled for interference wud the rights of labour which is bein' carried on by a body called the Irish Dhrapers Assistants' Benefit and Protective Association, who wants us to do our shoppin' airly on Sathurdays. (Hisses and cries of "Blacklegs"). This Dhrapers' Assistants' Association is not a legitimate thrades organization at all—(Cries of "No, no")—it has no foundation in the British constitution of labour the same as our's have; it is not recognized by England—(laughter)—the British workman is not intherested in it—(laughter)—and it could go on sthrike to-morrow without England intherfarin' in the laist (laughter). Imagine this illaigally constituted body attemptin' to lay down rules regulatin' the shoppin' hours of legitimate Thrades Union men. (Cries of "Let 'em thry it"). If these counther-jumpers got their way the poor workin' man who, out of his week's wages, wanted to buy a Thrilby hat, a pair of foreign boots, or a cradle for his youngsters, where—

Calm an' paceful they may sleep,
Rocked in a foreign cradle cheap—

would have to hurry up an' buy them, instead of takin' his time an' havin' a few laisurely pints. (Hear, hear). But we won't hear of id. I beg to propose:—"That we, the members of the Rights of Labour Association hereby sthrongly protest against the flagrant attempt on the part of an unamalgamated and anti-British body of Dhrapers' Assistants to cut down our free time on Sathurdays; and we also declare that it is our firm resolve to stick to our ould customs in the matther of thrade, or commerce, exports or imports on Sathurday nights." (Cheers).

Striker—I take great pleasure in secondin' the resolution. All this talk about the long hours of Dhrapers' Assistants won't go down wud us at all. (Cries of "No, no"). We hear nothin' of the long hours of poor coal-porthers who pine away an' get slack in health owin' to the warisome an' disthressful character of their work; oh, no, nor of poor jarveys, nor of fishwomen or applewomen aither. (Hear, hear). If the Dhrapers' Assistants want a half-holiday, let 'em take it on Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday, when—

The workin' man he hasn't a dhrop,
Nor not a thing that's left to pop;
His Sunday clothes in pawn repose
'Till Sathurday afthernoon. (Cheers).

Mul.—If this iday of airly closin' on Sathurdays was carried out the time would soon come when a workin' man would have to stay at home altogether on Sathurdays' evening, for not a single shop at all would be left open. All the pubs, pawn offices, butchers' shops an' luxther's establishments of all sizes would have the shnthters up, an' the poor publicans, butchers, and huxthers, all fagged out afther the long week, would be off in Dalkey or Howth, takin' in the say air, an' the poor wairy an' thirsty workin' man would be left to suck his

thumb. (Hear, hear, and cries of "A fact"). If the time ever comes when the Dhraperies will be closed on Sathurday evenings, I'll thransfer all me custom to the Jewman who supplies me in clothes, an' buy every-thing off him, shirts, boots an' all. We'll let 'em see that—

If Dhrapers' Assistants to worry us seek,
We'll purchase our goods at a shilly a week;
The merchants for workers who's fond of the booze,
And stick to the shoddy for wear, are the Jews. (Cheers).

Kil.—The workin' man has put up wud a lot. He has borne wud patience much foul coercion from many quarthers. (Groans). He saw the Inthernational Exhibition sthrankled an' torn to pieces before his eyes, an' he had to grin an' bear it. (Sobs and groans). He hears British workin' men spoken of disrespectfully in this city, an' he has to swally his resentment in silence. (Sobs, groans, and cries of "Shame"). But there's wan thing he won't stomach, an' that is this uncalled for intherfare wud his Sathurday's half time, by a party of little Irelanders like those Dhrapers' Assistants. (Boos and lisses). It is a barefaced attempt at coercion. England expects that every man this night will do his duty—

To such a vile abuse of powers,
Let thradesmen all say no;
Let dhrapers cut the shoppin' hours
Of scabs an' blacklegs low.

Black.—There's always an' always some movement on foot to deprive poor Irish cosmopolitan workin' men of aither their rights or recreations. (Cries of "Shame."). First, there was the Sunday Closin' Act which compels a workin' man to thtravel three miles on a Sunday mornin' before he can get a pint. (Cries of "Shame"). The Sunday Closin' Act was nothing more or less than a foul, nefarious Coercion Act imposed upon the workin' man against his will. (Groans). Next comes this new thrick of not serving a man who has the sign of dhrink on him. (Groans and cries of "Shame"). What is that but another Coercion Act. (Groans and cries of "Not a ha'porth else). Then there's those intherfarin' people who want the pubs closed airly on Sathurdays—(cries of "Shame")—under the pretence, morya, that it would benefit the workin' man (laughter)—an' now on the top of all come those cotton-ball officers who know nothin' about the rights of labour, or Trades Unionism to ask us to do our shoppin' airly on Sathurdays. (Groans and laughter). Of coorse, in a way, a person cannot but feel some pity for those poor ignorant Dhrapers' Assistants who have no British directhors to taich 'em the elementary principles of independent Thrades Unionism, but all the same they must be given to undherstand that they're dalin' wud men who never allow outsiders to intherfare wud their business, or impose any restrhictions on their inalienable rights an' privileges. (Cheers). They must be made to know that—

We are a superior assembly great;
On freedom, unfettered we stand.
No foreign outsider will ever dictate
To Irish Thrades Unionist band. (Applause).

Sprece—Misther Chairman an' brother members, it sthrikes me that all our proceedin's over this matther are entirely out of ordher. (Cries of "Oh"). 'Tis sthrange that wan an' all of ye should forget that wan of the chief clauses of the Act which binds us to the legislaive Thrades Union between Great Britain an' Ireland distinctly lays down that no resolution whatever, or matther of any importance in the slightest degree, can be passed by Irish thradesmen without first obtainin' the sanction of the Imperial British Legislature.

Wood.—By the five lords, that's thrue. How did I forget it at all.

Strik.—We're sthrudd into a cocked hat.

Mul.—Shillies an' shoddy, that's a dumper.

Kil.—Let us send an humble petition to our Imperial masthers asking lave to pass this resolution.

Black.—Yes, as humble an' respectful as we can. Who can do it?

Spree.—I'll thry to do it. I waunst read in some book about a character named Uriah Heap, an' he sthruck me as about the humblest bloke I ever heard of; so I'll make him my model in the petition.

Wood.—That's satisfactory. But be careful, Spree, an' don't let a word of independence into it.

Spree.—Never fear. A beggerman never asked for a halfpenny wud more humility than I'll put into it.

Kil.—An' mind that you wind it up wud "your humble an' obadient crawlin' slaves Woodhead and Co."

Spree.—Yes, an' I'll begin it wud "We, the poor Irish mechanical varlets an' flunkys."

Wood.—That will do beautifully. The meetin' is dissolved until we receive a reply from our Imperial lords an' masthers. Now let us go an' have a dhrink.

Black.—I second the resolution.

Spree.—Passed unanimously.

As they disappear through the door into the bar the voice of a ballad singer in the street is heard singing the following song:—

I am a union workin' man,
To England on I'm tacked.
I hunt a scab whene'er I can,
An' thry to get him sacked.
When late at night on Sathurday
An' article I buy,
The people all upon the way,
These words to me do cry:—

Where did you get that dump, that importation fine?
'Tis a proper shoddy thrump, an' has a Jewman's shine.
'Midst our British thradesmen Irish goods may slump;
Where'er I go they shout hello! where did you get that dump!

Last night, long afther ten o'clock,
I bought a suit of clothes,
The chapest of Manchester stock
That e'er to pawnshop goes.
I put 'em on an' hurried off
To have a pint of beer,
When up behind me came a toff
An' asked me wud a jeer—

Where did you get that dump, etc.

The way the Irish Ireland clan
Keep up this jeerin' game
Upon the British Union man
I think it is a shame.
It is an intherfarence foul
Wud workmen's sacred rights.
Fur people in the sthreeets to howl
These words on certain nights—

Where did you get that dump, etc.

Blending with the last chorus come the notes of "A Nation once again," from the bar.

Curtain.

A. M. W.

SIR HORACE PLUNKETT'S BOOK.

WHAT THE PROTESTANT CHURCH HAS GOT IN IRELAND.

LET us bear in mind that this immense revenue was made up from the alienated property of the Catholic Church and from the confiscated lands of Catholic families. But that portion which belonged to the Catholic Church had certain burdens to bear; out of it churches and schools had to be kept up, the destitute poor had to be provided for, and the children of the poor had to be educated. Did those who succeeded to the booty succeed to the burden? It was all absorbed, yet the children were left untaught, unless on the condition of proselytism, the poor were left unprovided for, even the appropriated churches were left un-repaired, and those that fell into ruin were left in

ruins, as every churchyard over the country exhibits them at present in the grey loneliness of their decay. All disappeared year by year, and the public treasury was appealed to for help, and the already despoiled Catholics were compelled to contribute to the repair of old churches or to the building of new ones, for the spiritual luxury of congregations consisting in hundreds of cases of only the parson's clerk. From 1800 to 1826 Parliament granted them for church-building £224,946; for glebes, £61,484; for glebe houses £144,734. Within the same period, Parliament gave them loans for church-building to the amount of £286,572; and for glebe houses, £222,291. That is to say, £431,164 in gift, and £508,863 on loan. As gift and loan together, they who had so much already received from the public treasury during the first quarter of the 19th century nearly £1,000,000 more.* Again he writes, on the authority of Parliamentary returns, that from the time of the Union to 1844, the Protestant Church in Ireland received from the public treasury for building churches, £525,371; for building glebe houses, £336,889; for Protestant Charity Schools, £1,105,588; for the Society for discountenancing vice, etc., £101,991; for the Kildare Street Society Schools, £170,502; that is to say, leaving out one set of the elements common to both these statistics, the Protestant Church in Ireland received Parliamentary grants from 1800 to 1844 to the enormous amount of £2,301,725; to which if the loan of £508,863 be added we have a grand total of £2,810,588. And if there were any Parliamentary loans from 1826 to 1844, as was probably the case, the sum of Parliamentary favour should be expressed in cash to the amount of £3,000,000.—(Godkin, *loc. cit.*, page 96). During the sixty years preceding 1833, from Parliament, church rates, and parish cess, the Protestant Church in Ireland received £1,070,435 for the building of churches, and £809,699 for the building of glebe houses; only £170,000 came from private donations. (Figures quoted by the late Aubrey de Vere in his *Church Settlement of Ireland*, page XIV., from a work called *The Irish Church, its History and Statistics*). The church cess brought in £80,000 a year; and of this Catholics had to bear the burden almost entirely, although, as I have already explained, they had no voice in the Vestries which levied the cess. That cess was abolished by the Church Temporalities Act of 1834, which also reduced the number of Archbishops from four to two, and the number of bishops from eighteen to ten, and ordered that the revenues of the suppressed Sees and some other benefices be—not used for the economic improvement of the country—but diffused over the Protestant Church itself. In the landed estates of fourteen dioceses alone, there were 144,775 acres of waste land, but easily reclaimable by labour. The economic condition of the country generally would be the better of the reclamation; it would be a source of employment for the poor, of whom, according to the Report of the Poor Inquiry Commissioners in 1836, no fewer than 585,000 were then out of work and destitute for thirty weeks of the year; nobody would suffer by it; and it would be a source of profit to the bishops themselves, besides the apostolic pleasure of doing good. But their lordships seemed to have no passion for that luxury, although they were the beacon lights of the economic Christianity in Ireland.

How then did their revenues disappear? "I have," writes Godkin (*loc. cit.*, page XVIII.-XIX.) "with the kind permission of the Registrar, extracted from the Registry of the Court of Probate the amount of assets left by every bishop who died since 1822, with the exception of a few who were but a short time in their Sees. The assets are sworn to be under a certain sum on which duty is paid. But

*Godkin: *Ireland and her Churches*: Introduction, p. xviii. Godkin observes that the Protestant Church in Ireland which absorbed so much money from so many sources, had 286 cures with a non-resident parson; this he says on the authority of the *Liber munerum publicorum Hibernie*, Vol. II., pp. 208; 226.

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this sum does not include any real property the deceased may have purchased, nor any settlements he may have made on members of his family, nor any stock he may have transferred to avoid legacy duty, or possibly to avoid the fame of having died too rich for the bishop of a poor church." The following is what he found in the Probate Court:—

			£
Archbishop of Armagh	...	{ Beresford	... 70,000
		{ Stewart	... 25,000
,, Dublin	...	{ Magee	... 45,000
		{ Whately	... 40,000
,, Cashel	...	{ Broderick	... 80,000
		{ Lawrence	... 55,000
,, Tuam	...	{ French	... 73,846
		{ Plunkett	... 26,331
Diocese of Meath	...	{ Alexander	... 73,000
		{ O'Beirne	... 20,000
		{ Singer	... 25,000
		{ Stopford	... 14,000
,, Clogher	...	Loftus	... 60,000
,, Raphoe	...	Bisset	... 46,000
,, Limerick	...	Griffin	... 45,000
,, Kilmore	...	{ Leslie	... 40,000
		{ Beresford	... 36,000
,, Killaloe	...	Butson	... 40,000
,, Derry	...	Knox	... 27,692
,, Cork	...	Kyle	... 20,000

On the 12th July, 1842, Mr. Grattan produced in Parliament another list taken also from the Probate Court; this list is of bishops who preceded those I have named:—

Archdiocese of Dublin	...	Fowler	... 150,000
	...	Agar	... 400,000
	...	Beresford	... 260,000
,, Cashel	...	Warburton	... 600,000
	...	Percy	... 40,000
Diocese of Dromore	...	Stopford	... 25,000
,, Cork	...	Cleaver	... 50,000
,, Ferns	...	Bernard	... 60,000
,, Limerick	...	Knox	... 100,000
,, Killaloe	...	Porter	... 250,000
,, Clogher	...	Hawkins	... 260,000
,, Raphoe	...		

Godkin writes in the work from which I have quoted (pages 525, 526 533) that the Protestants of Ireland in addition to their vast rental as landed proprietors, have for their younger sons, brothers, sons-in-law, and all their kinsmen and kinswomen who marry clergymen, those church lands and revenues which I have just set forth. And he continues:—"In addition to this we must note the fact, that there are many of those families of the Protestant nobility and gentry who were born in the lap of the Church, and have derived their whole support, and all their rank and wealth from this most generous 'Nursing Mother.' The total number of bishops who ruled the Irish Church since its foundation by Queen Elizabeth, is 326; of these, 123, or more than one-third, were Englishmen, who came over as clerical adventurers or Viceroy's chaplains to seek their fortunes, and generally they found, especially since the Revolution, a mine of wealth with which many a poor family was made rich. I have taken the trouble of preparing a catalogue of all the bishops, English and Irish, who were enabled by their incomes from the Irish Establishment to found families, whose representatives are still in existence. From this it will be evident that a large portion of the Irish nobility and gentry have ecclesiastical blood flowing in their veins, and that the 7,000 Episcopal proprietors are a sort of Levitical tribe, far better endowed than any other priestly order ever was in the history of the world." He then gives a list of 127 Irish Protestant bishops who have founded families of wealth and power in Ireland; and he adds:—"We thus see that 127 bishops—

a third of the whole number, realised estates and founded families, many of which have entered the ranks of the nobility. . . . There is scarcely one of our Protestant representatives that has not the blood of bishops or dignitaries flowing in his veins, and who does not instinctively cling to the Establishment as an appanage of his order."

I have now made a general review of the revenues received by Government, by the Protestants as landlords and public officials, and by the Protestant Church, from Ireland. They have had the power, the social influence, the patronage, and the wealth of the country. Sir Horace Plunkett tells us that they have the "civic virtues and efficiencies" of which the Catholics are bereft. Very well, then, they might have easily moved the economic forces of the country on towards material progress, and, as we are assured, they alone knew how to do it. Have they done it? Have they used those "strenuous qualities" which we are told they brought over with them across the Channel? Their public advantages, their unlimited power, and their indefinitely acquirable wealth, surely incurred some social responsibility. They surely had a duty towards the country whence their wealth and power came. How did they respond to that responsibility? How did they do that duty? Let it be learned, not from me, but from a pamphlet on the need of provision for the poor in Ireland, by Mr. Douglas, of Glasgow*:—

"In Ireland there is not only a fund provided by the law of nature and human feeling for preventing the starvation of the labourers in the midst of that plenty, which their own hands have produced by toil, unexampled in any other civilized country, and privations scarcely exceeded in the most savage tribes, *but there is a fund established by law for the maintenance of the poor*—in Ireland as well as England—by the laws of England, as they stood antecedent to the statutes of Elizabeth, which transferred from the Church lands the original burden of maintaining the poor under which the Church benefices were at first granted, and laid that burden on land generally.

"For the immense possessions of the Irish Catholic Church, were equally burdened with the maintenance of the poor, by the terms of the original grants—and by the uniform tenor and practice of that common law in England, which, by the right of conquest became the common law of Ireland. The statutes of the English Parliament, for relieving the Church lands and revenues, which had been resumed by Henry VIII., of the burden of maintaining the poor, under which Henry had effected the resumption, and for laying the expense of maintaining the poor on the whole land of England, were intended to tranquillize the minds of the new owners of the Church property in England. But these statutes never extended to Ireland, nor even to Scotland—till Scotland, by her own legislature, enacted a similar provision for the poor out of the land, in order to put down the 100,000 'maisterfu' reevers and sorners,' mentioned by Fletcher of Saltoun.

"In Ireland, therefore, the law regarding the maintenance of the poor, stands precisely where it did before the time of Henry VIII., when the Church was bound, from its revenue, to maintain the poor, and did so while the Catholic Church had these revenues. If therefore, the Episcopal Church of Ireland obtained and holds the princely revenue of the ancient Catholic Establishment, by what principle of common law, or common sense, does the successor in the property refuse to perform the duty inseparably attached to that property? It cannot be because the revenues are insufficient, or because the spiritual duties of the Irish Church are too severe for the remuneration. For it was ascertained that of the population of Ireland, when taken at 6,800,000 only 1-14th or 490,000 were Episcopalians, and 300,000 Dissenters; while nearly six millions were of the original religious establishment, to whom the property belonged, and among whom, from obvious causes, the great bulk of the poor are to

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* Published by Longman & Co. in 1828, and quoted by Dr. Doyle in his letter to Mr. Spring Rice, to which I have already referred.

be found. The Episcopal Church of Ireland contains, besides curates, who do the duty where there are churches, 687 sinecure dignified clergy in 1829 parishes, who may be said, with few exceptions, to be non-resident.

"The rental of Ireland has been rated at 20s. an acre, including mountains and bogs; and the extent of the surface being, by some, taken at seventeen millions of acres; but let it be taken as low as fourteen millions, the total will be a rental of fourteen millions sterling. The proportion of the land composing Church Property, exclusive of tithes, has been estimated, by good authority, at two-elevenths of the whole, which is annually £2,545,454

The tithes of the 1289 benefices are said scarcely, in any case, to be under £500 per annum, and, in many cases, £1,000 to £5,000; but say £550, which gives £708,950

Total £3,254,404

"But this shows the revenues of the Church at much too low an estimate; because the Church lands are generally situated in the most fertile districts, and they are let usually at the old low rent, not a fifth of the true value, because the incumbent receives a large fine, grassum, at the renewal of each lease, by which practice some dignitaries have amassed half a million of money. Five millions, therefore, would probably be nearer the truth than any other sum, as the annual revenue of the Irish Church; and this for doing the spiritual duty of 490,900 souls. Such enormous waste of public wealth, for such a purpose, is altogether without example in the history of human extravagance.

"Such a fund for the maintenance of the poor was, perhaps, never known in any age, and this, too, one of its primary purposes; and yet we are asked, where is the fund from which to maintain Irish poverty, and suppress Irish beggary—the opprobrium of the empire?

"It has often been proposed to commute the tithes, at a low valuation, which would undoubtedly tend to tranquillize the people whose feelings are constantly exasperated by the harsh proceedings of tithe proctors in seizing their poor pittance of potatoes, or their pigs, for such an offensively levied impost, for the support of a Church of which they know nothing but by its practical oppressions, which, too, readily prepares them to think ill of the heretical principles, that can lead to such conduct in its ministers.

"But the commutation of tithes, if the remission were made to the landlord, would not do much for the tenant, except to increase his rent, although it would so far be of benefit, as the payment would not be so vexatiously taken in kind, or enforced by the oppressive and expensive process of ecclesiastical courts, where the clergy are judges in their own causes, and ecclesiastical officers reap the gain of the costs which ruin the tenantry.

"The commutation should be accomplished with a legislative declaration that the proper maintenance of the poor was originally a condition of granting the tithe, and that the price should be low in consequence of this burden being expressly retained and re-enacted in the law of commutation, as a perpetual payment from the land.

"A very small portion of the immense property in land belonging to the Church, after the death of the present incumbents, would suffice for the liberal endowment of a fair proportion of dignified clergy, both Episcopalian and Catholic.

"The great bulk of three millions a year, belonging in property to the Church, might form a fund for the most magnificent improvements, by employing, at adequate wages, the Irish poor in cutting canals, making roads, draining and cultivating bogs, and morasses; exploring coal, lime, marl, and other minerals; forming harbours; enclosing and planting on the Church lands; establishing fisheries, foundries, and various manufactures. By such means, the country might be indefinitely improved; and the demand for employment

would raise the wages, the comforts, the character, the caution, the repugnance to reckless marriage, of the people; and retard the increase and improve the condition of the population.

"There is another fund for defraying the expense of providing for the Irish poor, which is but little thought of, though it is most important. Were Ireland conciliated by just government, by the impartial admission of all religions to civil and political privileges, by a just arrangement of Church property, so as to provide fairly for all the teachers of religion, without taking away anything which any man has a right to enjoy during his life, and were that abject poverty in the people abated, and their comforts improved, by a judicious system of relief, we should no longer see desperate hunger in arms against political and religious monopoly and oppression: the minister of peace leading on troops to shoot his starving flock, for rescuing or secreting the animal which yielded milk to their famishing children. We should see Ireland protected as Scotland is, by a few skeleton battalions, instead of a regular army, at an expense of two millions sterling—besides another army of local yeomanry and armed police—all of whom, besides the enormous expense, so far from producing peace, seem only more to embroil the fray, by local grudges and religious animosity, carrying arms only on one side.

"The pacification of Ireland, and above all the elevation of the character of the common people, would render the country safe and comfortable for the wealthy land-owners to reside in, and would induce persons of skill and capital to establish manufactures. In the present state of that unhappy country, it is difficult to blame absentees, who have the means of living in the tranquil portions of the empire."

But they let their opportunities go waste; as a body they thought only of themselves. They behaved as if *Ireland was they themselves*, as if they were everybody, and as if the Catholics of Ireland were nobody. It must be in that sense they say that they have always consulted for the interests of the country, inasmuch as what they did for themselves they did for Ireland; for they and the Ireland of their ideal are one. Does anyone think that I misrepresent their position? Then I let Chief Justice Whiteside state it. He spoke these words in Parliament as the avowed champion of Irish Protestant interests:—"Ignore two-thirds of those who follow any intellectual pursuit in Ireland; ignore five-sixths of the landed gentry, the greater portion of the aristocracy, forty-nine out of fifty of the manufacturers, and ignore also the skilled artisans, and then you have the nation." The people of Pagan Rome were not the Roman people whom the orators addressed in the *forum*, but their slaves. The *Populus Romanus* were few, but were everybody; the people of Rome were the multitude, but they were as though they were not. The men of Athens were not the Athenian men to whom the orators appealed, but the populace who did not count. I should be curious to learn from Sir Horace, or from anyone, how the language of Chief Justice Whiteside does not reveal the same pagan spirit. Yet, he spoke truly; in the sense that the wealth as well as the civil and military power of the country was in Protestant keeping. Not much more than half a century ago, a parson's son, when quite a little boy, was installed as Clerk of the Peace for a certain county in Ireland. He received the salary, or rather his father received it for him lest the official himself should spend it on sweets, and his Deputy did the work whilst he might be seen pegging a top or playing marbles about the Peace Office. It is not so true that the adherents to the "Simpler Christianity" in Ireland lived in the country as that they lived on it. But they lived out of it as much as they could. They mis-spent their opportunity and their power to improve it. They had their day, and now they would persuade the public if they could that its undeveloped condition is due to the uneconomic character of our Catholic faith. It is a pity that Sir Horace has let himself be led into the choir to join their chorus, for, through many notes, he does not chant in harmony with them.

The County Councils and other public bodies will have a busy time of it for many a day gathering together and putting in order the neglected economic elements of the country after the rigid narrowness, the creed and class selfishness, the incapacity or carelessness, and the mismanagement of generations.

M. O'R.

MR. DAVITT AND MR. MORLEY ON PARNELL.

IN a book which, if it does not make history, at least records some of it, Mr. Michael Davitt gives expression to some of his opinions about Mr. Parnell. In his long volume, "The Fall of Feudalism in Ireland," Mr. Davitt says of the late Irish leader:—"He probably never had a definite conviction on either the system of land laws best suited to Ireland or the kind of national self-government that would best be adapted to the salvation of the country." It is quite possible that he had not. Mr. Davitt's notion of a conviction is very probably what the French call a fixed idea, and Mr. Parnell had no fixed ideas. Statesmen never have. But Mr. Davitt has, though. Land nationalisation is one of them. Mr. Davitt proposed it once, apparently as serious, practical politics. Mr. Parnell snuffed it out forthwith, a fact for which he probably has never been forgiven by Mr. Davitt, and never will. So much for that. As for the leader having no "definite conviction" on Home Rule, why, he had the sufficiently definite conviction that it was wanted, and must be got. Mr. Parnell, a practical man, knew that he would not have the drawing of a Home Rule Bill; he knew that English Ministers would keep that task in their own hands, and that there was no use in going about with a cut-and-dry scheme of Home Rule in his head. Statesmen know well enough that everything depends, not on what they would like to carry through a legislature, but upon what can be carried. Whenever Ireland gets Home Rule it will not be quite the Home Rule she would like, but rather the Home Rule that England is willing to give.

To that we may all make up our minds. Mr. Parnell had probably so made up his mind, and was satisfied that academic "definite convictions" would be more likely to prove a hindrance than a help to him when Home Rule became a matter of actual negotiation. Statesmen are satisfied if they can shape and guide events; they are content to let the pedants of politics hug their fixed ideas as close as they please. If, then, Mr. Parnell lacked "definite convictions" (in the Davitt sense) about Home Rule, I hold that the fact in no way impeaches his political insight or capacity. Mr. Gladstone probably had no "definite convictions" about Home Rule during the greater part of his long career; yet he was destined before he died to bring in two Home Rule Bills, each of which was defeated by the hostility of majorities whose leading "definite conviction" on the matter—which most of them knew nothing about—was that they would not give Ireland a parliament under any circumstances.

Maintaining, then, that Mr. Parnell's statesmanship is in no way impeached by Mr. Davitt's criticism, I allow that that criticism derives a certain colour of truth, so far, at least, as Home Rule is concerned, from what Mr. John Morley has to say on the topic in his "Life of Gladstone." As this great work appeared last year, Mr. Davitt had the advantage of access to it before committing his own volume to the press, and may have derived his notions on the subject from Mr. Morley's book, for I fancy it unlikely that Mr. Parnell ever discussed Home Rule *in extenso* with the great land nationaliser.

When the Bill of 1886 was being drafted, Mr. Morley (acting for the Liberal Government, in which he was then Chief Secretary for Ireland) frequently met with Mr. Parnell, who acted for the Irish Party. Mr. Morley had every opportunity, therefore, of knowing Mr. Parnell's views on Irish self-government, and a few extracts from his great work may prove interesting. "Mr. Parnell showed himself acute, frank, patient, closely attentive, and possessed of striking though not rapid insight. He never slurred over

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difficulties, nor tried to pretend that rough was smooth. On the other hand, he had nothing in common with that desperate species of counsellor, who takes all the small points, and raises objections instead of helping to contrive expedients. He measured the ground with a slow and careful eye, and fixed tenaciously on the thing that was essential at the moment. Of constructive faculty he never showed a trace. He was a man of temperament, of will, of authority, of power; not of ideas, or knowledge, or political maxims, or even of the practical reason in any of its higher senses. . . . But he knew what he wanted." Mr. Davitt may have had this passage in mind when writing that sentence of his which I have quoted. Mr. Morley is right about Mr. Parnell in one point, certainly: *he knew what he wanted*; vital knowledge; be it said. Had he lacked this, he had never been any use to Ireland. Mr. Morley is right, too, in saying that Mr. Parnell was a man "of will, of authority, of power." Such a man is always a force, and forces are stronger than arguments or logic. Forces are arguments and logic, in their most cogent form. They are "definite convictions" in their

most effective embodiment. As for Mr. Parnell showing "no trace of constructive faculty,"—that I find it hard to credit. It has got to be almost as much a habit to sling about that charge against men like Mr. Parnell, as it was years ago the practice to charge a lack of humour against everybody in literature who was not almost a regular funny man—a practice which Matthew Arnold, with his famous "vivacity," was probably the first to introduce.

Mr. Morley gives some interesting details of Mr. Parnell's views on Home Rule. He was ready, for instance, to acquiesce in the exclusion of the Irish members from Westminster; he thought they would want all their brains at home. He would have liked a provision for sending a delegation to Westminster if necessary. He was indifferent as to the method of protecting the minorities. He liked the idea of both Orders sitting in one House. (The two Orders were two grades of representatives, upper and lower, provided for in the Home Rule Bill of 1886). He wished clergy disqualified, but would have liked certain church dignitaries included by virtue of their office in the higher branch. "He was

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bution to the imperial fund was not one-fourteenth or one-fifteenth, but a twentieth or twenty-first part. He insisted all the more strongly on his own more liberal fraction, as a partial compensation for their surrender of fiscal liberty and the right to impose customs duties." Mr. Parnell was very strong about the fraction. Mr. Morley recalls how, on the eve of the Bill's being introduced, Mr. Parnell came to him at the Irish Office, "to make one more fight for his fraction," and that he was in what, for him, was a state of unusual excitement. Mr. Morley thinks that had the Bill gone into committee the Irish might have rejected it on this point, "and then all would have been at an end. Mr. Parnell never concealed this danger ahead." Mr. Morley pays a tribute to Mr. Parnell's straightness, and says that he always said the same things afterwards in the House as he had said privately in confidential conversation. He never concealed dangers or difficulties, but went straight at everything, whether it was rough or smooth. Concerning the question of the Irish members at Westminster—inclusion or exclusion—Mr. Morley says:—"This was from the first, and has ever since remained, the Gordian knot."

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Mr. Morley speaks in terms of high praise about Mr. Parnell's speech on the second reading. "The Irish leader made one of the most masterly speeches that ever fell from him. Whether agreeing with or differing from the policy, every unprejudiced listener felt that this was not the mere dialectic of a party debater, dealing smartly with abstract or verbal or artificial arguments, but the utterance of a statesman with his eye firmly fixed upon the actual circumstances of the nation for whose government this Bill would make him responsible. As he dealt with Ulster, with finance, with the supremacy of Parliament, with the loyal minority, with the settlement of education in an Irish legislature—soberly, steadily, deliberately, with that full, familiar, deep insight into the facts of a country, which is only possible to a man who belongs to it and has passed his life in it, the effect of Mr. Parnell's speech was to make even able disputants on either side look little better than amateurs." Those who held with Mr. Parnell at the Split must feel some consolation at seeing their chief's ability thus vindicated, in view of the many depreciating estimates of his powers to which former colleagues so freely gave vent.

Parnell was a statesman. "He had," writes Mr. Morley, "a sincere contempt for speeches in themselves, and was wont to set down most of them to vanity." That is to say, he regarded speeches as but a means to an end, at best; whosoever regards them otherwise is but a windbag, and Parnell was never *that*. He was "a man," says Mr. Morley, "of infinite boldness, determination, astuteness, and resource." He was all that, and more. He left not his like behind him.

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NORTH DUBLIN UNION.

ELECTION OF LADY INSPECTOR UNDER
THE "INFANT LIFE PROTECTION ACT."

The Board of Guardians of this Union will, at their meeting to be held on WEDNESDAY, the 21st day of DECEMBER, 1904, at the hour of One o'clock, p.m., proceed to elect a Lady Inspector (R.C.) under the above-named Act of Parliament, for the District of North Dublin Union, at a salary of £52 per annum. The person to be appointed must be a married woman (or a widow) who has reared children, age not to exceed 35 years, and must be subject to the direction of the Board of Guardians and the Local Government Board. A medical examination as to health will be necessary. No allowance can be made for travelling expenses.

Applications, stating age, experience, etc., with copies of testimonials, will be received by me one week previous to election, viz., up to 12 o'clock on WEDNESDAY, 14th DECEMBER, inst., and the personal attendance of Candidates upon the day of election will be essential.

(By Order),

JOHN O'NEILL,
Clerk of the Union.

Boardroom, North Brunswick Street,
Dublin, 2nd December, 1904.

QUEEN'S COUNTY COMMITTEE OF AGRICULTURE AND TECHNICAL INSTRUCTION.

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The Queen's County County Committee of Agriculture and Technical Instruction will shortly proceed to appoint a Domestic Economy Instructress, who will be required to devote her whole time to the duties of the office. Salary, £80 per annum, exclusive of travelling expenses.

For further particulars apply to the undersigned, to whom applications, with statements of experience and testimonials, should be addressed, on or before the 12th December, 1904.

J. J. CARROLL, Secretary.

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Christmas Charities.

CHRISTMAS MONTH.

St. Michael's Hospital, Kingstown.

A bright Christmas all look forward to, for brightness was brought from Heaven by the little Infant of Bethlehem!

Wealth can purchase much that is cheerful, and can diffuse its rays to enlighten the gloom of sickness and want.

An Irish memorial of Irish generosity, raised by the Benevolent, supported by the Charitable Friends of the Poor, Saint Michael's Hospital affords to the weary sufferers the solace and relief which they need more at Christmas than at any other time, as they are debarred from the little home festivities which even the most destitute can procure at that open-handed, open-pursed season.

The harbour, the railway, the bicycle, the tramway, the city, as well as the surrounding districts, send patients, who, from accident or ill-health, receive in St. Michael's Hospital the medical treatment, nursing, and nourishment they so much need when stricken down.

To keep the Wards, Dispensaries, Operation Theatre, etc., properly equipped: to store daily the quantity of food and Medicine necessary: to repair hourly the wear and tear of time: to furnish coal, gas, etc.—all this entails an expenditure which would appear exorbitant to one who had not practical experience of outlay, but which, nevertheless, demands constantly well-ciphered cheques to defray. The Sisters of Mercy, therefore, confidently appeal to the proverbial liberality of the Benefactors of the suffering poor to give them such help as will enable them to continue this great work of mercy. They are deeply grateful to all who have perseveringly and cordially supported St. Michael's Hospital since its opening, and whose hundredfold reward will be bestowed here and hereafter by the Almighty Good God, who has never been outdone in generosity.

Donations will be thankfully received by His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin; by the Very Rev. Wm. J. Murphy, P.P.; by the Parochial Clergy of Kingstown and the adjoining Parishes; by the Sisters of Mercy, Baggot Street, Dublin; and at St. Michael's Hospital, Kingstown, Ireland.

St. Vincent's Hospital and Dispensary, STEPHEN'S GREEN, EAST.

CHRISTMAS, 1904.

The Sisters of Charity in charge of St. Vincent's Hospital earnestly solicit a share in the charitable contributions distributed at this festive season to the Poor of Jesus Christ.

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Never, indeed, have the resources of the Hospital been more taxed than now: the numberless applications for admission keeping constant pressure on the limited accommodation for patients. On no occasion has this appeal been made in vain, and now, as in former years, the Sisters trust to that generous co-operation which brings many into the good work to share its blessings and rewards.

APPEAL.

MATER MISERICORDIAE HOSPITAL, DUBLIN.

The Sisters of Mercy in charge of this hospital earnestly appeal to a generous public for a share in the Christmas Charities which are dispensed for the relief of suffering and distress. For some months past the strain on the resources of the Hospital has been very great, its daily average of beds occupied being 330, so that no light degree of responsibility falls upon those who have to provide the daily necessities required for so large a number of the Sick Poor. The authorities of the Hospital are, therefore, constrained to put its claims for support before those who can realise all the miseries that follow in the wake of sickness and poverty, and how much human suffering can be averted by restoring the bread-winner to health.

APPEAL.

Convent of the Little Sisters of the Assumption, Nursing Sisters of the Sick Poor in their own Homes, Camden Street, Dublin.

At the approach of the joyful Festival of Christmas the Little Sisters of the Assumption, Nursing Sisters of the Sick Poor, implore the aid of the citizens of Dublin in the work they are doing, viz., that of Nursing the Sick Poor in the Homes of the Poor. The Sisters nurse the Sick Poor by day, and, if necessary, by night, frequently providing food and clothes for the entire family, as well as fire, during the illness of the patient, who is the first object of their solicitude.

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FATHER MATHEW HALL, Church Street, Monday, 12th inst, 8 o'clock. Lecture by T. F. Davis, Esq., "The Shannon Fen, and the Sunny Side of Ireland." Limelight illustrations. Father Aloysius will preside. 139

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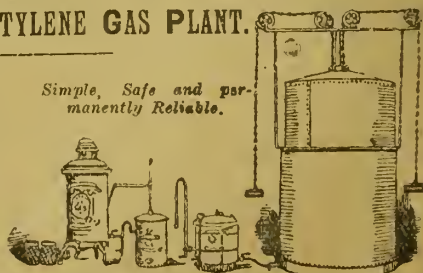
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CURRENT AFFAIRS:—

The Butchers Dine	273
St. Patrick's Training College	273
The Lack-University Question	273
Mahaffy Again	274
The Solicitor-General and the "Poor"			
Ministers	274
The All-Ireland Temperance Bazaar	275
A "Saved" Paper and the LEADER	276
"Royal" Irish Architects and an Imperial			
Kick	276

ARTICLES :—

Μαργαρίτα ὁ βλάσ' ἡς Ἰαεὺν γεοῖται...	...	278
Freemasonry	...	279
A French Book about Ireland	...	279
The Defeat of Alderman Slumbooze	...	280
The Nature of Art Criticism	...	281
The Northern Counties Railway	...	283
The London Aonach	...	284
SPONDENCE	...	285

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The inland postage on *THE LEADER* is a halfpenny; to any foreign country the postage is one penny.

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CURRENT AFFAIRS.

The annual dinner of the Dublin Victuallers' Association took place one night last week. There was music at it. The first item that the band played was an *American* march called the "Mosquitos' Parade." The second item was the valse "Luna," the third a selection, "The Orchid," the fourth, Morcean "Anona." So far, as will have been noticed, it was Tone, Tonier, Toniest; and then came a slump; the fifth item was a selection, "Irish Melodies." The Victuallers' programme after that lurch earthwards proceeded again to climb up the Tony Kopje. The sixth item was Valse "La Rosiere," the seventh, "Grand Opera Lancers," and the last "Pôt-pourri." Whether or not the Dublin Victuallers sang "Auld Lang Syne" at the end, we cannot say. Wonder of wonders, Mr. William Field, M.P., was *not* present; he sent a letter of apology for non-attendance. Perhaps he was detained elsewhere signing some "chivalrous" petition on behalf of some poor persecuted Unionist convict who had been run to earth by a cruel judge and jury.

Fifty-six students of the St. Patrick's Training College, Drumcondra, were examined in what is called Column II., and 7 passed first class, 21 second class, and 25 third class. One hundred and six were examined in Column III.; of these 37 were at the end of one year's course of training, 69 at the end of two years. Of the former 4 passed first class, 21 second class, and 11 third class; of the latter, 9 first class, 30 second class, and 28 third class. It will be noted that the large number of 64 only passed third class.

Father Byrne may be a West Briton, but the number of merely third class passes is strikingly large. Perhaps if an Irish Ireland Vincentian were placed at the head, and if Father Byrne were sent back to Castleknock, where the College Ass came from, the proportion of merely third class passes might diminish.

In some tables setting out the average percentage of marks obtained by the students in each subject in the July Examinations, Revised Programme, of 1901, 1902, and 1903, we do not see any mention of Irish. In the table of analysis concerning 1901, there is a division entitled "optional subject," and what that stands for we do not know; in the tables for 1902 and 1903 there is no "optional subject," and no Irish. Since 1883 the number of students, not including those of last session, sent to the diocese of Raphoe was 62, Cloyne 68, Cork 72, Kerry 65, Ross 31, Waterford and Lismore 25, Achonry 73, Clonfert 25, Elphin 37, Galway and Kilmacduagh 40, and Killala 83. We only mention a few dioceses, and the figures, though no doubt substantially true, are not guaranteed by Father Byrne in his report.

The number of candidates for entrance into this college, of which Father Byrne, the eminent West Briton, is principal, shows a tendency to fall away. After quoting some figures Father Byrne says in his report:—"It would appear from these figures that the number of candidates has been fluctuating, and that, on the whole, the tendency is steadily downwards. The question suggests itself whether the downward tendency, if continued, may possibly reach a point that would mean serious consequences for our college. Let us take this year—1904-5. The number of vacancies to be filled was 112. The total number of candidates was 149, but of these 10 failed at the Easter Examinations; 12 did not present themselves for examination at all, and 15 withdrew their applications owing to one cause or another. This left only 112 candidates for the 112 vacancies, which meant that we were not in a position freely to reject men who, in the opinion of the doctor, or in the opinion of the staff, might be considered unsuitable candidates for the office of teaching. Without a good margin for selecting the candidates for the Two Years' Course, it must happen that undesirable candidates will be accepted, and this means sending out later on from the Training College undesirable men as Teachers." Evidently Father Byrne, the eminent West Briton, is getting nervous. He would not mind covering the land with West British teachers without any knowledge of Irish we suppose, but an indication of the shrinkage in the numbers of candidates hits him in a vulnerable place. Might we suggest again that a man of modern ideas—that is, a common sense Irish Irelander—should be placed at the head of the St. Patrick's Training College, Drumcondra, and that Father Byrne should be sent back to Castleknock of the College Ass.

The fourth annual County Wexford Feis, *Fair* Loc *Saor*main will be held on Whit-Sunday and Whit-Monday next year at New Ross. The syllabus is already published, and the Hon Secretary is Rev. A. McCormack, C.C., South Street, New Ross. An Industrial Exhibition will be held in connection with the *Fair* Intending competitors should procure a copy of the syllabus at once.

Father T. A. Finlay has suggested a new way of dealing with the lack-University question. Give up agitating, resolutioning, speechifying, and found a University, even if it had to find its local habitation inside a corrugated iron shed, and educate the people on their own lines: let it be an Irish, or if they wished, an Irish-

Ireland University. We wonder what does Father Tomkins, S. J., of Belvedere, think of that? It is enough to make the Cawstleknock College Ass bray in his sleep; surely the highly-respectable Clongowes and likewise Mungret must feel shocked. Proposals like this are enough to recall the guillotine and the French Revolution to excited "highly respectable" minds. Father Finlay's suggestion, like many another suggestion, might be all right if the country were different. If a poor shivering, self-diffident creature came to us for advice as to how he should become prosperous, we could blandly tell him to start a factory and become a great captain of industry. He would reply that he had no capital, no skill, no self-reliance, that though he knew some Clongowes Latin and some Castleknock Greek, that—his father having been a green-grocer—he was brought up to be an imitation-English gentleman and knew nothing so common as "his way about." Father Finlay's suggestion is very interesting and so would be our advice to the shivering poor gentleman that the latter should start a factory. The fact is that Clongowes, Belvedere and such places have ignorantly sown nation-killing respectabilities and inutilities and they have grown up an army of genteel Scomini. Father Finlay may put up the corrugated roof, but pupils of the College Ass, and of Clongowes, and of Belvedere, have grown supercilious and require a more respectable stable.

Mr. John Dillon's address—and a very interesting address it was—on the lack-University question, has contributed its share to keep up the interest in the wrong under which this country suffers. Mr. Dillon was very eloquent concerning the sort of University we ought to have. If the audience had already begun to see in their minds' eye a great University nursing the latent genius of Ireland, the Rev. Dr. McDonald, of Maynooth, soon shoved aside the vision. Dr. McDonald said—"What, I fear, we do not realise is that this is a matter of urgency; that the life blood is flowing from the nation; and that, unless this drain is stopped, the Irish people—and with them their national Church—will belong only to the past, and that soon. If the nation and its religion are to be saved, the remedy must not be delayed; or, to put it another way, if there is any efficacious remedy which may be applied, it is better to have recourse to it immediately than to wait for another, which, though ideally better, cannot be had or applied till the patient is beyond hope of recovery. Considering Mr. Dillon's proposals under this light, I confess that I am not without misgivings. Can the expiring nation afford to wait for this national University? May we reasonably hope to get it before dissolution has set in? We have been waiting for more than fifty years, and all that time the nation has been drained of its life blood; how much nearer are we now to the remedy which we have been seeking? We have been told to fight for this remedy; but where are our arms? Let those who call us to battle tell us where and how we may strike the foe with anything more dangerous than words, which they despised." Ideal Universities in the air are congenial topics for our never-ending eloquence; but who is going to counteract the Orangemen and the sour-face bigots? Why Mr. John Dillon recently went out of his way to give what he thought was a kick at the "under dog," the Catholic Association, whose very name put the fear of justice into the hearts of the Ascendancy.

The notorious Mr. Mahaffy, of the Parochial University, made an amusing speech. Mr. Mahaffy stated that he spoke as a Protestant, and they must not be offended at anything he said! We have heard many curious claims put forward by the "saved," but the claim of Mr. Mahaffy that because he is one of the "saved" that people should not be offended at anything he said, beats nearly anything we have previously heard. This Fellow of the Robber University that has fleeced this country then trotted out a reference to the money spent out of the voluntary contributions of "Idolators" on churches for themselves, "the Economic" and other senses of the "saved" having left the robbed and plundered "Idolators" without proper church accommodation. But you must not be offended at Mr. Mahaffy's brazen impertinence, for remember that he is "saved," and that therefore

no damned "Idolator" should dare to take offence at anything he might say! The Professor, who draws a fat living out of the funds of the Robber University, thought there must be ample means in the Catholic Church of Ireland to start an educational system that would deserve respect and attention, and have a great *claim* on the support of the State *hereafter*. "Hereafter" is an appropriate word, and as for claims we have plenty of them ready-made without spending our money in order to make another one. Mr. Mahaffy hinted that a Protestant can be as good an Irishman as any Catholic. We are not aware that anyone ever denied that rather obvious proposition. A parson once tapped a little English street-boy on the head and asked—"What might your name be, my little man?" Whereupon the boy immediately replied—"It might be stick-in-the-mud, but it ain't." Protestants might be Irishmen we all agree, but, speaking generally, they are not, they choose to be England's Faithful Garrison in Ireland. Mr. Mahaffy felt himself in such a tight corner that he claimed that Protestants supplied Ireland with some of its finest rebels, and asked who educated Robert Emmet. Emmet, of course, was a rebel in spite of Trinity College; and besides if Catholic Ireland had not been plundered and robbed, she could, if it were needed, have supplied all the rebels she required. Trinity College is a British institution, and bigoted and anti-Irish though it has been an odd man like Emmet or Davis became Nationalists in spite of it. If Mahaffy is foolish enough to want to make capital out of the question—Who educated Emmet? we might balance that particular item by the question—Who educated "Mike" the "Catholic?" And by way of dotting the "i," we might further inquire—who educated Tony Traill?

On Friday, the day after the publication of our Xmas Number þ Ua 'Oubéang of Carlow received nine shells from the Irish Ireland Army. They were all addressed as directed, and all were duly delivered. Saturday's Post brought him "quite a host," and on a subsequent day he reports that "the number of cards was simply overwhelming." Poor Cromwell! Carlow Cromwell, needless to say, is "saved!" And of seven of his male stalwarts in his fortress at least six are "saved."

That nimble fee-lifter who increased his income by raising a point of law in the Rathmines Ward case, as counsel for a party being tried before an official of the bungling Local Government Board, even though he was a law officer of the Crown, was on tap last week at Glengageary. His theme was the auxiliary collection for the Church of England's Faithful Garrison in Ireland. It will be remembered that the poor, persecuted, over-worked white-slave ministers of the Garrison Church subsist, according to the statement of Sir James Creed Meredith, on an average pittance of something over £200 a year. The Church of those who have a double dose of "economic sense" is alarmed for its mortal pocket and fear that land purchase development may hit its income. The Solicitor-General, a "professional politician," as Lord Rossmore, the repentant Ex-Orangeman, phrased it, has feathered his nest well. Breeding rancour and party strife has put money in his purse. This professional politician pandered eloquently to the over-paid and under-worked clergy of the Church of England's Faithful Garrison—some 1,500 men who at £200 a year, if we take even a lesser figure than that of Sir Creed Meredith, draw an annual sum in salaries alone of £300,000. Heavens, what national good might be done in this impoverished country if that sum were directed into useful channels. This "professional politician" whose type would be extinct if justice and tolerance reigned in Ireland, said:—"He did not think there was to be found in any community or any Church a more loyal, a more self-sacrificing, or more devoted body of men than the present clergy of the Church of Ireland. (Applause.) They served the parishioners in a way that all knew, and their miserable incomes averaged all over Ireland something under £200 a year." We note that the average has gone under £200 according to this rancorous "professional politician;" Sir "Jimmy," the eminent Freemason, placed the average above £200; well, when "Saved" differ it is not for us to say which, if either, is telling the whole truth. The "professional

politician" grew eloquent over the lot of some of the poor ministers who had to support wives and families on less than the average sum. Well, why did they make improvident marriages? After all, people are not paid because they have wives and families; if a prudent man cannot keep up an establishment, he does not marry. Is it because every callow and sentimental "Saved" curate rushes into matrimony on a slender income that the hearts of the "Saved" are to melt and their subscriptions flow at the picture of a "Saved" curate sitting down at one end of the table to a plain dinner with his wife at the other end and his little ones at the sides. What utter nonsense. Working men and bank clerks have to support wives and families on 30s. or 35s. a week, and who weeps for them or sends round the hat; but a "Saved" curate with something under £200 a year and a wife and family is to be the cause of melting pity. We understand that many of the "Saved" ministers are so possessed of the "economic sense" that they "better themselves" from an economic point of view, when they enter into matrimony. No doubt the "professional politician," Mr. James H. Campbell, M.P., has a method in his advocacy of the poor starving curate, his wife and his little ones. The professional orator knows how much use can be made of a flowing period about "the widow and the orphan"; this "Saved" "professional politician" no doubt fully appreciates the value of a rhetorical flourish concerning "the underpaid 'Saved' curate, his wife and little ones."

The Solicitor-General was unconsciously humorous when he said:—"Every true Irishman—and he hoped he could include himself in that category—hoped for the best, and hoped that Irishmen might unite for the common good and welfare of their country." Picture this "professional politician," this slanderer of the Catholic Association, hoping that he could regard himself as a "true Irishman." A crafty carrion bird feeding on national decomposition would be a more likely description of gentry of his type.

We take the following from the *Catholic Herald*, Edinburgh:—"Wanted after Christmas, English R.C. Governess for Boy; help boy (9½) for school; elementary Latin, Music, and French essential; salary, £20.—Mrs. Lynch, Seaview House, Donnybrook, Dublin."

A handsome presentation, was, we are informed, recently made by the staff of Messrs. John Shuley and Co. to Mr. William E. Taylor, Manager of that well-known firm. We are glad to notice that in the address which accompanied the presentation reference, was made to Mr. Taylor's "consistent and persistent support of Irish industries."

A bazaar, called the "All-Ireland Temperance Bazaar," is announced to be held next May on the premises of the Royal Dublin Society at Ballsbridge. It is being got up in aid of the funds of the Irish Association for the Prevention of Intemperance, Dublin, and the Irish Temperance League, Belfast. We know nothing of the latter body, but the Dublin Association is practically the only organisation in Ireland which devotes itself to the political side of the temperance movement, including the promotion of temperance legislation, etc. It is non-political and non-sectarian in its constitution. It has several Catholic prelates amongst its vice-presidents—namely, Dr. Healy Archbishop of Tuam; Dr. Fennelly, Archbishop of Cashel, and the Bishops of Waterford, Galway, Raphoe, Elphin, and Ross. Messrs J. E. Redmond, M.P.; J. Jordan, M.P.; J. F. X. O'Brien, M.P., all members of the Irish Parliamentary Party, are also vice-presidents. The Chairman and several members of the Association's Executive are Catholics; so that it is not by any means an exclusively "saved" Association, as we believe some people think. Whatever may be said as to the desirability of the temperance movement in Ireland being controlled and worked by Nationalists and Catholics on Nationalist and Catholic lines, this Association holds the field. Until, therefore, some better organisation takes its place, if it be properly managed—and we know nothing to the effect that it is not—it ought to receive the support of all friends of Temperance.

The bazaar next May in aid of the Association will be worked on different lines from similar undertakings in the past. There will be no raffling, no gambling, and no intoxicating drink allowed in connection with it. It will, we understand, be the first bazaar at Ballsbridge, for which the scenery will be painted in Ireland, and all the decorations carried out by an Irish firm. This is a good feature. We take it that all Union Jack and "God Save the King" tendencies will be rigidly excluded from the undertaking. The constitution of the Executive Committee should be a guarantee of that, but it may be no harm to advise the promoters that they will want to be particular in this respect, if they wish to secure and retain popular support. For our own part, as the effort is one directed against Mr. Bung, we will support it so long as it is kept upon right lines, and we hope that all those who take an interest in temperance will give it their active co-operation.

We have already referred to the blacking manufactured by the Irish Ireland firm of MacMenamin and Malone. Amongst the various things which they manufacture is a metal polish which is retailed in tins at a penny each. The best expert as to the quality of such a commodity of general use is the user. We have had Messrs. MacMenamin and Malone's metal polish used in our own home, and we are assured that it is excellent. We are in a position, therefore, to personally recommend it to our readers. They may buy a tin of it for a penny; they may also buy a tin of imported metal polish for the same money. Why, in the name of all that's reasonable, should they not insist on their shopkeeper supplying them with the Irish article? Many of the shopkeepers are still in need of being spoken to for their own and their country's good; and the members of the Irish public who are popularly supposed to be brave should not be afraid to speak to the shopkeepers with whom they deal. The Irish shopkeeper is not prone to bite; when he is spoken to he is usually quite tractable, and people who would give ten thousand lives for their country, if they had them, look rather ridiculous silently gaping at the shopkeeper who does not accommodate them by having for sale some article of Irish manufacture that they require.

We have sunk to some extent into the region of unctuous self-laudation in Irish Ireland; a new type of thing has arisen that we might call Irish Ireland *raimeis*. The new spirit and so forth that the LEADER has brought into Irish life is a fact which no one can gainsay; but we protest against the declamation about that new spirit being paraded by easy people who continue smugly in the old ruts. The best interests of the Irish language and industrial revivals are often thwarted now, not by attempted frontal attacks, but by sympathetic lip-references to them by lazy people of the old-fashioned pre-LEADER days. A man with Northampton boots brushed up with an imported shine smokes a British cigarette and tells his wife, who has just bought some imported metal polish from the "tony" West British Italian Ware-houseman, whose son is at Clongowes, and whose daughter is learning to sing Italian songs at a select convent school—that man tells his wife that the Industrial Revival is making great progress, and that those who are working it up deserve the eternal gratitude of the country.

Shopkeepers who do not accommodate their Irish Ireland customers by selling Irish goods that they wish to purchase should be dealt with rigorously. So long as shopkeepers think that their customers can be put off with any lame excuse, they will look upon the Irish Ireland public as a force that can, to some extent, be trifled with. Irish Ireland should make itself ugly to the nation-killing and non-nation-building shopkeeper. There is a great field for this useful and wholesome work in Dublin; no doubt there is a wide field for it in every town in Ireland even yet.

Take the case of metal polish and blacking. The Irish Ireland firm that we have referred to have made great headway; by all accounts they progressed with remarkable rapidity; the provinces have supported the firm. All this goes to show that the attitude of the country in the way of supporting Irish industry is, in part, sound.

It is natural, perhaps, that the poor Irish half-slave public should congratulate itself on any progress that is made towards freedom. But the indulgence of self-satisfaction in that respect is to be guarded against. It is an enemy of progress. The more chains the Irish public knock off the more dissatisfied they should be with those that still hamper their movements. At least some of the big wholesale houses in this country are not likely to side with Ireland, even though siding with Ireland would ultimately be the better for themselves. Shopkeepers should talk to their wholesale houses, and the buying public should talk to the shopkeepers. We trust that every one of our readers who uses metal polish will purchase Irish metal polish; if the shopkeeper does not stock it the shopkeeper should be spoken to; and the shopkeeper in his turn should talk to the wholesale house. We think the time has come when, what we may call the Port Riverstown policy might come in handy now and again in the fight for Irish Industrial Revival. If any shop or wholesale house refused to stock any article of Irish manufacture that is in demand, we could put him up before the grand army of Irish Ireland, as we put up Horatius, of Riverstown, and Cromwell, of Carlow. Shopkeepers and wholesale houses had better be on their guard. How would a shopkeeper like a division of the grand army of Irish Ireland filing into his shop requesting some Irish article that he refused to sell? How would some of the wholesale houses like the guns of Irish Ireland to be turned upon them. The time has come for a new forward movement on behalf of Irish Industry. Any of our readers who cannot get goods of Irish manufacture at any particular shop and can show that the shopkeeper is standing out against Irish Industry as Horatius attempted to stand out against the Irish Language, should write to us. Any class of manufacturer who cannot get a fair field for their class of products should let us know. We say class of products for a wholesale house is not necessarily to be denounced for refusing to take any particular firm's goods; but if they refuse to give fair play to Irish goods as such they are a fair mark for the grand army of Irish Ireland. We think there is not only national good, but some national amusement, to be derived from a campaign by the grand army of Irish Ireland on the West British shops and wholesale houses in Ireland. It may be something new for the New Year.

Our contemporary, *The Church of England's Faithful Garrison in Ireland Gazette*, that briefly, if facetiously, styles itself the *Church of Ireland Gazette*, devoted its leading article of last week to our "vulgar and unscrupulous" selves. It is many months now since we have seen a copy of our contemporary. It inscribed a Latin tag over its article, for our contemporary is a learned journal. Our learned contemporary opens out this way:—"We do not know if many of our readers are in the habit of turning their attention to the pages of the LEADER, that journalistic product of our Metropolis, which is the clever but vulgar and unscrupulous organ of the Roman Priesthood in Ireland." We thought ourselves that we were the organ of Irish Ireland, but our "saved" and scholarly contemporary knows better! If it said that we are the organ of the "surpliced ruffians" it might be intolerant, and raking up sectarian animosity on our part to correct its error; if our contemporary said that we were the organ of Dr. Long or of "Mike" it might be bad manners on our part to contradict "our betters"! The *Church of England's Faithful Garrison in Ireland Gazette* goes on to:—"It has, indeed, been suggested to us that we should reprint, week by week, extracts from the LEADER, in order that members of our own Church, and our readers in all parts of the world, should see for themselves the kind of statements which are put forth in a publication which is read by large numbers of the Irish people. But we are reluctant to do so, because, after all, it would only serve to give a cheap advertisement to what is best left in obscurity; and because if we published LEADER quotations we should feel bound to supply the answers to the misrepresentations which they contain, and to do this would simply be to fill all the available space at our disposal." Pity the sorrows of our poor "saved" contemporary. We can readily appreciate the reluctance of our contemporary to quote from the "vulgar and unscrupulous" LEADER. The

Truths that we contain from week to week would not be relished by England's Faithful Garrison; they like their "truth" to be "saved" before it reaches them; they have no stomach for much of the raw Truth that we serve up week by week. Oh, if only our contemporary could leave us in obscurity how satisfied it would be. What a picture! We stalk over the land and beyond it laughing at opposition, at enemies, at boycotters, and our unconsciously comical contemporary puts its small head ostrich-like in the sand and boycotts us! Perhaps, our contemporary thinks when it shuts its eyes that the sun goes out. Certainly the *Church of England's Faithful Garrison in Ireland Gazette*, leaving us in obscurity by refraining from quoting us weekly, is not a bad joke at this season of festivity.

Our contemporary "happily" believes that our influence is waning! Well, it can believe, or say it believes, what it likes. That is its own business; its happy belief, or make-belief, that our influence is declining is some consolation to it, and it makes us laugh. We are sure the *Dust Bin* would like to believe after the same fashion, particularly since its profits fell down by over £2,000 last year! Our contemporary devotes the most of its leading article to "M. O'R's." contribution in our Christmas Number. We leave that part of the matter to "M. O'R.," if he thinks it is worth his notice.

A correspondent is anxious concerning the nationality of Mr. John S. Kelly, of John S. Kelly, Ltd., the now famous furniture firm in Camden street, of "no connection with the Jews" fame. Our respected correspondent writing from the county says:—"I have been informed by a young man living in Dublin that 'John S. Kelly, 64 Camden street,' who advertised in your paper, is himself a Jew, trading under that name. You will know if that is true. I know this is a common practice of theirs everywhere. It is a most common thing in Belfast." Our correspondent may rest assured that the report is not true; whether the statement could be better classed as an unfounded rumour or a deliberate lie, we do not know. Mr. John S. Kelly is an Irishman and an "Idolator"; we understand that at one time he worked for Jews, and we take it that the experience that he gained then helps him now in meeting the Jew on what was supposed to be his own preserve in Dublin. As the firm of John S. Kelly is a limited company, there could be no secrecy among the names of those concerned in the company. Our correspondent and our readers may rest assured of the genuineness of this firm, and of the nationality of Mr. Kelly.

The *Independent* commences a leading article in its issue of Saturday last in this way:—"When the Catholic householders of Limerick were preparing for the celebration of the Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, they were served through the post with a manifesto from the notorious 'medical missionary,' Long, which was as offensive to Catholic feeling as that worthy's employers could wish." Later on in the article the backboneless *Independent* flops on its marrow-bones and says:—"We refuse to believe that Long's conduct has the approval of any considerable number of our Protestant fellow-countrymen, at least in the South of Ireland. That is the genuine old tune; but why don't 'our Protestant fellow-countrymen' denounce the man Long? Of course, they are not likely to denounce such tactics whilst tame Catholics are the first to plop on their knees, and say:—"Please, Mr. Respectable 'Saved,' we are not blaming you at all, at all."

A reply to the advertisement of "Farm" is now lying in LEADER Office.

The "Royal" Institute of Architects of Ireland ate their annual dinner last week, and "loyally" toasted the King, and also ostentatiously drank some "other loyal toasts." Well, poor men of that kind need not expect much sympathy from Irish Ireland; at their annual general meeting earlier in the day their president, Mr. W. M. Mitchell, blubbered over the fact that the Government had treated the profession in Ireland very unfairly by appointing an English architect to design the new College of Science, and the appointment was taken

to mean that the Government did not consider any Irishman qualified for the post. They need not be surprised, therefore, if public bodies, as well as private individuals, acted similarly to the Government.

More of that to 'em, we say. Why don't they take their stand in the ranks of Irish Ireland, and give up God-Save-the-Kinging? How do the "Irish" architects stand with regard to supporting Irish material in the buildings, etc., that they design—if many of them may be said to design anything? How do they stand in relation to the national desire to develop a distinctive Irish architecture? Clongowes and such places give an imitation English education, and it would complain, we suppose, of those parents who send their sons over to England in order to get the real thing; these West British God-Save-the-King architects are, no doubt, too "highly respectable" to be Irish Irelanders, and they blubber when the Government employs a real British rather than a West British architect to design the new College of Science. More of that to 'em, we repeat; and we hope they appreciated the contemptuous kick which the Right Hon. Sir Horace Plunkett, the Irish Industry man, gave them by employing a real British architect to design his private house in Foxrock. It is a topsy-turvy and abnormal country. One feels at one and the same time that Sir Horace was inconsistent and absurd in employing a British architect, and that the West British architects partly deserved the kick they received. Plunkett, of course, has no excuse whatever for not employing an Irish Ireland architect if one were available. It may be too soon in our transitional stage to say that those who are not with Irish Ireland are against it, but it is coming on that way. To-day Irish Ireland may not be strong enough to dictate terms in all cases to its enemies, passive or active, but we are progressing rapidly that way.

According to the Annual Report, as briefly reported in the *Bigots' Dust Bin*, this God-Save-the-King Institute of West British Architects declared:—"Dealing with the appointment of an English architect for the new College of Science, the report regrets and strongly deprecates the action of the Government, which professes to have the betterment of Ireland at heart. It also regrets the increasing tendency to bring over English and Scotch architects whenever occasion offers." Well, we say to them, if they want Irish Ireland sympathy in their sad bereavement let them throw in their lot with Irish Ireland.

On the night of the 12th inst. a strange cargo was entrained at the Dublin Terminus of the Midland Railway (Cusack and Family). It was an appropriate cargo. It was consigned to an Inspector at Athenry of the New Plantation, otherwise known as The Department (Scotch). We have not heard that the staff and students of Castleknock College attended in full force on the occasion to give a "send-off" to the cargo; we have not heard that the Admirable Campbell of the Department (Scotch) was present. Certainly the "saved" Archdeacon Daly, corporeal guardian angel of Cusack and Family, ought to have been present; the O'Connor Don would not have been out of place there either. The cargo consisted of a waggon of asses! This throws a light on the straying ass that was recently found in the vicinity of Castleknock. Surely the College Ass desired a change of air and scene, and heard the tidings that the Department (Scotch) were about forwarding a cargo for Athenry. It would be good news for the country if it were informed

that the New Plantation was collecting a cargo of Scotch and English asses for exportation to Britain; a few asses (of the so-called native variety) might also go to Britain for their country's good along with the Scotch breed.

In the article in last week's LEADER on the Dublin Port and Docks Board, the letter "P" was placed before the name of Mr. J. D. O'Connor, J.P., one of the nine shipping members. We have since learned that that was an error; the name should have been preceded by a "C."

"Have a library?" is more akin to "Have a drink?" than some people may imagine. A labourer was recently brought up in the Kingstown Police Court for using bad language, and his excuse was that he had been celebrating the laying of the foundation-stone of a Carnegie library at Blackrock, and had drunk, not of knowledge, but of Bung, not wisely but too well. A local Jay Pay, with that nice discernment of the fitness of things than one would naturally look for from one of that highly cultured class, gave out free porter to the men employed on the job—in honour of the laying of the foundation-stone of the library that is to be. The man in trouble drank six volumes of porter—that is half a dozen pint pots. When he had got outside of these six symbolic poems by Lord Ardilaun, he talked bad language. Twenty-three men were treated to free volumes of drink in honour of the occasion. The donor of these many volumes of starry drink was a man by the name of Clarke, who, by a strange freak of chance, is also Chairman of the Blackrock Town Council. The evil-speaking consumer of six volumes of symbolic Ardilaun had to pay 10s. for the perverted eloquence inspired by the goods of his lordship—Bung the Great—supplied free, gratis, and for nothing at the expense of the Chairman of the Blackrock Town Council. The least Clarke could now do is refund the fine to the man whom his free porter helped into trouble. After all six pints of Ardilaun for nothing are rather dear if they necessitate the payment of 10s. fine to the foul and nefarious Government. We trust that no more foundation-stones will be well and truly laid after the fashion of the free porter stone of the Blackrock library.

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By the courtesy of the Commissioners of Public Works the Irish Forestry Society are inaugurating this desirable movement, on Saturday, 17th December, in the Phoenix Park, South of Gough Monument at 2 o'clock p.m. Lord Castletown will preside. All interested cordially invited. Luncheon tickets can be had at 5s. each on application to the Secretary, 12 College Green.

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MAIRG A BÉAD 'NA GAEÓILGEOR.

Dá dtasfaid ré cuca 'n-a Béalóir, agus a aineo-
lar agus a éarcuirne ar Gaeóilg 's a gcurt ór áro
aige air féin, buí mór an mínead do bhead acu ar.
Doéifíoir an tuine-uairal "beirte," crónta ar an
lártair rin ann, agus buí mínead, luégháiréad
roime iad. Bhead meaf agus cion acu air, mar buí
viol ar fear do bí com áro rin ór a gcoitrom, gur
dual ann é, agus go dtáinig ré abailte éirge san
ruim do beir aige in a leictóir féin, ná in a n-"Si-
beaparoire" de éangair.

"Sin an fear do bí ag tearóil uaim; go dtáir-
cáir Dia dúinn é! Tuine uairal atá ag tearóil le
h-áiréir troida agus teangmála leir ná h-uairil.
Ceann d'a gheangtáir féin ríóitcar an liomán.
Sin an fear. Sin an fear a bfuigir an tígearna
calmhan nead a diongmála ann. 'S é gheobfar fóir-
gim 'eam a 'tíge' go fairsing, flúiréad dúinn;
bairéir ré amad bóirte agus bóiríní m' 'ad uile
éinne ar fuo na paráirte dúinn; tairingeadair ré
na h-éirg irtead ó'n bfairte mór gur na cuantair
éugainn; ní beir fuo ar bí ag mínead, ná ag cor-
parde i nganóir dó, ná na bairéir ré amad ar
gcurt féin de dúinn-ne—fu, agus a leictóir eile de
fu, ir gnaite ceart, oir do fagar. Aet mairir
le Gaeóilg agus caint de'n tóir rin—arfa go
dtáircáir Dia rin, an ar a céill atá ré? Naé
bfeapamuir féin an méir rin do bhead d'a uiréar-
bair? Naé é an iomarca Gaeóilge atá againn, mo
léan agus fairsing gair? Gaeóilg gíanna, bairéad!
Má 'r rin a bfuil d' éadair aige le tabairt leir éirg
na daoine, do b' fear agus buí cnearda dó fanaet
uaim 'ran mairte, agus fear éirg ceannarad do
leigean éugainn, fear a mbéad naé air le fuo éirg
do bhead dúinn."

Mo éirg é, a fagar bóir! A fagar bóiréir
oir, bóir! Ní' amair naé iomra lá
raetrad, bóiréad, anróiréad do éirg tó irtead ag
fairsing beagáin aimpire d' fágáir folam le h-áiréir
Gaeóilge do meabúrad agus do éleatad; ag
fairsing beir oir, fairsing do d' éirg bóiréir
féin; ag fairsing beir tóir-gírad, Gaeóilge; agus
ar féo é beiréad na éirg—an é féo luad do raet-
air—rígge agus aet oir fad do éirg Gaeóilge,
agus rin ag na daoine ar fairsing bóir mair rin
a doiréar bóir agus Gaeóilge do beir acu, a doir-
éar bóir agus a Gaeóilge a' r bóir, a éir-
gírad a' r bóir do d' fágáir féin! B' fairsing,
agus ní b' fairsing é, aet go beiréad, gur bair ó i
bair fad' rair atá ag bairéir bóir i nganóir bóir,
's-a do gírad éirg féin agus uairte gíom; nó cá
bair naé ar na fairsing féin anuair atá an fairsing-
rin in do éirg 's-a do bairéir éirg bóir éirg
do bhead do do éirg agus do éirg; agus
féo tó gair cion gair beir oir féin ná ar do bóir-
éad, ag lán paráirte d' amair agus d' amair-
air, aet oiréad 'r naé air ionnat aet gair nó
leamóir! Mo míle éirg é! Ir beag do
fairsing agus tó ag fairsing a' r ag fairsing-
óir naé a' r bóir, ag meabúrad do éirg Gaeóilge,
le ceann tóir-gírad na h-éirg, gur ag fairsing-
air an fairsing agus do mío-éirg agus do éirg-
bair féin do bóir! Mairéad, fairsing, tá fairsing
oir gur amair atá.

Conn.

(Cuiréar ar.)

FREEMASONRY.

IT is often said that Freemasonry is merely a social
organization which aims at cultivating good fellow-
ship among the brethren of the craft, and goodwill to-
wards all men. Its supporters allege that Masonry is
chiefly occupied with philanthropic works, and that this
powerful secret society has little or nothing to do with
politics or religion. Recent events in France have lifted
a portion of the veil which covered the proceeding of the
Masonic Order in that country, and we can learn much
from a study of these events.

In 1870, France was crushed to the ground by Ger-
many, and since that date the French have been anxious
to establish an army which would secure them against
future invasion. On a peace footing the army of France
numbers 573,000, and of these over 20,000 are officers.

It is evident that the efficiency of the army is a matter
of the greatest importance to the country, and that the
efficiency depends largely on the officers. Of the officers
many are practical Catholics; many are only Catholics in
name; many are freethinkers, infidels, atheists, etc., etc.
Hitherto it was the aim of the various governments of
France to keep religious questions out of the army. Of-
ficers and men were taught to do their duty to their com-
mon country for love of that country; and, in return, the
country was expected to see that justice would be done
to its defenders irrespective of politics or of creed.

But the Freemasons have changed all this. The late
official head of the French Army, General André, soon
became a mere tool in their hands. The promotion of
officers rests with the War Office, of which General André
was the head, and the Freemasons determined that
Catholic officers should be shut out from promotion.
Accordingly the Freemasons called for private returns
from brother Masons, who acted as spies and informers,
as to the "character" of officers who, by length of service
would soon be eligible for promotion. Returns soon
poured in to the "Grand Orient Lodge" from a legion of
informers. An officer who was a practical Catholic, or
whose wife was a good Catholic, or whose son went to a
Catholic school, or whose daughter went to a Convent,
was denounced by Freemasons for these offences. All
these denunciations were ultimately sent on by the Free-
masons to the War Office, where they were duly noted.
Any officer denounced by the Freemasons got no pro-
motion. On the other hand, a "good word" from the
"Grand Orient" to the War Office was almost certain to
secure promotion for a brother Mason. Of "bad" re-
ports and of "good" reports the Freemasons sent in all
about twelve thousand to the War Office.

When first charged with this gross mal-administration,
General André denied all knowledge of these trans-
actions. But the French newspapers, the *Matin* and
the *Figaro*, published fac-similes of letters and official
documents which left no room for doubt that General
André and the War Office were working "hand in glove"
with the Freemasons. The evidence became so over-
whelming that, with much reluctance, General André
ultimately resigned.

I give a few from the thousands of reports obtained by
the "Grand Orient" Lodge from its informers and then
sent on to the War Office. I need scarcely say that,
when an officer is described in these secret reports by the
Masons as "clerical" or "ultra-clerical," the informer
probably formed this opinion from the fact that the
officer in question was a practical Catholic. The infor-
mation supplied in this way to the War Office was kept
secret, and an officer who was "passed over" when his
time for promotion came, had no opportunity of knowing
the cause.

"Captain Virot, 152nd Regiment, is a Nationalist,
and Ultra-Clerical. Belongs to all the Catholic
religious works. His wife collects for St. Joseph's
School."

In the eyes of the Masons, and therefore in the eyes
of the War Office, Captain Virot was "a bad boy."
Nothing is said as to the manner in which he discharged
his duties as an officer. "His wife collects for St.
Joseph's School"! Captain Virot got no promotion.

"General de Luciniere has a son in a religious institution at Rheims. His daughter will soon go into a convent."

This was sufficient. Nothing was said as to General de Luciniere's ability to repel the Germans should they again invade France. The War Office promptly placed a bad mark against General de Luciniere's name, and he was shut out from promotion.

"Major Remy (Artillery) has two daughters in convents. His wife assists the Parish Priest (*curé*) in all parochial works."

Major Remy was struck out from promotion.

"Colonel Blanche, 10th Regiment, has a son at the Catholic school." (School of the Rue des Postes).

This was all; but it was sufficient to debar Colonel Blanche from promotion. It was, in fact, more than sufficient, for when the War Office got this brief report from the Freemason informers, the official at the War Office who had charge of the promotion department noted the officer as "very bad."

"Colonel Pinte has a son at the Catholic school."

No promotion for Colonel Pinte.

The 12,000 reports sent in by the Freemasons were duly tabulated at the War Office. They were then divided into two groups. One of these groups was known in War Office slang as the "Carthage" group. To be placed in the "Carthage" group meant to lose all chance of promotion. The other was known as the "Corinth" group; it consisted of "good boys"—"good boys" in the Masonic sense. The promotion of officers in this group was rapid.

Unfortunately we, in Ireland, know too well that in our own country religious considerations have more to do with a man's promotion in government employments, in railways, in banks, etc., than has mere efficiency, so that we can scarcely feel extreme astonishment when we find that the French War Office has acted in a similar manner, and has steadily refused to promote any officer denounced by the Freemasons as a Catholic. The system which has just been exposed in France has been in silent operation for scores of years in Ireland. Ireland, however, is such a small country that elaborate "Reports" are not necessary, and heads of departments and heads of companies are able to say, without running the risk of such an exposure as led to General André's resignation, that "in making promotions they never ask a man's religion." Of course they do not; for either they know it well before the time for promotion comes, or they have plenty "informers" willing and able to keep them well posted.

It is "passing strange" that the important matters to which I just briefly referred attracted little or no attention on the part of our Irish Press. That the English Press should pass over the exposure of the French Freemasons is only what we should expect. Our own daily papers gave brief telegrams supplied by Reuter or the Press Association, but no more. And yet full details could easily be obtained from the *Matin*, the *Figaro*, and other French Papers. "S."

A FRENCH BOOK ABOUT IRELAND.

"Sous la Couronne d'Angleterre," par M. Firmin Roz.

THE greater half, or part, of the book that M. Firmin Roz has written deals with what he terms "L'Irlande et son destin," the lesser gives his impressions of Scotland and Wales, according to its title. I have only cut the leaves of the former part, for I am not interested in the latter. From the former and greater part I gather that M. Firmin Roz spent thirty days in Ireland, wandering in all directions, with long railway journeys and carriage drives, and steamboat excursions; and so we find him writing about Ireland in terms of "immortal soul" and "sadness," grayness and melancholy, mystery and solitude, "lilac crepuscules," and those sort of things that have found their literary place in this country for some years past. Ireland's soul lives and triumphs despite the

political death of her body, and so immortal is a word that M. Roz conjures with pretty freely.

He describes scenery and gives us his impressions, which, I think, we have had given us before, sometimes in identical terms. What is old in France may be new in Ireland; what is old in Ireland may again become new in the France of M. Firmin Roz. Yet, though it is true that certain Anglo-Irish writers (in addition to the guide book) may have supplied him with much ground work for his decorative talent, it is just to add that our author seems to have made good use of his eyes in his thirty days. How many ruined castles, abbeys, round towers and churches he has seen I have not troubled to tabulate.

He also ascends mountains, and rambles along sea cliffs:—"malgré la description de mon Guide, toute préparée pour une tempête, je n'ai pas regretté l'assaut des vagues, leur écume, ni leur colère." He is naturally indignant at the sixpence gate money at the Giant's Causeway; but a little further on we find him poetical again with clouds and shadows and phantoms.

When we come to the towns we find that M. Roz can say amusing things "Les corner boys ne font pas de mal; ils ne font rien," but he falls into some blunders, going about "le Guide en mains." He confuses, it seems to me, the Metropolitan Police of Dublin with the R.I.C.; O'Connell St. is Sackville St. still to our writer on Ireland's destiny; but he is greatly impressed by the nightly promenade along its footways. The people in the county towns seem to please him vastly, despite their indolence; they love to live and let live; and the number of trinkets that the young women wear, and their finery, is a point he enlarges on:—"Jamais rien de pratique et de solide. Le costume tailleur, très à la mode en Angleterre, m'y paraît inconnu. Je n'ai pas souvenir d'avoir vu voyager une jeune fille irlandaise autrement qu'avec un corsage de soie éclatant ou pâle, de petits souliers découverts, le cou nu et un large chapeau dont elle retient le bord, par les coups de vent, de sa main gantée d'une mitaine. Elle passe ainsi dans les averses, le long des rue boueuses, monte dans les tramways où les parapluies ruissellent, s'assied sur les banquettes des gares, toujours fraîche, toujours mouillée et toujours souriante." He compares a Catholic with a Protestant congregation-devotion versus respectability—and after many pages of observation, and an interview with Lord Castle-town, and a visit to a country Feis, we come to a chapter on "Les Ruines." This generally seems to be a literary garnishing of handbook details, and the upshot of it all may be given in the words with which our author concludes this part:—"L'Irlande est plutôt comme un cimetière, dont l'herbe est jonchée de ruines pareilles à des tombeaux."

Chapter V. deals with "Le drame du passé," of the Island of Saints and Scholars, which is a survey of Irish history based on writers such as "un historien populaire, A. M. Sullivan," and, as a short survey and a summary, is fair enough. He has one fine phrase, which I fear is not original; he refers to Parnell as "un Warwick parlementaire;" and something which raises a smile is the following passage about Home Rule:—"Les successeurs de Parnell, John Redmond, William O'Brien, T. W. Russell, sont restés fidèles à cet espoir et tout le programme du nationalisme est de le réaliser."

But the last chapter—"Le réveil de la vie nationale"—is the one that interested me most. Ever since I heard of a French enquirer, hunting up modern facts in Ireland for a Gallic audience, interviewing a Dublin editor, and asking him—"Who is thees Mr. Bung?" I have longed to read a book by a Frenchman on modern Ireland. As it would take at least three years to explain thoroughly all that Mr. Bung stands for in this country, our author, who had but thirty days at his disposal (if he ever asked anybody such a question) no doubt was poorly equipped for criticism of results when their source was insufficiently analysed. M. Firmin Roz really seems never to have heard of Mr. Bung's Empire; and the "magic button" is a symbol that he avoids. Yet he has plainly studied modern magazines and journals in Ireland. He is impressed by the vigorous signs of returning life, and with all his dreams and crepuscularity he notes solid manifestations; in schools, banks, street names, shop windows, wall posters, local Feisanna and "le grand Oireachtas de mai, à Dublin." Of churches he says:—

"Les églises jaillissent du sol, éclatantes et parées." Now "jaillissent," of our special brand of "Gothic" churches, is good—jaillissent "*is good*," as Polonius would have said. "Les Lecons" rédigées naguère par l'abbé O'Growney, se vendent par milliers d'exemplaires à un penny le fascicule," is hardly correct, but then he grows very enthusiastic about the language generally, so we must not weigh his words in a very exact balance. He says that the "grand festival annuel de Dublin, l'*Oireachtas*, qui est, comme l'*Eisteddfod* galloise ou le *Mod* écossais, la fête nationale du pays, réunissant des délégués de toutes les provinces et des représentants de tous les arts. Les excursions aux lieux historiques, les conférences, les concerts, les *Feis* ou concours locaux de chant, de musique et de danse, ont bien vite conquis la faveur de cette race, idéaliste, éprise de plaisir et fière de son passé." Well, we wish it were all so fine as it reads, here, and in other places. But he finds, above all, in literature, the greatest profit of the revival. "Le vieux fonds celtique enrichit une littérature—anglaise de forme, mais toute pénétrée des mythes irlandais—de l'inspiration idéaliste et du sentiment de la nature propres à ce pays." Here is a list of writers that he gives, whose works seem to have been the basis of his conclusions:—"George Sigerson, Standish O'Grady, T. W. Rolleston, Larminie, miss Nora Hopper, Jane Barlow, A. P. Graves, Katherine Tynan-Hinckson, Edward Martyn, et George Moore, au-dessus desquels il faut placer ceux de W. B. Yeats, grande poète irlandais en langue anglaise, et de M. Douglas Hyde, qui excelle à traduire les vieilles poésies celtiques avec leur couleur et leur rythme." For the latter he has, indeed, some further praise, and refers to his "petite comédie," "*Casadh an-t sugain*," which excited so much enthusiasm in 1901; and such native literature "toute irlandaise de fond et de forme," he notes that there are already some representative writers whom he does not specify, by the way.

He also says something rather surprising about the demand for a Catholic University, absolutely National.

He says that this demand is supported in the British House of Commons by Liberals like "M. John Morley et par le représentant même de Trinity College, l'illustre historien W. H. Lecky." I turned to the title page of M. Firmin Roz's book to make sure of the date, and I found it 1905.

He is impressed by "une sorte de grand Conseil de l'agriculture et de l'industrie"—"the Department of Agriculture and Technical Industry," not *Instruction*, please. If our author had been less of a writer about dreams and ideals, and had been more conscious of the difference between expert "instruction" and "industry," he could not have made that slip. Also by the "Irish Agricultural Organisation Society." He also refers, at some length, to the enterprises of Lord Castletown, "le petit-fils des rois d'Ossory," to which nobleman he had, on a previous page, "l'honneur d'être l'hôte." Naturally we find, after a course of that kind, he makes no mention of the little LEADER, nor of the remarkable results which its four years' battle for native manufactures has brought about. We can imagine that he never heard its title mentioned in the haunts he has referred to, but then, does he not refer to shop windows? And to, "les enseignes des magasins, les colonnes des journaux, les livres innombrables qui se pressent aux vitrines?"

In his study of the past and present, which really needed no journey to Ireland at all, for what he has to say, our Frenchman has tried to be "sans parti pris," as he says; he has tried to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. That is, his "impressions" seem to be not direct, but second-hand; seem received through the affectedly duplex vision of those who so commonly pose in Ireland "sans parti pris"—running or hunting as the whim dictates. In his running and hunting he has not caught much of value, yet will he not escape the self-immolating fate of a nondescript. M. Firmin Roz concludes by saying—"Si l'Irlande leur eût moins énergiquement, moins violemment résisté, l'Angleterre

l'aurait sans doute anéantie. Mais dans leurs terribles conflits les grandes forces éprouvent leur valeur; et le seul optimisme permis à l'histoire est l'espoir qu'à la fin le dernier de la vie reste à ce qui a mérité de vivre. Les désastres de la lutte n'auraient-ils pu être évités? Il ne le semble guère, si telle est bien la loi de l'humanité de n'enfanter un peu de sagesse et de justice que dans la douleur." Well, heave ahead "l'île Dolente!" Joy, not sadness, is the guerdon for him who wins the fight when he knows he is right.

ROBERT ELLIOTT.

THE DEFEAT OF ALDERMAN SLUMBOOZE.

A noble task the pint and pot to use,
And teach the young idea how to booze.

BUNGSTOWN is the happy hunting ground of green patriotism, anti-flunkeyism, and the imperishable traditions of Irish bogus nationality. The municipality of Bungstown consists of about ten Wards, the chief of which are the Poverty Ward, the Pawnshop Ward, the Jail Ward, and the Poorhouse Ward. In the old green days the municipal elections of Bungstown used to be very tame affairs, a Bung followed a Bung as if by right of hereditary succession, and such a thing as a contested election was unknown. Some years ago, however, owing partly to the nefarious machinations of ratters, traitors, and temperance cranks, the inalienable right of the Bungs to be monarchs of all they surveyed and served within the municipality were rebelliously challenged, and since then some very exciting contests have taken place in Bungstown. The Bungs have held their ground well, but last year a heavy blow was given to hereditary succession in the defeat of Alderman Slumbooze, one of the most influential big pots of the whole tribe. Alderman Slumbooze had a life-long connection with Bungstown, and owned property in nearly all the wards. He had represented the Poorhouse Ward for many years when he was opposed and beaten there last year by a mere public nonentity named Mr. Sober. Slumbooze's election address was brimful of imperishable traditions of Irish bogus nationality, and literally blossomed over with first flowers of the earth, and first gems of the sea, while the light of Freedom dawned on it like theatrical lime-light around the ghost of Hamlet. Besides the address many verses and rhymes appeared upon the dead walls, and such prosperous looking places through the ward, calling upon the electors to plump solid for Slumbooze. One dead wall bore the following couplet in gigantic letters:—

All men who love the pint and bowl,
Should Slumbooze raise to top the poll.

On another dead wall were the following lines:—

THE MAN FOR THE POORHOUSE.

All workmen of the Poorhouse Ward
Who love old Ireland like a lord,
And would her aspirations see
Fulfilled in peace and liberty,
Should hearken to the nation's call,
And plump for Slumbooze one and all.

In addition to these was an electioneering song called

SLUMBOOZE ABU.

Proudly the banner of Ireland is waving;
Onward to victory glorious we go.
Saxon oppressors we're valiantly braving,
Erin at last will her foes overthrow.
Onward each working man,
Lovers of pot and can.
Stick to your country like patriots true.
Onward with heart and soul,
Forward to booth and poll;
Strike for old Erin with Slumbooze abu.

GENUINE "TRINIDAD COCOA SHELLS" "EX-CELSIOR" BRAND; the best procurable; buy no other.

BEAUTIFUL IRISH MADE RUGS. Unique Patterns. Light, soft and warm. Large Stock selected from five manufacturers. If you cannot call send 12s. 6d., 15s. 6d., 20s. or 25s. and we shall forward a beautiful Irish-made rug.—O'Gorman, King Street Cork.

Think on the wrongs o'er our land darkly pressing,
 Think on coercion nefarious and foul,
 Over-taxation so harsh and distressing,
 And all the peelers who round us do prowl.
 Onward each son of toil,
 Strike for your verdant soil,
 Make our oppressors their tyranny rue.
 Forward and give your vote,
 Freedom and peace promote,
 On for old Ireland with Slumbooze abu.

[ing.
 Heed not those cranks with their abstinence preach-
 Telling of blessings which drinkers all lose.
 They are but faddists eternally screeching,
 Ireland is lost through the bane of the booze.
 Onward each boozier tight,
 On for old Erin's right;
 Mind not the warnings of temperance crew.
 Drink is a curse forsooth,
 Fly to the pooling booth.
 Strike at the Saxon with Slumbooze abu.

Now when the dawn of our Freedom is shining
 Glorious and bright o'er the hills of our isle,
 Let no dissension and strife undermining
 Darken again the fair light of her smile.
 Onward each patriot,
 Brighten our cruel lot,
 Peace and prosperity with us renew.
 Rise and your fetters break,
 Down with your votes, and make
 Ireland a nation with Slumbooze abu.

Despite, however, of the flowery address, and the electioneering verses, Mr. Sober proved one too many for Alderman Slumbooze. Mr. Sober's address to the burgesses of the Poorhouse Ward struck that cloudy-minded electorate as a piece of reading altogether off the common, or rhetorical pattern. Stupified and hypnotised as they were with drink and poverty, it caused them to open their eyes and look upon Slumbooze and his colleagues in a new light, and then they began in a half-dazed sort of way to understand why the ilght of freedom so long glimmering half-heartedly was showing up no brighter, and why Bungstown after all was not the miniature metropolis of the universe. In the course of his address Mr. Sober said—"I seek your suffrages because I have an honest desire to serve you. My titles to your votes and favour are mostly of a negative kind, and are as follows:—I have never, to my knowledge, been the cause of any poverty and misery in your Ward. I have never directly or indirectly been the cause of a man beating his wife, starving his children, and shoving them on the ratepayers for support. I contribute freely to all charities and unostentatiously relieve distress without being directly or indirectly the cause of such distress. I am a resident in the Ward, and also a Poor Law Guardian. I know the Poorhouse Ward wisely and too well."

The defeat of Slumbooze was a terrible shock to the economic sense of the municipal representatives of Bungstown. The City Fathers are beginning to feel that the municipal monopoly of Bungstown is slipping from their grasp, and the date is not very far distant when not one of them will be found on the premises of the Town Hall. The candidature of Mr. Sober was supported in the following strains:—

Who fears to speak of Mr. Bung
 And all his bogus fame,
 Who scatters want the poor among
 With neither fear nor shame.
 He's all a knave to so behave,
 And leave his tricks unsung.
 But true men like you men
 Will deal with Mr. Bung.

This patriotic mountebank,
 Who weak ones makes his prey
 And like a mouldy fungus rank
 Grows fat upon decay,
 Is full of lust for public trust
 And civic honours high.
 But true men like you men
 Will such to him deny.

This clod-polled vendor of the drink
 Which dirt and vices breed,
 With cheek amazing seems to think
 He should the people lead.
 The time is come when we should drum
 Such knaves from public grace,
 And true men like you men,
 Must keep them in their place.

If Bung's desirous to be sent
 Into our City Hall,
 The people he should represent
 Are sots and beggars all.
 The jail, the slum, and poorhouse grum
 Such leader may select;
 But true men like you men
 Should decent ones elect.

Then in the name of all that's dear,
 Leave Bung beside his pots
 To stagger gluttons with the beer,
 And make them reeling sots.
 A land unwise where such can rise
 To poverty will float.
 So true men be you men
 And give a sober vote.

A.M.W.

THE NATURE OF ART CRITICISM.

MUCH better would it be if, for title, I had put The Nature of Art Criticism in Ireland, adding at the same time that it was the Ireland of to-day with its educational vacuity, its thought-poverty, that we were concerned with. A title this length, saying all these things, would, however, dwarf to nothingness the column or two designed to stand under it: that these things are all the same meant to be said will be understood from this preamble.

Anyone writing to-day about art here in Ireland is writing on a subject strange to his readers if, indeed, strange be a word half strong enough. He is writing on a subject the very rudiments of which have not yet been glanced at by the people, let alone learned, mastered. His task then I would take to be, first, to invite an audience like an old-fashioned town crier with a bellowing O yes! O yes! settling himself afterwards to a simple chat with them (remembering their child-like ignorance) about—paint. Heavens! no! but about Art (capital and all; though the old joke be threadbare somewhat). He may tell them little stories as a beginning, how the people, the *people*, of Athens divided themselves into factions over the merits of some sculptures, how Giotto drew his circle "done at a stroke" for Benedict the Pope, how Cellini crucified his model, and others such as these stories that will not depart our memories let us grow learned as we may, reading ourselves to blindness, thinking to distraction. Browning, simple man, how he loved them! Yes, learned critic, drop your pedestal and do Vasari with the mob: the simple folk may continue with you if you can manage to keep the eloquence at the fever point even while you talk of scumbling and glazing.

All this, of course, a little, perhaps too much on the side of exaggeration, but really something like this is my conception of what needs to be done as a beginning before the people of Ireland stir one leg beyond the other towards a picture gallery. 'Tis only what every teacher does with his pupils beginning a new subject. The missionary speaks of heaven and sweet lives, then sets his

hearers to con the commandments. And it needed eloquence as well as favourable winds to take Columbus across the sea; without the eloquence he had never got his mutinous crew to keep on sailing west and west, day after day. Not any different will it be to the end of the chapter.

This eloquent style of criticism has had its day—yes, perhaps, but the fiery words have not been said to the Irish people. Anyone who is able to say such words, I think he may say them any time henceforth, telling the country how it has been the religious spirit in a people more than any other way of feeling that has always longed and sighed to fashion forth its desires, adding, if it be true, as most likely it is, that the expressing of the spirit helped the spirit in its flights. Music-making did not prevent Palestrina dying in the arms of Philip Neri, rather, perhaps, brought the fitting consummation about.

And again and again must the eloquence be set going even over slight things, things rich only in promises. It is in our time and in this our land the duty of the critic to be an adept at clapping on the back rather than at sneering. But always, of course, let trafficking and mere gush be condemned. This indiscriminate praise of newspapers—whosoever shall reckon its manifold evils let him take this into account; the way in which it sends the pendulum to the other extreme. I fancy I detect a tendency on the part of our true critics, art, literary, musical, to give their praise with, well, anything but a lavish hand. Methinks they are afraid to lose caste among the infallibles. Pitiably I think the condition of the man afraid to say the good word, though the probability is that if challenged on the matter one would have to search far and wide indeed to discover anything of the nature of art, new made in Ireland, deserving whole-hearted and spontaneous praising. Yet, remembering the “most distressful country” from which no one just now expects anything, not even a critic, to emerge flawless or even nearly flawless, remembering the simple serious way anyone with the art-spirit in him takes adverse criticism, remembering, too, the promises that may be in a thing “all awry,” and finally having a care for your own salvation say the “good word.”

Make the people wonder at that strange thing, Art, for a beginning, and what then has your criticising ability left it? Plenty surely, but not all in the way of fault-finding. I do not care to think that it is proper when speaking of masterpieces to say that they are beyond criticism, for saying this seems to argue that the critic thinks his trade to be that of a fault-finder. It is not true that a worthless picture is never criticised; does it follow from this that a masterpiece is most of all deserving of the greatest amount of criticism as in the way of fact masterpieces receive. I think it does follow. In the beginning the word critic may have meant judge, but all the centuries have enlarged the meaning of the word if they have not changed our ideas as to what may be the duties of a judge. To me the critic is a sort of chorus saying certain things that the poet had not time or opportunity to say in such a way that even my ignorance could not ward off his meaning. For my behoof the critic explains all round; instead of enveiling he unveils—not the picture, but my eyes. His teaching enabled me to see as I were double-eyed.

In poetry especially I find this to be the case. Ignorance is a mist that magnifies; an allusion in a poem not understood assumes an abnormal size and dims the lustre of the picture; let the critic settle that allusion and at once it does its work to a nicety; the whole radiance is crystal-clear. In this case the critic plays the oculist; and similar is his part before a gallery of pictures only that oftentimes the part must be donned with even greater literality. For my own part I have often stood before a picture and wished for someone to be by that I could question as to this and that. And

even if it happened that in satisfying my desires, my wiser critic friend fell to turning some sounding phrases (he having had some practice at speaking words) what's the great harm done so long, indeed, as he does not put a “mist of words” between the picture and my eyes. On second thought it almost seem absurd to deny that one could not put aside any mist of words ever wreathed. Of course, if the words are beautiful in themselves—and many lovely paragraphs have been built up in such circumstances—why, two master-pieces are better than one, if, indeed, a third, “not wholly in this world nor quite beyond it,” does not come forth from the marriage of the two.

But what if my critic-friend would insist talking to my wondering mind about paint and its craft, putting by my “literary” questions. I am afraid he would say heaps of learned things that I would afterwards know as much about as one born deaf. I am sure 'tis so. If one, walking in the fields beyond the city has his ears filled with the booming of some solemn bell, whose tone is not familiar to him, he will not allow his friends dilate on bell-hanging or metal-mixtures until his queries are satisfied as to what bell it may be and why it tolls just now. Afterwards the talk may veer round, 'tis but natural that it should, to metal-mixing and the ways of bell-hangers. It should be remembered that your critic knows all these “literary” things about art and artists himself; yes, he, too, was simple-minded once and revelled in them.

Criticism is a compound of many arts and crafts, and one of them assuredly is explanatory story-telling; and only by “pandering,” if you will, to the “damned literary warp” that runs through human nature will criticism ever get as far as “paint;” by such means only will it ever bring the painter and reader together as Mr. Elliott happily puts it. Pity the means are so human-low and pleasant-faced!

One critic will be a good hand at story-telling, and another at painting-craft; but if there be a third to whom doing both come easy—why, the greatest, he!

Well, then, will criticism do no fault-finding. Why, any amount! Catch the critic to breathe long in a joyless atmosphere! Won't there be always false standards and lying ignorant newspapers; false prophets and lying critics? Yes, I fancy, most of the fault finding, the regular royal battles, will take place between the critic and his brother-critic rather than between the critic and the artist or the artist's work; battles royal, for, of course, the slinging will be as fraught with laughter as the bandying of hard-seasoned, villainous, old lawyers.

To finish: have I here written an apology for eloquent literary criticism? Well, not so much that as a protest against a rather narrow interpretation being put on the words *art-criticism*—far too narrow for our time and our land, perhaps too narrow for any time or any land.

DANIEL CORKERY.

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THE LONDON AONACH.

IRISH EXHIBITION IN THE ENGLISH CAPITAL.

TO-DAY (Saturday) and on Monday next, the 19th inst., the second Aonach of the London Gaelic League will be held, from 2.30 p.m. to 10.30 p.m., in St. Andrew's Hall, Newman Street, Oxford Street. The Aonach is much wider in its scope this year than was the case before; it will be at once more picturesque and more useful, and admission is quite free. There is really no reason why Irish folk in London should not rise to the occasion. Many Irish people in London still seem to require convincing that Irish produce and Irish workmanship of an excellent order can be had at moderate and reasonable rates. If they take the trouble to go along to the Aonach all their doubts on that score will be removed. Many of the articles are astonishingly cheap, considering their style and excellence.

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Same Diary interleaved with blotting, 10s. 6d.; per post, 11s. 3d.
THE OFFICE DIARY; folio (13 x 8); extra superfine ledger paper (made in Ireland); three days on a page; cloth bound; four rulings, 2s. 6d.; per post, 2s. 10d.
Same Diary interleaved, with blotting paper, 3s.; per post, 3s. 5d.
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The number of Dark Brothers must have greatly decreased. The conductors of the Aonach have found a number of manufacturers who are quite bright and alert. Some of them have gone to great pains to ensure that their exhibits will do them justice in every way; they are sending over special representatives, several of them Irish speakers, who will help the League's own ready host of volunteers to make things thoroughly business-like, and at the same time social and interesting. The Dripsey Woollen Co., Messrs. McMenamin and Malone, and several others, are to the fore in this regard.

It is quite impossible here to give a representative list of goods or the firms in the exhibition. Let us take a few points by way of illustration. In hose and half hose Ballyvourney, Monaghan, Cahirciveen, Ranelagh, Roscommon, Ballybunion, and Eskbank, Co. Donegal, are represented. There are blankets, shawls, handkerchiefs, and so on from some of these and also from Boyle, Beaufort, Dublin, etc. The homespun, tweeds, serges, flannels, etc., are a great display, Beaufort, Skibbereen, Athlone, Boyle, Avoca, Cahirciveen, Glenworth, and Dublin being represented. Orders will be booked and goods sent direct from mills to customers, carriage paid. There are rugs and carpets from Duleek, Glenbeigh, Beaufort, Dundrum, Boyle, and Athlone. There are—but a complete list would run to columns.

It need scarcely be said that attractions in the way of Christmas shopping will be special and extensive. There are toys and treats *go leor* for children, beginning with a large consignment of Irish-made dolls. Children of larger growth can enjoy the lively "An Stad" manuscript volumes which Cathal MacGarbhaigh has sent over for the tobacco stall.

Furthermore, the Aonach will have a musical and a social side. As several things are available at prices from 1d. to 6d. few people can be so poor in pocket as not to buy something. But nobody can be so poor and low of heart as not to be capable of enjoying the zest and glee.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

BELFAST GAELIC LEAGUE AND THE U.I.L.

DEAR SIR—I know you take an interest in funny resolutions. Here is resolution No. 8, passed by acclamation at the recent Belfast meeting, at which Messrs. John Redmond and John Dillon were the principal speakers:

"8. That in hailing with satisfaction the growth of the Gaelic Language Movement as unmistakable evidence of the distinctive character and enduring National vitality of our people, and in viewing the praiseworthy efforts aiming at the fostering and creation of Irish industries, we, at the same time strongly urge the necessity of harmonious co-operation on the part of the industrial units of Nationalism on the lines of the National Organisation, as we are convinced that only through the agency of the unity of the United Irish League battling for our National existence can the attainment of the material as well as the ideal aspirations of our race and intellectual culture and industrial progress become successful under the beneficent influence of liberty (cheers).

"Mr. John Rooney, Vice-President Belfast Divisional Executive, proposed the adoption of the resolutions.

"Mr. Thomas McGuigan, V.P., ditto, seconded the resolutions, which were passed amid acclamation."—*Freeman*, 1. 12. '04.

I confess that in all my efforts to discover the real meaning of this string of words I have failed miserably. Its full meaning is known, I have no doubt, to the proposer and seconder of the resolutions, viz., J. Rooney and T. McGuigan, both V.P.'s Belfast Divisional Executive of the U. I. League (and both Bungs). But can

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WORKS

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anyone else who was present at the "immense gathering" where the resolution was passed by acclamation give its real meaning in less ambiguous language. I think it probable, however, that the resolution was drawn up with due regard to the mental calibre of the

North Dublin Union.

TO TEA, WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS.

The Board of Guardians of this Union invite Tenders from competent parties for the undermentioned supplies, to be delivered at the Workhouse here, as may be ordered, free of carriage, viz.:—

200 Chests of Broken Assam Tea in Bond at 9d. per lb., exclusive of duty, and in lots of not less than 18 chests each, or 25 half chests (the smallest to be accepted), the numbers in each lot to run consecutively, the Contractor to advance the duty and deliver the tea at the Workhouse as may be required. One sample only of not less than 1lb. (in tin box) to accompany the Tender with each lot, and which will be tested by Expert. The accepted tea to be bonded to the credit of the Guardians, who will not hold themselves responsible for housing, weighing, piling, examining, cording, repairing chests, and transferring the tea. The Contractor to allow the usual tare as allowed to retail merchants.

Also 6 Hogsheads of Dublin manufactured Potstill Whiskey in Bond, to be in Dublin casks, and the age to be 4 years. The name of the maker and month of storage and where stored to be given. The Contractor to advance the duty and make the deliveries as may be ordered, and to rack it at his own expense. A sample to be taken from one of the hogsheads (which are to run in consecutive numbers) to accompany each Tender. The whiskey to be paid for when transferred to the credit and name of the Guardians. Six Quarter Casks of Port Wine in Bond are also required, the standard price to be £8 per 28 gallons, to be bottled in bond and packed in wooden cases (which are supplied by the Union), each case to hold 2 or 3 dozen, and to be forwarded to the Workhouse here as the Guardians may direct. Sample of not less than 1 pint from the wood only, with marks and numbers thereon, which must run consecutively, to be sent in with each Tender.

Sealed Tenders, forms of which can be had at the Master's Department, must be placed in the "Tender Box" here before 12 o'clock (noon) on WEDNESDAY, the 28th DECEMBER, 1904, on which day the board will proceed to consider same. The lowest or any Tender not necessarily accepted. Security will be required in every case for the due performance of the Contract, and no order will be issued until Bond is perfected.

The Guardians do not hold themselves responsible for empties, and Contractors are requested to note that accounts can be paid only monthly, and upon the prescribed forms.

By Order,

JOHN O'NEILL,

Clerk of the Union.

Boardroom, North Brunswick Street,
Dublin, 7th December, 1904.

Appeal—Christmas.

"GO, AND SIN NO MORE."

Where shall the poor sinner go? Her angry father spurns her from his threshold, her heart-broken mother dies of grief, her honest brothers scorn to acknowledge her for their sister.

Where, then, shall the poor sinner go? She raises her streaming eyes to Heaven and prays for guidance, and He who says, "Call upon me in the day of trouble and I will hear thee," directs her by His paternal providence to ST. PATRICK'S, CROFTON ROAD, KINGSTOWN.

Footsore and weary she reaches the Refuge, where the past is forgotten and forgiven, and a regular holy life draws a curtain over the multitude of sins.

Daily Mass, frequent reception of the life-giving Sacraments, devotion to the Immaculate Mother of God, Annual retreat, moderate manual work—all combine to enable the penitent to expiate her former guilt, and to win a place beside St. Mary Magdalen in Heaven.

Benevolent hearts each returning December, anxious to honour the birth of our Infant Saviour, your are earnestly requested to number ST. PATRICK'S REFUGE among your Christmas Charities this year. Should you liberally contribute to lighten the heavy debt on the extensive building you will also be helping the Sisters of Mercy to maintain many a poor penitent Magdalen, whose grateful prayers for you will touch the Sacred Heart of the Omnipotent Babe of Bethlehem. Remember the Almighty's promise of long ago to those who comfort the afflicted, "I will give them rest continually, and will fill their souls with brightness."

Generous benefactors will realise the fulfilment of that promise, as they share largely in the Spiritual and Corporal Works of Mercy hourly exercised towards the sorrow-stricken inmates of St. Patrick's Refuge.

Prayers are daily offered for the spiritual and temporal welfare of living benefactors and for the repose of the souls of deceased benefactors.

Being seven miles from Dublin is a great loss on the one hand, in a pecuniary way, to this Magdalen Asylum, but, on the other, it is a great gain to the poor penitents, who fly from the city and seek refuge in St. Patrick's to lead in it a life of compunction and self-restraint.

Donations will be gratefully received by His Grace, the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin; Very Rev. Wm. Canon Murphy, F.P., Kingstown; at the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Baggot Street, Dublin; and at St. Patrick's Refuge, Crofton Road, Kingstown, Ireland.

"immense gathering" at which, according to the list of prominent personages given in the *Freeman*, not a single Belfast clergyman was present.

Now it is notorious that the attitude of the U. I. L. leaders in Belfast towards the Gaelic League is one of unrelenting and unreasoning hostility. These same people run what they call "The Belfast National Literary Society," where they lecture the Gaelic League, but teach not a word of the National Language. They are locally known as the Grand Nationals. The lecture entitled "Two National Dangers," delivered before this national society, last February, will be fresh in the memory of many of your readers. In that lecture the Gaelic League was denounced as the greater of the two dangers. I forget what the other danger was.

I have a strong suspicion that the above resolution is nothing more nor less than an effort to bring the Gaelic League under the dominion of the Grand Nationals, and I can't see how Mr. Redmond, one of the principal speakers at the meeting, and President of the U. I. L., can rid himself of responsibility for it. Does his attitude towards the Gaelic League vary with his surrounding? Does he sanction the proceedings of his lieutenants in Belfast, or does he not?—Yours, "N."

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Our Lady's Hospice for the Dying,
HAROLD'S CROSS.

Christmas, 1904.

The Hospice, which has for quarter of a century been open to receive a class of human sufferers who always command the sympathy of their fellow-men, namely, the dying, comes now again before the charitable claiming a share in their Christmas liberalities.

The dying. These are they who now appeal for help, and the sisters of Charity, whose Mission is to tend them, unite in their petition for the support of an Institution established for their exclusive benefit.

Religious differences are no impediment to admission. The Hospice is open to all conditions and denominations, and may, therefore, solicit the kindly and liberal support of all. If "according as we mete unto others, it shall be meted unto us," how great shall be the consolations of those who help to comfort and sweeten the last hours of the dying.

CHRISTMAS.

The Sisters of Charity,
Upper Gardiner Street.

Again, at the approach of Christmas time, we venture to appeal to good and generous hearts for the poor, who are relieved at the Convent, or visited by our Sisters. We fear wearying people with frequent appeals, but what can we do? THE POOR WE HAVE ALWAYS WITH US. They are God's abiding gift to us, and must be cared. Each poor one is a poor Christ for us.

If only they, whose homes are bright and happy, knew the want and suffering there is quite near them the good things they have would not be so pleasant till they had shared them in loving kindness with the poor. Just now the shop windows are glittering with thousands of beautiful and tempting things. One is puzzled which to buy for child or friend or self. Will you make a present to the poor? Many old things you put away as useless would be such a boon in their wretched homes. Old clothes, bits of carpet, bed covering, books, etc., would be delightful presents to them. When one is really hungry, or very cold, or scantily clothed, a little food or fuel or clothing is so acceptable. Get your little child to make up a bundle. Accustom the little hand to give to God's Poor.

So many poor children come hungry to school that we now give breakfast to about 140 of them. These also have to be clothed, and numbers of very poor families are daily relieved at our Poor Kitchen. Again, seeing the shocking dangers to which young girls in this city are exposed, about a year ago we opened a Workroom in Belvidere place, where they do crochet and all kinds of plain sewing, and are so enabled to earn a little. Perhaps some may think we undertake too much. Well, if they knew the suffering that goes with poverty, and the temptations of so many kinds, as we know them, then they, too, would be very ready to risk somewhat for them, counting toil and trouble nothing, trusting to God to put it into the hearts of kind people, to whom He has given plenty, to share as largely as they can with the poor and needy.

Sisters of Charity, Dublin, 1904.

CHRISTMAS.

St. Monica's Widows' House,
35 to 38 BELVIDERE PLACE, DUBLIN.

(Under the Care of the Sisters of Charity.)

The Sisters of Charity earnestly beg some help this Christmas time for St. Monica's Widows' House. Though long established, it is but little known, and is supported with great difficulty. In the city there are so many bright and attractive calls that good and kind people seldom think of St. Monica's. The cry of the children reaches everywhere—everyone hears it and is touched—even they who do not give for the love of God—it is a pleasure to help these innocent little creatures—but here it is "only charity." St. Monica's is forgotten, like its poor inmates; and yet they once had many friends and happy homes at Christmas times; but in life's race they have fallen out, or being jostled out, no one now troubles about them. That can be hard! Memories can be very bitter! Many of those for whom help is asked were once very well to do, and through no fault of theirs have simply lost all. Many, besides, are old and ailing; God in his loving care of them has sent them to St. Monica's. Perhaps, dear readers, you may think, that somehow, to help these poor old people may be very pleasing indeed to the Father of us all, and win His special blessing on you and yours for the coming year.

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The salary attached to the position is £80 per annum.

Applications, addressed to the Secretary, should reach this Office not later than the 31st December, 1904.

(By Order),

P. E. LEMASS,

W. J. DILWORTH,

Secretaries.

Office of National Education, Dublin,
6th December, 1904.

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PIPERS' FESTIVAL, Saturday, December 17th, in Large Concert Hall, Rotunda. Admission: Shilling and Two Shillings. Lloyd (Harpist) will be there.

FLEMING COMPANIONSHIP SUPPLEMENT, New Edition, Now Ready.

JANUARY 15, last day to send names for examination to Fleming Companionship, Cork. "148"

FATHER MATHEW HALL, Church Street, Monday, 19th inst., 8 p.m. Lecture by Prof. E. Burke, B.A.—"A Christmas Story," Recitations, Limelight Views, Musical Selections. Father Aloysius will preside. 149

PORTRUSH.—Mark Street Private Hotel (No. 20) Miss Donagh, Magnificent Sea and Mountain Views; Sunny Aspect; Large Airy Rooms. Central. Convenient to Baths, Bathing Places, Golf Links Band Promenade, etc. Private Apartments, with Cooking and Attendance, can be had on moderate terms at all times of the year, except July and August

Christmas Appeal.

In the distribution of your Christmas Alms kindly remember the Suffering Children of the Poor, under the care of the Sisters of Charity, in the

CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL,

TEMPLE STREET, DUBLIN.

Seasonable Xmas Presents

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Price One Penny.

CURRENT AFFAIRS:—

Bungs and the Dead Carman	289
The Preserved Fruit Industry	289
Belgium and Ireland	290
A Templemore Testimonial	290
Wellington in the Gap at Gorey	291
Has the Unionist Convict Escaped?	292
Etc., Etc.			

ARTICLES :—

Compte rendu d' un	293
Irish Goods in London	292
Dirty Dublin Stage Again	293
The Railways and the Lash of the LEADER			294
Sir Horace Plunkett's Book	295
Entertainment in Ireland	298
The New Club Act	299
The University Question	300

NOTICE.

THE LEADER will be sent, post free, to any part of Ireland or Great Britain for three months, on receipt of Postal Orders value 1s. 8d.; six months, 3s. 3d.; one year, 6s. 8d. The rates of subscription for foreign postage are:—Three months, 2s. 2d.; six months, 4s. 4d.; twelve months, 8s. 8d.

The inland postage on *THE LEADER* is a halfpenny; to any foreign country the postage is one penny.

The Editor will endeavour to return unsuitable MSS. when a stamped, addressed cover is enclosed, but he cannot undertake to be held responsible for them.

*Business Letters should be addressed to the Manager, at the
Offices, 33 Lower Abbey Street, Dublin.*

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CURRENT AFFAIRS.

No Bung is to be hanged in consequence of the death of Pollard. We think that hanging would be too severe a penalty in the case, for the man that gets drunk shares responsibility with the unhappy wretch who plies a profitable trade in making him drunk. But why not five or six years' hard labour for Mr. Bung's part of the offence. The Bungs, who were convicted of having sold drink to drunken men in this deplorable and sickening case, were let off with light fines.

Much of the evidence at the prosecutions of the several Bungs involved in the case was a disgrace to civilisation. The man Mitchell swore that he was stupidly drunk when he left Long's bungery. Now, one of the survivors swore that he had had a glass and a half of whiskey and a bottle of stout before he went to Long's, where he had three more glasses of whiskey. After that the trio, one of them now dead, drove away, stopping for more drinks at various bungeries. When they got to the next drunkery, Kate Brady's, known as "Tunny's," Noud and the now dead man were under the influence of drink, but they were able to walk. They had more drink at Tunney's; they drank again at Hughes'. At Ashford's, or Slattery's drunkery, Noud had more drink, but he could not swear whether he went to M'Guinness's, the "bona" pub., at Booterstown. All this swilling of Bung was not enough; they had a two-pint bottle of whiskey besides on their persons.

The drunken owner, Long, was only fined £5, and the conviction was *not* marked on his license! Hughes was

fined £10, Ashford's drunkenness was fined £5, conviction not endorsed. Mrs. Cornack, Merriem, was fined £3, and Johnson, of Ballsbridge, was fined £3. We suppose many of the Bungs, if not all of them, are to be seen stepping the light fantastic at Bung's "At Home" Club "dawnce" at Rathmines Town Hall; we suppose they are all "tony," and that such as them as have children send the little male Bungs to Clongowes or to Cawstleknock, and the Misses Bung to some very "select" convent school where Irish is *not* taught.

Another Bung—a man by the name of Conroy, whose bungery is at 26 Wexford street—was fined £3 for supplying drink to a drunken man. According to the evidence a man was found in “the snug” of Conroy’s drunkenry; the man was drunk, and he had a glass containing whiskey in his hand. Most moral and charitable Mr. Bung!

At the quarterly meeting of delegates from all branches of the Gaelic League in and around Dublin held on Saturday, 17th instant, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—"That we call upon the *craobhacha* and all supporters of the language movement in and around Dublin to oppose all candidates at the coming election, who, by opening their premises or otherwise, endeavoured to obstruct the movement for the observance of the National Holiday."

We take the following advertisements from the *Irish Times*:—"Wanted, First Footman and Valet; Protestant. Apply to Sir Hugh M'Calmont, Mount Juliet, Thomastown, Co. Kilkenny. Wanted, near Belfast, Good Plain Cook-General; Protestant; must have first-class references. Apply John Wilson, 8 Royal avenue, Belfast. Wanted, Good Plain Cook; Protestant; no kitchen-maid; small dairy; state age and wages.—Mrs. F. O'Hara, Cromlyn Lodge, Hillsboro', Down. Third Housemaid wanted; strong, very clean and early riser, willing and obliging; Protestant; age 16-18; must be very quiet and steady. Write, with copies of discharges and full particulars as to age, wages, etc., Mrs. Leslie Ellis, Magherymore, Wicklow. Wanted, at end of December, Upper and Under Housemaids; Protestants. Apply, with full particulars, to Miss Rice, Derryquin, Kenmare, Kerry. Wanted immediately, respectable Girl, General; no cooking; Protestant preferred; if R.C., Mass every second Sunday; wages according to experience. Apply, with references, Littleton, Rectory, Thurles."

We would particularly commend the last of the lot to the notice of our readers. If Mr. Littleton needs must employ a base "Idolator," she shall be allowed out to Mass only once a fortnight.

Amongst the new Irish industries recently started in Ireland that the multitude can readily help on to success is that of preserved fruit, etc. The Portadown fruit and vegetable drying and bottling industry and the Boyne Valley industry, Drogheda, deserve the support of the Irish public. All Irish-grown fruits are used, and we learn that, with the exception of the foreman in each place, none but Irish people are employed in the industries. The tins used are made by local labour, and the cases and labels, in fact everything connected with the industry, is Irish. We understand that a great deal of the output of these industries is sold in England, where certainly they are not likely to be treated to preference of any sort. If they find a market in England, there is no reason why Irish people who purchase preserved fruit should not insist on being supplied with the products of the Boyne Valley industry, Drogheda, or of the Porta-

down factory. We have received samples from both factories, and we can say that those who helped us at the samples agree that the quality is excellent.

The inconstant and short-lived enthusiastic Irishman is as much a creature of fiction as the stage Irishman. The Irishman is essentially dogged, a man who does not know when he is beaten. As a collective entity we, for many reasons have not cut a very inspiring figure in modern times; but those who would get a real insight into Irish potentiality should examine the individual rather than the national entity. An individual Irishman, a schoolmaster under the "National" Education Board, recently retired on pension after more than half a century of active labour at his work. There appears to be nothing very remarkable in the statement of that bald fact. Mr. T. Buckley, of Dunmanway, was, during upwards of 48 years, principal teacher of Derinaeshara National School. During upwards of half a century as a teacher Mr. Buckley never lost a day. There is not much of the flavour of the volatile Irishman of English fiction about that statement of fact. Our enemies, and many of our anglicised selves, have yet to learn much of the realities of native Irish character, its persistency and its doggedness. Here in the County of Cork is a schoolmaster who, during upwards of half a century, was never absent a day from his work. Before the Gaelic League was thought of, he taught Irish and Irish history, and endeavoured to make genuine Irish men and Irish women of his pupils. He taught Irish in school and out of school. He and Father O'Leary learned their Irish Catechism together as school boys near Ballyvourney. In addition to conducting a National School he taught large science classes, and ran a Civil Service class as well. His pupils are amongst the clergymen, newspaper men, teachers, civil servants, and men of commerce of the day. Now that he has retired he can look back on a strenuous working career of over half a century, during which much was attempted and much was done. In any other country a man of Mr. Buckley's calibre would have had many a high position in the State within his reach; in a country such as this opportunity is dwarfed, but yet the persistence and strenuousness of the Irish character here and there works on in spite of all adverse influences. The large numbers of those efficient and successful people who owe their early education to Mr. Buckley, will wish, with us, that he may be spared for many years to enjoy his well-earned rest.

We are glad to hear that Mr. J. J. Doyle's (Dáire Ó Fearáin) newest story, *Phátaí Mhíle Tairís* has been approved by the Commissioners of the "National" Education Board. Those who have read Mr. Doyle's *Tairís Saba* will be glad to hear that the author's latest book is added to this list also.

Any of our readers who might like to possess a copy of Chief O'Neill's well-known compilation of Irish music ought not to overlook the offer which Messrs. T. Getz and Co., The Quay, Waterford, make in our present issue. The book, which is handsomely bound in green and gold, and comprises 1,850 airs, can now be had from this firm for 13s. post free. The ordinary price of the collection is 21s.

The Report by Father P. J. Dowling, C.M., on the exhibition of small manufactures at Ghent, presented to, and published by, the Technical Instruction Committee, Cork, is very instructive and interesting reading. Father Dowling remarks—"The Belgian pins his faith to machinery, and by this means alone he hopes to hold his place against the fierce competition not only on his native soil, but with outsiders." The Belgian, it will be seen, differs, happily for himself, from the modern Irishman. Some modern Irishmen believe in a Trade Union hitched on to London or Manchester, and others wish to hasten on the industrial millennium by shutting your eyes and paying more than competition value out of your 25s. or 30s. a week for articles of Irish, or supposed Irish, manufacture that you require. The question as to whether the manufacturers are producing by modern methods, whether they are being strangled by railway rates, whether they

are attending to their business in a businesslike manner, whether middlemen are putting up the price on Irish articles, whether the Irish striking man is hampering industry, whether the Irish-Manchester Trade Unionist is attempting to maintain a nation-killing position—you are to shut your eyes on these and other questions according to some of our philosophers, and out of your hard-earned pound a week you are to pay fivepence or sixpence for a class of thing you can get for fourpence elsewhere, and all because the shopman offers you Irish manufacture, or says he offers it to you. If every family with £1 a week paid so much over for Irish manufacture that their pound brought them in in commodities of Irish, or reputed Irish, manufacture, the amount that they could purchase for 15s., the wages of the pound-a-weeks would be reduced by 5s. We would, all of us, suffer from a considerable cut in our wages, but by some dreamy process not to be explained to prosaic people, we would be rapidly marching on the road to "a nation once again." As a matter of fact, tens of thousands of people refuse, or do not go to the trouble, to take an Irish article, value for value, or more so, in preference to a foreign article—but then dreamers wish other people to do the thing in a slashing, thoroughgoing style with lots of "self-sacrifice" thrown in to spice the flavour of the policy. The Belgians have a lot to learn from the green Irishman. They inhabit a country about the size of Munster, have a population of nearly 7,000,000, and a trade, between exports and imports, of nearly £200,000,000 per annum. But the Belgian, according to Father Dowling, sticks his faith in such things as machinery; in this country, where we take more kindly to "ideals" than machinery, and where some of us want Peter to make a "self-sacrifice" in order to pay Paul, we have an export and import trade, Father Dowling calculates, of about £14,500,000. This little Munster-sized Belgium, with its close on 7,000,000 people, and about £20,000,000 per annum of export and import trade, believes in fitting itself for the conditions rather than of dreaming about "self-sacrifices" that are to fit the conditions for them. Father Dowling says:—"It seems to be a fixed principle amongst the Belgians that the humble manufacturer should not let himself be squeezed out by the greater. He does not try to play upon sentiment of any kind to keep his business up; economics teach him that such a policy is doomed to failure in the end. The cardinal principle on which the small capitalist and employer carries on the fight, and that with conspicuous success, is this—"all other things being equal, *it is the machinery which creates the monopoly.*" Now, supposing a tailor devised a system of machinery, partly mechanical and partly a re-division of labour, for cheapening the made-to-measure suits and clothes, what would our progressive tailors say? Supposing a small builder invented a method of laying bricks twice as fast as they are laid, what would the Trades Hall say? We have a long way to go yet, and unfortunately many quacks, probably with the best intentions, are trying to lead the people after industrial will-o'-the-wisps.

The great line of all industrial advance is to *cheapen* production, and unless industrial entities are prepared to go along that line they must, so long as they are surrounded by other entities that adopt the cheap production policy, go to the wall. Of course, cheapening production does not mean cheapening labour; it should mean the contrary, for the more a country produces the more it has to divide amongst its inhabitants. Father Dowling's report throws a light on the success of little Belgium that this country should find useful in its effort to grope out of industrial stagnation.

When will the testimonials nuisance abate. We hear that in Templemore, in "gallant" Tipperary, there is, notwithstanding the exceptional hard times, no coal fund and no blanket fund. But because the village bank boss, one Robert Purcell, late of the "National" Bank of Templemore, is retiring on a fat pension, the half slaves and flunkies of the village must need send round the hat for this man. What did this Mr. Purcell ever do that, in this time of exceptional distress, the Templemore people,

who have not organised either a blanket fund or a coal fund, should send round the hat for him? One John Walsh is hon. sec. to the fund for Robert Purcell, the bank official, Stephen Fogarty, treasurer, is a Bung, and John Connolly, the chairman of this epoch-making collection, is a Jay Pay. It is not enough that the bank should provide a pension for Mr. Purcell, but the people of Templemore, where there is neither a blanket nor a coal fund, are to be pestered by importunities for money for this man. The P.P. of Templemore, two curates, and a curate from Tipperary, each contribute a £1 to this undeserving object, the cashier of the bank gave a £1, and five Bungs contributed a like sum. Altogether there are several acknowledgments of £1 each on the touting circular for this most undeserving collection.

We hear that the New Plantation are about purchasing—if they have not already purchased—a quantity of fruit trees. We understand that the trees are to be procured from Irish nursery firms, but that the great bulk of the trees, like some of the experts, are importations. It would be interesting to know if there are any Irish-grown trees at all amongst the lot. What are the class of trees ordered, and what is the price per 100? Why could not all those fruit trees be raised in Ireland?

A writer in the current number of the *New Ireland Review*, who modestly hides his identity behind the algebraic symbol "X," commences an article on "Classical Education" in this way:—"The University of Cambridge recently appointed a syndicate to inquire into and report upon the curriculum of education in the University. The report of the syndicate is now announced, and it may be taken as marking an epoch in the history of higher education in these countries. The chief proposal of the syndicate is that the language group in the University curriculum shall consist of Latin, Greek, and some of the modern languages, and that of this group, *two* languages (of which Latin shall be one) must be taken by candidates for the University examinations; in other words, Greek is to be no longer an obligatory, but an optional subject in the undergraduate course. This, of course, has long been the case in many of our Universities, but hitherto Cambridge had been faithful to her traditions as a custodian of the classic tongues. The new proposal is an indication that even our oldest Universities are being driven (however unwillingly) to accept the ideals of higher education, which are ever becoming more popular in modern society." The italics are ours. Where are "our Universities?" There was a suggestion that an Irish University should be established even if it had to house itself under the shade of corrugated iron; but "X" in the *New Ireland Review* talks of "many of our Universities." Where are they? Surely if this contributor of the *New Ireland Review* is correct, and if we possess "many" Universities, there is nothing further to be said on the lack-University question.

Messrs. J. Tierney, Exchequer Street, Dublin, the well-known Irish firm in china, glass and delf goods, are showing a fine collection of Irish manufactured tea and dinner services and other Irish wrought articles in this line.

Recently the question of Irish paints and varnishes was brought before the notice of the public as a result of a discussion at the North Dublin Union. Mr. Morris (the Clerk of Works) said:—"I don't know of any Irish varnish." Evidently Mr. Morris is, or was, behind the times in so far as that he was not a diligent reader of the Irish industrial advertisements of the LEADER. Quite long ago Harringtons advertised their varnishes, colours, and paints in the LEADER. It is true that they have not regularly placed the fact of their existence before the notice of Irish Ireland in the pages of the LEADER since April of last year, and therefore there is some excuse for people at a recent time having forgotten the fact that varnish is made in Ireland. Messrs. Harringtons make varnish, printers' ink, and paints. Their paints may be had in tins retailed at or about sixpence, so that no individual, not to talk of decorators, etc., need be at a loss to give at least a fair trial to Irish-made paints. Their

printing inks and their paints are used by many first-class firms. They make varnish stains, and that is a class of stuff that is used largely by private individuals on the floors of their houses, and there must be a very considerable consumption of it yearly in Ireland. Whatever one may think of fighting the battle of Ireland "on the floor of the British House of Commons," part of the battle ought to be fought on the stained floors of Ireland. In all public contracts Irish varnish and paints should get every chance; other things being equal, they should get a preference. If they are of admittedly as good value as foreign paints and varnishes we see no reason why they should not be expressly specified for in the tenders. Messrs. Harrington might do worse than appeal to the individual who only buys a sixpenny tin of paint, or varnish stain at a time, to insist on being allowed an opportunity by his oil and colour shopman to give a trial to this industry. The man who buys 6d. worth of paint three or four times a year is not much by himself compared to a firm of decorators, but the sixpenny paint public in the lump is a big and influential item, and is worthy of special attention.

Undismayed by the story of Horatius of Riverstown and of Cromwell of Carlow, a third hero has turned up to defy the grand army of Irish Ireland. Wellington is making a stand of all places in the world at Gorey, in the County of Wexford. Well, Wellington, remember '98! "Seeing that you succeeded so well," writes an Irish Irelander from the county of Father Murphy, "at Rivers-town and Carlow, I would be very much obliged if you directed the forces of Irish Ireland against the Sourface who holds the Gorey Post Office Fort." The Irish Ireland army is ready for Wellington. A letter addressed in Irish to a man of Irish Ireland was posted at Gorey recently. It was stamped with the Gorey post-mark, October 26. It was evidently delayed there for a day, for it was also stamped at Gorey with the date October 27. It was then sent on by Wellington to Dublin for translation, and it bore a Saxon scar on its forehead in the shape of a Dublin mark, October 29. It reached the addressee on the evening of that day, and so took about three days to travel a direct distance of about twenty miles. On December 11th a man in Enniscorthy addressed a letter to Seán Ua Súaigáin, an Cúitipe Comhar na Gaeilte, Sorcá. To ensure that the despatch should not be unduly delayed, the Enniscorthy man wrote Gorey upon the address. Wellington sent on the despatch post-haste to Dublin, and as a consequence it took two days for the letter to travel from Enniscorthy to Gorey. The Enniscorthy man believes it is nothing else than perversity on the part of the "saved" Wellington, who guards the interests of West Britain, that induced Wellington to send forward the despatch to Dublin. No member of the Gorey Post Office staff, we understand, is able to translate Irish, although there is a branch of the Gaelic League there. Why are not some of the Post Office people sent to the branch to learn Irish. Even if the Post Office sent Irish-addressed letters to the Gaelic League Branch for translation it would, though not a satisfactory state of affairs, show that the Post Office people were only stewing lazily in their ignorance, but suffering from no virulent antipathy to Irish Ireland. We must keep up this fight until the the Post Office people recognise the necessity of making adequate provision for the delivery of Irish correspondence. The Sourface Postmaster at Gorey has clothed himself in the mantle of Wellington. We ask the Grand Army of Irish Ireland to advance on Wellington with an irresistible rush, shot, shell, and "cold steel," to use the grandiloquent phrase of the Jingoos. Give it hot and cold to Wellington. The objective should be Seán Ua Súaigáin, an Cúitipe, Comhar na Gaeilte, Gorey. We think that Gorey should be written instead of Sorcá to guard against the full translation being made at Dublin. Now, Wellington, remember Derry; the Grand Army of Irish Ireland will remember '98!

The Fourth Annual Christmas Pantomime of the Catholic Boys' Brigade, Rathmines will be produced in the Town Hall, Rathmines, on St. Stephen's night, and

on the following Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday nights at 8 o'clock. A special feature of the Pantomime will be the Irish songs and dances, whilst some topical songs dealings with the Rathmines Johnny and the Urban Council are sure to give much amusement. We hope the public will show their appreciation of the work the organisation is doing in the district by supporting the Annual Christmas Pantomime.

The Rathmines and Rathgar Catholic Association—the address of which, 78a Rathmines Road, we would not be surprised to hear the Solicitor-General muttered occasionally in his sleep—is going ahead in splendid style. It is rapidly becoming the most attractive social and intellectual centre for Catholics in South Dublin. Its rooms at famous 78a are the scene of brightness and gaiety every Monday night. On Monday next, the 26th, St. Stephen's Night, there will be special attractions and the proceedings will commence at seven o'clock. On Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays Irish language classes are held; on Tuesdays and Fridays real traditional Irish dancing is taught by a competent teacher. An orchestral music class is also carried on; and once a fortnight the debating class meets and papers are read and interesting questions are discussed. All spirited Irish Catholics within a reasonable radius of 78a should rally to the Rathmines and Rathgar Catholic Association.

We hear that the Unionist convict Macartney has been seen walking freely about the streets of Dublin. How is this? A friend of ours who knows the features of this convict very well assures us that he saw him, and we hear indirectly that another man saw him twice recently. This Unionist convict's light sentence of three months has not yet expired, and he should still be under lock and key in one of His Most Gracious Majesty's prisons. Has William Field's signature to the petition in favour of this criminal melted the heart of Dublin Castle? The country will require to know all about his case, for unless the criminal has a "double," the evidence of the eyes of the two gentlemen who saw him in the streets establishes the fact that this Unionist jail-bird has been allowed to slip out of His Most Gracious Majesty's cage.

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WANTED A STORE FOR THEIR SALE.

THE thought has often occurred to the writer when gazing at the crowd of Irish men and women drawn together by one of the London Gaelic League festivals:—"Suppose all these men and women supported Irish industries by purchasing, when and where possible, goods of Irish manufacture!" "How is this possible?" I hear someone ask. Well, since the writer, an English born and bred Irishman, has become enthused owing to the LEADER propaganda and other influences, he has, as far as in him lay, purchased Irish goods in London. At present, however, it is not possible to obtain many of the articles advertized in the LEADER. True, I can obtain the most excellent of tailoring at a most reasonable price. In passing I may say that last August twelve months I purchased a suit of Irish serge from Messrs. Corrigan and French, and since then it has been constantly in wear (including a month at the seaside) and to-day the colour of the cloth is as good as the day the suit was purchased. It is the cheapest suit I ever purchased, and when I can afford another I'm thinking of offering the old one to the makers with a certificate as to the time it has been worn.

In Holborn recently, passing a large English tailors, I was attracted by a window full of Connemara tweeds and over each roll of cloth was a request to "support Irish industries." I stepped into the shop and ordered an overcoat. Judge my surprise when I was only asked 30s. for a coat made to measure out of real Connemara tweed. My friends have variously estimated its cost at from £2 to £3.

At the Stores I can obtain excellent creamery butter and bacon of well-known brands at prices cheaper or the same as brands of English manufacture. And what a flavour too there is in real Irish bacon compared to the American and Canadian cured pork which passes muster for bacon on the London market! Recently after continually worrying my grocer and giving him their London address, I have been able to purchase Jacob's biscuits.

Of course I have no difficulty in obtaining Gallagher's tobaccos and cigarettes, but Goodbody's are not so well known on the London Market as they should be. Harking back to attire, Messrs. Fitzgerald supply me with the best shirts, collars and ties I've ever worn and at prices which bear comparison with other shops in the trade. The Irish linen trade is well represented both in the City and West End, and many magnificent emporiums are devoted wholly to this trade.

But, having said all the above, Mr. Editor, I'm worrying to be able to purchase some of those wonderful boot creams and polishes of Messrs. MacMenamin and Malone's; and the Kandee sauce and vinegar, and the wafer oatmeal of Messrs. White, Tompkins and Co.

The Aonach of the Gaelic League will give a fillip to Irish manufacturers, but if permanent good is to follow, something in the nature of a co-operative store must be started where anything and everything manufactured in Ireland can be purchased, from the sewing cottons of Messrs. Hicks, Bullocks and Co., and the jams of Messrs. Williams and Woods to the umbrellas and sticks of Messrs. Smyth, and the boots of Williamson's, Hearne and Cahill's or Winstanley's.

Is there anyone patriotic enough to give such a store a start? Failing one person, could not 500 men and women be found in London to take up that amount of £1 shares in a company. That it would prove a commercial success properly and energetically managed, I have little doubt, seeing the success which has attended the Irish businesses already open in London. For a general store there is the nucleus for a good trade among the members of the League, and a turnover of £100 a week should not be difficult of attainment.

LONDON GAEL.

COMAIRLE PHILL A' BAIC.

Ádēt mairiur leir na dāoinib—mairiur, tā ré acu anoir, agus ó 'r é féin atá ann acú agus naé é a aépúgadh, ná bpeit acú anoir ar a aépúgadh o' fágáil. Tá ré com mairiur dōib an iur ir fearr fēadair to dēanān de'n pgeal, agus a cup i mbpeir agus i tcaribē dōib féin mar ir fearr fēadair, agus a tciis leo de bhabac a baint ar, to baint. Muna bfuil ré poiteamnac le cairpeam na ndoime uairle, nó muna bfuil dūil aige in a gcomluadar, to b' fēoirir dō cabair to beit ann ar dōir éigin eile. Éiofadh dō go mbéad oirige mairiur, nó leabhar-pūn lāoir aige. Nō to fēadairē gur cumarac é ar dōoinib to leigear, maille le n-a tādairt o'a bfuir. U' fēoirir go mburó é reo an bealac a b' fearr le deir o' fágáil ar a cūto cumacēt, de bpiis gur lears le n-a lān pasairt oirige to leigead to dūine bpeirte ar bit, o' fāitēoir go bfuigēirde an capall marb in ran rābla ar mairiur ar n-a bāiac, mar ir mimic to cūit amac, plān mar a n-innirtear é!

Ádēt a fágáil uairde, teacēt? Fur! Nī't moitl ar bit air rin. Abair gur glaothac ola atá i gceirt. Nī bfuigēir ré ann féin a eiteac rin—biot a plān faoi—o' fāitēoir go mburó glaothac ola dāi fīne é, agus nī fēoirir dō a fīor rin to beit go deapbēta, rāpta aige, gan teacēt com faoa leir, o'a fēadairt an ead nō naé ead; agus ir cumā cia an uair a pacēar n-a cōinne, dōir leir rin. 'Sead, agus cuipiré ré an ola ar an dūine tinn, fpeirin; agus tā "reanr" mairiur go leigearócāir an ola é. 'O cūige naé leigearócāir? Naé bfuilmiur ag éirteacēt leir rin ariam—go mbionn an-leigear agus an-buairi fōc-plāinte 'ran ola? Ar nōis, bēir an pasairt ar buile, nī naé iongnad, agus ir dōis go tcarispiur ré imēacēt leir cūn bealacis ābaile ariur gan iur ar bit to dēanad; adēt nā bac leir rin. fēoirir tū féin naé n-imēacāir, gan an ola to cūir ar an oēar, agus an t-airdear tugēta aige, agus o' fāitēoir go ngābairde in a cōinne ariur, āduair, 's a iad go bfuil an cinnear ag mēadūgadh agus ag tūl in olcar ar an oēar, agus go bfuil ré ag tūrim le bāir, nō in a pūcēt cēana féin, agus naé mōirde go mbēairiur ré ar in a beacāir. Adēt ar n-dōis iur eile dē, fāgam naé gcuipiré ré an ola ar an dūine—cia an tōcāir? Naé amlair ir fearr? Naé mbēir iur éigin agāinn o' a bāir ar cāoi ar bit? Ōir mā cūipeann ré an ola ariur, bēir an leigear agāinn, mā tā leigear ann; agus muna gcuipiré, bēir a fīor agāinn annrin gurē a bapamail naé bfuil an bāir ar an tē atā tinn, agus naé fearr rin nā an ola ariur? Naé rin to bī ar iapirāir o' cūir agāinn, bapamail an tpasairt ar an gcuir?

Go tōipeac cēana. 'Sin ir mō ir ionduail ar iapirāir acu. Agus tā an pāiāirde faoa agus leacān agus lān de dōoinib. Ir iomda cnoc agus gleann agus poc agus los ann, agus capān agus dōirēin; agus ir lā ionā rin ann na h-āiteacā naé bfuil capān nā dōirēin nā bealac ar bit ag tpeorūgadh cūcū, adēt riūbal, nō marcuigēacēt to dēanān mar ir fearr fēadair ré, tar clocāib agus cairisib, tar rpuēib agus aibuib, tar mōintib agus poracāib, tpe mūirte agus tpe mūnlac. Ir iomda cor éiofcar in a plāinte agus in ran airmir. Adēt ar a pon reo uile, in adāir dōim gēimur agus eapmāis amlān nī bēir neac amlān ar iur na pāiāirde ūto mōcōcāir pīan nā dōis nā tōilgear ar fēad tēac-uairē an cūis naé gcuipiré fīor ar an pasairt rin agus naé tciūbair go tci colba a leabēta é, dā mēad an t-airdear agus an mīo-comgar, dā mīoēpācāmlacēt an uam. Nī bēir dūine ar fīcīo acu, fpeirin, éiofcar adēt 'ran oirde, a n-ūmōir i gcuīnar marb na h-oirde, tar éir go leor ama to beit acu le n-a rāi-rāit de cāint agus de cēileabair agus de cūir fīor ar fāc uile cēo baineir, agus naé mbaineann leir an iurāgin tinnir ūto, agus le n-a bpacādar agus le n-a gcuāladar tpeacēt ariam ariur o'a leicīo, agus ar a fēan-

cūmapaige a' bīot na pasairt pōime reo pēac 'r an gclēir atā ag imēacēt anoir, agus anoir féin cop-cēann acū pēacāir a cēile! Cuipirō an mēto rin agus a cēad oirēad tōib, agus iad go cluēmar, rāpta i gclūro an baic. Agus amac ar an gclūro cluēmar rin an baic ir ead ir mō ir ionduail an cōmairle tpeom, to-fēacānta:—cuipirē fīor ar an pasairt—cuipirē, in ainn dē. Agus annrin, ar nōis, ir iad na tōcāis a gcuirēar to cūir in a cōinne, agus nīor cāimē na tōcāis ābaile go pōill o'n dāmpa, nō o'n tōrēam, nō o'n tēac cūarēta.

COMM.



THE DIRTY DUBLIN STAGE AGAIN.

IN the beginning of our career we made a sustained onslaught on the dirty imported plays that are dumped upon the stage of Dublin. In our issue of November 24th, 1900, we published an article of our series on "The English Mind in Ireland," under the particular heading "Dirty Dublin." The article was concerned with the production of a dirty piece called "Kitty Grey." Our article of four years ago commenced this way:—" 'Dirty Dublin' was well looked after last week and 'Dirty Dublin' male and female, royally supported the English effort to give it what it likes." Even four years ago the Pastoral Kopje-climbing *Freeman*, fearful of the public indignation that we had aroused against imported stage dirt—had the courage to censure it, and referred to its "series of exceedingly objectionable incidents." Well four years ago that imported dirt was publicly patronised by the wife of the then Viceroy, her Excellency Countess Cadogan. Four years ago we said:—"Indecent suggestion and vulgarity were the chief ingredients patronised by Vice-Royalty, and applauded by a crowded house." The piece was a defiance of decency, its patronage by Countess Cadogan was an outrage. This dirty piece has evidently been going the rounds since, for dirt is a very marketable commodity amongst the "saved" British people. On a Sunday subsequent to the production of this highly patronised dirt, his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, denounced the imported stage filth that we had been showing up. In the course of his remarks he said that he did not see why the daily papers "should not combine in the interests of public morals, and send a communication to the proprietors of these theatres, refusing point blank to insert any advertisements at all from the theatres in which such plays are represented." Of course the *Freeman* and the *Independent* ran up the Pastoral Kopje the next day; but they never refused the dirty play advertisements from that day to this. The exploiters of stage dirt evidently had not the face to import Kitty to Dublin the following year nor the year after; but during the September of 1903 she made her re-appearance this time at the Theatre Royal. Vice-Royalty did not patronise the dirty thing on that occasion, but the pious papers the *Freeman*, the *Independent* and the "Saved" and sanctimonious *Irish Times* advertised the dirt. At that time *Pink* and *Green* the evening papers issued from the offices of the *Freeman* and the *Independent* respectively gave preliminary puffs of the dirty piece, notwithstanding the Kopje-climbing three years previously by their morning stable companions. The *Independent* and the *Freeman* also puffed the dirty thing and so did the "Saved" *Irish Times*.

This year "Kitty Grey" came back to "dirty Dublin," and the *Independent* that is contemplating a "revolution in Irish journalism," especially disgraced itself. The jubilee of a great religious event was recently celebrated throughout Ireland with great rejoicings and piety. and on December 9th, the news columns of the *Independent* were largely occupied by accounts of that celebration. What could any Catholic feel when on the same page as part of the news we have referred to appeared, he read a paragraph headed "'Kitty Grey' at the Royal," and saw that this dirty piece was described as "the charming musical comedy?" The juxtaposition of these two classes of matter was nothing short of aggravated blas-

phemy on the part of this miserable Pastoral Kopje-climbing paper. A pretty "revolution in Irish journalism" this sort of thing portends. This blasphemous paper that puffed this dirty piece in the same page as it dealt with a matter that stirred the heart of the Catholic world, said on Tuesday of this "charming musical comedy" that it puffed on the previous Friday, that:—"It has been spoken of as a smart piece, and this is so far true that some people who see it may be inclined to regard it at times as a little too smart. This might apply, not only to the matters discussed in Kitty Grey's dressing-room at the Frivolity Theatre, but also to the manner of their discussion." And this is the thing that the *Independent* puffed in its issue of the Friday previous, and on the same page as reports of—ugh! the Island of Saints and Scholars, indeed! The *Freeman* of Tuesday gave a ten-line notice to the filthy thing, and the "Saved" and sanctimonious *Irish Times* commenced its notice in this way:—"That decidedly French morsel 'Kitty Grey,' which has already been seen in Dublin, pays the Theatre Royal a visit this week. Its plot presumably is familiar to theatregoers, and so we are spared the necessity of a somewhat unwholesome exposition." And the *Dust Bin's* notice wound up:—"The chorus are a vigorous and sprightly lot, and the scenic mountings are exceedingly pretty."

It would serve them right if the names of every brazen female who went to this smutty piece was published. We looked in there on Wednesday night, but unhappily we did not recognise any of the people present. The house, considering the smutty attraction of what the sanctimonious *Irish Times* called the "decidedly French morsel," was, as far as we could see, a poor one; we only had the parterre under observation. The part of the theatre in which we were was only about half-full. There was a fairly large proportion of females present. The cad-johnny type of male was largely in evidence. It is just the sort of thing that that class of person would like, and we will not stop to ask what class of female would enjoy this sort of thing. From an Irish point of view there was at least one pleasant incident. In the course of a British topical song some jingo lines about "England's glory" and that sort of thing were sung, whereupon the applause increased in volume. That fact went to show that England's Faithful Garrison with perhaps some British importations, were the chief, if not almost the only element present. Some of the Unionist "Saved" take kindly to stage smut. Of course there are quite enough importations and Unionists in Dublin to fill the Theatre Royal during a week when a dirty piece like "Kitty Grey" is provided for their cultured tastes. But though the jingo verse was specially applauded, that does not do away with the fact that the *Freeman* and *Independent* not only advertised, but puffed this stage garbage; it does not get over the circumstances attending the puff of the *Independent* that is boasting of what it is going to do in the journalistic business, the circumstances that aggravated the puff of dirt into rank blasphemy. What do the Catholics of Ireland, what do the bishops and priests of Ireland think of these two precious papers?

THE RAILWAYS AND THE LASH OF THE "LEADER."

On August 13th, 1904, an Irish Irelander was leaving a town on Cusack and Co.'s Railway to take up residence near Cork. He booked a load of furniture for rail to Cork, and addressed all the boxes, bales, etc., to "Mr. So-and-So, Cork." He filled in consignment note similarly, in presence of, and to the satisfaction of, the foreman of goods store. The station master being absent on holidays, the acting station master very obligingly agreed to hold the van containing the furniture at the station for a week or two until Mr. Irish Irelander's house would be ready to receive it.

Mr. I. I. departed from Cusack and Co.'s station satisfied in his mind that furniture would come along safely when required to Cork station from whence a carrier would take it to "I. I.'s" new home.

Ten or fourteen days elapsed, and one fine day Mr. I. I. was astonished to learn that a load of furniture was lying in the open on the platform of a little country village station, ten miles from Cork on one of the small local railway lines. He immediately went to the station and found it was his own, that all the address labels were altered from "Cork" to the little village station, that the furniture had been in the rain for two nights, and that several articles were completely smashed in transit. Vigorously protesting, he had the "ruins" removed at considerable expense to his home, and he immediately lodged a claim against the Midland Company for damage and loss caused by forwarding to a wrong station. He soon discovered that all his bedding was missing, and some small articles, and he promptly wrote to the Great Southern and Western Railway and the bedding was found, but not the small articles (these were lost or stolen at the station). A claim was then lodged against Great Sourface for delay in forwarding bedding, and now observe the business methods of the railway company.

The claim on Great Sourface was sent in on September 14th. It took fourteen days to acknowledge it. A "definite reply" was then promised "in a day or so." It hadn't come in a month, and "I. I.'s" further letters were ignored, and at last "I. I." wrote saying he intended putting the matter before the public in the columns of the LEADER as an example of railway management. Promptly by return came a three-page letter! The LEADER had struck terror into Messrs. Sourface. Mr. Neale, of the Great Sour, replied that it was "irregular to claim on two companies for the one transaction," and said "the correct course" to pursue was to claim on Cusack and Co. for all—he admitted there was a mistake in the delay of bedding, and asked I. I. to call at Cork office obviously to square the claim. (This I. I. could not conveniently do at the time). "I. I." replied pointing out that the claims against the two companies were for different incidents—one for delay of bedding, the other for despatching goods to the wrong station. He pointed out that there was little use in claiming on a company like Cusack's that had ignored four letters already written on the subject. On September 30th Mr. Tatlow, of Cusack and Co., wrote saying—"I have written Great Southern and Western Company, and on hearing from them I will write you again." (It took until December for Mr. Tatlow, Broadstone, to get a reply from Mr. Neale, Kingsbridge!) In the middle of November "I. I." inquired if "any further steps had been taken, as he was preparing an account of the business for the LEADER Xmas Number." Promptly again by return Mr. Neale wrote:—"I have communicated with Mr. Tatlow, and he informs me he is writing you to-day." That "to-day" was stretched to ten days, after which time Cusack and Co., on December 10th, wrote at last to say they would not entertain the claim, giving no explanation whatever of how or why the labels were all changed and the goods sent to the wrong station. They quoted their station master to prove certain things—although he was a hundred miles away on his holidays at the time. They stated that Great Sours also refused "I. I.'s" claim, and in the face of that "I. I." has since received a P.O. in full settlement from Mr. Neale. These facts will interest the public. It takes three months to get a matter settled which could be done in any business house in twenty-four hours. Goods are taken by a railway company and pitched out on a platform a dozen miles away from where they were consigned to, and when a claim is sent in letters are treated with contempt until the LEADER is threatened.

The excuse given is that the consignment note was not fully filled up, although it was filled in the presence, and to the satisfaction of the foreman of goods store, and there is no disputing that all were consigned to Cork, and no further.

Perhaps some of the shareholders who are fighting the people's battle in the boardroom of the railway company would look into this matter, which is certainly an illuminating example of the great business capacity and the nice code of commercial morality that prevails in Mr. Tatlow's office.

FEAR BOCT.

SIR HORACE PLUNKETT'S BOOK.

TOLERANCE, IN PRINT, AND IN PRACTICE.

WHAT I am now about to write will, I fear, be rather dry reading; but I hope it will be convincing. To me it is not pleasant writing; comparisons are always odious, but the unpleasant has sometimes to be faced. There shall be no rhetoric of mine in it, even if I had the gift of rhetorical expression. I will trust to the plainer but more powerful eloquence of facts. No person denies or questions now that down to recent years the non-Catholics in Ireland had a monopoly of power and official position. Lately, however, Catholics have been allowed to take some part in the public duties of the country; and because they have been claiming their due share, a cry has been raised that they are making for monopoly. It is a cry without a cause. They are accused of intolerant exclusiveness, not because they seek to lay hold of everything, but because they dare to aspire to anything. In a sense the cry is natural; the more so because it is habitual with those who raise it. They have been born into monopoly in Ireland, and they have come to think of it as the normal condition of affairs. According to their thoughts, and of course, according to their wishes, that is as it should be. They do not like to be disturbed from their traditional vantage ground—nobody would like it; and whoever undertakes to disturb them is held guilty of dislocating the civil elements of the country. It has always been so. Last night I read in a book by J. P. Prendergast, the author of *The Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland*, that those who were intruded into the lands of the old Irish gentry used to complain of their laziness because they “coshered on the people” rather than consent to become labourers on the estates of those who had supplanted them, and Archbishop King likewise complained that the priests, when deprived of their homes, lived from house to house amongst the people, instead of deserting them or disappearing from the country*. Whilst the fight for Emancipation was going on, it was objected that the Catholics had already got their meed of civil and religious rights, and that they could not, with safety to the constitution, be trusted with more. Fifty years ago the maxim was held against the Tenant League that “tenant right is landlord wrong.” Less than forty years ago the cry was raised that Disestablishment was sacrilege and spoliation. A quarter of a century ago, Gladstone’s land measures were denounced, as a denial of that sacred maxim of the fifties, a repudiation of the duties of contracts, an injury to proprietary rights. The Local Government Bill, it was said, would let loose upon the country a popular power, without discipline or public conscience, which would daub or destroy everything it could control. Nevertheless, every event has one by one belied every prophecy. Whether the cry which is now raised be true or false we shall presently see.

Since Sir Antony McDonnell, a distinguished public servant, was made Under Secretary at Dublin Castle, a continuous onslaught has been made on his official character. Those who keep up the cry can show nothing to justify it; but the head and front of his offending is that he is a Catholic who neither screens nor waters down his profession of faith, whilst many years of service has proved him worthy of every trust which the Government has committed to his care. For which reason they are angry. They will never forgive him for being a trustworthy public servant, and, at the same time, uncompromising in the Catholic principles which he owns. If he were what a lady described to me a short time ago as an “*Irish Times* Catholic,” he would happily fit into their arrangements, and they would cherish him as their own; if he were found wanting in his official duty they would have the consolation of raking it up in proof of the incapacity of Papists. He has disappointed them on every side; and that is the sin which shall never be forgiven him.

I will let Mr. T. W. Russell, M.P., say the rest, as he is neither a Catholic in faith nor a Nationalist in politics.

In a speech made on October 6th, 1904, he is reported as follows:—“He knew nothing of Sir Antony save what is known by the man in the street. He had two conversations with him on public business, not at all of a satisfactory character. But he protested in the strongest manner against the dead set which was being made against any man in the service of the State who is a Roman Catholic or a Nationalist. One day it is Mr. Gill, another day it is Sir Antony McDonnell, and Colonel Saunderson had even attacked Mr. Finucane, one of the Estates Commissioners, whose real offence he suspected was that that gentleman is the son of a Limerick tenant farmer. The whole proceeding was unconstitutional and unfair. Who ever heard of an English Department being attacked in this way? . . . Last year Sir Antony McDonnell personally superintended the formation of the new Land Purchase Department. For everything connected with it he was personally responsible, although, of course, final responsibility lay with the Lord Lieutenant. The clerical staff of that Department is recruited by the Civil Service Commissioners, and consequently no question of religious partisanship can arise. Out of the three Estates Commissioners appointed under the Land Act by the Lord Lieutenant two were Protestants and one was a Roman Catholic. When Parliament rose in August last there were twenty-one inspectors employed by the Estates Commissioners at salaries of £800 a year each. Every one of these was a Protestant. What a splendid illustration that was of the alleged methods of the Catholic Association. Again, certain clerks in the Land Judge’s Court were recently either dismissed, or about to be dismissed, owing to the sales in the Court having lessened the work. These men, temporary clerks, who had, however, been some fifteen years in the service, appealed to him, and he intervened on their behalf. Now, largely, he believed, owing to the action of Sir Antony McDonnell, they had secured suitable and satisfactory employment. He knew nothing of their religion, but from their names he should say two were certainly Protestants, while the third might be a Roman Catholic. All these public actions must have had the sanction of the man traduced as ‘a shameless partisan.’ He (Mr. Russell) protested in the strongest manner against this effort to stir up religious rancour, whether it be done by Bishop or Parliamentarian, and all because an Asylum Board passes over a Protestant doctor for promotion in Co. Galway, and because a police tribunal found a case against a Protestant constable, the original and confirming authority in the case consisting of two Protestants and a Roman Catholic. He appealed earnestly to all reasonable men against this hateful and disastrous policy. To the reasonable and sane Ulster Protestants he would say, where would they be landed if this thing went on? Look at the facts. With the population all but three-fourths Catholics, were the Protestants trampled upon? In the first place, the land of Ireland was largely held by Protestants, and they were now getting hard cash and plenty of it for every acre of that which originally cost their ancestors nothing. Until quite recently Protestants had all the privileges of an Established Church, and when the establishment ceased to exist, the Church was left with a capital of £8,000,000 sterling, and the Churches, of other religious bodies, had no such endowment, and must provide their own churches and manse—the only exception being the *regium donum* in the hands of the Presbyterian Church. Trinity College, up to 1873, was a strictly Protestant Institution, with an income of £30,000 per annum derived from confiscated Irish lands. And so far as salaried officers are concerned, it was the same to-day. Until quite recently the Secondary and Royal Schools, with all their endowments, were in the same hands. So much for the past. Look at the position at present. Of the six great Officers of State at the Castle, five are Protestants and only one Roman Catholic. There were, he thought, sixteen Superior Court Judges, and thirteen of these were Protestants. Of the six Land Commissioners, three were Catholics. Of the host of highly-paid officials in the Local Government Board, Land Commission, and Agricultural Department, not one-fourth were Catholics. The three Commissioners of Public Works were all Protestants. The Resident Magistrates and

* From the Settlement to the Revolution: pp. 63, 64.

police officers were largely Protestant. In fact, through the whole official hierarchy the story was the same. The railway offices, banks, and breweries, were mainly manned by Protestants. Leaving salaried offices, and coming to positions of trust, what did they find? The Privy Councillors and Lords Lieutenants of counties and cities were almost exclusively Protestants. The predominance in the magistracy of Protestants was enormous. Up to the passing of the Local Government Act, the county patronage went the same way. No wrong was done to any official in the passing of the Act; but with the advent of democratic government, the growth of education, and the rise in the social status of those who had been long proscribed, was it conceivable that the popular bodies should continue the policy of the old county authorities? The thing was inconceivable. He had used the word Protestant all through, but it ought not to be forgotten that there was a Presbyterian grievance in all this. Presbyterians were, up to quite recent times, as ruthlessly proscribed as Catholics. To-day they had nothing like what, by number, ability, intellectual and social position, they were entitled to—although they had as much as some of them deserved. But since the gentlemen who represent a party which has virtually had a monopoly of patronage chose to drag the country into this sectarian morass, he thought the time was opportune for Catholics and Presbyterians to say to any future Government:—“We resent the practical monopoly of offices of profit and of honour by one section; we desire fair play for all creeds; we desire equality of opportunity for all. They ought to say firmly that in these matters the only ascendancy that could be tolerated is the ascendancy of character, ability, and fitness—of public worth. It was a shocking thing for public men to invent a baseless cry of the kind. He should do his best to prevent Ulster people from being misled or deceived. Sir Antony McDonnell could not defend himself. In that fact lay the exceeding meanness of the attack. The truth, however, ought to be known. This able and distinguished servant of the Crown was lent by the Government of India to the Irish Government for a specific purpose. The Government desired to settle the agrarian feud, to provide better facilities for the higher education of Roman Catholics, to cut down the expenditure of useless offices, and to spend the money saved upon useful works in Ireland. It was a policy hateful to the ascendancy party; but it is nevertheless the policy of the Government which they are forced to support. Let them assail the Government then, not the instrument used to carry out its behests.”

Let us now turn to the workhouses and asylums, which are under popular, and chiefly Catholic control.

In 1882 there were 163 workhouses in Ireland; but some have either disappeared, or have been amalgamated since then. At present there are 49 of these in which there is usually *no Protestant inmate*—

In 8 of these the Protestant Minister receives no salary.

1	“	“	£4 a year for attending to nobody.
5	“	“	£5 “ “ “
2	“	“	£6 “ “ “
17	“	“	£10 “ “ “
2	“	“	£12 “ “ “
4	“	“	£15 “ “ “
5	“	“	£20 “ “ “
4	“	“	£25 “ “ “
1	“	“	£30 “ “ “

Amongst the observations made to me on the above cases are:—“No Protestant service for some years;” the salary is £5 a year there. “Occasionally a tramp comes to the Infirmary who puts himself down a Protestant;” the salary is £25 a year there. “No Protestant inmate for years;” the salary is £10 a year there. “None for years past;” the salary is £4 a year. “For 9 years there have been only three Protestants inmates, often none;” the salary there is £20. “Rarely a Protestant inmate turns up; the Minister applied for a salary for

attending that *rare one*, and his application was supported by the Protestant Guardians; they were outvoted by the Catholic Guardians, expressed themselves greatly aggrieved, and said it was intolerance;” there is no salary there. “The Guardians are nearly all Catholics; the Protestant Chaplain’s salary was £5; he applied for an increase of salary, although there is usually no Protestant inmate, and at a time when there was actually none in the House. The Guardians agreed to raise his salary to £20; but the Local Government Board thought it too much, and fixed it at £15.” And so his salary has been raised from £5 to £15 for the increased labour of ministering to *nobody*. It is almost a “bull.” “There has been no Protestant inmate for a long time;” the salary is £10. “For some years there has been *no Protestant inmate*,” the salary is £10. “No Protestant in the Workhouse; very seldom a tramp may turn up who enters as a Protestant;” the salary is £10. “No Protestant inmate has been in the Workhouse for at least fifteen years;” the salary is £12. “There has been no Protestant for twelve years;” the salary is £6. “Very seldom there is a Protestant pauper;” the salary is £5. “The Protestant Chaplain never comes—he has no business to do—except to receive his salary every quarter;” it is £10. And so on. I find the following newspaper report of a recent meeting of the Guardians of the Ennis Union:—“At the suggestion of the Rev. Dr. Griffith, it was decided to advertise for a Protestant nurse at £12 a year. It was stated that there was only one Protestant in the house, a consumptive, in the consumptive ward, which drew from Mr. Glynn the observation ‘£1 a month and nothing to do is a fair thing.’” Nearly all the Guardians are Catholic; and there is usually no Protestant pauper in the Ennis Workhouse.

There are 24 Workhouses with only *one Protestant pauper* in each on an average—
In 8 of these the Protestant Chaplain receives £10 a year

1	“	“	“	“	£15 “
8	“	“	“	“	£20 “
3	“	“	“	“	£25 “
1	“	“	“	“	£26 “
2	“	“	“	“	£30 “
1	“	“	“	“	payment by capitation.

There are 12 Workhouses with only *two Protestant paupers* in each on an average—

In 1 of these the Protestant Chaplain receives £5 a year

3	“	“	“	“	£15 “
1	“	“	“	“	£18 “
5	“	“	“	“	£20 “
1	“	“	“	“	£30 “
1	“	“	“	“	£35 “

There are 12 Workhouses with only *3 Protestant paupers* in each on an average—

In 1 of these the Protestant Chaplain receives £15 a year

5	“	“	“	“	£20 “
3	“	“	“	“	£25 “
1	“	“	“	“	£26 “
1	“	“	“	“	£30 “
1	“	“	“	“	£35 “

There are 5 Workhouses with only *4 Protestant paupers* in each on an average—

In 1 of these the Protestant Chaplain receives £10 a year

1	“	“	“	“	£10 “
1	“	“	“	“	£25 “
2	“	“	“	“	£30 “

There are 5 Workhouses with only *5 Protestant paupers* in each on an average—

In 2 of these the Protestant Chaplain receives £20 a year

2	“	“	“	“	£30 “
1	“	“	“	“	£50 “

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There are 7 Workhouses with only 6 Protestant paupers in each on an average—

In 1 of these the Protestant Chaplain receives £20 a year	
„ 4 „ „ „ „ £25 „	
„ 2 „ „ „ „ £30 „	

There is 1 Workhouse with 7 Protestant paupers on an average; the Protestant Chaplain receives £30 a year

There are 2 Workhouses with 8 Protestant paupers in each on an average—

In 1 of these the Protestant Chaplain receives £25 a year	
„ 1 „ „ „ „ £35 „	

Of the Workhouses in Ireland, I have thus accounted for 117. In these there are 194 Protestant paupers on an average; and the Protestant Chaplains, besides the one who is paid by capitation, receives £1,995 a year for attending them. Now, nearly all the Guardians of these 117 Workhouses are Catholics, those who pay the poor-rates in those Unions are nearly all Catholics, and yet practically £2,000 a year is voted for the religious use of these 194 Protestant inmates of these 117 Workhouses; only 1.6 Protestants in each Workhouse on an average.

I do not write these things in complaint. I merely set them down in evidence of the sort of religious intolerance which is practised by Irish Catholics on these few Protestant paupers; who indeed are so few that their existence in a Workhouse at all is not creditable to the wealthy Protestants of Ireland.

Let us now cross the Channel. On July 20th, 1882, the House of Commons ordered the printing of a *Return relating to Workhouse Chaplains in the United Kingdom*. From that Return I find that there are 640 Workhouses in England, and 63 in Scotland. There are few of them in which there are not some Catholic inmates. In each of about 100 of them there are upwards of 50 Catholic inmates. For instance, in Kensington there are 155 between the Workhouse and Infirmary. In Fulham there are 79. In Fulham Road there are 266 between the Workhouse and Infirmary. In Westminster, 236. In Marylebone, 454. In St. Pancras, 212. In Islington, 287. In St. Giles, 964. In the City Road, 320. In Archway Road, 420. In Whitechapel, 242. In Wapping, between Workhouse and Infirmary, 347. In Stepney, 242. Passing from London, there are in Stoke-on-Trent 104. In Wigan, 167. In Warrington, 172. In Wolverhampton, 158. In Birmingham, 565. In Birkenhead, 152. In Brownlow Hill, Liverpool, 1,530. In Walton, 498. In Stoke-on-Trent, 104. Of course, the priest, as part of his ordinary duty, attended to the inmates whether he was paid or not. But, according to the Return from which I quote, in hardly a dozen out of the 703 Workhouses did he receive any remuneration for his services. Of those I have named, only in Birmingham, Birkenhead, and Brownlow Hill, did he receive a salary—of £50, £45, and £150 a year respectively. I think it right to say, as I happen to know, that since the Return from which I quote was published, other Unions have followed the example of those few! I find that at present the priest receives remuneration from 75 Workhouses in England. But there are 641 in all, very few of which are without a few Catholic inmates, and many have hundreds. The movement is making slow progress, and is the result of repeated discussions, and of the persistent fight of years in some cases, made for fair play by Catholic or by tolerant non-Catholic guardians. Such disputes are going on still over the country, but so far without success, in Workhouses where there are hundreds of Catholic paupers. Of course, they are not left unattended by the priest in any case for want of remuneration; but they cannot have Mass on Sundays without an additional priest, and no Catholic Mission in England can afford to tax itself to relieve the public at large of a plain duty. It was once part of my duty to attend to the inmates of one of those London

Workhouses and Infirmaries which I have named, for which my Rector received about £80 a year. The Guardians voted it to him a short time before I went there; but up to that time he received nothing. I am pleased, however, to be able to set down here my remembrance of the kind attention and favour which the Guardians and the officials always showed me. I have given those statistics, not to point an invidious contrast, but to show what value is to be set in the cry of intolerance which certain Protestants raise in season and out of season against the Catholics of Ireland.

Let us now turn to the Lunatic Asylums. I submit the following statistics for 15 out of 23 Asylums in Ireland:—

In one, where there are 20 Protestant patients, the Protestant chaplain receives £25 a year. In three, where there are 14, 9, and 10 Protestant patients respectively, the Protestant chaplain to each receives £30 a year; and he who is chaplain to the asylum with only 9 Protestant patients lately applied for an increase of salary. In one, where there are 42 Protestant patients, the Protestant chaplain receives £35 a year. In the same asylum, the Catholic chaplain who has charge of 447 patients receives only £70 a year. In one, where there are 35 Protestant patients, the Protestant chaplain receives £37 a year. In one, where there are 91 Protestant patients, the Protestant chaplain receives £60 a year. In two, where there are 43 and 102 Protestant patients respectively, the Protestant chaplain to each receives £50 a year. In one of these asylums there are 46 Presbyterians, for whom the Presbyterian chaplain receives £40 a year. In five, where there are 34, 40, 47, 50, and 58 Protestant patients respectively, the Protestant chaplain to each receives £40 a year. In the last-named there are 44 Presbyterian patients, for whom the Presbyterian chaplain receives £40 a year; and there are 582 Catholic patients, for whom the Catholic chaplain receives only £60 a year. In the first-named there are 4 Presbyterian patients, for whom the Presbyterian chaplain receives £20 a year. In the last but one there are 400 Catholic patients, and the Catholic chaplain receives only £70 a year. In one, where there are 175 Protestant patients, the Protestant chaplain receives £100 a year.

Now, let us compare that with what takes place in England.

I take the following extracts from "The Fifty-eighth Report of the Commissioners in Lunacy to the Lord Chancellor, ordered by the House of Commons to be printed 29th June, 1904":—

Salop and Montgomery Asylum:—"Patients of the Roman Catholic faith, being 30 in number, are visited periodically by a priest. This clergyman is unpaid. Somerset and Bath Asylums:—"There are no services provided for the Roman Catholic patients, who are 17 in number." Yorkshire (North Riding) Asylum:—"No service is provided for the 66 patients who profess the Roman Catholic faith." Yorkshire (West Riding) Asylum (1):—"For the 134 patients who profess the Roman Catholic faith no regular service is provided; but Mass is celebrated twice a year by a priest, who also visits the patients occasionally, but receives no remuneration." Yorkshire (West Riding) Asylums (3):—"A patient who professes the Roman Catholic faith, and who is a well-conducted and orderly man, complained, in very bitter terms, that no service was provided on Sunday, which he and the other 102 patients who profess the same faith could attend. Our colleagues have frequently expressed their regret that no regular service is held in this institution on Sunday for the Roman Catholic inmates, and we would again commend this matter to the very anxious consideration of the committee." Yorkshire (West Riding) Asylums (4):—"For the 155 patients who profess the Roman Catholic faith a weekly service is held in Ward 34; but we regret to report Mass is never celebrated, and the priest receives no remuneration for his services." Leicester Borough Asylum:—"There are 21

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Roman Catholics whom a priest attends weekly, but he receives no stipend." Newcastle City Asylum:—"For the 162 patients who profess the Roman Catholic faith a chapel morning service is also provided, although we regret to notice only once a month." And so on.

I do not want to insist on those extracts as an evidence of intolerance across the Channel. I merely state the facts; I assign no cause to them; I let them speak for themselves; their explanation will be more convincing than any commentary of mine. Let each one as he reads them, in the light of those facts which I have given on the provision for Protestant inmates in Irish workhouses and asylums, form his own judgment according to his own light.

M. O'R.

ENTERTAINMENT IN IRELAND.

IT occurs to me that, considering the character the LEADER has deservedly got for accurate and honest criticism of men and things, I cannot do better than detail in its pages a, to my mind, very noteworthy event. The scene was the lecture hall of a college in this, our country of Ireland, the time was the evening of the 14th of December, and the event referred to was the occurrence of the periodical concert which differed, however, from its forerunner in that it deserves beyond doubt to become the example for all such entertainments in the future.

We, who were responsible for the getting up of the concert, had to encounter some difficulties. I trust I will not offend any enthusiastic reader of this paper when I say that the greatest of these consisted in the unreasoning and extravagant demands of a noisy minority of the students who, regardless of the absurd tautology, style themselves "Irish Irelanders." These gentlemen were clamouring beforehand that the concert should be Irish; as if it could by any possibility be otherwise, seeing that it was to be given by Irishmen in an Irish college to an audience of Irishmen. What they really wanted, of course was that every item of the entertainment should be Celtic, that is, should be in the language which is now only spoken in Ireland by the few whom eccentricity or unfortunate environment has prevented from sharing in the benefits of the great wave of Anglo-Saxon influence that has swept over the land.

This was one of our difficulties; I shall refer only to another. In time past it was the custom that the getting up of such entertainments should be left to the students alone, and as was natural it sometimes happened that there were sad deficiencies either in the general tone or in minor details of the performance. Some time ago, however, the superiors had interfered, with most beneficial results. A Professor was appointed to act with a committee of the students, and to supervise their arrangements generally. No one with any knowledge of men will be surprised if there were still a few malcontents who grumbled that the results attained were in no way above those effected under the old system, and to avoid giving them any ground for complaint was our second difficulty.

These were our two greatest obstacles; it is not necessary that I enlarge at any length upon them. It is an unfortunate fact, however curious, that a disaffected minority will often drown with their protests the satisfied approval of an educated majority whose superiority is not alone in numbers but in brains and in æsthetic perception. Another equally strange fact is that when superiors, either in station or in learning, have taken the management of affairs in any particular matter out of the hands of inferiors, these latter, with the capriciousness of human nature, are only too ready to pounce upon any unfortunate accidents that may occur and ascribe them to the fault of the new system, and even where such are absent, to refuse to recognise that the results achieved are anything better than they were under the old management.

We, therefore, had to secure that there should be an "Irish-Irish" flavour in our entertainment sufficient to placate such ill-advised persons. Here, of course, we could only go half-way because it was impossible that any of the items should be in the raucous Celtic, but, we did as much as we could to please them. We gave them the best we could in the way of Anglo-Irish, beginning the concert with Tom Moore's "O the Sight Entrancing." Yet though we put this in the place of honour, we revenged ourselves by giving it to the choir to be harmonised by them, and I need not ask any intelligent reader if he agrees with me in my opinion of all mixed pieces, glees, madrigals, etc. We also gave them "She is far from the land," "The Irishman," "Barney O'Hea," "Arranmore" (harmonized), and in addition to this large selection (considering that the whole concert lasted only a little over two hours and a half), we gave them a four-hand-reel. Would my readers believe it? Those insensate grumblers were not satisfied with even these gems of Anglo-Irish poetry, and not only that, but they objected to our not having selected the best of the college artistes to give these items.

Conscious then that we had done our best to cater for even the undeserving clement of our audience, we turned with easy minds to satisfy the general body which, for its independence of thought and nice perception in matters of taste, cannot, I hold, be equalled in any other institution. Here our second difficulty made itself felt, for it behoved us to combine instruction with refined amusement in such a way as would make it evident to any unprejudiced observer that the new system of managing such entertainments had achieved the results expected of it. That we did so with success the following will show.

We selected for our programme such songs as "Anchored," "Excelsior" (Duet), "The Bell-ringer," "Out on the deep when the sun is low," "The River of Years," etc., etc. There were others, but the above are typical of all. Installed in the gallery we had a powerful lantern fully equipped with arc-lamp, etc., and by its help we had cast on a screen beautiful illustrations of the charmingly pathetic song "Ora Pro Nobis." Thus the interior of the Protestant church with the snug kneeling devotees, and the snow-covered grave-yard with the little frozen figure hanging on the tomb-stone, were vividly brought before the mind of the audience the while the sweet notes of the singer floated throbbingly through the darkened hall. We had serious readings such as "Curfew shall not ring to-night," in which the lantern slides pleasingly accentuated the pathetic romance of the civil war. And here there was a disgraceful occurrence. As there was flashed on the screen a picture of the maiden kneeling at the feet of the great Parliamentary Cromwell, while he, with hard cheek flushed, and stern eye moist at her heroism, assures her of her lover's safety, some of the discontented minority actually stamped on the floor and hissed at the mention of Cromwell! Yes, hissed at the mention of him to whom we owe the constitution and freedom of our glorious empire. Another illustrated reading was "The Women of Mumble's Head," during which, while the clear voice of the reader fell on our attentive ears, we saw the brave women flinging their knotted shawls to the fishermen struggling gallantly in the surf, while behind them, on the rocks, we saw the little group of soldiers with cheeks pale and knees knocking at the terrible danger of the women—a scene which influenced us the more as it was so suggestive of the dauntless bravery and the chivalrous solicitude for the weaker sex which are inseparably connected with the name of Anglo-Saxon.

There were comic readings also, and these, with the help of the lantern slides, furnished the chief amusement of the evening. We heard and saw how the man that advertised for a lost dog in America was "dogged" by an unkind fate. How he was besieged by a host of

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applicants with dogs of all descriptions; how he got angry and chased them, and how the dogs all attacked him, knocked him down, bit a piece out of his leg, and disfigured his nose for life. Ha! ha! ha! It was genuinely comic, certainly. And then we had the story of "How Bill Adams won the Battle of Waterloo." We saw him relating the tale in the cheery tap-room of one of those delightful old-world English taverns to an audience of smock-frocked rustics, whose ruddy faces beaming with humour, and the beer-can and pipe in each sturdy hand, made us think regretfully of the Irishman always morose and quarrelsome over his porter or his whiskey. This was an excruciatingly funny item, a regular side-splitter. There were such delightful anachronisms pictured on the screen as the presence of Nelson, and of an armoured train on the battlefield. The Duke of Wellington was represented as having a hooped nose, half a foot long, and as placing all his trust in Bill Adams, who addresses the Duke as "Nosey," and speaks always of "me and the Dook." The English have only one hundred and fifty men against half-a-million of Frenchmen. Bill puts himself at their head, steals behind a tree, near which are "Blucher, Napoleon, and Bonyparty a-chatting together." The moment these see the redoubtable Bill they and all their army run away. The whole thing was inexpressibly funny, and very suggestive of the simplicity and naïve credulity of the happy English yokel.

Here and there among the items were displayed numerous scenes of famous places. They threw in a few Irish ones, such as "Glendalough," "Poulaphuca," etc., for the double Irishmen, but they were nothing to the others. We had over a dozen different slides of that magnificent piece of architecture, the Alhambra, and over twenty of famous spots in Germany. I need not tell any educated reader what good the showing of such things do by inciting us to leave our country as soon as possible, and, by travel abroad, get rid of our narrow insular notions, and give our minds an invaluable cosmopolitan tone.

The exigencies of time compelled us to close the entertainment before our resources were at all exhausted; in fact, some of our best items had to be kept over, but we could flatter ourselves that what had been given was enough, and was duly appreciated.

We certainly succeeded in our intentions, namely, to give an entertainment which, while pleasing all tastes, would by the refinement of its amusement, and the elevating tone of its instruction, do justice both to its audience and to those responsible for its getting up.

I have dwelt thus on a particular event because I am convinced that the ideas carried out therein would, if generally followed, be of immense advantage to the country. Here, then, is the moral of this particular concert. As a nation, we are at present in a curious stage of our development. We are becoming a part of a greater race. Some of us are alarmed at the change, and these we must placate. There is a fashion at present in some places of acting as revivalists of a past, while the majority are pressing eagerly forward

to grasp the changed future. We, the latter, are right, but we must, if we want to avoid friction, which would be so unfortunate in its results for the minority, play down to them a little. We attain this end by putting a few Anglo-Irish items on our concert programmes, and we are also thereby incited to carry forward the qualities that have made our race noble in the past into the new product formed by the Anglicisation process. On the other hand, when we make use of English items to form the body of our programmes, let us be sure to follow the example set forth in the above, and select those classic gems of English literature which bring before the minds of the audience the best qualities of English pathos and humour as well as those manners which are peculiarly characteristic of that great nation.

"PROGRESS."



THE NEW CLUB ACT.

ON the 1st of January next the "Registration of Clubs (Ireland) Act, 1904," comes into operation. On and after that date every club in Ireland where drink (or as the Act has it, "exciseable liquor") is kept for supply to members or visitors must be registered. It is advisable that the public should be made acquainted with the provisions of the Act, as under it every person can be his own policeman, and can, if he so desire, put the law in motion to stamp out not only bogus, but badly-conducted clubs. It will, of course, be the duty of the police authorities to see that the Act is properly carried out, but the police are very often disgracefully lax in doing their duty, and the new Act is eminently one in connection with which the authorities can be compelled by any member of the public to carry out the law. Here it may be no harm to give a word of advice to the Chief Commissioner of the Dublin Metropolitan Police. My advice to him is to read the Act, and have its provisions explained to his subordinates, and not wait to be taught his duty or powers under it, as he had to be taught his duty and his powers under the recent Act for the regulation of the speed of motor cars, by a mere "man in the street."

Every Petty Sessions Clerk (and, in Dublin, the Chief Clerk of the Police Courts) must keep a register containing the name and address of every registered club, and also the names and addresses of its officials, and of the members of its committee or governing body. Any person can inspect these registers on payment of a fee of one shilling. I do not propose to set out here the conditions with which it is necessary to comply before a club can be granted a certificate of registration. The authorities of drinking clubs can find those out for themselves, but what is important for the public to know is the ground or grounds on which objection to the grant, renewal or continuance of a certificate may be made. Clause 3, section 2, provides that "it shall be competent . . . for any person resident in the parish in which the club premises are situate, to lodge objections to the grant or renewal of the certificate on any of the grounds of objection specified in this Act." Notice of application on the part of a club for the grant or renewal of a certificate must be published once in a daily newspaper circulating in the locality, and objections to such grant or renewal must be lodged with the Petty Sessions Clerk (or, in Dublin, with the Chief Clerk of the Police Courts) within ten days of the publication of the clubs' notice. Clause 5 provides the grounds of objection as follows:—

The court shall not consider any objection to the grant or renewal of a certificate unless it is taken upon one or more of the following grounds:—

- (a) The character of the chairman or secretary, or of any official or member of the committee of management or governing body; or
- (b) The suitability of the premises; or
- (c) That the application made by the club, or its rules, or any of them, are in any respect specified in such objection not in conformity with the provisions of this Act; or
- (d) That the club has ceased to exist, or that the number of members is less than twenty-five; or
- (e) That it is not conducted in good faith as a club, or that it is kept or habitually used for any unlawful purpose, or mainly for the supply of exciseable liquor; or
- (f) That there is frequent drunkenness on the club premises, or that persons in a state of intoxication are frequently seen to leave the club premises, or that the club is conducted in a disorderly manner; or

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ASSISTANT CLERKS (July, 1904).—4 of 11 Irish Successes. BEST IRISH RESULT.

EXCISE (May, 1904).—17th, 21st, and 27th Places. ALL THE IRISH SUCCESSES.

PROVINCIAL P. O. LEARNERS (May, 1904).—Six Successes. ALL THE IRISH VACANCIES FOR FEMALE LEARNERS.

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A few young men who have had a good practical experience of Poultry Keeping will be received as Apprentices at the Department's Poultry Fattening Station at Avondale, Rathdrum, County Wicklow.

Applications for these positions must be made on the prescribed Forms on or before 27th December, 1904.

Further particulars may be had on application to

THE SECRETARY,

Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction for Ireland, Upper Merrion Street, Dublin.

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Grand Christmas Pantomime

Under the patronage and presence of the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress,

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Numerous Attractions! Irish Songs and Dances!
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INSTRUCTION IN FRUIT GROWING AND GENERAL GARDENING.

A number of Students at the Horticultural School, Glasnevin, having received appointments, there are now a few VACANCIES for young men who have had a good practical training in Fruit-Growing and General Gardening.

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NORTH DUBLIN UNION.

TO BUILDING AND PLUMBING CONTRACTORS.

The Board of Guardians of this Union invite Tenders from competent parties for the Erection of

SANITARY ANNEXES

as follows:—

One at the Female Catholic Hospital of the Workhouse, and a similar Annex to the Female Infirmary Wing, in accordance with the plans and specification which can be seen and copied at this office between the hours of 10 and 4 o'clock (Saturdays excepted), on lodgment of a sum of £1, which will be returned to all parties sending in bona fide Tenders.

The Plumbing Work to be tendered for separately from the general Building Work, as provided in the Specification, which also provides for standard rate of wages. Any further information can be had from Mr. Morris, Clerk of Works, 54 Cabra Road.

Sealed Tenders, marked "Tender for Building Work, or "Tender for Plumbing Work," as the case may be, accompanied by estimates in a separate envelope, and marked "Detailed Estimate" on the outside, should be sent in not later than 12 o'clock noon on Wednesday, 4th January, 1905, upon which day the Board will consider same.

Solvent security will be required, and the accepted Contractor to bear his portion of the expense of special bond.

(By order),

JOHN O'NEILL, Clerk of the Union.

Boardroom, North Dublin Union,
14th December, 1904.

THE Irish Independent.

THE FIRST AND ONLY

1d. 2 MORNING PAPER

IN IRELAND,

WILL APPEAR ON

MONDAY, 2nd JANUARY, 1905.

Not only the Cheapest, but the BEST NEWSPAPER.
WILL CONTAIN MANY NEW AND ATTRACTIVE FEATURES.

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Don't Forget MONDAY, 2nd JANUARY.

been justified by necessity; certainly some of them are regarded as model Catholics by high authority. If, however, necessity may justify individuals in exposing themselves to the danger of this vicious atmosphere, would not a lesser cause justify us in entering as a body—bringing with us our own atmosphere, as they do in Germany? How long will Irishmen, alone among the nations and the poorest of all, go on pursuing will-o'-the-wisps which they dignify with the name of ideals?

Trinity College, too, I fancy, must find the air growing clear. The Provost objects to the suggested removal of the Divinity School, and in this he has, I am sure, the sympathy of Irish Catholics; he has mine, at least, complete. Do he, however, and his colleagues on the Board, regard the offer of a site for a Catholic chapel as equivalent to the privileges at present enjoyed by Protestant

Episcopalians within the College? He rightly holds it to be of the first importance for Protestants to have the Divinity School and chapel as centres from which conservative Protestant thought may radiate; how, then, can he doubt that it is of even greater importance for us to have not only a chapel but a School of Divinity? How can conservative Protestants, like the Provost, hope to preserve their Divinity School, unless they give Catholics an equivalent? They will have to level down if they are unwilling to level up. Let them follow the example of so many of the German Universities, which, to say the least, are as progressive as that of Dublin; when they have done so, they will be in a position to ask the authorities of the Catholic Church in Ireland, why their subjects may not do what is done by their co-religionists in Germany.

Now, if Trinity were to reform itself, after the model, say, of Bonn, what should be our attitude towards the reformed institution on Catholic principles? That of the German Catholics towards Bonn? If not, why not? The President of Maynooth College, who, apparently, would have nothing to do with Trinity in any circumstances, would do the country a service if he were to tackle this question without delay and help further to clear the atmosphere; for we are sorely puzzled by his position. Or, perhaps, Sir Christopher Nixon would try his hand.

W. J. LYNAGH.

A REAL IRISH XMAS PRESENT.

When thinking out what you intend sending your friends abroad or at home, you should remember that

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A Series of Correspondence Lessons for Teachers preparing for the Certificate Examination next July, by TADÁS O'DONOGHUE, Editor of the "Gaelic Journal." Compiler of "príom leabhar," &c.

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This is a new and handsome reprint of this celebrated novel which has been out of print for some time. It deals with country life in Ireland about the middle of the last century; a subject of which the Author of "Knocknagow" was, of course, a master.

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ON BAILE'S STRAND, by W. B. Yeats, and SPREADING THE NEWS, by Lady Gregory,

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Christmas, 1904.

The Hospice, which has for quarter of a century been open to receive a class of human sufferers who always command the sympathy of their fellow-men, namely, the dying, comes now again before the charitable claiming a share in their Christmas liberalities.

The dying. These are they who now appeal for help, and the sisters of Charity, whose Mission is to tend them, unite in their petition for the support of an Institution established for their exclusive benefit.

Religious differences are no impediment to admission. The Hospice is open to all conditions and denominations, and may, therefore, solicit the kindly and liberal support of all. If "according as we mete unto others, it shall be meted unto us," how great shall be the consolations of those who help to comfort and sweeten the last hours of the dying.

Christmas—The Poor.

St. Brigid's School of the Holy Faith, 115 and 116 THE COOMBE.

The Sisters of the Holy Faith in charge of the above schools respectfully solicit for them a share of your alms at this Holy Season.

The Schools are in the Liberties, the poorest part of the city. One thousand and two hundred children are in daily attendance, 350 of whom receive breakfast daily, and clothing when funds permit.

There are five large poor schools—two for Little Boys and two for Girls, and one for Infants.

These Schools are not under the National Board, and have no endowment. Contributions will be gratefully received by the Very Rev. Canon Scally, P.P., and by the Sisters of Faith at the Schools.

The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is offered once every month for the Subscribers and Benefactors, living and dead.

Society of the Queen of Charity, LITTLE STRAND STREET.

CHRISTMAS ALMS.

The Sisters of the Holy Faith, Little Strand Street, earnestly solicit a portion of your alms in this season of mercy to enable them to give food and fuel to the poor at Christmas, and also to the children in need thereof, who attend the schools.

There are 5 Poor Schools—two for Girls, two for Little Boys, and one for Infants.

One Thousand Children are in daily attendance, several of whom receive breakfast daily, and clothing when funds permit.

The schools are not under the National Board, and have no endowment. Contributions will be gratefully received by the Sisters of the Holy Faith at the Schools.

The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is offered once every month for the subscribers and Benefactors, living and dead.

Christmas Appeal.

In the distribution of your Christmas Alms kindly remember the Suffering Children of the Poor, under the care of the Sisters of Charity, in the

CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL, TEMPLE STREET, DUBLIN.

Seasonable Xmas Presents

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Price One Penny.

The hollowness, insincerity, and rottenness of it all! Here is some nondescript brought over from Britain, and without any reason whatever a few half-slaves fall down on their knees before this fellow, and put money in his purse. Is he not paid by the Great Sourface Railway? What does he want this money for? Why did he get it? We have Mr. Al Findlater making a fool of himself by stating that the Great Sourface Nation-Killer is *better* than any railway in America. We have no doubt that a number, if not nearly all, those who subscribed to this uncalled-for collection did so because they were afraid to refuse. Testimonials for peelers, bank servants, and such like have become a nuisance of considerable magnitude in this poor country. We have no doubt but that the majority of those who were fleeced for the benefit of this highly-paid imported Mr. Bell, of the Great Sourface Nation-Killer, will thoroughly agree with our notes on this scandalous abuse of the Irish sending-round-the-hat

nuisance. This Bell case is a simply deplorable example of the evil, as there is no apparent reason for the infliction that it has placed on those who did not see their way, for one reason or another, to refuse their money to this man.

Rev. Brother Weston, Superior of the High School, Clonmel, cast a side-light on some of the parents of "gallant" Tipperary in the course of his address at the annual prize distribution. He spoke very plainly and sympathetically of Irish as a school study, he admitted that the schools have to bear portion of the blame for allowing the language to weaken almost to death, and that it was now the duty of those schools to work with all their might to retrieve the mistake of the past. He claimed that no schools in Ireland had entered into the Irish language revival in a more whole-hearted manner than the High School and the Christian Schools of SS. Peter and Paul, Clonmel. As the Irish teacher for these schools is Mr. Seumas Clandillon, the claim is probably justified. Rev. Brother Weston said:—"I must acknowledge that the people of Clonmel have thrown no obstacle in the way of its teaching, but there is such a thing as not throwing an obstacle in the way, and allowing their children to believe that they permitted them to be taught Irish as, well—a good-natured fad of the teachers—a thing that will come to nothing—a thing of which there is entirely too much made; a fad that will soon die out, and with it the study of the language. Therefore, they do not interfere with the fads of the teachers, but allow their children to be taught Irish. If Irish is only to be learned by the children under such saddening circumstances, and if the parents are not more interested in its study, it will be hard to effect much in the schools. I trust that for the future a better spirit will be shown on the part of the parents, and that greater facilities will be given in the country for the revival of the Irish language."

Where is the Irishism of the parents of the Clonmel part of "gallant" Tipperary? In face of this unsatisfactory attitude of the parents of this part of "gallant" Tipperary the Irish results of the schools have been very remarkable. Of the large number who took Irish at the Intermediate not one failed and many obtained "Honours." At the Waterford *Féis* a pupil secured the Gold Medal for junior Irish singing, and tied for second place (Silver Medal), the third and fourth places were also to the credit of the schools, and in this competition there were about forty entries; pupils of the schools won the Gold Medal for O'Growney I., II. and III., 2nd place O'Growney I., and 2nd place for choirs in a competition in which ten choirs were entered; at the Clonmel *Féis* the schools carried off no less than nine first prizes. On the face of this the authorities of the schools, and particularly Mr. Clandillon, are to be congratulated on the results of the Irish teaching; but it is a pity that the parents of that part of "gallant" Tipperary are not more commonsense-like and progressive. Anti-Irishism, where it is not the outcome of Sourface spleen, is an infallible sign of ignorance and stupidity. We hope the Irish Ireland children of Clonmel will waken up their parents to the needs and realities of this go-ahead, progressive and practical Irish age.

Some one at one time called "Honest John" a "melancholy humbug." Has anyone ever seen "Honest John" on the Continent? Perhaps, he presents a more cheery appearance in the capitals of Europe. Anyway, he recently said at a meeting in Dublin:—"I say to you, in all sincerity, that never have I returned to this city from foreign travel that I have not been overpowered with a sense of melancholy. You cannot walk the streets of Dublin with an observing eye without having borne in upon you in the very appearance of the houses, in the streets, which have been planned for the rush of a great capital, and are almost deserted—you cannot, I say, walk these streets with an observing eye without having borne in upon you with enormous strength the blight and the curse that hangs over this nation in the fact that we are the slaves of an alien Government, and that the whole

control of our nation is transferred across the sea to the capital of the stranger." These remarks may somewhat explain the word "melancholy" in the now famous phrase; perhaps, in a speech at no far distant date "Honest John" might make some explanatory remarks on the other word.

We are certainly advancing. "Honest John," in the same speech from which we have quoted, said:—"I lay no claim to infallibility as to means and methods." This certainly marks a decided advance on what we may call the orthodox leader-of-the-Irish-race-at-home-and-abroad attitude of mind.

In the course of our note in last week's issue of Father Dowling's interesting report on the exhibition at Ghent, the following appeared:—"This little Munster-sized Belgium, with its close on 7,000,000 people, and about £20,000,000 per annum of export and import trade, believes in fitting itself for the conditions rather than of dreaming about 'self-sacrifices' that are to fit the conditions for them." The printers made an error, and when they were about making one they made one of no less than one hundred and eighty million pounds; perhaps, the Comp. was thinking imperially at the time, and mere millions were as specks of dust. The figure should have been £200,000,000 and not £20,000,000 as printed. Probably, as the correct figure appeared in another part of the note, the readers noted the error themselves; however, it is as well to correct it in this issue.

We doubt if the authorities of Laurel Hill Convent School, Limerick, altogether relished the speech of the Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer on the occasion of the distribution of prizes there. We take the following from a newspaper report:—"Referring to the teaching of Irish, his Lordship said that it had made such progress through the country and had taken such a decided hold of the public mind that it ought to form a large and important part of education in every Irish school. A few years ago there were many people in Ireland who would have thought that if their boys or girls spoke Irish it would spoil their accents and vulgarise them. They had got past that stage. The Irish language now needed no apology, and it had a right in all Irish schools to take its place as a living language to be taught there. He trusted the time would come when it would be treated in their schools not as a foreign language but as their own, and that the substance of what was done might be done in their own native language." This from a man of such acknowledged intellectual power as the Bishop of Limerick should be of distinct advantage to the Irish movement. A few days previously, at the other extremity of the country, Ireland's Grand Old Cardinal said:—"This Gaelic League had breathed a new spirit into the country (applause), and it was not a mere hectic blush that will vanish in a short interval of time, and which was merely a forerunner of death. It was a good healthy glow of enthusiasm which these Gaelic Leaguers had aroused amongst the people of Ireland, and which promised to go on and to increase, and finally end in the triumph of the old tongue, their old music, their old games, and everything which could contribute to mark us out as a distinct nation and give us a distinct personality (applause)." Dr. O'Dwyer is one of the most intellectual of the Hierarchy, and we all know that Ireland's Cardinal is happily a strong man, a man with a backbone. The Irish movement in such places as Limerick and the North-West corner is fortunate in having such distinguished advocates. The movement in Dublin received a stimulus by the special visit which the Papal Legate, His Eminence Cardinal Vanuelli of Rome, paid to the last Oireachtas.

The contract for supplying about 500 pairs of nailed boots for use by labourers employed in the Cleansing Department of the Dublin Corporation was given to Messrs. Webb and Co., Dublin. Are the boots of Irish manufacture? The tender form specifies that "No tender will be considered which does not distinctly specify in respect of

each item, whether or not the goods proposed to be supplied are of Irish manufacture." Messrs. Webb and Co. are not, we understand, boot manufacturers themselves. The form of tender states that "The contractor shall not assign, sell, or sub-let his contract, or any part thereof." Also, "that contractors shall pay to those employed in the work under his contract not less than the minimum standard rate of wages paid in Dublin and district, and shall employ regular tradesmen to perform tradesmen's work, and observe the hours and conditions of employment now recognised as proper there." Also, "Tenders for supplies to the Corporation shall be accepted only on condition that the contractor shall consent, whenever considered necessary by the Supplies Committee, to an inspection of his or their premises by an official to be appointed by the committee, in order to effectually enforce the carrying out of the conditions of any such tender." If Messrs Webb and Co. are not boot manufacturers, how did they comply with the clause forbidding sub-letting? Did the Corporation make any effort to find out if the standard rate of wages was paid, and did they use their powers of inspection of premises in which the boots were manufactured, and where were the boots manufactured? We don't make any suggestion one way or the other; we only ask the questions. If, as we are informed, Messrs. Webb and Co. are not manufacturers, how can their carrying out the contract square with the sub-letting and the other provisions that we quoted?

"An Irish Irelander" writes:—"You have done a good deal towards unearthing the 'Dark Brothers' of our Green Isle, but you have not entirely succeeded yet. I live at present in a town of some 12,000 inhabitants, which is considered one of the best business towns of its size in Ireland. I use a little cheese from time to time, and although, perhaps, some people will say I therefore have an English stomach; I believe I have an Irish heart, and would have my cheese Irish if I could. Hence I first looked through the advertisements of your Xmas Number, which, I am glad to say, took me a considerable time. I thought anything Irish worth getting would be found there. But I could find nothing about Irish cheese. Then I issued forth on the town from grocer's shop to grocer's shop. Some never knew there was such a thing made as Irish cheese, and remember they were not small groceries. Others believed there was such a thing, but they did not know where it was made. One enterprising assistant, who had lately come from another place, said he knew there was cheese made in two places in Ireland, but they did not keep it here. At last, in a large shop, when I asked if they had any Irish cheese, an assistant produced, from under the counter, a small piece of cheese which he said was Irish, so I went home rejoicing. Now it is quite possible we may hear by-and-bye of an Irish cheese factory having failed whilst tons of English and other cheese is sold every day in Ireland. But who are to blame? First, the 'Dark Brother' manufacturers, who will not let people outside their own immediate neighbourhood know of their existence; second, the shopkeepers who will not push Irish goods. The people would do their part if they got the chance. But everyone might not be inclined to spend as much time as I did unearthing the 'Dark Brothers.'"

In the course of a letter on "Intolerance in Ireland" in the *Southern Cross*, Adelaide, Australia, we read:—"If a member of Parliament makes a speech, denouncing the steady exclusion of Catholics from their due proportion of place and influence, people talk about it for a few days. Everybody thinks that somebody should do something. But nobody knows what the something is, or suspects that he is the somebody that should do it. He always fancies that it is some other somebody, hopes the other somebody will turn up, and turns himself on the other side to go to sleep again. The other somebody does not turn up, and nothing is done by anybody. Pray, who has been shaking up all Ireland for upwards of three years? Who has been waking up sleepy Irishmen even out here? The LEADER is the somebody, and week after week it tells what is the something to be done. Catholics are to cease proving their tolerance by allowing

themselves to be excluded from positions to which they are justly entitled. They are to attend and get all that their votes enable them to get. Catholic shareholders are to get more than two places out of forty-seven on the 'great Sourface Railway,' etc., etc. The member's speech will be forgotten in seven days, but the LEADER's speech, which comes out every seven days, fresh vigorous, and keen, cannot be forgotten."

A correspondent suggests to us that there are two sides to the bank manager testimonial public nuisance. He tells us of a presentation made some time ago in a country town to a bank official. The presentation took place in a bungery to which a hotel was attached. The bank Jolenny was the recipient of an address and a small purse of sovereigns, and just as some of the contributors to the undeserving object felt constrained, no doubt, to subscribe their money, the recipient of this public generosity probably did not see his way of escaping from "treating" his friends. The bank official left the "entertainment"—for which he was to pay—early in the night, but the "treated" kept taking "treats" till morning. When it came to the turn of the poor testimonial bank official to pay Mr. Bung, he found that the bill for champagne alone exceeded the amount in the purse of sovereigns! This certainly throws a new light on the testimonial nuisance. Two types of individuals have a direct interest in promoting this nuisance in those cases where the presentation is celebrated at a drunkenery. The interest of Mr. Bung, of course, is obvious; the "sponger" is also an interested party. Every dupe caught in the net of these bobby and bank official testimonials is not likely to go to the bungery for free drinks on the "momentous occasion" when the illuminated address and the purse is delivered. Supposing one hundred people subscribe 5s. each, and a bank official, as a result, is to receive a purse of twenty-five sovereigns. The presentation is arranged to be made in a bungery, and out of the one hundred subscribers, fifteen people who may be divided into five friends and ten "spongers," turn up at the "momentous occasion" at the drunkenery. The bank official is naturally excited and elated at the jingle of 25 golden sovereigns in his pocket, but he begins to cool down when "sponger" after "sponger" calls for highly-priced drinks. Muttering in his heart "ten golden sovereigns gone already," he works up a smile and excuses himself for leaving the "jolly good fellows" at such an early hour. No sooner is his back turned than the orders proceed again, and Mr. Bung is all smiles over his meaty lack-intellectual face. The bank official in due course, we will say, receives a bill for £40. Mr. Bung smiles, the "spongers" suffer from "craw-sickness," and the poor bank official is £15 to the bad.

We learn from the *Sligo Nationalist*—nationalist so-called—that a "burletta," whatever that is, was performed in Colloney market house on two nights recently to crowded houses. The "burletta" was called "That Rascal Pat." We read that "Mr. Tyrrell was simply refreshing in all his parts, his humour keeping the audience in roars from start to finish." This s'de-spl'ting "simply refreshing" Tyrrell is a District Inspector in the R. I. C., and we hear quite an objectionable type of stage Irishman. There was a concert before the "burletta," and we note that there was a Japanese love song "in character" and a chorus of Japs. Is it not a wonder that they are so backward in Colloney. Have they never heard in that place of the Irish Revival?

St. Colman's College, Fermoy, is one of the leading colleges of Ireland; it is also, by all accounts, one of the most Irish. During the years 1903-4 the largest number of pupils actually attending class in the college was 104 boarders and 9 day pupils. "At present," said the President in his remarks a few days ago at the close of the Christmas term, "we have 125 boarders and 8 day pupils in daily attendance." It is certainly pleasant to record the progress of such a distinguished Irish college as St. Colman's, Fermoy. That college is not bashful in letting the public know what it did in the Intermediate; we have not

seen that Castleknock and Clongowes have overcome their modesty by letting the public know *their* Intermediate results. They are not usually so modest, and if a past man from one of these Seoinín institutions rose to eminence by snatching a village dispensary against the competition of the civilised—aye, and the uncivilised—world, these colleges would crow like bantam cocks. The President of St. Colman's said:—"The number of passes secured by the pupils of the college at the Intermediate examinations last year was 61. This year the number is 58 distributed as follows:—Senior, 1; Middle, 25; Junior, 30; Preparatory, 2; 9 in Middle Grade and 5 in Junior Grade passed with honours. The number of exhibitions and prizes, etc., is very satisfactory. Last year we had five Junior Grade exhibitions, together with one medal and some prizes in other grades. This year we have three Middle Grade exhibitions, equivalent to six Junior Grade ones, one Junior Grade exhibition, one medal, one first-class, one second-class, and two third-class prizes in Middle Grade, and one second-class prize in Junior Grade. The medal for first place in Ireland in Irish (Junior Grade), together with a prize for excellence in Irish Composition, was won by one of our students, Michael John Twomey. Prizes for excellence in Latin Composition were won by two students in Middle Grade, also for Irish Composition, Middle Grade; English Composition and Literature, Middle Grade; and French Composition, Junior Grade. Altogether the students of St. Colman's secured the large number of 16 distinctions. A very satisfactory feature of the distinctions is that they were gained in practically all the courses and in a great variety of subjects, thereby showing the general excellence of the teaching. Another satisfactory feature is that the college has secured results in Irish that might be expected from its leading position in the Irish movement. Professors and students are carried away by enthusiasm for the revival of the language, and hence it is gratifying to find that the results have not disappointed their hopes. In Middle Grade 20 passed, 11 with honours, one securing second place in Ireland; in Junior Grade 32 passed, 11 with honours, one securing first place in Ireland. The fact that prizes for excellence in Latin, English, and French were also gained proves that the very patriotic efforts of the boys to master the language of the country have not lessened their diligence in studying the other subjects on the curriculum. Exhibitions were secured in the classical, mathematical, and modern literary groups, while very high places in experimental science were gained by two of our students."

We wonder what does the "highly respectable" College Ass of Castleknock think of that record? *Perhaps* the Ass would tell us what distinctions *his* pupils have gained during the year; but we think it more likely that the genteel College Ass will decide "to keep saying nothing" about the matter.

What is the value of a resolution? The Dunfanaghy (Donegal) Board of Guardians recently advertised for a maternity nurse, and it was stated in the advertisement that preference would be given to candidates with a knowledge of Irish. The maternity nurse was required for Gweedore, which, according to the *Derry People*, "is a solely Irish-speaking parish, and many of the people in which cannot speak the Beurla at all." There were two candidates, a Miss Boyle and Mrs. Lavery, of Ardara. Miss Boyle had already been nurse in the district, but she resigned. The salary was raised, and she applied again. One of the Guardians, Mr. John Breslin, in seconding the appointment of Mrs. Lavery, who, it appears, knows Irish well, stated that Miss Boyle "was not able to speak one word of Irish." A Mr. Coll, who, by the way, is a Bung, maintained that Miss Boyle could talk Irish. Mr. Edward O'Donnell said:—"Sure Miss Boyle told the people of Gweedore that she did not come there to learn Irish." And a Mr. Irvine remarked:—"It would be strange if she didn't know Irish, having been brought up in Rutland Isle." However, as far as we can judge from our information, Miss Boyle does not know Irish. On a vote the following voted for Miss Boyle:—Messrs. D. Coll, J.P.; P. Lafferty, P. Ferry, Thomas Coyle, P.

M'Gowan, P. O'Donnell, Thomas M'Bride, J. Irvine, and the Chairman. The following voted for the Irish-speaking Mrs. Lavery:—Messrs. J. Breslin, F. Molloy, and M. O'Donnell. And the following sat on the fence evidently afraid to vote for either:—Messrs. B. Rodan, J. Harkin, H. M'Gee, and E. O'Donnell.

When, in face of the advertised preference for an Irish speaker, Miss Boyle was elected, Mr. Breslin caustically moved that the paragraph in reference to Irish should be omitted from the advertisement in future as its insertion was only a sham when it was not adhered to. Mr. Bung in the person of Coll, pointed out that Mr. Breslin's motion was not in order. Mr. Colgan the Chairman, who had voted for Miss Boyle in face of the terms of the advertisement, ruled that Mr. Breslin's caustic motion was out of order and that the resolution on the books must first be rescinded! What a stickler for order Mr. Colgan is to be sure. What is the value of a resolution?

CORRESPONDENCE.

SHOP-KEEPERS AND IRISH GOODS.

DEAR SIR—In your comments in the LEADER, of December 17th, on the support of Irish manufactured goods by the public and the shop-keepers, you say that "some of the big wholesale houses in this country are not likely to side with Ireland," and further, that "the time has come for a new forward movement on behalf of Irish industry." May I suggest that this forward movement might very well take the form of an Irish Ireland wholesale supply store?

That would be a most effective method of "turning the guns of Irish Ireland" on the present wholesale houses. Little is to be expected from them; and most of our shop-keepers are too stupid or too apathetic to take the trouble of talking to the wholesale houses, even if the financial position in which many of them stand towards the wholesale houses did not put all attempts at talking out of the question.

A couple of years ago I suggested in your paper, the establishment in Dublin of an Irish Ireland social club, which would help to gather up, and unify, and direct, the scattered fragments—political, literary, industrial, etc.—of the movement. You strongly approved the idea, and it has since commended itself to others; but so far as I know, nothing has yet been done to put it into shape.

I pointed out that the Gaelic League provides the intellectual centre of the movement; such a club would provide for the social side; and with a wholesale supply store to provide for the commercial needs, the various aspects of the Irish Ireland movement could be better co-ordinated and made to assist one another.

Such a wholesale supply store would probably arise out of the National Exhibition, but it would be better if it were in existence beforehand, so as to be ready at once to grapple with the demand for Irish goods which that Exhibition will create.

Might it not, indeed, be worth while for the promoters of the Exhibition, if they could see their way to it, to begin their work by setting up such a wholesale supply store at once?—Yours, S. P. O'CONNOR.

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IS CUIBE AN COMÓRTAS!

I gceann rcaithe bis eile tigró, agus—“Ó, maire, nac fada, déigeanac d’fhanabair amuis! Tíad mo éroide rib, eirigíó i gcomne an trasaire; bí Máire Mháirtín agus Áine Mhór agus Míclín Labráir na mbó annreo, níl ann aét go bfuilro iméighe, agus bíomar ag caint ‘r ag cómhád, agus tugaotar agus tugaomar uile de bairnail nac maib don éabair gan fíor do cupi ar a onóir beannuighe, agus Peigrín féin, an creátúirín, tá sí ag tnuédan leir agus ‘s a iarrair, agus veir sí nac b’fágan sí tám éolata ‘fágail aét ‘s a fannuighe—an creátúirín, buó tnuag le éroide cloide i ag iarrair leabair pún nó ‘aignir d’ ei.” Mo fhead ngráó rib, eirigíó i gcomne an ácar Mídeál.”

Amac leo, ar n’óig; óir cia geobpad ann féin cup ruar d’ a coméruime rin de comairle? Agus mo “féirín-na-geóitge” boét, “paraitfeap” ruar é, bíodgpar ar a éolad é, agus déarpar leir veitbire a déanad, mar, parapar, i n’oiar a fáir-veitbire ‘déanad, nac óig go mbéir pé in am. Éireoáir pé, ar n’óig, agus gléapair pé é féin ar a fáir-luar, agus béir pé de léim in pan diallaic, agus reiorpar pé i gcor’ in áirde mar luar na gaoite glan-fuarie, agus a éroide ag teadt amac ar a béal ‘fáitcior nac mbéirpar pé ar an anam boét rin. Fágann pé ann; agus féad—aét níl don éabair ag caint, tá pé gabta, agus níl don fáir ag capair; níl pé aét i b’fíor-cup na rgríbe. Ir iomra agus ir pí-iomra a leitíre rin de glaoúac ola amac iomhe, má’r fat paoúail d’ó, agus ‘n a áiríó rin gan veit ann aét reirb’fóganatide neam-éarvead ór cómhair. Dé agus an tomain, fear neam-ghaitead, tomaineac atá ag fágail a éuro airgíó agus a flíge beata go bpeáig, néir, gan tuat gan gearóal; rúó ‘r gur fíor-annam tuine ar na toaimb ro-éroideac, lágaá peo éiríó d’ó i ríe feadt mbliagáin a oiread ‘r do éurpead ceitpe éiríóte ar an gearall iomáir é coim fada leo le n-a b’fíreolad. Aét go veimín tá d’fíreáil órm a fáir gur buívead, fial, forgaltaé a lán acú—ar a mbéal amac.

Cup réarín oréú peo i toaó teadt ‘do éinne in am. Cup! Cup múnad ar mnaoi, nó ar muic, nó ar mhuille. Bí ‘s a fuagrad d’óir gur é gnár agus fuagail na h-earbogóide na glaoúag ola do veit uile irtead ar a veit, nó iomhe, ar mairm. Cia an baint atá acú-pan le n-a fáirail rin de éaint? Cia an baint atá acú-pan le fuaglaéar? Ní pur ar bit a bfuil fuaglaéa aige atá ar iarrair acú, aét an ragaire. Uiró veap an bail ar na toaimb boéta é, go veimín, gan ceat acu an ragaire d’fágail gan a éuro fuaglaéa do meabruighe agus do coimeat iomhé, cia ‘r bit róir purad atá in na fuaglaéar rúó atá i gceir aige! ‘Sé an ragaire atá ag teardail uata, agus cia an baint atá ag am ná ag tráamlaét leir an gcúir—ná ag réarín, aét a oiread? Tá an ragaire ar iarrair acú, agus ar n’ó má eirigean pé a teadt leo, bíó aige!

Cup réarín oréú, nuair fágair tó ann, i toaó a n-ullmúighe féin paí cómhair an báir. Níor éimnig ríat áriam ar an mbár. Ní ar an mbár atáir ag cuimnúghe aét ar an leigear. Agus tá mb’ áir, nac leir an ragaire a baineap rin uile, agus ní leo-pan—a gcur éim bealaig “branoáite, do-opeáitce” mar ir cóir? Má éiríóann ríat amúga, nó má geitceap d’uiréarúar íat ar an mbealac, íocparí reirean áir; “tá a fíor acú rin.” Agus baineann rin gan imíde ar bit do veit oréú; tá a fíor acú go n’deanparí reirean a gnaite féin i gceap, an a pon éim d’á mbuó nac n’deanparí é ar a pon-pan. Mar ándairé Liam Ó Ruairí fat ‘ó leir an gceapim, agus é ar boro luinge éim an Oileáin Uir, nuair ándairé an caipín leir go maib an long agus íat féin i nguar a mbáirte go gnuineall na fappge: “Ir cuma liom-pa rin,” appa Liam áir’

eirean, “d’ioc mé tura le mo éabair anonn d’ó Oileán Uir, agus caipíó tó reard do do mairgá, nó béir an olíge agam oré.” ‘Sin é go oiread; réir an olíge acú in áiríó an trasaire, muna b’fáiríó ‘éiríó pur ar a éairé nuair fágair in pan tomain eile, Tá gceapíóir féin taca ‘déanam, ir móir buó learg leo fíor do cup ar an ragaire—coim mímé agus coim neam-fuaglaéa rin ar éaoi ar bit. Ir fada go n’deanparíó é, tá b’fíreíre d’óir go v’fíreíre rin oréú féin gearóal ar bit fágail uata féin, ná iarráé ar bit do déanam paí n-a b’fíreíreíre féin paí coim ar an báir agus an b’fíreíreíre. Agus go veimín tá mb’ éiríó d’óir féin taca ‘déanam, cia ‘r éabair é na ragaire do veit ann ‘éoi ar bit? Muna ríge leo an méiró rin do déanam, in n’oiar a bfuil caillce leo d’airgeat agus de bliagantáir ag an láiríó—‘r an láiríó teangá an tragaire eile—muna ríge leo an méiríó rin do déanam uata féin, aét go gceapíó na toime boéta cuiríóghe leo, agus a cómhéanad leo. Cá bfuil ar fóglaím ríat áriam, nó cia an éabair atá ionntu ‘éoi ar bit? Aét ar n’ó ríge leo, agus caipíó ríat a déanam gan congnaí ar bit uaim-ne. Uaim-ne go veimín! ‘Do b’ áir an fáir uaim-ne cuiríóghe le ragaire in a éuro gnaite féin! Go veimín buó cuibe an comórtar!

Conn.



SIR HORACE PLUNKETT'S BOOK.

HIS CRITICISM ON RELIGIOUS CONGREGATIONS CRITICISED.

In pages 108-109, Sir Horace writes:—

“But it is not the extravagant church-building which in a country so backward as Ireland, shocks the economic sense. The multiplication—in inverse ratio to a declining population—of costly and elaborate monastic and conventual institutions, involving what, in the aggregate, must be an enormous annual expenditure for maintenance, is difficult to reconcile with the known conditions of the country. Most of these institutions, it is true, carry on educational work, often, as in the case of the Christian Brothers and some colleges and convents, of an excellent kind. Many of them render great services to the poor, and especially to the sick poor. But, none the less, it seems to me their growth in number and size is anomalous. I cannot believe that so large an addition to the ‘unproductive’ classes is economically sound, and I have no doubt at all that the competition with lay teachers of celibates ‘living in community’ is excessive and educationally injurious. Strongly as I hold the importance of religion in education, I personally do not think that teachers who have renounced the world, and withdrawn from contact with its stress and strain, are the best moulders of the characters of youth who will have to come in direct conflict with the trials and temptations of life. But here again we must accept the situation, and work with the instruments ready to hand. The practical and statesmanlike action of all those concerned is to endeavour to render these institutions as efficient educational agencies as may be possible. They owe their existence largely to the gaps in the educational system of this country, which religious and political strife have produced and maintained, and they deserve the utmost credit for endeavouring to supply missing steps in our educational ladder. If they now fully respond to the spirit of the new movements, and meet the demand for technical education by the employment of the most approved methods and equipment, and by the thorough training, on sound lines, of their staffs, it is impossible that the influence on the young generation should not be as salutary as it will be far-reaching.”

Sir Horace says elsewhere that “whatever may be said in defence of the priest in politics in the past, there are the strongest grounds for deprecating a continuance of their political activity in the future;” that “in many other matters—social, educational, and economic—they have not been on the side of progress,” but “that their

influence is now, more than ever before, essential for improving the condition of the most backward section of the population." I would ask him, then, has a priest no civil rights, or has he no right to exercise them, unless, and so far as he gets permission or approval from some layman who undertakes to lecture him on the limits of his civil functions? No person can, I think, suspect me of an undue disposition to politics, since I have never made a political speech, and have never been present at a political meeting. But when he tells me that, being a priest, it is my duty to abstain from politics, and, at the same time, that it is my duty to occupy myself with economics, I have a right to ask him, why? If, on the other hand, some politician tells me that I should have nothing to do with economics, but that I ought to take part in politics, what am I to do between my two conflicting monitors? This simply: I use those civil rights which I own equally with either of them, and I follow my own judgment setting aside the dictation of both. Sir Horace, being engaged in one phase of social work, gives his blessing to the priest in economics, and gives the back of his hand to the priest in politics; but, from a careful reading of his book, I have come to the conclusion that, to his mind, either in politics or in economics, the priest is, at best, a necessary evil, but a useful instrument under existing circumstances.

He seems to be of like mind with regard to religious communities, male and female. He thinks that in educational work they cannot be equal to the lay teacher. "But we must accept the situation, and work with the instruments ready to hand. The practical and statesmanlike action for all those concerned is to endeavour to render these institutions as efficient educational agencies as may be possible." In other words, making the best of a bad market, he would provisionally retain them. He is even good enough to think that "if they now respond to the spirit of the new movement, and meet the demand for technical education by the employment of the most approved methods and equipment, and by the thorough training, on sound lines, of their staffs, it is impossible that their influence on the young generation should not be as salutary as it will be wide-reaching;" which, being interpreted, means that if they faithfully follow his directions, place themselves unreservedly at the disposal of the Department and work under his control, he might be able to turn them to some use for the country. It is a delightful psychological study to observe such men posing as the supreme rule of right and truth.

With similar self-confidence Lecky sits on the tripod, and writes as much nonsense about religious life in a few sentences as the oracle ever uttered at Delphi. He thinks that "the complete suppression of the conventual system was very far from a benefit to women, or to the world." He then gives his idea of what convents ought to be. But he says—"Most unhappily for mankind, this noble conception was from the first perverted." And the perversion consists in this:—"Institutions that might have had an incalculable philanthropic value were based upon the principle of asceticism, which makes the sacrifice, not the promotion, of earthly happiness its aim, and binding vows produced much misery and not a little vice." One would think that he lived in a convent, he knows so well the amount of misery and vice which binding vows produce. He himself would have invented a much better system than came from the combined wisdom of all the founders of communities since the hermits of the Thebaid—he would promote, rather than sacrifice, the earthly happiness of his community. He would inculcate the principle of hedonism instead of the principle of asceticism.

Ah! St. Augustine! St. Thomas Aquinas! I always took you to be the two greatest intellects which have shone in the world in the course of human history. I learned from you both that mortification is a virtue; but now I learn from Lecky that you have betrayed me. Let me go back to St. Basil and the early founders of Religious Communities; I find them thinking, teaching, and acting under a like delusion. I go back to the early martyrs and confessors, and I find them equally foolish, for the latter suffered and the former died for

the same mistake. They dressed a hard bed for themselves, without any need, if they only knew; in fact were guilty of a social evil by living and dying as they did. I go back to Apostolic times, and I find that St. Paul blundered badly when he told the Galatians that "they that are Christ's have crucified their flesh, with the vices and concupiscences." He plainly did not know his business. Had he the good luck to live nineteen centuries later, he could have learned from Lecky, as I learn from him now, that the true principles of asceticism is not the sacrifice, but the promotion of earthly enjoyment. To cut the matter short, Christ did not understand Christianity, else He would neither have fasted in the desert, nor suffered for our sake. He, too, perverted a noble conception when He sent His Apostles on their mission "without purse or scrip," a condition certainly which did not promote their earthly happiness. Yet He seems to have designedly settled those conditions of their Apostolate; He seems moreover to have counted the consequences and reckoned with the world, for He said to them: "If the world hate you, know you that it hated me before you; if you had been of the world, the world would love its own." But we have changed all that. St. Paul wrote about the law of the members warring against the law in the mind. There need be no such warfare. Let the spirit cave in, let the flesh have its way, and we shall realise "the promotion of earthly happiness," instead of perverting a noble conception by sacrificing it. Of course we are Christians still, but we have been improving on Christianity in every new edition of it we bring out. We have changed for the better the conception of Christ Himself. He was, we allow, a worthy moralist, a great philosopher; but He was not so wise as we are. We have penetrated into the mysteries of the unseen world and have even discovered a modified form of the Godhead.

He is only a cloud and a smoke that was once a pillar of fire.

The guess of a worm in the dust, and the shadow of its desire.

The Book of Wisdom thus represents humiliated critics speaking of those whom they once thought fools:—"These are they whom we had some time in derision, for a parable of reproach. We fools esteemed their life madness and their end without honour. Behold how they are numbered amongst the children of God, and their lot is among the saints. Therefore, we have erred from the way of truth, and the light of justice hath not shined unto us, and the sun of understanding hath not risen upon us" (Chap. V.—3, 4, 5, 6). If Lecky founded a religious community on his improved plan, his Religious would, before a twelvemonth, if they at all held together so long, have become a spectacle before angels and men. I am sure that the youngest novice in any convent in the country would smile at his simplicity, although, no doubt, he thought it profoundly wise to observe these flaws in the ideals of all the ascetics of Christian history. The following reveals more of the knowledge he had of convent life:—"The convent became the perpetual prison of the daughter whom a father was disinclined to endow, or of young girls who, under the impulse of a transient enthusiasm, or of a transient sorrow, took a step which they could never retrace, and useless penances and contemptible superstitions wasted the energies that might have been most beneficially employed." Evidently he learned more about convent life and conditions in Trinity College, or from the May meetings of Exeter Hall than from any independent investigation of his own. Yet, in spite of all this, he goes on to say:—"Still it is very doubtful whether, even in the most degraded period, the convents did not prevent more misery than they inflicted, and in the Sisters of Charity the religious orders of Catholicism have produced one of the most perfect of all the types of womanhood. There is, as I conceive, no fact in modern history more deeply to be deplored than that the Reformers who, in matters of doctrinal innovations were often so timid, should have levelled to the dust, instead of attempting to regenerate, the whole conventual system of Catholicism" (History of European Morals: Vol. II., pages 391-392). There it is.

Lecky thought that he knew more about religious life than all the ascetics from St. Benedict to St. Teresa; and yet anyone who does know anything about it, knows that he could hardly be more ignorant of it than he was. He plainly had no clear conception of the principles on which the Religious State is founded. Likewise Sir Horace Plunkett thinks that the spiritual children of St. Ignatius, St. Vincent de Paul, de la Salle, Edmund Rice, Nano Nagle, Catherine Macauley, etc., could not do better than get a course of instructions from the Department on the various duties for which those communities were respectively founded.

M. O'R.

THE IRISH LITERARY THEATRE IN CORK.

I MUST confess that I often wished to have a chance of seeing the plays of Mr. Yeats and Co., as some irreverent person has called the precious crew. Now that some young men and women have been kind enough to bring them to Cork, acting them in their own persons, the least I may do is return them a word of thanks, and if in doing so I should say anything in the way of criticism, it must be taken as simply an enlargement of the thanks. I hope I am right in thinking that these active young men would prefer a few words of honest criticism to the "bordering on perfection" of the *Examiner*.

Of the dramas acted, I am not sure, but I think both have been written of previously in these columns. Mr. Yeats's "Pot of Broth" is altogether a pleasant little scene-raiser, if not altogether original in the idea, as the playwright seems to hint. Its pleasing effect was mostly got by the very good acting of Miss Goulding—good I mean for this kind of play. Of the other drama "The Last Irish King," I think it was a very wise choice of the society to select such a play for a beginning, it being a very actable sort of play with nothing in it anyway abstruse or symbolic. I don't think I would care to have to read this drama, and I must confess that I think a drama should bear reading—yes, and re-reading for that matter; a drama should be, in fact, literature, and "The Last Irish King" is hardly that. Yet the author deserves praise for honestly attempting to make drama from Irish history; writing, I should say, with some decent amount of self-respect and love.

If it be possible I would wish the society to tackle the "Heather Field" of Mr. Martyn, and the "Caitilin Ni Uallachain" of Mr. Yeats, and after that, the possibility being again taken into account, to try and get some little plays written here in our own city about our own civic life in the past, but more preferably about our own civic life in the present. I was glad to see the author of "Croppies Lie Down" present at the second performance—the Society might do worse than requisition him for something out of ourselves for ourselves. There is also Canon Sheehan of Doneraile, who seems to have a feeling towards drama and who was not born so very far away either. To my mind, either of these two men could make dramas that would be, at the same time, literature. Of course I do not pretend to say that we have a right to ask these well-known writers to do anything for us; we would, for instance, have much more right to ask Mr. Newnes or Sir Alfred Harmsworth for some thousands to build a home for drivelling idiots; but we could ask drama from these two Irish writers as we ask prayers for the dead of strangers—"Of your charity." With these few remarks of thanks and interest in the Society, I pass on to consider some points that struck me in the acting and mounting.

About the former, I would ask the Society as to whether it thinks the acting it sees in our local theatre, professional acting, that is, the highest ideal possible to be made towards. That style of acting may be summed up in a phrase—"True to nature." Now to say that a piece of any artistic endeavour whatever is true to nature, is indeed very high praise, but the Greeks did not make their statues true to nature, yet their works in sculpture are admittedly the noblest man has seen. Therefore it would seem that things not altogether true to nature may also be very great. Again, the "man in the street" would say of a piece of land-

scape painting that it was true to nature, when anyone who had given much time to studying landscape and atmospheric effects would know it to be abominably false. The false landscape of the knowledgable is here the true of the ignorant. Now if anyone should tell you that your acting is true to nature, how do you know but that 'tis only ignorance is speaking your praise, for it is not easier to watch the passions, emotions, gestures of human life than it is to watch the gestures, emotions, passions, of clouds, and rivers and fields.

And yet once again. Set two boys to perform similar tasks; one does his task gracefully and beautifully, the other, like the clown he is—both are, of course, acting true to nature, that is, to their own natures. When you come to act some similar part, which boy will you take as your model? Are you sure then that in all your actions on Monday night, 12th of December, you did that which was true to the nature of the beautiful in nature, true to the nature of the passionate (beautifully passionate) in nature. Or, on the other hand, were your gestures those that first came to your mind on first reading your part, or were they simply reminiscences of similar gestures seen on other stages? If you are going to work for the building of a national theatre (as well as for your own enjoyment, which no one begrudges you) with characteristics all its own, more beautiful, more deeply true, more artistic, than those of the theatre so often laid bare before our eyes, the sooner you begin thinking about these things the better. How such thinking would affect acting had people time to think about such pleasant themes! How it would banish the "true to nature" of the people who, as regards nature, are hardly more than purblind!

Now regarding the mounting of our dramas. At the performance I was indeed very glad to see everything so simple. I hope it was the desire for simplicity and not the question of expense that kept things so. Personally I would reduce scenic effects in drama to the vanishing point. The only performance of a Shakspeare play that I ever really enjoyed more than reading the same play was an *al fresco* performance of "As You Like It." I fancy that in English drama the scene painter has choked the life out of the dramatic artist. Reduce the scenery to the Chinese level, where I believe the word "Castle" hung before the audience does duty for the cumbrous papery things that we would build up—and presently people in a theatre will listen to the words—which are surely, after all, meant to be heard.

And another good effect of such mounting would be that a dramatic society would then be able to do quite a number of works in the course of a year, while the unfortunate 'prentice dramatic hands would also be given a chance of doing something for their country without first having to amass a small fortune.

Once again let me thank the men and women whom I saw acting on last Monday night, and with the hope of seeing them again soon, in the same and other dramas, let me write the finishing word. LEE.

THE APPOINTMENT OF PARISH PRIESTS.

IN your issue of the 19th ult. you publish a very interesting and timely article based on a paper from the pen of the Rev. Dr. McDonald, in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, in which he says, that appointments for some parishes, parish priests appointed thereto, should be decided by concursus. In this event, to some extent, the appointments would not be left, as at present, entirely at the Bishops' disposal. And for this reason he says that studies of a useful kind would be promoted among the intellectual clergy—men of training and ability.

Many a priest, now passed over, in some dioceses would gladly welcome such an arrangement. But the Rev. Dr. McDonald should remember, for he cannot be unaware of the fact, that some Bishops, outside the subject matter for conference, never give a word of encouragement to the clergy, much less offer any reward to those who may

have attained distinction in the knowledge of literary subjects. As for contributing articles to magazines and newspapers, even where acknowledged literary ability is shown, and duly recognised by a discerning public, the Bishop of such a diocese, if he at all notices the publication, treats it as a work to be deprecated and avoided. Hence the writer is fully in accord with Dr. McDonald, where he says a priest under such a Bishop, *ceteris paribus*, if he looks for promotion, he will probably attain his object sooner and surer, and a more desirable parish, too—if he stick to parochial work, lie low, and publish nothing.

Dr. McDonald, who evidently knows some facts concerning clerical life and appointments, omitted to name another mode to secure promotion—which consists in getting at the Bishop's advisers, who are frequently undistinguished for literary attainments. They, and not the Bishop, are the party who make the selection, and when made, the Bishop ratifies the appointment. In this state of clerical appointments, a damper is thrown upon studies of any sort in view of promotion—indeed, the “study” will descend to the mean and ignoble art of obsequiousness and fulsome adulation.

In a diocese where this “art” is adopted to secure the “best” man for the best “position,” nobody will deny but a change is highly desirable on many grounds.

Dr. McDonald again deplores another fact in connection with literary studies, that few secular clergymen have come to the front, by publishing literary works of any description for many years. In this matter it may be well to state a fact, perhaps, hitherto unknown to the educated laymen, and which, under an unsympathetic Bishop, fetters the hands of a secular priest. It is this, that he cannot publish any work—even were it only a treatise on arithmetic or trigonometry, where errors in faith could not be broached—without first obtaining the Bishop's consent. Here it is only fair to state, that it is not a diocesan regulation, but an enactment by the late Pope. In confirmation of this statement, I quote here a passage from the *Adnotationes in Consti, Leon. XIII., Officiorum ac Munerum* No. 42.

Viri e clero saeculari ne libros quidem, qui de artibus Scientiisque mere naturalibus tractant, inconsultis suis ordinariis publicent, ut obsequentis animi erga illos exemplum praebeant.

The writer has not before him the articles of the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* referred to in the LEADER, but taking all the circumstances recounted into consideration, your readers will not deny that the secular priest has little inducement to enter upon a course of study, which at the very threshold meets with discouragement that damps the ardour, and stunts the growth of literary and scientific efforts.—Yours faithfully,

VIR E CLERO SÆCULARI.

ART IN A BOTTLE.

VERY beautiful glass has been made in Ireland for many years—how many it would be quite possible to discover if anybody with dates on the brain will but choose to look into some book on bottle-blowing, and find out the year the first Irish bottle was made. Whether Mr. Bung is to have the credit for that first bottle or not, could likewise be settled; but it certainly is to-day a matter beyond dispute that to Mr. Bung, ubiquitous and powerful, is the honour due for the bottle glass that I am going to write a few words about.

Ave! Bung—when I think of all the porter and whiskey—however, you considered bottles the end of the art, and I consider windows the proper place for the glass your bottles are made of. You will go on importing your windows that your brilliant gas or electric lights may blaze through on cold, wet winter nights, in these gray, sodden cities that accept your tyranny as unalterable fate.

Beautiful is your bottle glass, indeed, O Bung! be-bottled one—but you knew it not; you knew not all the beauty of deep delicate browns (except frothy ones), you knew not subtle sage greens (only emerald ones), you knew not the translucent qualities of the receptacles you have enslaved for one purpose alone, and that purpose not

an illuminative one. Yet, had you not existed, Ringsend and other places had fewer conical chimneys.

In Dublin and Waterford, and elsewhere, no doubt, the exchange between his Excellency Mr. Bung, in the dress circle in the play, and poor Mr. Blower, perspiring in his under vest, starring the dark night with his glowing bulb of pot metal, has been a steady one. Mr. Blower has taken merely the commonest metallic oxide and vitreous substance and blended them together in the melting-pot, without any design but that of making the cheapest glass for the porter and whiskey bottles of commerce. How is it that the excelling Mr. Bung himself, when fitting up his “palatial” bar, with its imported leaded windows in the latest London style, had not discovered the “possibilities” of the glass he was making so much use of behind the bar itself? Futile question—the glass-blowers themselves see no beauty in their glass—it is the “commonest glass” made (say they), it is good enough for bottles.

Well, let me indicate one of the beauties and uses of this glass, for I have seen it used—much similar English glass in England—but seen it used now for the first time in Ireland. The white glass and the cheaper pale green glass, of which small flat whiskey bottles are made, has a fine textured surface on one side—the inside—suitable for “painting” on. It can be used even when broken out of bottles (for that, at present, is the only way to obtain it) as quarries, with a little mat painted on, and partly rubbed off when dry, leaving some of the “colour” to remain in the slight roughness of the glass. The pale green, the cheapest glass of all, is a splendid window glass, and has not only a surface of excellent quality for matting, but it has a very useful quality for leaded window lights, and screens, where privacy is needed; and that is its translucent glow—making light rather than obscuring it—at the same time renders it anything but transparent. This glass, on a gray day, looks as cheerful as on a sunshiny one.

I have seen a small leaded panel of these white, green and greenish brown Irish bottle glasses—probably the first of its kind ever made in this country. It is the experiment of an Irish artist, Mr. Michael Healy, well known to readers of the LEADER as a clever black and white draughtsman, but, perhaps, less known as a stained glass artist at present engaged at an *cup glome* where excellent church windows have been made of late for several Catholic churches. Mr. Healy had to gather together several empty bottles and break out the pieces he required, and trim them into shape. It is a small affair, but, for my part, I love to dwell on beginnings—the smaller the better—leaving safe success to more prudential writers.

Now, why should not Ringsend, say, supply Dublin stained glass artists with this bottle glass in the usual small flat slabs necessary for profitable work—or, rather, why should not the craftsmen approach the native glass-maker and arrange for the manufacture of these slabs of pot metal? Breaking up bottles is well enough in its way, but there is an unnecessary limitation about it, though I believe rounded pieces can be flattened out in a kiln. Again, in the slab more variety of thickness could be given than even is to be found in the sides of a bottle, and this variety always makes the colour more interestingly gradated and beautiful.

That the making of this glass for window use would be profitable to both manufacturer and craftsman, I feel inclined to think; but that it would add something to the beauty of leaded window lights, if the composition of the present bottle glass be not altered by any probable, but absurd, plan to improve it, I certainly think with some assurance—knowing a little of what has been done with similar glass in England. The Dublin and Waterford porter bottle and whiskey bottle glass is perfect for simple domestic windows and screens—it cannot be bettered if made in convenient slabs of variable thickness. To conclude this short eulogy with a question—is it not worth while considering whether the reduction of the number of bottles to terms of more beautiful windows may not be a progressive step along that never-ending road towards an earthly paradise?

ROBERT ELLIOTT.

LAMENT OF A POOR "SAVED" PARSON.

Let not ambition mock their useful sphere,
 Their homely lives which luxury ne'er craved,
 Nor Papists hear with a disdainful sneer,
 The short and simple annals of the "Saved."

Blue's Elegy.

The ballad poetry of Ireland is very beautiful and sad when it pictures forth the "short and simple annals" of the poor landlords. But perhaps its plaintive notes are never so pathetically tender as when they touch upon the homely sorrows and domestic distresses of that lamentably overworked and miserably underpaid body, the "Saved" parsons of Ireland. The following verses are taken from the "Book of Popish Persecutors and Inquisitors," a volume at present lying among the literary archives of Sandy Row:—

THE "SAVED" PARSON AND THE LOST CONGREGATION.

I am a pious parson "Saved,"
 And wretched is my lot.
 With poverty I'm sore enslaved,
 And ease I know it not.
 Financial troubles me beset,
 And other griefs untold.
 Two hundred pounds a year I get
 As shepherd of the fold.

The place where I'm compelled to live
 Is but a mansion drear,
 A crib for which I only give
 Just fifty pounds a year.
 And here I lead an humble life
 With servants only two.
 A yearly income has my wife
 Of hundred pounds a few.

My church stands up to heaven high
 In beauty cold and clear,
 But miles too large it was for my
 Good congregation dear.
 On Sunday if you came to view
 My flock you'd scarcely mark.
 Because it was made up of two—
 The housemaid and the clerk.

For all this care upon me laid,
 This burden so immense;
 Good God, how meanly I was paid,
 How poor my recompense!
 For saving all this blessed lot,
 From sin to keep them clear.
 Ochone, ochone, I only got
 Two hundred pounds a year.

Two hundred pounds, imagine that,
 And hang your head for shame.
 Why, any mere commercial brat
 To-day can get the same.
 A parson's living is a mock,
 And doomed to quick decay
 When for the care of such a flock
 He gets such meagre pay.

The Papist poor law guardians mean,
 Most shabbily behaved.
 They paid me but a stipend lean,
 No pauper being "Saved."
 But once a year a stroller stayed
 One night in poorhouse grounds,
 And for this cadger "saved" they paid
 Poor me but twenty pounds.

I asked these guardians for a rise—
 Hard work had made me weak—
 They turned round to my surprise,
 And said I had a cheek;

A mighty cheek to want more pay
 With no one on my list.
 Oh, woe and sorrow from that day
 I found myself dismissed.

Ochone, ochone, our troubles ne'er
 Come single and alone,
 But in battalions down they bear
 Till hope is all but flown.
 So when the Romish guardians threw
 Me out as greedy shark,
 I lost my congregation, too,
 The housemaid and the clerk.

Each Sunday now so cold and bare
 My church you all may see,
 No living soul is in my care
 Outside my family.
 Ochone, ochone, I'm in the blues.
 My God, I greatly fear,
 If I can't get a flock, I'll lose
 Two hundred pounds a year.

All "saved" of good Cromwellian stock
 Who in your lodges meet,
 Come help me now to get a flock
 To keep me on my feet.
 A congregation to me send
 To clear financial gloom.
 Perhaps some one of you could lend
 A housemaid or a groom.

But still for all this outlook glum,
 Which now before me lies,
 I yet have left a trusty chum
 With whom I'll advertise.
 Unto the *Irish Times* I'll go
 And interview Alf Fox.
 He is the proper man I know
 To get the parsons flocks.

Through him I'll let the "Saved" all know
 How I am in the lurch—
 With not a single one to go
 On Sundays to my church.
 And when my sad and wretched plight
 Is in his columns set,
 Who knows with heaven's help I might
 A congregation get.

And in his paper too I'll state
 The workhouse here is slack.
 No pauper "Saved" comes here of late
 To get my stipend back.
 A notice of this nature may
 Our tramps' attention hit,
 And one or two may come some day
 To help me on a bit.

So I will hold my spirits up,
 Though things are looking blue;
 I still may have a bite or sup
 And save my wretched screw.
 Oh heaven grant to me this boon,
 This mercy to me deign
 That this bereaved, poor parson soon
 May get a flock again.

A. M. W.

**THE UNIVERSITY QUESTION.**

Drumbaragh, Kells, Christmas Eve, 1904.

SIR,—The signed article by W. J. Lynagh on the University Question in your last issue makes me anxious to express my views on this important question for Irish Catholics. Dr. Mannix, the President of Maynooth, deprecated, the other day, unauthorised programmes on this vital question for the religion of our sons. I quite agree with him in this, but I go further, and complain that we have no authorised programme. I think it is time for our bishops to give us one, in order that we Ca-

tholic laymen may know what is the opinion of those whom the Catholic Church has appointed to be our religious guides. I was astonished some time ago at a public meeting, organised by the Catholic Graduates' Association, to hear Mr. Pearse, one of the members of the Association, state that no Catholic now demanded a Catholic University. I, as an individual Irish Catholic, certainly do demand it for my sons.

Mr. Lynagh asks how it can be right for English Catholics to go into Oxford and Cambridge if it be wrong for Irish Catholics to go into Trinity and the Queen's Colleges. This is a straight question, and I think we Catholic laymen have a right to demand an authoritative reply. As far as I know the circumstances, Rome has not approved of Catholics going to Oxford or Cambridge, although they have tolerated it, which I understand to mean that they do not forbid it, and it is therefore for Catholic parents to decide whether they are thereby putting their sons' faith in danger. Personally I think I should be, and I should therefore not send my sons there. As far as I know Cardinal Newman's theory was quite different. I think he proposed that a distinctively Catholic College should be established in one of these Universities, but the Catholic hierarchy, wisely, I think, decided against it.

Nowadays the danger is not of heresy, but the total unbelief of Revelation. No one believes in any Catholic joining the Protestant Churches from a conviction that their teaching is right. When a modern novelist published to the world some time ago that he had joined the Irish Protestant Church, everyone laughed. Catholics regretted that any single Catholic should leave the only true Church, but no one believed that the novelist had any faith in the Protestant Church.

We see the Catholic Bishops using all their powers to prevent primary education being secularised; why should they not take equal pains to prevent higher education being secularised? I quite agree that Religion and secular education should go hand in hand in the case of young boys, but I think that it is even more important that it should go hand in hand with the education of young men of between eighteen and twenty-two years of age. That is the time of life that young men of thought—I mean those who can think of something else besides betting on a horse race—begin to think of the difficulties of religious problems. Of course, reason alone will never make a man believe in Revelation, for this grace is necessary—a special free gift of God. This special gift may be sufficient to overcome temptations against faith, and will be, if these temptations are not of our own seeking, but we are bound to see that our own sons are not unnecessarily put into grave danger. There are, I think, two distinct dangers—First, that of being taught the higher subjects of study by infidels who must, even without meaning it, instil their disbelief in the Revelation of God to Man. They must trust alone to the powers of reason. This applies still more to infidels who may call themselves Catholics. The second danger is the influence of their companions, which, I think, is as great, if not a greater danger. Suppose a Catholic young man, who is taught by a good Catholic professor, mixes with equally clever young men who have been taught by infidel teachers, will they not naturally compare their views, and may they not find it hard to answer all the difficulties that can be brought forward? Time enough in after-life when their religious beliefs are firmly established, owing to the knowledge they have acquired, to have to mix with infidels.

As an individual Irish Catholic parent, I want a University with three distinct qualifications. No one of these, nor no two of these, qualifications will satisfy me. I must have all three. The University must be learned, it must be national, and it must be Catholic. Some seem to argue that there can be only one national University in a country. That is not so. In the German Empire there are twenty Universities. Are they not national? In Austria-Hungary there are ten, in little Switzerland there are nine, whereas in France, I understand, there is but one University, that of Paris, which has control over

the education of all the colleges in France. The world acknowledges the superiority in learning of Germany over France. In the United States there are many Universities. Are they not national?

In Ireland we have a right to demand a national Catholic University. Let there be a national Protestant University, a national Infidel University, and a national mixed University if there be the demand, but let me not be told that no Catholic now demands a national Catholic University. I belong to a Catholic family who lived in Dublin for the last two hundred years, through the worst penal times, and whose members, with very few exceptions, kept to the Catholic faith. None of my ancestors gave up their faith, none of them had the advantage of a University education in their native land. How they managed to be educated in the penal times, when all education was prohibited by law to Irish Catholics in their own country or out of it, I know not, but I do know that they happily disobeyed the law, as I at present own a "Horace" that belonged to my great grand uncle, John Sweetman, one of the members of the directory of the United Irishmen, which he had with him in prison in Kilmainham in 1798, and on the fly leaf of which he had written a copy of a letter to the Lord Lieutenant, complaining of the way the British soldiers treated him in prison. I boast that none of my ancestors were educated in Trinity College, and that my parents would not allow me to be so educated; and, as long as I live, no son of mine shall be educated in a non-Catholic college.—Yours truly,

JOHN SWEETMAN.

A RETROSPECT.

THE year of grace 1904 is ended. Does it not behoove us then to glance backwards at the road we have travelled and to review with the advantage that perspective gives the occurrences that have befallen us on the way? Such a practice is habitual with our daily papers. Who is not familiar with the leading article appearing in our city journals on the last day of every year wherein are enumerated at length those happenings that most have pleased the editorial mind, while those that pleased it little are but briefly noticed. A leading article which rejoices at the success of Envoys and the halting nature of Land Reforms, or at the visit of Kings, and the triumph of Japanese, according as it is conceived in the shadow of the Metropole Hotel or that of the Bank of Ireland. But in all cases a leading article that rejoices. At the glad season of peace and good will, Dublin Dailies ever rejoice, and should all else fail them, a review of the plays enacted in the city during the past twelve months fills them with an abiding joy.

'Tis a good custom hallowed by universal usage. Let us, too, look backward and note the distance we have travelled, or if, in sooth, we have travelled at all.

The year opened with excursions and alarms. The Catholic Association monopolised attention on all sides, and met with violent opposition from Protestant and Catholic enemies alike. Its career was not without result, nor could better evidence of the truth of its allegations be required than the terror it inspired in those who, were its statements false, had little to lose by its success.

Ere yet the embers of this discussion had grown cool, the hoary-headed University Question became the burning topic. Assuming, as at this critical moment it did, the semblance of a Mess of Pottage, "sectarian strife" was deprecated lest thereby we might lose the goodly dish; there was much talk, much writing, much drumming for a time. After that the dark—and the University Question remains a question still.

At this era occurred one of those teacup storms that

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from time to time sweep through this land. The Vice-President of the Department of Agricultural and Technical Instruction for Ireland published a book. The work needs no review here and now. It has been a nine months' rather than a nine days' wonder, and nothing new remains to be said upon it.

Then came the meteor-visit of the King. This is a matter, however, pertaining more to the columns of sporting journals than to the purpose of papers dealing with the stern realities of national life. When the visit ended Ireland was the richer by another foundation-stone.

Side by side with these events were the struggles of the rival Exhibition Committees. The Nationals and the Internationals held public meetings, published manifestos, and hurled defiance at one another. The customary sight was witnessed, viz., the wealth and "tone" of Ireland in opposition to the National project. When will we see a change?

Followed a great calm. But a cloud no bigger than a man's hand soon showed itself on the horizon and gradually grew. Newspapers and, later, Parliament were convulsed by the strange case of Constable Anderson. Cries of "Bigot" filled the air, exchanged on both sides with sweet impartiality, and all ultimately fizzed out as might have been predicted. Yet it was surely an improving spectacle; an Imperial Parliament wrangling, for the most part in blind ignorance, about the doings of a village policeman!

A great National, Catholic, Festival brightened the summer months. In July was consecrated the National Cathedral with a pomp worthy of the occasion and in the presence of the Papal Legate. There was a more powerful answer in this ceremonial, attended as it was by almost every Catholic of any standing in the country, to the carplings of anti-Catholic critics than in all the written and spoken replies that have been made to them in the past twelve months. It was, as it were, a contemptuous defiance; an ignoring of the preachings and teachings of those whose own affairs engross them not enough to keep them from meddling with the business of others. It was likewise a profession of Catholic Faith and Loyalty to the Church which showed of how little effect have been the attacks of our assailants.

Once again a calm, then the mountains are in labour and are delivered of Devolution! The vials of criticism and abuse have been poured upon this scheme and upon the authors of it. Some over hasty praise has there been also, and a few have consigned it to perdition with half-hearted encomiums. Yet of political events in the year 1904 it stands pre-eminent. Not because it is a scheme of wondrous statesmanship; not because it is a real remedy for Irish grievances; not because it is likely to effect a transformation in Irish agitation, but because it is an indication that yet another class of Irishmen have begun to think. A wealthy class too long antagonistic to their own land (and incidentally to their own interests) have begun to see that the existing state of affairs cannot continue longer.

Throughout the year the Gaelic League and Irish Ireland Movement preserved the even tenour of its way. The Language Procession and the Oireachtas eclipsed their previous records; Fort Riverstown and like incidents showed the spirit of Irish Irelanders and the opposition they have to encounter. The situation has not altered. It is still an up-hill fight, and courage and endurance are needed yet if it is to reach a successful termination.

So come we to the last days of 1904. We have moved perhaps but little forward from our position when last year expired. Two reflections strike us in looking back over the year just ending. For one I note that a spirit of dissatisfaction at our present form of Government appears to be spreading even in the most unlikely quarters. A hopeful sign. A suggestion that quiet acquiescence in the country's decay is at length on the decline amongst classes where it once prevailed.

Ans.

IRISH IN MAYNOOTH.

It may safely be assured that few thinking Irish men and women will disagree with the sentiments expressed in the article signed "An Phirinne" in last week's issue. On national grounds Irish should always remain obligatory in Maynooth during, at all events, the earlier years of the course. Apart from special and lesser considerations the national language is surely entitled to that much recognition. But in view of the recent sympathetic action of Maynooth there is no need to labour the point much further.

"Why make it obligatory," someone may ask, "and not make French or other languages obligatory?" First because it is Irish, and French or German or any other foreign language is not. Anyone who does not see this is not to be argued with, for he does not understand the elements of the question at issue.

Nor is there any use in arguing that Maynooth ought to allow the same freedom to its students in choosing subjects that they are allowed by the regulations of the Royal University, for whose examinations they are henceforward to present themselves. The principle is sound in the main, but it should not be pressed too far. Irish is not in the same category as other subjects, and ought not to be placed on the same level; again, simply because it is not a foreign language. Being the national tongue of the country, it stands away and above any University regulation representing to those whose vision is wide enough not alone an educational factor, but a vital force in the very nationhood of the country.

Yet, as a matter of fact, in the regulations recently adopted by the Board of Trustees, and of which copies have been sent to the Seminaries, this principle of absolute freedom in the choice of subjects has only been given effect to with reservation.

These regulations are printed in the College Calendar (1904-5, p. 173), and one of them provides that "subjects of special value to the priesthood" shall be obligatory in the College, "though not prescribed by the University, or prescribed only as alternative subjects."

This furnishes a precedent for special treatment for Irish. If certain subjects not required by the University are made obligatory on professional grounds, notwithstanding the very considerable liberty of choice allowed, surely similar consideration ought, on national grounds, to be extended to Irish.

Happily there is now every reason to believe that no change, which may hereafter be made, will be allowed to affect in any way the status accorded to Irish by the most recent action of the trustees.

CROIS BHAN.

AN BOIḡADÁIN,

"TRY and eat a morsel, a cúro, now do!" said Mrs. O'Connell coaxingly to her son. A substantial tea looked up at him invitingly from the white cloth. He regarded it all with eyes wherein hunger and gloom were blent, but made no move to tackle more than the piece of dry toast that lay upon his plate. His mother's hard face softened with perplexed anxiety as she watched him. For five and thirty years she had ministered proudly and gladly to her son's appetite, and its sudden failure during this last fortnight, with no sign of illness to account for it, filled her with a sort of wondering dread. There was a time when she had made many a joke at her son's ability, and willingness, to eat all before him, even though in her heart she was proud that he was his father's son in that as in everything else. But now she was unable to say cheerily, as she gathered up the very small fragments of generous meals, "Well, you cleared that, anyway. The divil a fear of you leaving much!" And Maurisheen, as she was wont to call him, half ten-

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derly, half mockingly, no longer lay back flushed and replete, sucking his teeth loudly, or picking them ostentatiously with a sharpened match. For a full fortnight now his evening meal had consisted of dry toast, milkless tea, and a little lean meat, after which his anxious mother saw him depart on long walks along the lanes that lay beyond their suburban home. On the opening night of this regimen, she asked uneasily if he was feeling ill. Maurice replied, rather testily, that he had a little touch of indigestion, but waved off her entreaties to him to consult a doctor. As the days wore on she coaxed him to eat with all the tastiest dishes she could think of, but to no purpose. He pursued his ascetic course with ever-deepening gloom, and with visibly decreasing bulk, until poor Mrs. O'Connell's days were filled with vague dread of what was going to happen to him. To-night she had prepared a specially rich and toothsome gravy, one very dear to the—heart, say, of Maurice on other days. The dish in which it lay, all golden brown and odorous, was temptingly placed near the plate containing his small strip of lean beef. Mrs. O'Connell leant over with a generous spoonful of the succulent oniony mass.

"Just a small little taste of the gravy," said she pleadingly. "Sure that wouldn't do you a ha'porth o' harm. You used to be very partial to it."

Maurice thrust the spoon away rudely. His mouth was beginning to water as the aroma of the much loved gravy stole to his nostrils, and he feared his ability to withstand such temptation long.

"Not a sup," said he. "I believe it was that gravy that made me fat."

"Well, and what harm?" asked his mother in astonishment. "Isn't it well to be fat? D'you want to be the way I am?" With an entire absence of vanity she elevated her chin until her lean sinewy neck showed plain in the lamplight; then she turned her head from side to side so that the sharp outlines of her jaws might be seen even more clearly than usual. For the first time that evening a smile showed itself on the gloomy face of poor Maurice. He knew that his mother, as the neighbours said, "hadn't a pick on her," and he hardly desired emaciation to that extent. But the smile vanished like a gleam of April sunshine as he glanced down at his, even now, comfortably swelling proportions.

"I don't want to be a *botṣarṓn* anyway," said he darkly. There dwelt with him the painful memory of that fine mouthful of a word applied jocosely to his long departed sire.

"And who called you that?" said his mother, quickly.

"Ah, no matter!" was the evasive response. "But I'm better without the gravy. Don't make any more for me, for I wouldn't touch it."

Mrs. O'Connell took away the gravy dish with a sigh, and Maurice resumed his listless attentions to the dry toast. Inwardly he repeated for his own comfort certain truths concerning the wisdom of a spare dietary, but all the same he felt that the way of asceticism was indeed a thorny way. Opposite him Mrs. O'Connell pursued her primrose path. For a lean woman she was a very hearty eater, and to-night, in spite of anxiety about her son, she ate her way steadily through a plateful of roast meat and rich gravy, and a round or two of buttered toast, to her own great content. Watching her gloomily, Maurice asked fate in bitterness of heart why *he* could not combine slender

proportions with big feeds as his mother was able to do? Until a while ago he had laughed easily at her prophecy that he would take after the father he had never seen, of whom "a fine, splendid, block of a man," was her idealistic description, while "a great old *botṣarṓn*" was the less flattering remembrance of others. Either way, it gave Maurice not a qualm. He beheld his increasing girth with indifference, if not complacency, until—ah, well, until a while ago.

And what happened a while ago? Well, someone with more zeal than sense of fitness had induced the growing *botṣarṓn* to join a Literary Society. More literal than literary, Maurice was a man who found reading enough in his prayer-book and newspapers, but this zealot overpersuaded him, took him down to the Society's meeting one Thursday, and there and then made a member of him. All went well until Miss Clancy turned her soulful eyes upon him, and then he was smitten at once with love, and with an awful sense of the burden of his circumference.

Miss Clancy came from Limerick to London as a pupil teacher when she was no more than sixteen. Later she got her College training in England, and now, though still on the sunny side of thirty, she had been for some years Assistant Mistress in a London School. She was a slim, shapely girl of more than medium height, with a loose mass of brown hair above a face as pearl-pale as the face of Niamh. Her two big brown eyes looked very mystic and dreamy when she talked about poetry, and very scornful when she had to notice the Philistinism of her little suburban world. At heart she was a pleasant, wholesome, kindly girl, but there was more than a touch of pose about her in the matter of poetry—symbolist poetry especially. For her there were no obscurities in Yeats; she spoke of his work and his school with the intense devotion of an ardent disciple. At the Society she read ever so many yards of Yeats-and-watery verse of her own making, vague and vapoury to be sure, but sounding very nice and musical as they came from her ripe red lips. He was her philosopher, too, and, in some subtle way only possible to a feminine mind, she managed to combine a shadowy pantheism with a very devout and practical Catholicism. She talked of him with ardent enthusiasm, she rent his critics with an indignation at once scornful and superior. For the "gross" and "fleshly" in thought and literature she expressed on all occasions a high contempt. Such fine play indeed did she make with those two adjectives that poor Maurice, listening and devoutly believing without in the least understanding, felt that to be "gross" and "fleshly" in mind or in body was to be anathema. Literature was an unknown land to him, but the thought of being led into it by Margaret Clancy's white hand was sweet and enticing. He felt that to be worthy of her notice he must labour to make himself some other manner of man than he was. His plump cheeks and swelling girth distressed and shamed him, therefore he bravely started on his steady course of Lenten fare. He was abased at the thought of how little he knew of books, so he took to hard study of the literary page of his morning paper. Determined to live up to Margaret Clancy's intense and spiritual ideals in literature, he borrowed "The Wind Among the Reeds," from the nearest Free Library, only to find with deep dismay that although it sounded lovely it yielded up hardly a vestige of meaning. He got off by heart some lines from the least obscure of the poems,

and these he quoted diffidently to Miss Clancy when an opportunity offered. He ventured a hint of his difficulty in wresting a meaning from the verse she loved so much, and she sighed and smiled and gazed soulfully at him, while with delicate finesse she conveyed a hint that the higher poetry yielded its essence only to those of higher and finer nature. Maurice understood, or rather he took to himself more than Miss Clancy meant to convey. He loathed himself for his rounded physical proportions, whereas in her heart of hearts the poetess rather liked them. She felt superior to him mentally, but she really thought him rather manly. On matters of business or politics, for example, he talked with a certain brusque common-sense that she rather liked to hear. She felt bound to continue her own pose, while not for a moment admitting there was aught of pose in it, but she felt also that Maurice was a man who had much better leave poetry severely alone. And he, poor soul, genuinely self-sacrificing in his desire to live up to what he thought were her standards, was making vain efforts to become slender in person and poetic in mind.

Several weeks passed by during which Maurice read and starved assiduously. Mystic prose dazed him more than mystic poetry, if that were possible, so that his reading resulted only in a sort of stupor. Sometimes there flashed across his mind an inkling that it was all balderdash, but a moment afterwards he would reproach himself for the thought. Was it possible that that noble girl, that Sappho of a London suburb, that being of subtle and delicate mind and soul, could make a cult of what was no more than literary rubbish? No, no, he told himself with humble conviction. The beauty and the significance were there, but he was too gross and earthy to grasp them. He despaired of ever reaching to

her heights of understanding, but he hoped that later a little light would be vouchsafed him.

But if reading had no result, semi-starvation had, as his anxious mother saw with real alarm. His girth was decreasing, and his full cheeks falling in. Sometimes his natural craving for the flesh-pots, joined with his mother's persuasions, caused him to stumble and fall. Her gravies were renowned, and Maurice loved succulent dishes. But after each fall he girded anew his diminishing loins, and tried hard to make believe that his ascetic diet was not only good in itself but productive of increased comfort and pleasure. But it was not easy. Two months of dry toast were telling on him, and sometimes his eyes were almost moist as he watched his mother enjoy her plentiful repasts.

By this time there was a sort of understanding between himself and Miss Clancy. There was no engagement, but she saw that he was wooing, and he saw that she looked on him favourably. She was very glad, and much less dreamy, and he was like one for whom the earth is created anew. Mrs. O'Connell was as well pleased as any mother could be whose only son is slipping from her, even into matrimony, but she told herself it might be worse. Margaret Clancy was a good amiable girl, of decent stock and rearing, and her literary pose was kept out of sight on the few occasions on which Mrs. O'Connell saw her. But that practical woman saw no obvious or necessary connection between love and starvation, and she had long ago decided that indigestion was not one of Maurisheen's troubles. Walking home from Mass one Sunday morning, she opened her heart to Mrs. Moran, a big motherly woman with whom Miss Clancy boarded.

"Ah, wait till they're married," said Mrs. Moran,

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when she heard the story of Maurisheen's fasting, "he'll drop his nonsense soon enough then."

"Till they're married," echoed Mrs. O'Connell. "I d'know will they ever be at the rate he's going on. He doesn't eat as much as would do a child."

"That's the way with the whole o' them when they're in love," said Mrs. Moran, easily. "I wouldn't be bothering myself about him; it won't last."

Mrs. O'Connell called up to her mind a picture of the other Maurice, to whom her parents married her forty years before. Their courtship was brief, to be sure, but she could not remember that either before or after marriage the earlier botanist had ever starved himself for love of her. That kind of nonsense was rank degeneracy in an O'Connell.

"Upon my word, ma'am, he's falling away," she said earnestly. "I'd be afraid to say so to him, he's so touchy, but it's only since the two o' them were great that he began to go on this way."

"You may believe me, woman dear, he's the only one," said Mrs. Moran, with a twinkle in her eye. "Miss Clancy is with me six months or more, and I never knew her appetite to fail her once in that time."

Mrs. O'Connell sighed deeply. Her companion, watching her with an amusement not wholly unsympathetic, was seized with an idea.

"I'll tell you what," said she, "come round, yourself and Maurice, to a bit of supper to-night. I have a couple o' geese that came from home yesterday, and I'll do one for the supper. Wait till he sees her ladyship with a plate of hot goose before her. She'll give him good example, I'll wager."

After a little hesitation on Mrs. O'Connell's part, the invitation was accepted—subject to the consent of Maurice. His mother said nothing of supper when she got home, she told him only that Mrs. Moran had asked them to look in for an hour or two after Benediction.

It was a clear, frosty, moonlight night when they left the chapel at eight o'clock. Mrs. Moran, who was a widow, carried Mrs. O'Connell off home with her at once, together with another young school teacher who shared Miss Clancy's rooms. Maurice and his divinity agreed that a walk across the Common would be enchanting, so they set off together, having promised to be out no more than half-an-hour. The air was crisp and clear, the grass just lightly touched with white frost, and the paths over the Common just lonely enough to lend the walk a tinge of romance. Margaret was tender, and dreamy, and soulful; she seemed to her lover's infatuated eyes and ears a being of unearthly origin. He could hardly think she was a farmer's daughter at all. She talked and he listened, humbly wishing all the while that his mental plane could even approach to hers. It was quite wonderful how smoothly and naturally she discoursed of the innermost ego, of the eternal silences, of the awed hush of mountain peaks, of the pulsing rhythm of the spheres, and other uncanny things that lay beyond his mental horizon. And yet it was she, not Maurice, who remembered half-way in their walk that Mrs. Moran's supper time was half-past eight, and that it was time to turn back.

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The sitting room, that served for dining room as well, looked cosy and pleasant when the lovers came in. The cloth was spread, and a fine fat goose, all richly brown and shiny and odorous, lay on the dish before the woman of the house. Her son, the other boarder, and Mrs. O'Connell were already seated at table, and there was some mild banter about the stillness of the Common as Maurice and Margaret took their places. He sat wondering if he might break his new dietetic rules on this occasion, for the sharp air had given him an appetite, and the goose smelt ravishing. But across the table he saw the pale face and dreamy eyes of his Margaret, his poetess, and he felt ashamed of his gross desires. Presently Mrs. Moran passed what he saw was a very generous plateful to her. She looked at it absently, her red lips curved in that tender smile that so well became her, and her slim white hands folded idly in her lap. It seemed to him that she must be dreaming of the "Children of Lir," or of "White birds on the foam of the sea." Then a look of interest lighted up her dreamy face, with one white hand she held her plate to Mrs. Moran, and he half expected to hear her say she could eat nothing. But no. Instead she said quite sweetly and clearly: "Some more stuffing, please. I'm very fond of stuffing—sage and onion especially."

To say that Maurice was shocked is to put it very mildly. He was dazed. His jaw almost dropped when he saw her grip the knife and fork in workmanlike fashion, and advance heartily to the attack. He ate his own supper mechanically, while the ladies, Margaret included, engaged in animated discussion about the rival merits of geese and turkeys, about onion and sausage

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cadruing le deantúsait na heinean.

stuffing, about bread sauce and apple sauce, and many another dainty. Three months ago he would have taken his share in the discussion, but to-night he could do little more than listen in amaze to his soulful Margaret, and watch her own very capable performance with a sort of fascination. There was no possible doubt that she did like stuffing, and roast goose too, and custard and prunes afterwards. A fine good hearty meal she made, with heartily expressed approval of the goose. To be sure there was nothing that even suggested coarseness in her table manners; she simply satisfied a thoroughly good appetite, of which she was obviously in no way ashamed.

It was a disillusioned Maurice that walked home with his mother that night, a Maurice somewhat less foolishly in love that he who stepped across the moonlit Common some hours before. Curiously enough, although he felt a little small about his efforts to live the higher life on locusts and wild honey, and although he was glad to be emancipated from any further need for such efforts, he was far more downcast and disappointed than anything else. Of course it was foolish, he told himself; a poetess must eat as well as another, but—at this point he saw again the piled plateful, and he flushed at the remembrance of her obvious fondness for stuffing. In the reaction of that night Margaret went very near to losing her balance.

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FATHER MATHEW HALL, Church Street, Monday, 2nd January Lecture by Rev. Father Angelus:—"Church Street Old and New"; Illustrated with limelight views. Father Aloysius presiding. 163

WANTED by Waterford Branch Gaelic League a native-speaking teacher, male or female (Munster preferred), with a good literary knowledge of Irish. Salary £65 a year. Apply enclosing testimonials and references to T. Sheehan, Secretary.

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NOTICE TO MANAGERS AND TEACHERS OF NATIONAL SCHOOLS.

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The Commissioners of National Education have modified Rule 102 (a), so far as it relates to the transfer of pupils over eight years of age from Infants' Schools, as follows:—

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P. E. LEMASS,
W. J. DILLWORTH,
Secretaries,

Office of National Education, Dublin,
22nd December, 1904.

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Vol. IX., No. 20

(Registered as a
Newspaper)

DUBLIN, 7th JANUARY, 1905.

Price One Penny.

CONTENTS.

CURRENT AFFAIRS:—

The New <i>Independent</i> ...	321
New Year's Competitions from <i>Alf For</i> ...	322
Connacht Irish School ...	322
Westport Again ...	322
The P.M.G. and Correspondence in Irish ...	323
A Lurgan Peeler Testimonial ...	324
Etc., etc.	

ARTICLES:—

Smúrac na h-Aicéise ...	325
Irish Policies for the Irish People ...	325
The University Question ...	327
Society in Ardilaun Lane ...	328
At the Abbey Theatre ...	330
Sir Horace Plunkett's Book ...	331
The Play Religious ...	334



NOTICE.

THE LEADER will be sent, post free, to any part of Ireland or Great Britain for three months, on receipt of Postal Orders value 1s. 3d.; six months, 3s. 3d.; one year, 6s. 8d. The rates of subscription for foreign postage are:—Three months, 2s. 2d.; six months, 4s. 4d.; twelve months, 8s. 8d.

The inland postage on THE LEADER is a halfpenny; to any foreign country the postage is one penny.

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CURRENT AFFAIRS.

The much-boomed ha'penny *Independent* has come out at last, and will probably—as over-boomed things are prone to do—be received with disappointment. From an Irish Ireland point of view—the point of view that is destined yet to dominate all things in Ireland—the paper is a poor thing, and offers little or no opportunity for congratulation. A half column of Irish notes, by an ex-editor of the official organ of the Gaelic League, represents the new venture's compulsory bow to Irish Ireland. We do not thank the *Independent* for that half column, as we feel confident that they arranged for it not out of their good will, but out of their necessities; it was their fear of, and not their love of, Irish Ireland that compelled it. If Irish Ireland gets a half column on page four, English Ireland gets over half a page in the shape of part of a British serial story by some Briton whose name we never before heard of, all to itself on page seven. Horse race betting is one of the most malignant nation-killing evils in this country at present. Betting is a pest in all ranks of society, and this new venture, that, in the old well-known hypocritical fashion, announces in its feeble leading article that it will give its heartiest support “to every movement for the National

and material regeneration of Ireland,” goes out of its way to cater and feed the unfortunate dupes of “bookie.” So enthusiastic is this hypocritical supporter of “every movement for the National and material regeneration of Ireland” for the furtherance of betting, one of the malignant evils of Ireland, that on Saturday it announced:—“Another remarkable innovation will be tips and gossip from a lady correspondent, who moves in the best-informed racing circles in England.” Does this paper think that a hypocritical reference to material and National welfare, and a half column of Irish, will save it from the condemnation of every Irishman, whether bishop, priest, or layman, for this awful pandering to the dark evil of betting—that ruins so many lives and so many families—by showing its enterprise in engaging the services of an English “lady” tipster? Mr. Michael Davitt contributes an article to this journal of the English “lady” tipster, and the burden of the article is a plea for condensation in reports of speeches. The journal whose long arm of enterprise even reached so far as the shores of England, where the “lady” race-horse tipster “moves in the best-informed racing circles,” may condense speeches, but evidently the “People's William” is not to be condensed. Nature abhors a vacuum, and William abhors brevity. There is an article by William that runs to two columns and a bit in this organ of condensation! We would not be justified in expressing any opinion on the two columns and a bit from William in this journal of condensation for the good reason that we have not read it; we don't intend to read it either. The ha'penny *Independent* is half the price of the other metropolitan dailies, and that is about all that can be said in its favour.

Yet the paper that bowed to Irish Ireland in the way of half a column of Irish, and bowed to the tastes of the evil people who are soaked in the betting habit in the way of engaging an English “lady” tipster, is evidently the most obedient servant of the powers that exist at any given time; it is not going to lead, but to follow—follow even the lead of the wretch whose soul knows no higher aspiration than to “spot” a winner of some British horse race. It is now for the people to hammer the ha'penny *Independent*, as far as possible, into Irish shape. Honest Men and Women should protest against the English “lady” tipster; clergymen should denounce such an innovation into this country. The *Freeman* and the *Irish Times* pander to the betting evil also; so there is not much to choose between the three on this head. Bad as the *Independent* is, we are pleased to think that it will take a good piece out of the calf of the leg of *Alf For*. We wonder will *Alf's* preference shares show an upward or downward tendency from this forward? *Alf* draws an enormous revenue from its small prepaid advertisements, and that revenue is, no doubt, largely derived from Nationalists. We look forward to the ha'penny *Independent* seizing a large share of that revenue. In matters of situations of all kinds vacant and wanted, in matters of small articles for sale and the like, the ha'penny *Independent* ought to be able to transfer a huge revenue from the anti-Irish *Irish Times* of the imported editor into its own till—of course if we start a ha'penny *Daily Leader* we can take the revenue ourselves. In the meantime, however, we sincerely hope, bad as the *Independent* is, that it will take a substantial bite out of the *Irish Times*. *Alf* is just now in a parlous fix; and Matty Bodkin must be scratching his head in Prince's street. It is all fun for us and for our readers.

Under the heading, “Arbor Day,” a correspondent, “W.B.” writes to us as follows:—“If trees are to be planted you must first have your trees. I recently

made inquiries to ascertain how and where they could be procured, and at what cost. I got very various prices quoted, ranging from 8s. per dozen to £10 per hundred for young trees of common varieties. Such prices would be a serious obstacle in the way of a general movement. I therefore inquired about seeds, and find that ordinary pine or fir tree seed is not to be had in Ireland, and has to be specially procured from Germany. Under these circumstances, might I suggest that a general move be made to meet the demand which must arise in the near future? For this purpose each one should set apart a small space for tree cultivation, either from seed or cuttings. Children should be encouraged in this work. They could be instructed to gather fir cones from the trees in their own localities; remove the seeds and plant them; this cannot be done too soon if we wish to save a year. Acorns and horsechestnuts should also be sown. In this manner all could help, and the children would get instruction, and be induced to observe the growth, thereby getting an interest in the trees they would be less likely to damage young plantations, and would have a supply of trees for planting on future Arbor Days without having to pay fancy prices for them."

The following announcements of New Year's competitions for the "saved" appear in the *Dust Bin* of the first working day of 1905:—Wanted, Journeyman; Protestant; live in bothy. Apply to Gardener, Roebuck Castle, Dundrum. Wanted, for Co. Wexford, end of January, Yardman and Herd; Protestant; small or no family; must be thoroughly honest, sober, and respectable; send copies discharges, age, wages required. Address "Z 1614, Yardman," this office. Wanted, for country place, near Dublin, Pantry Boy; Protestant; strong and willing; first place not objected to. Apply O 214, this office. Wanted, smart Protestant Youth as Apprentice, indoor, to Hardware and House-Furnishing; good house, large town. Address "Z 1778, Apprentice," this office. Wanted, respectable Protestant Boy as Apprentice (indoor) to General Grocery and Drapery business; country, South. Address "Z 1649, Apprentice," this office. Wanted, a Protestant Boy to train in indoor work. Address Mrs. Slater, Boyne Hill, Navan. A Respectable Protestant Youth, or one with a knowledge of business, Wanted to attend Retail Tobacco Counter (wholesale trade also done); hours short; progressive salary; references required. O 293 this office.

The movement for the establishment of a Connacht Irish School is now within measurable distance of materialising. At a recent meeting of the Committee, held under the presidency and at the residence of his Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, it was decided to call the school the "Gaelic Irish School." It might be better if the title of the school were exclusively in Irish with an alternative translated title exclusively in English, but that is only a detail. His Grace promised to lend £150 for the purchase of the house at Mount Partry for the purposes of the school, and it was decided to advertise for a principal teacher at a salary of £20 a month for three months with house and garden free. The school is to be open from June 15th to September 15th each year, two courses of six weeks' duration to be given, one beginning June 15th, and the other on August 1st. The programme of instruction is to consist of a course of instruction in the best methods of teaching Irish, and a course of instruction in the Irish Language and Literature. Both courses are to run concurrently, but at such hours as will enable any pupil so wishing to attend all the classes and lectures. The fees for the six weeks' course are to be £2 2s., payable in advance; but any pupil so wishing is to be allowed without further payment to take the full three months' tuition. Gaelic League Branches subscribing at least £1 1s. to the funds of the School are to have the right to nominate for each £1 1s. so subscribed a pupil on payment by the Branch or nominated pupil of a reduced fee of £1 1s. It is calculated that at least £300 will be needed to establish the school. There ought not to be much difficulty in collecting this sum. The school has a special claim on our Connacht readers whether they reside in or out of the province, and it has a general

claim on all Irish Irelanders. Those of our readers who may wish to help on this project with their financial support may send subscriptions to Mr. J. A. Glyn, Beech House, Tuam, who is acting as Hon. Secretary and Treasurer.

Westport of the prize fighters has recently made a bid for further notoriety. Notwithstanding that it provides a site for the residence of the "People's William," a man who ought to know it well assures us that "The town is almost hopelessly shoneen." Our note in July last on the prize-fighting orgies there had, we understand, a salutary effect, and champion Tormey has had to seek other fields for the display of his "claret-tapping prowess." But if the Westport Town Hall is purged of "claret-tapping" displays, the "Westport Amateur Dramatic Class" are still to be reckoned with. We have a handbill before us announcing the performance by the world-famed Amateur Dramatic Class of Westport, on *Sunday*, the first day of the new year, of a British drama in three acts, by the name of Ernest Maltravers. The two principal male characters of this emanation of the English mind were taken by two young West British gentlemen connected with the local retail bungery trade. The strange thing is that, according to the handbill before us, this performance of this English piece on last Sunday was under "distinguished patronage." Indeed, the handbill tells us that, "His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, with other distinguished visitors, will be present at the performance." Well, the performance was too much even for the *Mayo News* which, if we are rightly informed, allowed the "claret-drawing" performance to go free. It says:—"Of the selection of such a play for performance in Ireland we are unable to approve." And yet what even the *Mayo News* cannot approve is patronised by the Archbishop. We wonder what would the great John of Tuam have said to the Westport Amateur Dramatic Class if they had been encumbering the earth in his time, and had asked for his patronage for "Ernest Maltravers?" Even the *Mayo News* that apparently is nervous about hitting hard at the performance, after giving an account of the plot of the play, says:—"All this is, no doubt, very interesting, but living in an Island which, through its long and chequered history has produced so many inspiring tales of heroism and valour, is it not surprising that something could not be found which, while affording amusement, would at the same time help to glorify and honour the noble sons of our own land, and help to preserve in the present generation that undying spirit of Irish national feeling which has thus far preserved us as a separate entity in the world, and saved us from dropping to the level of an English province." Our readers may appreciate the force of this from a local paper when we quote what follows, which is evidently by way of taking the sting out of the half-hearted protest that went before:—"In writing thus we trust we will not be taken as reflecting in any way on the talented young ladies and gentlemen who graced the boards in the Westport Town Hall during the week."

On the bill announcing that the performance of "Ernest Maltravers" was to be honoured by the presence of the Archbishop of Tuam, there is no mention of a stage-Irish farce by the name of "Paddy Miles's Boy," and we do not know whether that thing of beauty added to the Sunday night's entertainment or not. But that stage-Irish thing was, according to newspaper report, perpetrated after "Ernest Maltravers" at proceeding performances by the young ladies and gentlemen of the Westport Amateur Dramatic Class. The chief "comedian" of "Paddy Miles's Boy" was no other than a porter in one of the local banks—or should we call them bawnks. He gave, we are told by a correspondent, "a most disgusting exhibition of the stage-Irishman." But then we suppose a "bawnk po-tah" is "class" in *Cathain-na-Mi*, where William O'Brien lives, and where the "claret-tappers" performed; and if a bawnk potah condescends to travesty the Irish character, we poor low-down nobodies who read the LEADER ought to feel honoured. The Irish Irelander ought to feel more

grateful for a kick from a "bawnk po-tah" of *Caṭṭap-na-Maṭṭ* than for commendation from a mere prince of the low-down "Idolatrour" Church like Cardinal Logue, or an intellectual bishop like the Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer of Limerick. Mayo, God help us.

One of the latest Post Office appointments is that of a Mr. T. H. Whitfield, of Middlewich, to be Postmaster at Carrick-on-Shannon. Why this importation? Are there no men in the Post Office service in Ireland fit to be promoted to the position of Postmaster of Carrick-on-Shannon? We understand that there are 122 head Post Offices in Ireland, but out of these only eight have salaries of £300 or over attached to them. Of these eight only two are filled by "Idolators," and these two offices are, strange as it may appear, Belfast and Portadown. The Postmasters of Cork, Limerick, Derry, Newry, Queens-town, and Waterford, are all "saved." An analysis of the Postmasters with salaries ranging between £200 and £300 would be interesting, and we may supply some information on the subject in a subsequent issue.

The *Catholic Truth Annual*, published by the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland, is good value for sixpence. It is very well turned out, and is embellished by several illustrations. Amongst the contents are the paper read by the Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer at the Rotunda on the "Present Condition of University Education in Ireland," the paper on "Protestantism and Prosperity in Ireland," by Rev. Dom. Patrick Nolan, O.S.B., the paper on "Church Music," by Rev. H. Bewerunge, and a report, covering four pages of the *Annual*, of the Rev. Dr. O'Riordan's remarks on the discussion on Father Nolan's paper.

There was a concert at St. Elizabeth's Convent, Edgeworthstown, on December 28th last. There is no mention of a song in Irish on the programme before us. Can it be possible, at this time of day, that in St. Elizabeth's Convent, Edgeworthstown, the Irish language is not taught, and if taught why is it boycotted on the programme? The nigger man is not boycotted by this convent whatever may be the case with the Irishman, for we note an item, "Song, in character—The Ten Little Nigger Boys." Are nigger boys "class" in Edgeworthstown? Another song was "Old Folks at Home"—a coon production, we presume. There were some Irish dances, or dances with Irish names—it is, perhaps, a lesser violation of the "respectable" conventions to bring up the feet in the way they should go than to train the head nationally. The whole thing wound up with the Scotch lyric, "Auld Lang Syne." Perhaps the community are from Scotland, where so many of the New Plantation's "experts" come from.

We have seen a few samples of the Kathleen ni Houla-han costume clothes from the Dripsey Woollen Mills, in the County of Cork. The Dripsey industry is not controlled by Dark Brothers, but by enterprising men with "go" in them. They court the light, and are evidently anxious to employ as many hands as possible by increasing their output. The samples before us, 56 inches wide, may be had retail at 3s. 6d., and if the Land o' Cakes, where the "experts" come from, or England, can give better value for the money, they are smarter than we give them credit for being. The patterns are pleasing and serviceable; but in the matter of dress materials ladies have their own views, and it is not for us to dogmatise. But we think that ladies who are looking for cloth for dress material would do well to inspect a range of samples from the products of the Dripsey Mills. When may we expect some firm to make up ready-made costumes from Irish materials on a large scale and place them on the Irish markets? There should be a great demand for them. We understand that a firm in Dublin makes ready-made costumes, but it keeps its light under a bushel as far as the general public is concerned. The manufacturer lets the trade into the secret, but he is a Dark Brother to the vulgar buying crowd. An enterprising, ready-made costume-maker, who would put his name or trade mark on every costume so as to guarantee the public of its genuineness, and who would go over the

heads of his highness, the draper, and ask the purchasing public to demand such costumes from even the "tony" village drapers, whose buyers go to "the London and Paris markets"—such a man, we think, has a wide field for a profitable trade.

We take the following from the *Dust Bin*:—Wanted, middle of January, Upper and Under Housemaids; Protestants, English or Scotch. Apply to Mrs. Montgomery, Blessingbourne, Fivemiletown, Co. Tyrone. Wanted, Upper Housemaid, Protestant, of 3, January; charge of house linen. Send discharges and all particulars to Mrs. Bruen, Coolbawn, Clonroche, County Wexford. Wanted, experienced Housemaid, upper of 2, country establishment; Protestant; send references and all particulars. Address "Z 1510, Housemaid," this office. Wanted, Parlourmaid; wages £22 a year; must be young and of good appearance; Protestant. Apply Lady Robinson, Foxrock.

The annual appeal for St. Mary's Asylum, High Park, Drumcondra (Convent of Our Lady of Charity of Refuge) will be made on next Sunday, 8th inst., when two sermons will be preached in aid of this deserving institution. The first will be preached at last Mass by Very Rev. William Butler, S.J., in the Church of St. Francis Xavier, Upper Gardiner St., and Very Rev. Father Paul, O.S.F.C., will preach at the evening devotions in the Franciscan Capuchin Church, Church St.

A provincial correspondent tells us that recently he had occasion to purchase a blanket in a country town. He went into the principal shop in the place, and was shown blankets marked with a green label, decorated with a round tower and wolf dog, and some were described "Shannon blanket," the "Connaught blanket," "Ulster blanket," etc. Our correspondent selected one, and then took the precaution to ask the maker's name. The shopman fenced a bit, but in the end he admitted he had not an Irish blanket in the house, that these blankets were made in England for the Irish trade. He also stated that a Manchester firm were making caps marked "Irish manufacture." We tell the tale as it was told to us. Now, in face of this state of things, why, in the name of all that is reasonable, does not the Department do something real and useful in the shape of appointing a staff of inspectors to hunt down such frauds as these? We have given up hope that the manufacturers themselves will combine and take action in the way of protecting their interests from frauds of this kind. Why does not the Department do something? Sir Horace would have people believe that his Department is some way or other in touch with popular opinion; but did it ever take a useful suggestion from the people? We have referred to this matter before, but the "experts" of Merrion St. are, we suppose, too busy fooling away their time on fancy schemes to condescend to initiate a useful scheme for protecting Irish manufactured goods, and protecting the buying public from fraud of this description.

At the annual meeting of the Enniscorthy Branch of the Gaelic League, Father Harpur read the report of the school deputation. The deputation had to place a very bad mark against the name of the Loreto Convent, Enniscorthy. Irish is not taught to a single girl in the school. This is a shameful state of affairs.

A Gaelic Leaguer in Enniscorthy, who has been in communication with the G.P.O., London, with reference to delay in delivery of letters addressed in Irish, suggested that the authorities should make suitable arrangements to meet the needs of Irish Ireland in this matter. The following is a copy of the reply that he received from the G.P.O., London:—"London, 30th December, 1904—With reference to your further letter of the 17th instant, I am directed to express the Postmaster-General's regret that he cannot undertake to make any special arrangements for the delivery of letters addressed in Irish. As already explained, the officials at the Gorey Post Office are unable to read addresses written in Irish characters, and in view of mistakes, the Postmaster-General cannot incur the responsibility of delivering letters so addressed

until the addresses have been translated by officers who are thoroughly competent for their duty. The two letters, of which you enclosed the covers, were therefore correctly forwarded to Dublin for the addresses to be translated.—I am, etc., ———." The P.M.G. cannot "make any special arrangements for delivery of letters addressed in Irish," and yet, in the same letter, it is stated that he cannot incur the responsibility of delivering letters addressed in Irish until the addresses have been translated by "thoroughly competent" officers. And what is the procuring of translation by "thoroughly competent" officers but a special arrangement, pray? Irish Ireland need not mind the bounce of the P.M.G. The more the Post Office attempts to thwart Irish Ireland, the better for Irish Ireland; and if the Post Office will produce a few more of the like of Horatius of Rivers-town and Cromwell of Carlow, the more the sport and entertainment for Irish Ireland. We can always worry and annoy the Post Office so long as it attempts to thwart us; the Post Office only injure themselves and amuse Irish Ireland by their tactics. The Post Office eventually will have to make a knowledge of Irish a necessary qualification for every officer from village postman to the Head Postmaster at Dublin—now an imported Britisher; in the meantime, we spy volumes of entertainment in the fight with the Post Office officials in their attempt to put back the Irish tide with their quills and their red-tape. The more they attempt to stem the Irish tide, the more amusement for Irish Ireland. We would rather a game with Horatius any day than the best imported play that was ever staged in this country. When the general situation develops, we may organise a gigantic attack on the G.P.O. in London. A sortie of 50,000 complaints from every part of Ireland on the factotums of the P.M.G. at London would supply some gaiety to the nation. It is heads we win, harps they lose. If the Post Office makes Irish compulsory, it is a move to the good; if they decide to keep up their silly thwarting of Irish Ireland, they supply Irish Ireland with a stimulus to a class of fighting that possesses great propaganda value, and incidentally supplies much amusement.

Here is a copy of another letter sent about a couple of months ago in reply to a complaint from the West:—"With reference to your letter on the 28th ultimo, respecting the delay in delivery of a letter addressed to you in Irish, posted at ——— on the 23rd ultimo, I am directed by the Postmaster-General to state that none of the staff at the ——— Post Office is acquainted with Irish, and the letter in question was forwarded to Dublin to be translated into English, in accordance with the usual practice. Unfortunately the address was incorrectly translated in the Dublin Post Office as ———, instead of ———, and thus further delay was occasioned. Attention has been drawn to the matter, and any inconvenience caused by the delay is regretted.—I am, madam, your obedient servant, A. B. WALKLEY, for the Secretary." This factotum of the veiled prophet at the G.P.O., London, is evidently the British A. B. Walkley, who puffs the Yeatsonian "Irish National Theatre Society."

A drawing of prizes will be held on January 10th, at St. Paul's Hall, Mount Argus, for the purpose of providing funds for prizes and entertainments for the children attending the classes of the Christian Doctrine Society (Cumann na Teagairí Chriontaí). The prizes at the Drawing include Father Dinneen's Irish-English Dictionary and Mr. Lane's English-Irish Dictionary. The price of the tickets which are printed partly in Irish and partly in English, is only three-pence—3 pigne.

Sergeant Gallagher has retired from his "labours" in the R.I.C. Gallagher served mankind in Lurgan, and now that he has retired, after completing his full time, and is starting to enjoy his pension, he is, of course, to be presented with an address and a testimonial. One never hears of schoolmasters—men who if they have done their work well, have benefited their country—being presented with addresses and testimonials when they retire on their pensions. Oh no! only bank officials and bobbies get testimonials. Many people are

frightened of banks for reasons of their own; and Bung always likes to be on good terms with the peelers.

A meeting was held at the Commercial Hotel, Lurgan, in connection with this proposed address and testimonial to policeman Gallagher. We feel sure that on that "momentous occasion" it was deemed advisable to have several "thrates" so that Mr. Bung who runs the hotel would probably like peelers to retire every week. One George Corry, P.L.G., who, we understand, is President of a branch of the U.I.L., was in the chair, and one Andrew Donnelly, Commercial Hotel, was made treasurer. Collectors were appointed to pester people for money for this undeserving object. When will this peeler and bank official testimonial nuisance abate? If this presentation is made in a bungery, and if the peeler has to pay the reckoning, all his testimonial may go in free drinks, and he may have to pay a clear balance in exchange for the address.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE UNIVERSITY QUESTION.

Paris, New Year's Eve, 1904.

SIR.—Some of the details in the otherwise excellent letter of Mr. John Sweetman call for correction.

First of all, the Sorbonne is no longer the University of France. In 1896 it once more became the University of Paris, the existing provincial Academies becoming Universities again. They are fifteen and are all State Universities. The free (that is, Catholic) Universities, which are five in number, were not given back their charters. These, it may be interesting to note, were founded by popular subscription about 1875. Despite the hostility of the Government, they have been a success. The Institut Catholique of Paris, for example, has 580 pupils, and some of the best professors in France. The Université never had "control over the education of all the colleges in France," for the very good reason that University education begins where *Collège* education ends. But it remains true that the excessive centralisation in French University education, while it was a very good thing for the Sorbonne, which has even yet about 12,000 pupils, was, as Mr. Sweetman intimates, injurious to France.

In the United States most of the important Universities are *not* national. Each of the forty-five States has, however, its State University. Some of these are of the highest rank. Even the Catholics who have recently founded the "Catholic University of America" (at Washington) have also two respectable Universities—Georgetown and Notre Dame, and many Colleges giving University degrees. Perhaps too many.

It seems then, that no important nation has but one National University; but on the other hand, there is hardly a country, except France, where all the Universities are National. Mr. Sweetman seemed to say the opposite.

As to whether Rome has approved (why necessarily Rome?) of Catholics going to Oxford or Cambridge; the present writer remembers visiting Edmund House at Cambridge, which the Benedictines have had now for eight years. It is not intended for laymen and has seven or eight pupils. The conferences of Jesuit fathers to Oxford Catholic students are deservedly famous. The Jesuits have also an Ecclesiastical Hall there. Neither the Benedictines nor the Jesuits think of establishing, at either of the Universities, a separate College for the lay Catholic students. As things are, they prefer not. It is useless to deny these facts. But on the other hand to claim they afford a solution to the *Irish* University Question is surely too much. There is but little analogy between the University situation in England and in Ireland.

mife ro Capa,
S.S.O'S.

LESSONS IN IRISH by Correspondence. For particulars apply to Principal All Ireland Correspondence College, 33 Lower Abbey Street, Dublin.

smúsač na n-aičriže.

Maṛ an gceatona glan i otiḡ an éirtoir. Tioceair
'éuite dúine de'n muintir reo i gcionn faoipríne;
deánairt ríad capaoiré dólárad oiréu féin faoi n-a
gcuir rúbáilce agus deáḡ-odaíi go léir; fuasró-
cáir ríad a gcómhbrúḡad agus a mhoilgear fúta,
agus faoi féilg go cúir ar Dia leo; fuasrócáir ríad
rin go bdeáḡ, binn-glórad do'n tíg uile, i rioct 'r
go gcluinir 'éuite dúine acú a céile, agus go
ticiúir ríad rin oiréu uile leanmhain dó, agus a féa-
caint amac le n-a céile in a cóimlinc, de bagoḡal le
ḡad don-ne acú go mbur é féin, nó i féin, do béal
ar deiréad; leanairt ríad dó, agus na mílte ornad
arú, ornáide cómhbrúigte croíde; glacair ríad
an Comaoim Ró-naomha; eirtoir ríad go fóimrad
le teagars, nó reanmóir beas ar bié do béalair;
agus annrin, muna mbí don fiarpriughe le déanad
de'n tḡasair faoi díol amac na éalman, nó faoi n-a
poinn, nó faoi na pacaib póir acá le teact, nó an
bhuil a fiór ḡs a onóir an bhuil a leiríde reo, nó a
leiríde ríú de dúitce ceannuighe amac go fóill
ḡs a' ḡ "Cainoipreiré búro"—ar go bráct leo abailte
go rocair, pártá leo féin. 'Sead mairead, go rocair,
pártá; act ní do éionn go moḡuighe don céatrad
beoda de ḡairdeacair na h-eirbolóirde, a lán acú ar
cáoi ar bié—maṛ ḡur ní é rin nár éirg a lán acú
arimh, ní é nár cuiréadar ruim in a éirgin arimh—
act maṛ ḡeall go bhuil a paotair mío-pártá maíone
éair, agus go bhuilíro réir leir go ceann ré mí arú,
nó maṛ rin.

Di aš caint leo reo paol rſpſiũuſađ coſabair, paol n-a ſcuro peacađ ōo đabair i ſcuihne aſur ōo đur in opſuſađ ẽiſin cneapſa, le h-aſađ a ſcapaſiſe; paol iomlaine aſur neam-uſneapſađ na capaſiſe ađ le ōeanađ i bpaſiſiſe, aſur paol n-a řař-đonař peacađ ař biđ mařbađ ōo đeilc, nō ſan a innſin ſo ōiſeađ in a đeapc, ſan đaine, ſan đlanađ, ſan laſuſađ, ſan leiřſeal; aſur pađanař ōſlař, aſur řin ō cſoſe řreiřin; aſur paol n-a leiřſiſe eile ō'a bſuil 'ſa nſeanađ ađ, nō le ōeanađ, in řan tpaſameađ reo—ōo-bařpař ſađ comđſiſiſe ađ ōiř, coſiſbeſař ſađ comđeiřm ceſil leađ, aſ uđ-bulađ aſur aſ tpađ-opmaſeal aſur aſ řiſiſe-đonađ, 'cuile đmařa ſo bſuil ōo đuro cainte tuiſe aſur tuiſe ō'a n-aſe aſur ſſeana i ſſoſe ađ; aſur ař ař đeao uari eile, ōa mbuđ ſo mb' ař an la aſur ař an lađair đeaoſa řin ẽ, ſo ōiſeađ ſlan ař ẽiř ōo řeannſſa aſur ōo miniſe, teiřſiř i ſſiſiſe paſiſiſe ōo ōeanađ, aſur ōeanař ſađ an obair ſo ōiſeađ ſlan mař đeana ařađ, ō'ainſeiřm ōo đuro miniſe aſur muinte. ōeanař ſađ tſom řeapř opđ řeiř, paol n-a ſcuro řuđailc il-đneal aſur a nſeal-ſſiſiſe aſrađail, mař buđ ſnađ; ōeanař ſađ a řař-ſſlař řuđa uile, ađ mařſiř le peacađ—pſeiř! nſ leiřſiř a leiřſiř ōe đuiřne in a n-aſe, nō cađ ōo đuiř in ōo đeann ẽ ař đon đſſiř? "Nſ' mẽ aſ ſſſiř nā aſ řađađ, aſur nſ' ſſ nā řuđ aſam ōo ōuine ař biđ, aſur nſ' mẽ aſ ōeanađ řuđ ař biđ ař beal ađ, mile buiřeađ ař ōia! Abſiſiſiř mo řařſiř 'cuile la, aſur coſiſiſe ſiř řař an t-ařſiſiř comđ mař 'ř ẽiř ſiř, &c."

"Níl tú ag goir ná ag fuadac, ó, mairead a leabara níl; acé tá naoi n-aiceanta eile ann a mb' féidir ceann nó dó acu do bpiread; tá aiceanta na h-Éaglaire ann, agus na reáct bpeacair marbtha, agus"

“O, ní’l a fíor aḡam, ní’l ‘rḡil’ ar bíḡ aḡam in ran méro rin; puo é rin a bainear le ‘feoglaím,’ aḡur ní’l aon feoglaím aḡam, ní raib mé aḡiam ar pcoil, ná puo ar bíḡ o’a páinail rin aḡ imteaḡt le mo linn; ní’l mé aḡ oéanam, aḡur ní oéapnaib mé aḡiam puainne ar bíḡ ar bealaḡ, ní’l mé aḡ goio ná aḡ fuadaḡ; aḡur ní’l oic ná pún aḡam do túine ar bíḡ, molaḡ aḡur buideacár leir an átaip Siopaibde! Ná páirpí aḡur na comapanna (na meipig!) aḡur mo mác réin aḡur a bean, (ní naḡ ionḡnaḡ), bainean

riao eargaini aram go minic, aet cia an neart agam
air rin? Céurto do eis le duine 'óeanam aar
cuirtear fearg air? Ní mire freasróear fear rin,
aet an oream do baineadar aram iao. Níl bainc
ná páirt agam le donduine, dá leigirde dom; ab-
ruigim mo páirtín go 'ruigileáilte,' agus ní iom
peoil lá trosgair, ná tair, a rtor, mile glór do
dia!"

“Aét bfuil don ragar peacaíó ar bíó aó le h-ainóáil? Ní le h-aóáíó rúbáilce aóur maíteapa ó’ aítur do cuipeáó racraméáó na h-aíturige aó hun, aét le h-aóáíó uile aóur peacaíó do éapaóio. ‘Ceal naé gcuimingeann tú ar ceo ar bíó do óéapra do éapaóio oit féin?”

"Sin α τις ἰσὺς ἐκλήμινετο ἀπ' αὐτῆς τρεῖς θεοί,
α πτόρ."

“Δὲτ nīl peacath ar biē amōuigēte aθao nō, ar
a laθao, nīl taθa ar peacath ē, θar leat pēn—
in ran mēro rin; θpūil iuθ ar biē aθao le n-amōan
a mb' fēroir peacath θo ēaθairt ar?”

“Θεσμαν βλαρ, α ρτόρ, άετ ζο η-αβρηιζιμ το
 παροριν ζο ‘ηγισλειάιτε,’ ηίλ μέ ας ζοιτ νά ας
 ευαδάε, άσυρ ηίλ ολε νά ηύν άζαμ το ύυμε άρ
 βιτ, βεο νά μαρηθ, μίλε αλτύζαθ λε Όια; μίλε
 αλτύζαθ λε Όια, α ρτόρ.”

COMM.

IRISH POLICIES FOR THE IRISH PEOPLE.

THE pamphlet entitled "The Resurrection of Hungary" was a more formidable document to wade through than even a report of one of the longest speeches of "Honest John" or the "People's William." We have gone through it by easy stages, and have now laid down the book. As a result of its perusal we have learnt something—of Hungary. We were led by the sub-title of the pamphlet to expect a parallel between Hungary and this unique country; but we did not happen to knock up against any parallel during the whole course of our journey by easy stages through the book. Why all this irrelevant matter about Hungary? The story, no doubt, was written principally for boys, and that may explain why it is so highly coloured; its pages are strewn with Austrian scoundrels and such things, and it strikes us that if it were dramatised it is just the sort of thing that would go straight to the hearts of a Queen's Theatre audience.

But what, anyway, has this country to do with a Hungarian policy? Surely our need is for an Irish policy. Have we not had enough of Imitation? Powerful commanding minds seize a living issue; second-class minds run off to find out what someone else has done; and if the would-be imitators do anything as a consequence it will be but second-hand sort of work. For our part we did not inquire what Hungary or any other country did before we pioneered the present Industrial Revival. If no country ever had a "language question" the Irish Language Movement would be none the less true and necessary. If the "floor of the House of Commons" ought to be abandoned by our Empees, it would not be because of anything that Hungary did, but if the unique situation in Ireland demanded it. We do not wish to belittle the light that may be gained by the experiences of other countries; but mere imitation is always second-hand, and must ever lack the virility and the power that distinguish original work. It is only right to say that there is, at least, one thing that the pamphlet conclusively proves, and that is, that there is no parallel between Hungary and Ireland. Hungary never sent an Empee to the Austrian "floor." Ireland, as a matter of fact, has sent Empees to the British floor during a space of 104 years. Hungary never voted away its Parliament; the majority of the "saved" Parliament of Colonists in College Green did, as a matter of fact, vote itself out of existence—whether constitutionally or not, they did it, anyway. Hungary fought fiercely and on a large scale in the last century; Ballin-garry Cabbage Garden and the Tallaght affair are two of Ireland's great military achievements in the nine-

teenth century; some Austrian soldiers refused to fight the Hungarians; we never heard of any British Tommies refusing to operate in Ireland. Some Austrians in Vienna sent a message to the Hungarians that the Austrian lovers of liberty had prevented a despatch of Austrian troops to subject Hungarian liberties, and asked for Hungarian military aid; we have never heard that any Britishers ever prevented Tommy leaving the white cliffs of Albion for Ireland, or that any Britishers asked Irish soldiers during the nineteenth century to go to England to help English reformers to fight British tyranny with the weapons of war. When Francis Josef replied to an Address of the Hungarian Diet, we are told by the pamphlet that the Diet shouted with anger, and that one of the members, tapping his sword, said—"This should be the answer of Hungary to that insulting document." We never heard that Irish Empees carried swords, or knew how to use them, and we fear that the Irish "parallel" for that Hungarian sword would be either a "fearless speech" or a "pulverising resolution." We read in the pamphlet (pp. 64-5):—"But so plausibly was the new Austrian scheme for the humbugging of Hungary put by the Emperor, such a glamour did he invest it with, so touching were his appeals to and eulogies of Hungary and the Hungarians that had Francis Josef been on the throne of England, and had the people he had to deal with been Irish instead of Hungarian, he would infallibly have been proclaimed the greatest man since Agamemnon and the very best. As for the Hungarians, they only said, 'Francis Josef is a trickster.'"

Well, if the peoples are confessedly so utterly different what becomes of the "parallel"? If the Irish were Hungarians the Hungarian policy might, other things being approximately equal, suit the Irish; but unfortunately, for the parallel-makers, the Irish are nothing more nor less than what we know them to be to-day; and the Irish of to-day call for Irish policies, policies meeting the peculiar and unique conditions of Ireland as she is in herself and in her relations with the outside world. The pamphlet tells us that the *Nieuwe Freie Presse*, which it styles the *Times* of Vienna, said:—"We must choose between two evils, capitulation to Hungary is the lesser one"; when did the *Times* of Printing House Square, or even the *Dust Bin* of Westmoreland Street, say anything of the sort? In 1900, the population of Austria was 26,150,708, that of Hungary 16,721,544. We are told, "Deak stood by the Constitution of Hungary; as Irish statesmen, had we had them instead of Irish agitators, would have stood by the Constitution of 1782—illegally suspended since the year 1800." The Constitution of 1782 was the *King*, Lords, and Commons of Ireland. When the King unmasked intruded himself over here some time ago, we suggested—and we still remain of the same opinion—that the proper thing to do on the part of any Irish public body called upon to make any move, was to go with head up to the King and talk straightly to him; tell him that the level-headed people of this country are convinced that Ireland is being, and has been, robbed by England; that we wanted restitution; tell him of the grievances under which the country laboured; how a section had turned "the King" into a party cry; how we were overtaxed; how that even the underhousemaid at the Viceregal Lodge should, as per public advertisement, be "saved"—address him in that spirit, and if he did not care to be spoken to in that honest way, let him do the other thing—honest talk or no talk should be the alternatives. Now any falling back on the Constitution of 1782 obviously includes "the King," for the King is part of that Constitution. The Green Hungarian Band would play up "God Save the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland." Be it so; but being green we take it that many of them will go on picturing themselves as outrageous rebels.

It is a commonplace that no two men are alike; what can be said of those who, evidently finding original diagnosis of the situation beyond their powers, believe, or make believe, that they see a parallel between two different peoples, differently circumstanced and in totally different periods of the world's history? There are, of course, some points of similarity between Hungary and Ireland, but it scarcely follows that even though the heads of all men have many characteristics in common that all therefore are "parallels" of one another for the

purposes of their individual carcens. Indeed, and we say it with sorrow, it is regrettable at this stage of the Irish Ireland movement—a movement that unless it is original is nothing—to find any number of people falling back on an idea savouring of quackery and imitation.

The policy of abstention wholly or partly from the British Parliament, is one that ought to be decided upon its merits, and not out of any second-hand motive, or any weak desire to imitate a course that some other country adopted. It is an old idea; O'Connell suggested it long ago. As an idea, we are neither for it nor against it; our judgment in the matter would all depend upon the realities of a situation; reading history books comes more easily to some people than reading living situations; the living situation, at any time, is the chief factor in the calculation of living, originating men, men who care little or nothing whether they are doing, or not doing, something which some other country did, or did not do, before. To a great extent—but originally, and not as the outcome of any conscious imitation—the Irish Ireland movement leads in the direction of the abstention policy. We have long since turned the phrase, "the floor of the British House of Commons" into a bye-word; none but the very green would now orate about "battles for Ireland" on that floor. Irish Ireland inevitably tended to turn the attention of Ireland back to Ireland and away from England, its "floor," and its drama, and its *Tit Bits*, and the rest; but as Ireland had become so Anglicised and weak, the process of attempting to interest Irish people in Ireland is a long and tedious job, calling for great boldness, patience, plodding, and sustained effort. In the matters of language, customs, manufactures, reading stuff, sport, etc., we had gone over almost wholly, or were going over, to Britain; a disconnected dab of an imitation policy snatched out of foreign history books is not statesmanship; it is not Irish; it is not original; it is merely a sad echo from the last century of colossal humbug.

For our own part, we must admit that during the early days of the LEADER we used to be glad when the Empees flocked over to "the floor"; from the Irish Ireland point of view, we considered that they were less hurtful on "the floor" than deluding the people with platform *raimeis* at home. The politicians have changed for the better since then; and they will improve, we hope, as time goes on. If the Empees, and those who have the electing of them, were Irish Irelanders, the situation would be different; but we know that Irish Ireland is still only a comparatively small portion of the population, and that in the election of representatives from the existing franchise Irish Ireland is not yet a dominant force. The people here, and in America, subscribe to keep the Empees on "the floor"; but would they subscribe to keep a body of men as a National Council attempting useful work in Ireland? The Empees may be more or less useless, but they were not born yesterday; they know the value of a "scene" for the purpose of touching the pockets of the few Irish-Americans that give out any subscriptions, however small, to the politicians at this side. The Irish political public at home and abroad do not take as kindly to subscribing for useful work as they do for subscribing to *showy* work; the Empees, who were not born yesterday, feel that they must give *show* rather than *value* for the pounds and the dollars in the present condition of things.

Policies on paper can be made by the dozen every day; but the rough policy that has life in it, and that can be made to march is infinitely superior to a million theoretically better policies that have not the verb "to go" in them. We could easily design a policy to hit the anti-Irish bigots; but the real work is to make something "go" in that direction. A Council of three hundred in Dublin for the purpose of initiating, discussing, and passing measures calculated to benefit the country would be most desirable at any time—in O'Connell's time or in the present; we approve of the *idea*, and if any people undertake the experiment, they will have our good will. "Unity and a guiding mind," we are told, would confer great potency on the County Councils; a trifling, practical difficulty is that there are usually several guiding minds, or minds trying to guide, in every well-regulated community, and that is one of the reasons why the state of Unity is a difficult one in which to remain. We are

told that £25,000 is raised annually for the up-keep of the Empees, and that "this sum *should* be continued to be raised" for other purposes. We like that word "should" which we have italicised. The purpose for which this sum *should* be raised is "the up-keep, in all the great capitals of Europe and its important commercial centres, of capable and patriotic Irish men of business, whose duties would be (1) to keep Europe acquainted with the truth about the struggle in Ireland, and (2) to secure a profitable market for Irish goods and produce abroad." The latter object ought to interest the Dark Brothers—we wonder had they any "parallel" in Hungary!—but we will believe that those dusky gentry may pay their money for this purpose when they have shaken themselves up and have taken some steps to form a national association to promote Irish Industrial, and *their own* interests at home. Our experience of some of the Darkies leads us to believe that they would like profitable foreign trade if the tenant farmers or some other class paid for the up-keep of the machinery that procured it for them.

Let us repeat that there is no parallel between Hungary and Ireland; also let us repeat our protest against quack-imitation policies as retrograde, childish, and savouring of that humbug which was such a feature of the Ireland of the last century. What we want now, what we will ever want, are policies to meet the realities of the ever-changing times. Hungarian policy for the Hungarians by all means; but, in the name of common-sense, in the name of Irish Ireland, let us stick to the root idea of Irish policies for the Irish people. Who would be foolish enough to scatter even the Wolfe Tone fife and drum band in order to make way for the green Hungarian musicians? Whether the Parliamentary Party should abstain from the "floor" altogether, whether they should abstain partially, whether or not a council of three or four or five hundred should be elected to meet and deliberate in Dublin, are all fair questions; and if any people have real views on these matters they ought to come out with them; but any new policies, or alterations of old policies must be judged on the Irish heather, and with regard to the unique conditions of Ireland. Irish Policies, ever and always for the Irish; that surely is the heart of the Irish Ireland movement. Let the dead century bury its dead humbugs and its nation-killing imitations; originality is the watchword of the new century in Ireland. Ireland for the Irish; the Irish for Ireland; and Irish policies for the Irish people.

THE UNIVERSITY QUESTION.

MR. SWEETMAN'S letter, published in the last issue of the LEADER, contains so much that commands my sympathy, that I am almost afraid to criticise his position. If I do so, I hope he will believe that it is in the public interest. The question at issue is so important for Irish Catholics, that we should face it squarely and discuss it candidly and fearlessly; always, of course, with respect and courtesy such as may be seen in Mr. Sweetman's letter.

To begin with his call for an authorised programme, I doubt whether laymen do well to leave the matter entirely to the Bishops. The question is not purely religious, but mixed. As, therefore, temporal interests are deeply concerned, laymen have a right and duty to interfere in the settlement; and I was glad to find such a representative Catholic as Mr. Dillon giving expression to his views. No country can continue to prosper if the laity either refuse or are not permitted to take their fair share in the conduct of national business.

Mr. Sweetman may be assured that I am not insensible of the dangers that attend education in secularised universities; I notice, however, that not even he would advocate the necessity of shunning all dangers, even to faith. His principle is that "we are bound to see that our sons are not unnecessarily put into grave danger"—a principle which every sensible Catholic accepts; I would merely add, that the amount of danger to which one may expose one's faith is to be measured by the degree of necessity whereby one is pressed to face the danger. Mr. Sweetman and I would probably differ in our estimates of the increased danger to faith incurred by going in a body into Trinity; as also, possibly, in estimating the

necessity that we are under of adopting that solution of the University question.

Taking the latter factor first, we should both agree, I take it, as to the need of a University; but he is probably more hopeful than I as to the result of the policy on which we have been acting for the last fifty years. I doubt whether, after such a prolonged and costly protest, we are much nearer to the object of Mr. Sweetman's desire—a University which shall be learned, national, and Catholic. Moreover, as long as Trinity College is allowed to remain a purely Protestant endowment, I fear it will have sufficient influence to cripple any rival institution that may be offered to us. To tell the truth, I regard it as almost of as much importance to deprive the Garrison of the exclusive possession of that stronghold, as it is to have proper University education for ourselves. We have handed over to them already too many similar institutions, every one of which they have utilised to tighten their grip on the country and restrain the development of the Irish nation.

In estimating the danger to faith that would attend our going in a body into Trinity College, Mr. Sweetman, I fear, does not attach sufficient importance to two considerations—that the great body of students are engaged on subjects that have but a very remote bearing on religion; and that it is possible to provide special schools for the dangerous subjects, such as philosophy—schools which might serve as centres for the propagation and defence of Catholic truth. I should be as much opposed as anyone to sending young men to be lectured on metaphysics or ethics by professors who were independent of ecclesiastical control; I would not even advocate the policy of going into Trinity, unless on condition that a special school for the treatment of such subjects were established, by the College or by us. I do not, however, see any very great reason to fear the poisonous influence of non-Catholic professors of languages, mathematics, physics, chemistry, engineering, medicine, law, or even biology or physiology.

That there is and must be danger to faith in all Universities, and especially in such as are constructed on purely secular lines, I quite agree; but the danger is often exaggerated, and one is liable to leave out of account the set-off that accrues from dangers already in existence. As a matter of fact, whether we like it or not, we are in the non-Catholic atmosphere; it is in commercial and government offices and in workshops, and yet we send our sons into these places without any protection. It comes into Catholic homes with the *Strand Magazine*, *M. A. P.*, the *Irish Times*, nay, even the *Freeman's Journal*, not to mention the higher-class periodicals; one finds it in society, at evening parties, in clubs, football and cricket fields; it surrounds us everywhere. I recognise that it is likely to be most dangerous in the University; but remember that this is but an increase of a danger already existing, doing no little damage, and likely to do more in future; also that the segregation of our schools of philosophy and theology has had a ruinous effect on these engines that should be so potent for good. Those of our young men who are in danger, as very many of them are, have practically no guidance; and though this may be supplied in a Catholic University, they are likely to retain always some lurking suspicion that there is something in the opponents' position, the strength of which was never brought home to them.

For confirmation of this one need but look to Germany, where Catholics are stalwart and organised, as good as are to be found in the world, and where alone, one may say, is to be found a living centre of Catholic apologetics. To what is this due? I know of but one great difference between the German Catholics and those, say, of France or Italy—the Germans attend and leaven the non-Catholic Universities.

There is danger in attendance, as I admit; I fear, however, that Mr. Sweetman and those who think with him do not realise the dangers of remaining away, a few of which only I have been able to point out in this short article.

W. J. LYNAGH.

FRED LEWIS and CO.'S PERFUMES AND TOILET REQUISITES; IRISH MANUFACTURE.

CATHOLICS AND TRINITY COLLEGE.

SIR,—Thank God for Mr. Sweetman's letter! Somebody has at last spoken out as a Catholic who understands what it is to be a Catholic. I have not read an abler letter for many a day on the education question, from Catholic layman, priest, or bishop. Viewing the question as a plain man, I cannot see how any Catholic can dissent from Mr. Sweetman. If my memory serves me right, Mr. Sweetman is correct in saying that the presence of Catholics at Oxford and Cambridge is merely tolerated; and the toleration is even hedged round with conditions. There is no approval whatever; and those who go there, go on their own responsibility, and at their own risk. That conditioned toleration was expressed by Rome owing to the fewness of the Catholics in England. They could not support a University of their own, and they could not reasonably ask England to support one for them. Oxford and Cambridge have a standing, which would dispose a person, under Catholic circumstances in England, to run some risk for the advantages, social and educational.

It is quite different in Ireland. The Catholics are the people of Ireland. As the Bishop of Limerick said at the Rotunda, "We are the nation; they are only a handful." Are Catholics in Ireland justified in accepting conditions similar to those which Catholics in England have had to accept? Could we accept them with honour, not to speak of the safety of our faith? Would it not be the same as putting the brand of the slave on ourselves with our eyes open? It seems to me to be like calling for our chains again, and kissing them. Then, for what would we make the risk? For Trinity College? For the Queen's Colleges? The latter have been damned without redemption since they have been brought out into competition with Blackrock and the University College. Nobody thinks anything of Trinity College, outside Ireland. The education given there, I believe, is inferior to that given in the Queen's Colleges. You, sir, have recorded how its medical curriculum was condemned a few years ago. And the social advantage? Bless my soul!! The social advantage of being a graduate of Trinity College is on a level with the social advantage of being a Freemason. A Trinity College degree has the routine hall-mark of Government, and that may be a help for certain Government positions. And if a Catholic lawyer lies low enough, and keeps quiet whilst he is passing through Trinity, and if he preserves his meekness afterwards, he will probably succeed in getting a job. But what has all that mechanical routine to do with educational or real social advantage? If Trinity had to step into the public arena like the Queen's Colleges the Irish public would soon think as little of it as is thought of it elsewhere.

Mr. Sweetman is quite right about Cardinal Newman's project in Oxford, as far as he has gone, but he has not told all. The project did not begin with Cardinal Newman, and it certainly was not according to his wish; he merely fell in with it as the best thing to do under the circumstances.

Those who ignorantly write up the project, refer to it as if it was highly satisfactory to Cardinal Newman; and they are always careful to omit telling the public that the project was knocked on the head through the opposition of Cardinal Manning, who knew Oxford as well as Cardinal Newman did, and who knew the world a great deal better. Rome would have nothing to say to the project, owing to his representations there. He tried to start a Catholic University in Kensington; but of course it failed. When all other hope was over, the Propaganda, with the advice of Cardinal Vaughan, consented to tolerate the new project, that is not to disapprove of it, under certain conditions. They have Catholic Halls in Oxford and Cambridge, as the best they could do in the case. That is about the only difference between the case in England and in Ireland. Of course that means that the Catholics in England have given up all notion of looking for a Catholic University. If a similar step were taken in Ireland with

regard to Trinity College, it would mean a relinquishing of all claims to a Catholic University. In theory it may not be so; but in practice that is what it would come to. For the rest, a Catholic who sends his son to Trinity College comes under no ecclesiastical censure that I know of. He merely takes the consequences as to the responsibility he incurs if the faith of his son is destroyed or, what is more dangerous, watered down. I cannot imagine myself learning history or mental philosophy, or some other subjects, from a Professor who is not a Catholic, and not have my faith in danger, if not actually undermined. Let him be as cautious as an honest man may be, he cannot avoid instilling principles into my mind which, if I have brains enough to carry to their conclusions, will play havoc on my faith and on my Catholic instincts.

I agree with Mr. Sweetman about the three qualifications which, as a Catholic, he wants in a University—*learned, national, and Catholic*. I do not see why there need be any religious tests for students in such a University: that is, they would come at their own risk, as some Catholics now go to Trinity at their own risk. I do not see why it should be absolutely necessary that bishops or priests should be necessarily on the governing body; but the governing body should be Catholics only; and it would be all the better, and a guarantee for its Catholic character, if a few ecclesiastics were of the governing body. It would prevent many pit-falls; for, of course, the bishops could not, even though they wanted to, and whether they were of the governing body or not, give up their right to pronounce on any teaching given there if they thought it opposed or dangerous to faith. But I cannot see how any University can be thought a security for the faith of Catholics, unless those who govern be Catholics. They may use their discretion and appoint a Professor who is not a Catholic, because of the subject and of the character of the Professor himself. And I can also conceive a number of non-Catholics in the governing body who would honourably act according to what they knew to be the demands of Catholic faith. But if they would do so now, would those who succeed them do so? At least there is no guarantee. Once you give up the principle you expose yourself, without the right of complaint, to whatever consequences follow from it.

As to Catholics and non-Catholics in one "National" secular University being a bond of union between the different students, I rather think it would be the occasion of constant discord in most cases; and where that would not be the case, the unity would come by the melting down into one common pot of all creeds, that is, indifference to or detestation of any definite form of religion. If you have a Catholic University over against Trinity College, each open to all students, there will be a healthy rivalry without bitterness, and each will find it necessary to keep its education up to the mark.

A CATHOLIC.

◆◆◆◆◆

SOCIETY IN ARDILAUN LANE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Moleskin }
Muffler } —Social Magnates of Ardilaun Lane.
Slack)
Paddy the Blinder—A Soldier on Furlough.
Mick the Stick—His civilian chum.
Skinner—A Rent Collector.
Rhino—A Jewman.
Mrs. Moleskin }
and } Leading Ladies of Fashion.
Mrs. Muffler }

SCENE I.—The interior of the top back room in Number 1 Ardilaun Lane. The furniture displays evidence of a somewhat hasty disarrangement. The window is broken in two places, the breaches being stuffed with an old hat, and the remains of an old shirt. Altogether the place looks as if one of those exciting social functions

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ΣΟΛΥ ΝΑ ΝΤΑΕΘΕΑΤ.—All Irish Irishmen should insist on getting the New Irish Match, made in Dublin by PATERSON & CO., and thus support the Industrial Revival.

so common in Ardilaun Lane had taken place there somewhat recently. Time, 10 o'clock on the morning following St. Stephen's Day.

Enter Mrs. Moleskin and Mrs. Muffler.

Mrs. Mole.—Well, I feel better now, Lizzie, don't you?

Mrs. Muf.—Aye, as right as ninepence. Glory be to God, there's nothing like a glass o' plain to liven wan up.

Mrs. Mole.—Well, thanks be to the Lord, the pawns are open to-day, anyway, that a person can rise a few coppers.

Mrs. Muf.—Aye, this is somethin' like a holiday; not like yestherday. Arrah, what good is a holiday if the pawns are not open.

Mrs. Mole.—Divil a wan bit. I got sthranded airly last night, an' I thried high an' holy to knock up a bar or two but couldn't. Then in the heel o' the hunt me ould fella turns up an' kicks up shines because I couldn't give 'im the price iv a few pints.

Mrs. Muf.—Muffler led me a quare dance, too, over the same thing. But faith, he hadn't id all his own way.

Mrs. Mole.—Well, the ball is over, anyway, an' we're still on the baker's list, alive an' kickin'. Did ye get many Christmas boxes?

Mrs. Muf.—Oh, don't ye know I did. Weren't they all chuckin' 'em at me. Christmas boxes how are ye. Talk about Jewmen—

Mrs. Mole.—Some iv 'em are more like Jewmen than dacent Christians. I remember the time when a publican used to give any soart iv a good customer a pint o' whisky at Christmas. Wan iv 'em now wouldn't give ye a glass o' porther.

Mrs. Muf.—Divil a lie in that. On Christmas Eve night I was over at Pewther's, an' ould Pewther comes up to me, an' siz he, I wish ye a happy Christmas, Mrs. Muffler. Oh, siz I, Misther Pewther, wishes are chape, but what about me Christmas box?

Mrs. Mole.—Aye, right enough. Wan can get plenty iv ould guff, an' soft soap any day.

Mrs. Muf.—Ah, Mrs. Muffler, siz he, I'd be only too glad, but 'tis agen the rules.

Mrs. Mole.—That's only all codology.

Mrs. Muf.—An' who made them rules Misther Pewther? siz I. The Vitners' Association, siz he. Then begob, siz I, the Boozers' Association should have a word to say to that. That shut him up like an oyster shell.

Mrs. Mole.—If the boozers all went on sthrike agen the pubs, the Vintners' wouldn't be so smart wud their rules. (A knock at the door). I wondher is this the Jewman?

Mrs. Muf.—He'd have a hard neck to come fur anything to-day.

Mrs. Mole.—Och, let 'em all come. Jew or Gentile won't get as much as would jingle on a gridle from me to-day. Come in.

Enter Paddy the Blinder and Mick the Stick, the former with a bundle.

Pad.—Any chance of risin' the proice of a wet here?

Mrs. Mole.—This is the wrong shop fur risin' anything. We're all on the rise here ourselves, Paddy.

Pad.—Here's a noo shirt, an' a noo pair of ammunition boots, all offered at redooiced prices.

Mick.—Fine value. Worth twelve bar.

Mrs. Muf.—Are ye goin' to desart, Paddy, that yer sellin' yer kit like this.

Mick.—Indeed, he's not goin' to desart. Doesn't every swaddy on furlough do away wud some iv his kit. They can aisy get wan together again when they raijoin the colours.

Pad.—Yes, 'twill be all O.K. If wan of you women can dust five bob out of 'im, I'll allow you two bar commission. I aint a don hand at floggin' a kit outside barracks, that's why I ask you.

Mrs. Mole.—But sure they don't take solgers' togs in the pawn at all.

Mick.—We know that. Thry some wan ye know.

Mrs. Muf.—Thry Mrs. Scabman. She'll be a sure mark. Both herself an' her ould fella are tee-totalers, an' they're always pokin' around slop shops lookin' fur chape hand-me-downs.

Mrs. Mole.—The very wan. Come on Lizzie. Paddy and Mick, ye go an' wait at the corner of Pewther's pub.

Exeunt Mrs. Mole., Mrs. Muf., Pad. and Mick.

SCENE II.—A part of Ardilaun Lane.

Enter Moleskin and Muffler meeting

Mole.—Hello, Muffler, how is the ould sponce this mornin'?

Muf.—Rotten. 'Tis singin' like a bilin' plum puddin'.

Mole.—So is mine, full iv Guinness's joy bells. I sailed through the lane wud a full cargo last night.

Muf.—Be Jany Mack, the black sthrap was floatin' around like a movin' bog.

Mole.—Arrah, man, Ardilaun Lane was a regular Ringsend Basin iv porther last night.

Muf.—I wish I could have as good a swim this mornin'.

Mole.—Have y'e'er a make left?

Muf.—Not a wing.

Mole.—Ye lie, ye have. Don't I hear id jingling in yer pocket.

Muf.—Go an' chuck soot at yerself. Yer wan iv these blokes than can hear fishes talkin'. Honour bright though, I'm stony.

Mole.—All I had meself was a tanner this mornin', an' out iv that I lost fourpence playin' pitch an' toss. I must thry an' knock down ould Pewther fur a few pints on tick.

Muf.—Ketch 'im givin' more than about wan pint, a short week like this. He's too hairy fur that.

Enter Slack.

Slack.—What's the two yiz chawin' the rag about now?

Mole.—We're not chawin' the rag at all. We're only chawin' the fat.

Slack.—Well, don't get yer rag out.

Muf.—There was a bloke around here this mornin' lookin' fur ye, Slack.

Slack.—Who was he?

Muf.—Bill Bailey.

Slack.—Now I must say that fur an omadhaun yer mighty smart this mornin' Muffler.

Mole.—Are ye able to stand, Slack?

Slack.—I am. I could stand as steady undher a bag iv coal this mornin' as any man.

Muf.—That wasn't the case last night, fur I saw ye staggerin' undher a jar iv blackin'.

Slack.—Take care, now, it wasn't Bill Baily ye saw.

Muf.—Me sighth is not so slack as that.

Enter Paddy the Blinder and Mick the Stick.

Slack.—Chase me, Charlie, here's the Blinder.

Mole.—An' his regimantal wakin' stick.

Muf.—I say, Blindher, will ye take a friend's advice?

Pad.—What's that?

Muf.—Never go near the quays.

Pad.—Why?

Muf.—Because the Russians might get a houlth iv ye, an' carry ye off to St. Petherburgh an' exhibit ye as a sample iv what the British army is made iv.

Pad.—I wouldn't mind if they did. I'd have a good toime of it. Come along Stick an' let us have a beano. Tra-la-la, old stick-backs. Wouldn't you like to come, eh?

Exeunt Pad. and Mick.

Mole.—I say, begob, the Blindher is a bit flush.

Muf.—Perhaps he sowld some iv his kit.

Slack.—Let us folly 'em up. I have a tanner.

Exeunt Mole., Muf., and Slack.

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"GENUINE" TRINIDAD COCOA SHELLS "EXCELSIOR" BRAND; the best procurable; buy no other.

Enter Mrs. Moleskin and Mrs. Muffler.

Mrs. Mole.—Begob, Lizzie, that was an aisy earned two bob.

Mrs. Muf.—A rale windfall.

Mrs. Mole.—Come on an' we'll go up to Pewther's.

Mrs. Muf.—Stay. Is this ould Rhino the Jewman, comin' down the lane in front iv us.

Mrs. Mole.—Aye, as large as life, an' back luck to me eyesighth, if that's not ould Skinner the agent behind him. Let us turn back, an' go down to Hogshead's at the other corner iv the lane fur a while. We can go back to Pewther's later on.

Mrs. Muf.—Right y'ar. Ould Skinner would be only givin' out a lot iv ould buck, an' in the name iv God let us avoid all bad language as far as we can.

Mrs. Mole.—Aye, let us take our holiday in peace an' quiet, we'll have to face the throuble time enough.
Exeunt Mrs. Mole. and Mrs. Muf.

Enter Rhino.

Rhino.—'Tis only von great vaste of thime to look for gash or monish in Ardhilaun Lane for this day. All these dhreenkin' veemen, they be off to publeek houses or have dhoors locked. I must vait till next veek, and then I veel see vat I can dho.

Exit Rhino.

Enter Skinner.

Skin.—Every dirty sthreeel an' slatthern in the lane is off booziin', an' not a hapenny rent can be got off wan. This Christmas time is a great nuisance fur landlords an' agents; fur three parts of the tenants think that they have a lagal right to keep the rent fur that week. 'Tis all very well talkin of saisons of joy, an' pace an' good will, but pace an' good will wouldn't put the bit into an agent's mouth, or give him his commission. If they don't stump up next week I'll notice the lot of 'em. I'll let 'em see that it's not a Jewman they have to dale wud.

Exit Skinner. Curtain

A. M. W.

AT THE ABBEY THEATRE.

WE read in the papers that the little Abbey Theatre was crowded on the occasion of the first performance there of some pieces in connection with what is self-styled "The Irish National Theatre Society." An opening night is a unique occasion as there can only be one, and there are a class of people who like to be "able to say" that they were present at unique functions. That may have partly accounted for the crowded audience of Tuesday night; besides Mr. Yeats has a following, and a little fills the tiny Abbey Theatre. When the following have followed, and when the occasion is no longer unique, the bill of fare at the Abbey Theatre must draw the public on its merits, or otherwise the house will not fill. We were present at the performance on the third night, and on that occasion the little theatre in this city, of upwards of 300,000 people, was not crowded. With our eyes fixed on the stalls we might have thought, were it not that Mr. John Redmond was in our line of vision, that we had strayed by mistake into some prayer meeting of the foreign element in Ireland. It was the first time that we witnessed any of this Yeatsonian school of performances; previously we had got over the need of going to them by asking a contributor to sit them out and write something about them. We are not wildly interested in Mr. Yeats' personality, nor in any combination of men or talent that he dominates. We will not stop to tell why Mr. Yeats does not interest us; perhaps we do not know, and we have it on record, that the unconsciously comical old gentleman now happily "saved" did not know why he loved canals. Our interest in Mr. Yeats and his following has been so languid that we never bothered to attend one of his performances until last week; sometimes he or some of his lieutenants come in handy as matter for "copy," and our business being in that direction, we make "copy" occasionally out of them; but they do not interest us. Let us say at once that the acting all round at the performance on Thursday night was good, in par-

ticular cases excellent. A good play, of course, is the outcome of a competent playwright and competent actors; if one side fails the result is bad, however well the other side has done its work. Both sides were competent in the farce by Lady Gregory; the audience laughed at the farce, and when people laugh at a farce that farce has succeeded in its object. There was one broad stroke of unconscious farce that was probably lost on many of the audience, Lady Gregory, in an unconscious flight of wild comicality, styled her farce "a comedy." By the way, we would like to witness a rollicking farce that would provide us with a good laugh at the expense of the Sourfaces—but that might come under the head of sectarianism; even in laughter you must be strictly non-sectarian—all people being free, of course, to laugh at the Papist goms. The two serious tableaux, or, if we may use a word associated with the British music halls, the two serious "sketches," did not greatly impress us. "Kathleen ni Houlihan" was not a play, though, with a looseness of language, it was so styled on the programme. It was the second item performed, but as Lady Gregory's farce was placed second on the programme, we, during a considerable portion of the sketch, laboured under the mistake that we were witnessing Lady Gregory's farce while we were watching Mr. Yeats' tragedy. When Kathleen came on the stage we assumed that she was the old woman that was to spread the news, but her appearance and her chanting did not suggest laughter, and it dawred upon us after a while that we had mistaken one piece for another. The "poor old woman" symbol for Ireland is too greenly sentimental for us. Vigorous Ireland has told the old weeping, wailing creature to move out of its way; but the "poor old woman" has gained admittance to the scented drawing-rooms where they take a little green sentimentality with their coffee and gossip. "Kathleen ni Houlihanism" makes Irish patriotism quite harmless, if not even "respectable," a thing about which the "best people" might utter "isn't it charming," or "how pretty;" even Tony Traill and Brother Goulding might patronise it, feeling happy that if it led the youth into green sentimentality, it would keep the hand of young Ireland off such lusty nation-killers and bigots as themselves. Let who will simper and sigh about "the poor old woman" and her chanting; give us a modern man with a heart and a head and a strong hand, and make a play—not a Yeatsonian chant—about him. The other sketch—"On Baile's Strand" made no particular impression on us, but we think that the chanting was up to the usual mark.

And they call this sort of illustrated chanting—play-acting! These things were produced at the inauguration of the self-styled "Irish National Theatre Society" in its new home; and Mr. Yeats heads some notes in *Samhain*, a review of studied eccentricity, with the words—"The Dramatic Movement." In due time Mr. Yeats may discover a way to paint plays and write pictures, for if these sketches be plays there is no knowing where this movement may lead.

We fear that Mr. Yeats, shrewd man though he is, will never touch the Irish heart. If the movement, as it has been developed by Mr. Yeats, rang true even to the hearts of the consciously "superior" class who are so evident these times on the edges of real Ireland, surely some one or more of them would have backed this illustrated chanting movement with their money, and not have left it to a woman of the English to supply the society with a theatre.

We note that there are to be no sixpenny seats at the Abbey Theatre. The prices, 3s., 2s., and 1s. may be raised, but they must not be lowered, whoever may rent the place; and the reason of this arrangement is "to prevent cheap entertainments from being given, which would lower the letting value of the hall." Well, if the Abbey Theatre wants to fill its little self at these prices, it will have to import Little Titch or some "musical comedy"; illustrated chanting won't draw crowded houses to the diminutive theatre in this metropolis of upwards of 300,000 people. It is interesting to note that the letting value, the "tone," if we may say so, must not be lowered by any commerce with the sixpenny public. Unless you can afford a shilling you would be calculated to damage

"letting value;" and so this home of art undefiled, this un-commercial theatre, bangs its doors on the despised sixpenny public. Art is art, and literature is literature; they are both very well in their way; but "letting value" must not be depreciated, and so the sixpenny public must do without endowed Art, and get a slap in the face at the suggestion of the owner of the theatre, and with the written consent of a band of members of this society for the propagation of Yeatsonian chant. Amongst those who signed their names consenting to the boycott of the sixpenny public in the interests of "letting value," we are surprised to find Dr. Douglas Hyde, Lady Gregory, and Mr. Stephen Gwynn. Now we thought that from a really intellectual point of view the people who flock to the boxes and dress circles of the "theatres of commerce" contain many of the lowest of the vulgar; we thought it was admitted, particularly as regards Ireland, that intellect and poverty were found hand in hand to a considerable extent. Into this, "the first endowed theatre in any English-speaking country," as Mr. Yeats puts it, you dare not go—for the "letting value" must be kept intact—unless you have a shilling to spare; if you be a poet with elevenpence ha'penny in your pocket, your being a poet availeth not, the "letting value" must be thought of, and you must go beg, borrow, or steal another ha'penny to make up the shilling before you may enter the portals of this, "the first endowed theatre in any English-speaking country." You must pay a shilling, at least, for endowed art, but you can go over to one of the despised "theatres of commerce" and get a seat for sixpence; you can go to a music hall of commerce for fourpence. The fixing of the minimum prices at 3s., 2s., and 1s. places the Abbey Theatre practically outside the sphere of utility as far as Gaelic League branches, that have Irish plays to stage, are concerned; perhaps the Gaelic League, under any circumstances, would not improve the "letting value" of the new theatre! Might we suggest that "Upholding the Letting Value" would not be a bad title for a lively comedy.

Mr. Yeats does not interest us, though, as we have said, he and his kind supply us with matter for good "copy" occasionally. However, he has several admirers, and he is of all-absorbing interest to himself; so interested is he in himself that in a fit of absentmindedness he allowed two of his own illustrated chants on the bill on the opening night. Mr. Yeats "was not born yesterday," in the Cockney sense of the phrase; he can make a little go farther than any other man we know, and he believes firmly in maintaining his "letting value." Yet with all there is no future before the English illustrated chant in this country. Sparse audiences will, we fear, be frequently referred to by *Alf* and *Pink* and *Green* in what they will, no doubt, soon learn to call "The Cosy Little Abbey Street House" if the Yeatsonian chant dominates the programmes.



SIR HORACE PLUNKETT'S BOOK.

SIR HORACE'S CRITICISM ON RELIGIOUS CONGREGATIONS
CRITICISED.

IT does not come within the scope of my purpose to give the public a dissertation on the Theology of Ascetics. I merely observe, with all necessary respect, that I dare think St. Augustine, St. Thomas Aquinas, St. John of God, St. Francis de Sales, St. Teresa—all of them persons of the highest mental training and of surpassing natural gifts, specialists moreover in ascetics, more likely to know that subject incomparably better than amateurs can reasonably pretend to know it. It is curious that, whilst a physician will not presume to lecture lawyers on Jurisprudence, or a properly trained lawyer lecture physicians on therapeutics, a geologist lecture bacteriologists on the ways of germs, or lecture engineers on the building of bridges, a carpenter lecture a tailor on how to cut out a suit of clothes, persons are to be found in every walk of life who, drawing out an idea from their inner consciousness and fixing that pet idea immovably as on a pedestal, make it the test of theological truth, and pass sentence without a suspicion of being ridiculous on all the theo-

logians and metaphysicians who have written, from St. Augustine to Rosmini.

It is, of course, easy to see why all men should take an interest in such subjects as theology and sociology, for all have a common concern in what these explain. But that a dilettante should play the expert, and expect the public to sit under his *cathedra*, is quite another thing. John Stewart Mill wisely remarks, I think it is in his *Autobiography*, that "a man who knows only his own side of a question knows little of that."

Sir Horace Plunkett does not deal directly with Religious Communities as to their interior life, but as to their relations with the public in the various external functions which they undertake. It is in this latter phase of their life that I propose to consider his criticisms; but in the course of what I am about to write I will refer in passing to the former in so far as he involves it in the latter.

I take up this position:—When Religious Communities, of men or women, undertake public duties of a secular nature, maintained at the public cost, they bind themselves thereby to efficiency according to the requirements of public authority, and they may not ask the public to consider their religious character as an apology for inferior work. I take up that position from the outset, to relieve myself of any reasonable suspicion of special pleading. I mean to make no *ad misericordiam* plea in favour of Religious Congregations; and before I have finished I hope to have made it clear that they do not need any. Those who on one ground or another dislike or disapprove of Catholicism have at all times marked out for their first object of attack those who are in a special way representative of it, priests and nuns who are bound to it not only by the common bond of faith, but also by office and vow, and those amongst the laity who have distinguished themselves as its champions or apologists. Only the other day Dr. Mahaffy abused the courtesy of the Catholics who invited him to speak at Mr. Dillon's lecture on the Catholic University Question by singling out the priests as bearing a special brand of bigotry. It was his unbecoming method of placating the Catholic laity, whereas the clumsy compliment implied that his audience were too obtuse to detect the covert implication that they were only Popish slaves.

At the Reformation the cry of Protestantism was—Cut down monks and nuns, why cumber they the ground? To-day Protestantism is in many places constructing imitations of Catholic Community life, of men and women. Lecky admits the mistake then made when he says that "no fact in modern history is more deeply to be deplored than that the Reformers should have levelled the monasteries and convents to the dust instead of attempting to regenerate the whole conventual system of Catholicism." All eminent non-Catholic writers deplore the same mistake, and many of them in less qualified terms. Sir Horace Plunkett does not ask to have them levelled to the dust; he merely calls for their regeneration, by lessening their numbers and improving the work done by those who remain.

I observe, first of all, that no Religious Community, of men or women, can be established in a diocese without the sanction of the Bishop; and I assume that a Bishop knows the requirements of his diocese a great deal better than outsiders can teach him.

That consideration alone is enough to put out of court any outsider who takes upon himself the task of upbraiding us for the number, extent, or expense of our monastic and conventual institutions. I put the matter thus bluntly—What is it to him, or to any outsiders, what Catholics think of their religious organization or do with their own? When have Catholics commissioned Sir Horace to pass sentence on their action in relation to religious institutions for which neither he nor his are asked to pay? Can he name any representative Catholic or body of Catholics who have undertaken the unbecoming task of passing sentence on similar action on the part of Protestants? Catholics have never interfered or complained unless in cases where they have been saddled with a share of the burden. They do more; I recall, as one instance only, the £2000 a year which Catholic guardians vote towards the spiritual concerns of 194 Protes-

tant inmates of Irish workhouses. I pass over the Protestant churches we have built, the church rates, the tithes, the minister's money we have paid, and the many other burdens which we have borne in the interest of Protestantism in Ireland. These people have been so long and so much in the habit of interfering with, and of insulting us with impunity, that they have come to think they can go on doing so freely and for ever. Sir Horace has received, as he himself indeed avows, a great deal of patronage and help from bishops, priests, and nuns, in his industrial mission throughout the country. I fear it has spoiled him; and perhaps some "enlightened Catholics," with more of the economic than of the Catholic sense, have misled him. He does not understand us; he has mistaken our co-operation for thoughtless gratitude on which he might play at will without penalty or limit; he has intruded himself through the windows as well as by the door into the sanctuary of our household, and he has no right to complain if he be given the alternative either to behave himself within or to suffer the indignity of being turned out. He cannot, of course, be expected to appreciate our faith, but he might have understood the value *we* set upon it from the sacrifices we have made for its sake. Although it has not been the cause, it has been the occasion of those disabilities of the past and of those drawbacks of the present which he equally, and I am sure sincerely, deplures. Our poverty is simply the material price we have paid for our spiritual principles. He tells us that we are squandering money which we should have kept, as well as losing money which we might have secured, owing to our foolish notions of religious requirements. I think his charge against us blameable, not because it goes too far, but because it does not go at all far enough. The deception of his position is in the mildness of his complaint; his charge should be immeasurably more comprehensive to be wholly true. Why, we have lost everything for our Faith, and for those notions which he thinks foolish—our land, our commerce, our industries, our civil and religious liberty, the very churches which we built to practise it, letting the shell be winnowed by every storm that came and preserving the seed and the substance only by concealing it—for its sake we lost everything that is earthly except honour. And now when that seed, so long hidden and cherished by stealth in the bogs and in the woods, is again sown in every plain and valley of the land, and is blossoming into the bloom, the beauty, and the grandeur of other days, Sir Horace crosses over from his potato garden, a grafting knife in one hand, a spray pot in the other, economic prescriptions pouring from his mouth advising us how to regulate the growth and to prune the blossoms. As Catholics we are unintelligible to him. It is not a question to be decided by economics; and the economist in the case is only as a red herring across the path. That there are points of contact with economics is not unknown to me, and my readers may depend upon it that I am not going to shelve or shirk the question. I mean to face it more plainly than, I suspect, Sir Horace and the economists think that I dare. Meanwhile, I give the following to illustrate one point of contact between the "economic sense" and Catholic practices. I take it from a letter addressed to Lord Cloncurry, on December 11th. 1829, by Dr. Doyle—*ἀρ τιμας ἔσαν οἱ οἱ ἡ-ἀ ὅ-παντα*!

It was a reply to a letter addressed by Lord Cloncurry to the Secretary of the Society for the Improvement of Ireland in which his Lordship suggested to the heads of the Roman Catholic Church that "the Saints' days and holidays observed by our people in greater number than in any other country are a great loss to the country, and a great cause of one of the besetting evils—drunkenness." Amongst other mistakes in the letter, Dr. Doyle says that "holidays are not observed in greater number by our people than in any other country; that the sum total of our holidays which in any way interfere with public industry are reduced to six or seven in the year. . . . I do not think that drunkenness—our besetting sin—our permanent plague—would be materially lessened by the abolition of all the holidays, for drunkards will drink at all times; and when they do not find a holiday ready-made, they them-

selves make one for the purpose. Witness *Saint Monday*, which an impious, and besotted, and abominable race of tradesmen, add to the Lord's Day, for the purpose of indulging in their horrid excesses. Look also to the Presbyterians of the North, who observe no holidays. Nor do I think that an obligation of resting from servile works on six days, besides the Sundays, throughout the year, can be any loss whatever in a country where the market is always overstocked with labour, and in which a man's labour is not worth, at an average, more than three-pence a day. Add to this, that in cases of great necessity or public utility, every person is permitted to work upon holidays. The truth is, my Lord, that when idlers were few and labourers many, and when holidays were more numerous than they now are, the peasantry were better fed and better clothed than they are at present; besides which, frequent holidays—or days of prayer for some, and of rest and amusement for all—contributed not a little to produce and to preserve that gay, cheerful, friendly, strong, and athletic race of men, which by-and-by will be nowhere to be found in Ireland. It is not the peasant now who gains by his labour, or losses, I might say, by his rest; it is the employer or the driver of the slave. Are our peasants not broken down and withered at forty or fifty years of age? Are they not everywhere badly fed and over-worked? And we who idle *six* days and do not labour *one*, would, when we have made them vicious and miserable, bind them down even in their few holidays, like a slave to the oar."

One of the charges brought by the Reformers against the Catholics was that industry was restrained by the number of their holidays, and the same cry has been constantly raised in the name of economics, from Sir William Petty in the 17th century down to Lecky in our own time. Yet Monday was observed in Great Britain from Cromwell's time, but after the manner described by Dr. Doyle. It began, I believe, on the occasion of the death of one of Cromwell's followers named Monday. Cromwell offered a reward for the best lines on his death, and a shoemaker produced the following:—

Blessed be the Sabbath Day,
And cursed be worldly pelf;
Tuesday will begin the week,
Since Monday's hanged himself.

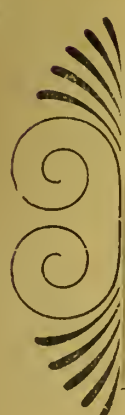
In recent years Bank holidays were introduced by Sir John Lubbock, on the ground that the British workingman had too much work and too little recreation, and the Catholics of Ireland, except in the diocese of Ferns, where the men of Wexford have stood by their own, have yielded up their ancient holidays so far as servile work is concerned, and have followed the Britisher in keeping St. Lubbock's day, that is, in the manner in which Bank holidays are kept. More recently half-days have been taken from business every week and given to recreation. I pass no judgment on those holidays which, in obedience to the orders of industrialism, we have accepted from across the Channel to the neglect of our own. I refer to them merely to illustrate the inconsistency of our critics. For what is the difference between our own ancient holidays and those new and more numerous ones which we have adopted in their place? None that I can see, except that those arose from the worship of Mammon, and ours arose from the worship of God and the honour of His Saints. Our national holidays weathered the storms of persecution and outlived the penal days, and I own it is not creditable to us that we have pliantly discarded them for exotics in the days of our freedom. The Gaelic League has had to force the observance of St. Patrick's Day on the country, and their struggle is not yet over, nor has the country become yet quite reconciled to it.

M. O'R.

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THE PLAY RELIGIOUS.

A SCHOOL play is not usually a matter of national importance. If the production itself is not utterly silly, it is generally a very incompetent representation of one of Shakspeare's masterpieces. The latter is the more common in places of male, and the former in places of female education. It was, therefore, a very happy idea for the lady undergraduates of Eccles Street to strike out a new line for themselves and give us that which had been only once seen in Ireland before—a morality play, "Wisdom who is Christ." It formed one of the trilogy presented originally at the Sion Hill celebration, and now performed again at Eccles Street. Miss O'Kennedy's Naomh Pádraig, and a performance of "Ben Hur" were the other two. Miss O'Kennedy's play has already been referred to. "Ben Hur," I am told, was utterly bad.

As most people are aware, modern drama had its origin in the Church. The custom sprang up of representing religious mysteries in a dramatic form at Whitsuntide, and at the other great festivals of the Church. Such performances which were purely religious in their objects were called "Mystery Plays." To these succeeded Morality Plays, which represented moral rather than religious truths. Their object was to put before the audience in a clear and concrete form the moral doctrines of the Catholic religion. They depicted the human soul and its temptations, its fall and its repentance. They soon became popular all over Christendom and were acted in parts of Ireland. This form of production was brought to our notice for the first time by the performance of "Everyman," a play that taught a stern and simple moral lesson, by a company of English

players, at the Rotunda. "Wisdom who is Christ" is a morality play of the same class.

The plot is of the simplest description. It shows the human mind as at first subject to the dominion of divine wisdom. Then the devil comes and puts temptation in its way. He corrupts its faculties and senses. The parts of the mind resolve "to see life," and come forth joining in a dissipated dance. Then of a sudden, their foulness is shown to them, and repenting of their sins, they are cleansed and return to the rule of holy wisdom, who at once receives their allegiance. The play sets out the doctrines of Christianity with a boldness and definiteness that is almost unknown in the art of to-day. There is none of that mist and shadow that usually surrounds any religious reference in a modern book. You feel that the author of the piece was a Catholic not ashamed of his belief.

It will be seen that this play was not and could not from its nature be so effective as "Everyman." There was a human interest in "Everyman" that came home to everyone, that enthralled and that moved. Repentance at the hour of death, which was its theme, has a dramatic interest and value that other repentance cannot have. Though clergymen do not, I think, set great store by it, and I have heard doctors say the same, yet I am afraid man will always linger with fondness on the idea of escaping in the nick of time. "Wisdom who is Christ," was therefore a play less calculated to stir emotion than "Everyman," and its colouring was from its nature less vivid. But it was very well acted, and I think few went away from it without bearing with them some profitable idea. Though indeed the honest critic must not fail to mention that the parts which seemed most to find favour with the audience, and especially its

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younger members, were those wicked ones in which the mind and its faculties were dancing and singing and generally misbehaving themselves.

By producing this morality play, these lady students have, as I have said, done a good work. They have given a contribution to thought. But the purpose of this article is to inquire whether the idea could not be still further developed. A morality play, written far back in a distant century, comes before the world to-day in a strange guise. It reflects a habit of thought and action so different even from those of the present day even in Ireland, that its success is likely to be one merely of esteem and scholarly approval. Yet if after so many centuries such a play has still a powerful effect, would not a religious play attuned to the modes of our own time have a power of moving tenfold greater? Would not the struggle between temptation and divine wisdom in a modern mind be capable of being expressed in dramatic form? For it is one of the things that put Irishmen most out of harmony with the English literature they read that, except in "pious" books of very poor literary value, the one great moving force in the country, the Catholic religion, is left out of nearly all the representations of life that are submitted to us.

The divorce between the theatre and the Church is to-day sufficiently wide. A place that is a receptacle for "Kitty Grey" cannot naturally expect ecclesiastical support, and the days when the Church produced plays itself are long past. But let us hope this is not to be the stage of the future. In Ireland we are striving to free ourselves from the English theatre, to clear out this foulness from among us, and pioneers are seeking in various directions to fashion the first beginnings of a native drama. The Abbey Theatre is just now opening its doors, and we are already familiar with the works of the mountain and the hillside. But the criticism merited by most of these plays has been this, that being little in touch with the living emotions of Ireland, they have failed to "take." They have not aroused popular

enthusiasm. I have ventured to suggest in a previous article that in political plays might be found themes more fruitful of emotion, for politics occupy very nearly the largest share of Irish feelings and ideas.

But the religious play offers another and an untrodden field for the Irish dramatist. Drama was originally invented as the handmaid of a pagan cult. It took a new birth as the servant of the Christian religion. There are certainly few forms of art more suitable for the representation of moral and religious ideas than the drama. Its simplicity, its poignancy, and its dignity is eminently fitted for the realisation of such forms of thought. It is above all others the art of the people, the art that requires no previous training and no great expense of time on the part of its devotee, and yet grandeur and sublimity are ever the perfection of its masterpieces. Might we not endeavour to inaugurate a wholly new form of play-wrighting in Ireland, and seek to fashion a national religious drama.

The Abbey Theatre which is, I understand, to be open for all national plays, will give an opportunity. Would it, I wonder, be possible to get the rule that prohibits priests from attending the theatre relaxed so far as it and its productions are concerned. I, naturally, speak with diffidence in regard to a matter of ecclesiastical discipline which is outside my province. But would it not be possible to create a modern religious drama in Ireland, a drama of mysteries and morality plays written in the language of to-day. We would then have "problem" plays, but the "problems" would be different. Instead of debasement, we should have exaltation, but an exaltation that even the most simple-minded could understand. A certain measure of success would be sure to attend even a humble effort in this direction, and it might later develop into something of real worth and importance. If the lady undergraduates of Eccles Street shall have led the way to such a movement, their morality play will have had a far-reaching effect indeed.

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CONTENTS.

CURRENT AFFAIRS:—

Bung Trade Union	337
The Protestant Association of Rathmines ...	337
"Irish" Journalists Eat a "God Save the King" Dinner	337
The Official Organ of the Gaelic League and the LEADER	339
Some Dublin Municipal Candidates ...	341
Virginian Creepers, Co. Cavan ...	341
Munster and Leinster Bank and its Auditor ...	341
Etc., Etc.	

ARTICLES:—

Fao 'S a Cup ar an Seána	343
Sir Horace Plunkett's Book	343
Kathleen ni Houlihan	345
Caithréim Conghail Clairinghnigh ...	346
Paid Papistry	347
On the Tonality of Irish Music	348
Classy and Grassy	351

NOTICE.

THE LEADER will be sent, post free, to any part of Ireland or Great Britain for three months, on receipt of Postal Orders value 1s. 3d.; six months, 3s. 3d.; one year, 6s. 3d. The rates of subscription for foreign postage are:—Three months, 2s. 2d.; six months, 4s. 4d.; twelve months, 8s. 8d.

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CURRENT AFFAIRS.

Bung was in Council recently for the purpose of electing honorary officers, etc. Anthony O'Grady, who stuck to his guns on St. Patrick's Day, ceases to be chairman, and one Patrick Martin of Ranelagh, ascends the throne of Drunkeryland. This Martin, the new Bung King, said that he followed Anthony O'Grady with "very great diffidence, because there was no doubt he was a gentleman of no ordinary calibre." No doubt whatever about it; did he not keep his lights shining brightly, and stick to his guns on St. Patrick's Day? King Bung is deposed, long live King Bung! The new King, Martin, wished the Bungs who elected him a happy new year—that means something else for Bungs' dupes. A Bung by the name of Gethings was made Vice-King, and Daniel Tallon, keeper of the magic button, proposed a resolution of plamáir about Bung O'Grady; the resolution referred to "the onerous duties" of the office that O'Grady had held, and to his "untiring efforts." A Bung by the name of Kavanagh, seconded, and the resolution was supported by Bungs Little, Burke, Davy, and Mullett, and O'Grady replying said that the Bungs' Association was a hobby of his. Bung Cunniam, the Ex-Vice King, then got a resolution all to himself. Alderman Bung Bergin proposed it and Alderman Bung Hennessy seconded it. There was

no resolution of sympathy with the wife of the unfortunate carman who was killed as a result of the awful drink orgie recently.

The Protestant Association that sits as District Council of Rathmines, was given an opportunity of proving its tolerance on Thursday and Friday last. At the Wards Inquiry loudly did these gentlemen protest that the desire of their lives was to find "qualified" Catholics who would join the Council. The "qualification" looked for is evidently acquiescence in the boycott of Catholics in the appointment to salaried positions under the Council. A number of Catholic gentlemen were nominated on Thursday, and the "Saved" Council had ample time before Friday night to make room for some of these candidates. Of course, they did not make room. They and their political machine in Dawson street preferred to fight for the continuance of ascendancy.

The situation in Rathmines is peculiar. There are two thousand more Catholics than Protestants in the Urban District, but on the Register for Municipal Purposes there are about sixteen hundred more Protestants than Papists. This result is achieved in two ways. One way was recently exposed in the trial of the Unionist convicts, and consists in defrauding Catholic electors, and excluding them from the register by forgery. The second way is by stuffing the register with "lodgers" and "inhabitant occupiers" who consist of the wife and children of the only member of the family entitled to be registered. This is done by false claims and false testimony. Persons elected by such electors might claim to represent forgery and perjury.

The Rathmines District is divided into two immense wards, and the result is a Protestant majority in both; but in the West Ward a fair fight might be made. On Thursday, however, after the nomination of the Catholic candidates was known, Mr. Anthony O'Grady, and some more grog shop-keepers, were nominated in the West Ward, creating a very difficult situation for the champions of tolerance and fair play. The Bung gang were nominated late in the day, obviously with the intention of tacking themselves on to the Catholic movement, and the publicans, on the Friday before the time for withdrawals expired, endeavoured to arrange an alliance between Catholics and Bungs. This was instantly refused; and as a fight against the Bigot Board was hopeless with the Drunkery Army threatening their flank, the Catholic forces were withdrawn from the contest.

Some members of the British Institute of Journalists of West Britain (Ireland) ate their annual dinner last Saturday night. A man by the name of R. Donovan was in the chair; the imported real Britisher, Mr. Locker, of the *Dust Bin*, is only ex-chairman now. We are not surprised that a Catholic cleric of the undoubted "tone" of Monsignor Molloy graced the festive board and made a speech. We read that the toast of "The King" was duly honoured. And we note that amongst those present at this dinner of the West British Journalists of Ireland were Mr. W. H. Brayden, Editor of the *Freeman*. He can toast "the King," but if a corporator voted for an address to the same gentleman, how the *Freeman* would climb the Nationalist Kopje! Happily, we find no mention of a song in Irish in connection with this West British Journalists function. We read that—"The musical programme was filled by Mr. Charles Manners and several of the principal members of the Moody-Manners Opera Company, together with some prominent Dublin guests." Charles Manners himself sang the stage-Irish priest song, "Father O'Flynn," and no doubt Brayden, of the *Freeman*, applauded it loudly.

But there is no mention of any song made up of what Mr. Brayden might call "that jayjilljoree stuff." 1 брочаир на n-ṡaeṡeat is not brought out to dine by Mr. Brayden, and the *Independent* people likewise leave Ḃipe na n-ṡaeṡeat at home when they mix with real Britishers like Locker, of the *Dust Bin*. 1 брочаир на n-ṡaeṡeat and Ḃipe na n-ṡaeṡeat are decoy ducks for the penny and the ha'penny of the Irish Ireland public. When the "Irish" Journalists dine Mr. Manners, who runs an imported operatic venture at the theatre where "Kitty Grey" was recently performed, comes on the scene; the songs of Ḃipe na n-ṡaeṡeat are not "class" enough, we presume.

The speech of Monsignor Molloy, as reported in the *Dust Bin*, was a feeble attempt; he tried to act the funny man, and we can readily believe that the West British Journalists are quite willing to accept mild buffoonery for humour. *Raimis* goes round in a circle; the West British pressman will pour treacle on public speakers like Monsignor Molloy, and men like Monsignor Molloy rub golden syrup on the West British Journalist by way of exchange; no wonder this country stews in its own juice, whilst other countries advance. Monsignor Molloy proposed the toast of the West British Journalists' Trade Union, and Mr. Locker, the imported editor of the anti-Catholic "*Irish*" *Times*, the libeller of Canon McInerney, responded. It was a pretty arrangement. The ghost of the Killaloe libel action, if we may put it so, evidently appeared to Mr. Locker as he was speaking, for he remarked:—"Their criticisms were always hunted by the fear of an action for libel, but the criticisms of the outside world were free and independent." Mr. Locker has had enough of clumsy pelt-priests like the bogus "Roman Catholic Farmer." God save Ireland from wishy-washy backboneless journalists, and from orators like Monsignor Molloy.

"What will the *Freeman* do?" says the SEAN BEAN боцт. Well, it went into twelve pages on Saturday and Monday last. It is giving a vigorous kick at condensation. In its Monday's issue it devoted almost seven columns to the meeting at Letterkenny. To Mr. Redmond's and Mr. O'Brien's meetings it gave over ten columns, and over one column of a leading article. If this is the outcome of the combined wisdom of Sexton, Matty Bodkin, and God-Save-the-King Brayden in the way of meeting the competition of the ha'penny *Independent*, the shareholders of the *Freeman* have our sympathy and condolence. Eventually, we fear the *Freeman* will have to step down and fight the ha'penny *Independent* on the level; it will have to strip off 50 per cent. of its price. And what will poor *Alf* do?

By the way, why does "Sackville Street" appear on some of Mr. William Murphy's trams? Mr. Murphy is running the ha'penny *Independent*, with its English "lady" tipster and its half column of Irish; is he afraid or unable to put "O'Connell Street" instead of "Sackville Street" on some of the trams? Would the Sourfaces walk to Clontarf or Wrathmines if "O'Connell Street" took the place of "Sackville Street?" Would the "saved" fifteen-shillings-a-week clerk take a jarvey car instead of a tram if the name of the Liberator was placed where Sackville, whoever he was, now appears? Now that the General Secretary of the Gaelic League, Mr. Patrick O'Daly, has praised up the ha'penny *Independent*, perhaps Mr. Murphy will laugh sardonically at our low-down suggestion that his trams should no longer be decorated with Sackville where O'Connell ought to be.

The Christy Minstrels were at large at Ballinasloe on the 5th of January. These Connacht niggers were in eruption "in aid of the poor." An "amusing farce," by the name of "Uncle Jeff," was perpetrated at Ballinasloe. One Martin Doran, Esq., was Uncle Jeff, and M. Doran, Esq., was Doctor Cole. Simon, a Yankee boy, was impersonated by one Mullerey. The Convent School children danced—or should we, in deference to the "tone" which we instinctively feel must have characterised these Convent School children—should we say "dawned."

Ballinasloe niggers sang such songs as "Our Dinah," "Under the Bamboo Tree," "Clara Nolan's Ball," "I'se Awaitin' for Yer, Josie," "Yoh, Yoh, Little Girls, Yoh, Yoh." (We wonder from what dialect of English does that song emanate?) "The Ring-tailed Coon" (that probably was sung by some non-tailed Ballinasloe asses); "Susie Jane," "My Little Yeller Boy and Me," "Meet Me, Susie." On the face of it, it were about time that Ballinasloe—if it has any shame left in it—were heartily ashamed of itself.

We hear that the Unionists of Kingstown have engaged the ex-convict, Ladd, for service in the elections that are to take place on the 16th inst. The party of "law and order," with a jail-bird in tow, is enough to turn even an honest Unionist's stomach—if there is such a thing as an honest Unionist. Where is MacCartney? Is that convict (we believe his "time" is yet unexpired) at large? The man Ladd has legally purged his offence; but what of MacCartney? If it be true, and we are assured that it is on good authority, that the man Ladd is engaged by the Unionists of Kingstown, it shows that England's Faithful Garrison of Kingstown have an uncommonly large proportion of brass in their constitution.

We paid a visit to the collection of pictures at the Academy one day last week. Some one once said that alms deeds breeds beggars. There is an evident element of truth in the saying; and as we looked round us at the Abbey Street Academy we were struck by the truth that Art movements breed affectations. We are not now referring to the affectations in Art itself, but the affectation on the part of those who profess to be interested in Art. The aspect of some of the people at the exhibition, during the hour that we were present, would give you a revulsion of feeling against all Art shows. An art show in Ireland is a new bauble for people of the æsthetic calibre of Mrs. Bung and Mrs. Sourface. Mrs. Bung and Mrs. Sourface, the "saved" official's lady, are bad enough as they are without their adding a new coat of hypocrisy in the shape of posing as Art lovers to the sum total of their other shortcomings. The woman with the eye-glass on a stick was, of course, represented, and that is a type of female that always irritates us.

The world salutes General Stoessel and the brave defenders of Port Arthur. If only Irishmen had the grit of these Russians! About this time twelve months ago the Catholic Association drove the fear of justice into the hearts of the bigots. Many of the latter commenced to lie and bluster and threaten. We held our fort in face of it all; but what a sorry picture the "tames" presented when the lies and the swagger of the enemy began to play. In the excitement some of the Papists fired on their own instead of on the enemy. In times of stress men are willing to go on half and on quarter rations; indeed, so long as they can exist, brave men stand to their fight; we heard of an Irish butcher who blubbered when about twelve months ago the threats and the lies of the bigots began to play; we take it that some bigot or other held up her little finger at the valiant butcher and threatened to go elsewhere for her half-pound of steak. And the song says "There never was a coward where the shamrock grows." If the Seonini and the "tames" all went and drowned themselves there would be some material foundation for the boast. We wonder, if the Japs made an attempt on Dublin how long would that city hold out? Would C. E. Martin be another Stoessel?

We take the following from the *Irish Times*:—"Wanted, Protestant Working Butler; must be highly recommended; wages £35 to £40. Apply C. Tottenham, Judenham, Mullingar. Wanted, an Under Land Steward; Protestant; send characters, state age, family, and terms. Address 'Z 1773, Steward,' this office. Hardware and Stationer—Wanted, young Lady (Protestant), experienced in above business; South side.—O 641 this office. Wanted young man understanding Ironmongery and General Business; must be energetic

and good salesman; Protestant; state salary expected. —O 642, this office. Man Wanted, Protestant; milking, gardening, etc.; Wife laundress. Address 'Z 1825, Man,' this office. Man Wanted, for gentleman's place; Protestant; must have excellent recommendations. Address 'Z 1826, Man,' this office."

It is comical to note that to the various papers that make themselves look silly by boycotting the LEADER that stalks over the land laughing at all its petty enemies, is now to be added our kept contemporary the official organ of the Gaelic League. We now and again have had the disagreeable duty of commenting on the official organ, the existence of which has been such a huge financial drain on the funds subscribed by the public to the Gaelic League. The last time, if our memory serves us right, that we had occasion to administer a correction to the editorial, "we" of the official organ was when that "we" uttered some economic drivel about paying for our Irish imports with money; the editorial "we" took the correction lying down, and we have not noticed any drivel of that kind in the editorial pages since. Now Mr. John Sweetman is a man for whom we have great respect, though we disagree with him in many things. He is an outspoken man who has earned his title to have his say upon any Irish question in which he interests himself. We never denied him hospitality when he wrote specially to us; indeed, we have always welcomed anything from a man of such marked individuality and independence, whether we agreed with him or not. Recently he sent us an article on the University question, in the course of which he incidentally referred by name to the editor of the official organ of the Gaelic League, a paper that has been a very serious burden on the funds subscribed by the nation to the upkeep of the Gaelic League's central organisation. Let Mr. Sweetman and the editor of the official organ settle between themselves any matter arising from that reference; we are not specially concerned with it. But we note that the official organ, that has already consumed so much of the funds contributed by the people for the upkeep of the central body—a body that does not by any means err on the side of over-efficiency—this official organ refers to Mr. Sweetman's letter, and—if you please—that letter appeared in "a contemporary!" The name of the vile and nefarious LEADER, that put real life into the Irish Ireland movement, is to be boycotted by the "tony" organ that has lived by dipping its hands deeply into the common fund subscribed largely owing to the public opinion that the vile and nefarious LEADER created! What are we coming to? Perhaps the official organ is presuming, as many people have done to their cost before now, on our great forbearance. In the series of notes concerning Mr. Sweetman's letter to "a contemporary," we find a reference to a letter published in the *Freeman's Journal*. The name of the *Simply Deplorable*, the puffer of "Kitty Grey," is admitted into the official organ that has existed at the great expense of the general Language Fund, but the name of the vile and nefarious LEADER appears cloaked in a cloud as "a contemporary." Now we put it to Irish Ireland that it is not because the LEADER, the organ of Irish Ireland, that took its life in its hands and went out to do battle for the cause as no other paper did or could do, it is not because the LEADER had occasion to correct the economic drivel of the servant of the Gaelic League who is editor of the official organ, or for any other such reason, that the official organ is to join the *Dust Bin*, the *Simply Deplorable* and such papers in their absurd ostrich policy with regard to the LEADER. It is only a small matter; but our forbearance has been presumed upon too far; and others all over the country besides us would probably like to know the reasons why a servant of the Gaelic League, the editor of a paper that has been a very serious burden to the funds of the League, should give rein to his private animosity by trying on a little silly and comical boycott of the LEADER.

And as we are referring to the head quarters of the Gaelic League, we would like to know is Mr. Patrick

O'Daly paid to be Secretary of the League or does he think that he is paid in order that he may have an opportunity, in his official capacity, to puff the organ of the British "lady" tipster in Ireland, the ha'penny *Independent*? Our readers know what we think of that paper. It is a sort of copy of the London *Daily Mail*; its "get up" is an imitation and not original; it is better, from our point of view, than the anti-Irish and anti-Catholic *Irish Times*, but when we have said that we have said about all we can say in its favour. It runs a British story for the benefit of its West British readers, and it bows, under pressure, in the extent of half a column to Irish Ireland. And what does Mr. Patrick O'Daly, who was elected to do the secretarial work of the Gaelic League, think of this West British betting-pandering production with the dab of Irish on its forehead? What he personally thinks is a matter of no importance. If in the character of Secretary to the Gaelic League he denounced its engagement of an English "lady" tipster and denounced its other many Anglicised features, one might ask who authorised him to use the authority of his position for that purpose, even though one agreed generally with his condemnation. But what are we to think of Mr. Patrick O'Daly, in his capacity as Secretary of the Gaelic League, giving his blessing to the ha'penny *Independent* of the English "lady" tipster? We quote the following that appears under the sub-title "Irish Leaguers Gratified," from the ha'penny *Independent*:—"Mr. P. O'Daly, Central Secretary to the Gaelic League, expressed himself in very flattering terms on the merits of the *Irish Independent*. 'My first impression,' said Mr. O'Daly, 'is a very favourable one. The general features are striking, and the news, which is very fresh and up-to-date, is presented in a form which cannot but prove most acceptable to the Irish reading public. I was certainly very much pleased with the 'Irish column,' and the prominence that has been given to it. The matter of this column is crisp, bright, and intelligent.' Mr. O'Daly, too, mentioned that he had been recently in the provinces, and while there he had heard on every hand the people, both town and country, express themselves as being highly pleased with the new paper. The brief, condensed, pithy reports were a feature of the *Irish Independent*, which, Mr. O'Daly believed, would certainly appeal to business men, and indeed to morning newspaper readers generally." Now what Irish Ireland will want to know—Irish Ireland that will be called upon in about two months' time to subscribe several thousands of pounds for the up-keep of the central organisation of the Gaelic League—is, what business has the Secretary of the Gaelic League to use the influence that is not personal to himself, but is derived from the accident of his position, for the purpose of puffing the paper of the English "lady" tipster?

We are glad to welcome the birth of another Irish manufacture. The new industry is a fresh example of the opportunities that lie in the path of Irish industrial enterprise. Braces and belts are important items of wearing apparel, for which there must be an enormous sale in Ireland. Yet until practically the other day, we are informed, Ireland had made no effort to make these things herself. However, a young Irishman, observing the situation, is now attempting to change it. Messrs. B. Hay and Co., Denmark street, Dublin, are, we believe, the only Irish manufacturers in this line. Their "B.H." braces, which are now being put on the market, will, we hope, shortly be well known throughout Ireland. As they range in price from 4½d. a pair upwards, it is evident the firm intends to put these Irish-made braces within the reach of all classes. Every Irishman who can should help this young firm to lift the yoke of foreign braces from the shoulders of the Irish nation.

We learn that an enterprise has taken shape in New York called "The Irish Manufacturers' Company and American Association for the Promotion of Irish Industries." We understand that the company intends to act as a wholesale agency on commercial terms for the distributions of Irish productions in the U.S.A. At present

our information is confined to the knowledge of this fact, but full particulars, we are informed, may be obtained from the Secretary, Mr. J. Flannery, 150 Nassau street, New York

We notice that the authorities of St. Michael's Hospital, Kingstown, issued their annual appeal in Irish as well as English. The national language of Ireland has many historic associations with deeds of mercy and pity, and its use in the present instance was thoughtful and appropriate. We trust it will have the effect of drawing particular attention to the deserving appeal referred to.

One would think that Irish Ireland would have made some headway in the City of Armagh. There was a concert—of course, they called it a “grand” concert—and on the programme, that is before us, there is not the name of even one song in Irish. The concert was held in the Foresters' Hall, Armagh, in aid, we understand, of the “Catholic Ratepayers' Association.” And the first item is “Orchestra (2), dances Henry VIII.” Now, who, in the name of common sense, decided to head the programme of a concert in aid of a Catholic Ratepayers' Association with the name—of all names in the world—of Henry VIII.? It is a curious state of affairs that there was not even one song in Irish at this entertainment.

Up to the present, it cannot be said that the phonograph and gramophone have had much in harmony with Irish Ireland. One has recollections of silly coon ditties and “sweetly pretty” inanities invading the ear. But the phonograph and gramophone themselves are not to blame. They are popular instruments that have come to stay, and they will only repeat what is put into them. It is for Irish Irelanders, who possess such things, to make them as Irish as possible. Some time ago we were asked for information concerning Irish records for these instruments. At the time we were not aware that any were available. We learn, however, that Messrs. John O'Neill, Sth. King St., Dublin, have a number of Anglo-Irish records, and some solely Irish ones in stock. Our informant heard the Irish song, *Stán le Maig* from an original rendering of Mr. J. C. Doyle, repeated with great distinctness and naturalness from an instrument in Mr. O'Neill's establishment.

One Thomas Clarke, of the Blackrock Urban Council, who recently gave free drinks on the occasion of a Carnegie library foundation-stone laying, has not been selected by the Nationalists to go forward at the forthcoming elections. However, he has selected himself. Thomas sent his election address to the anti-Irish *Dust Bin*, in which it was published at so much a line. The *Dust Bin* devoted a leading article to the Blackrock Urban District Council; the leading article in *Alf* was partly a wail of sympathy for Clarke, the dispenser of the free porter that got one unfortunate man into trouble in the Police Courts. This Clarke, it may be remembered, was one of those upon whom some one played a practical joke in the shape of writing to him on official paper requesting him to go to the Castle for a knighthood. Clarke, it is said, unlike some of the others who feared a trick, went to the Castle! The *Dust Bin*, the libeller of Canon McInerney, in the course of its article, says:—“Meantime, nine official Nationalist candidates, proposed and seconded by two Roman Catholic curates—Fathers Watters and O'Reilly—are opposed by nine other candidates (only three of whom are Unionists), thus showing that the Nationalists of Blackrock are not in sympathy with the tactics that have been resorted to in order to crush out all independent thought and action amongst their representatives on the Urban District Council. In the Booterstown Ward the Roman Catholic curate has nominated the six pledge-bound Nationalist candidates, but as the Unionists have a majority on the register there ought to be no difficulty in defeating them. So far as we are aware this is the first occasion in the history of Local Government elections that the methods exposed on the trial of the famous Meath election petition have been imported into the metropolitan county, and this must be our excuse for giving such prominence to the state of affairs disclosed in the nomination papers handed in at the Blackrock Town Hall last evening.”

We trust that the Cawtholic readers of the *Dust Bin*, and substantial supporters of it like the West British Colleges, Clongowes, Mungret, and Belvedere, will appreciate the bit about “the methods exposed at the trial of the famous Meath election petition.” We may state that, amongst the various nominations of the fifteen Nationalist candidates, a complete set, one for each candidate, was filled up completely in the Irish language. *Alf*, the libeller of Canon McInerney, is wrath that “Roman Catholic curates” should exercise their civil rights as freely as laymen. We are not particularly interested in the Blackrock Urban Council, but we hope that Clarke, the dispenser of free drinks, will be soundly beaten at the polls, and that the gibes of *Alf*, concerning the exercise by Catholic clergymen of their civil rights, will recoil heavily on the head of the party whom they were intended to serve.

Messrs. Corrigan and French, 19 and 20 Aldersgate street, London, whose name our readers will recognise as identified with pushing Irish manufacture in the English metropolis, are about adding a department to their extensive business. As might be expected, their latest enterprise is in the direction of further developing the sale of Irish productions there, the new department being intended for the sale of Irish-manufactured hats—clerical and lay.

A Drogheda correspondent writes:—“I regret being unable to supply you with full details about yet another presentation to an ex-policeman that took place here recently. Talk about the Dark Brotherhood! They never kept a secret quarter as well as the facts of this presentation have been kept. However, perhaps a general reference to the matter in the pages of your esteemed paper may stir up the interested parties. The total sum presented to the ex-Head Constable, after deducting expenses, was close on £40, which he got “as a purse of sovereigns,” along with an illuminated address, designed and executed by Monson, Robinson and Co., Dublin, after the energetic secretary of one of our local breweries tried in vain to get some local artists to illuminate it. The presentation took place in the White Horse Hotel (Bungery). The subscribers mostly consisted of publicans, although there was also a smattering of some of our most prominent Civic Fathers and red-hot Nationalists. On 20th December last a public meeting was held in the Mayoralty House to consider the question of distress amongst the poor of the town. A subscription list was opened at that meeting, and up to the 6th inst. the total amount acknowledged in the local papers to the credit of the fund was £38 12s. 6d. On analysis, I find that out of this sum the noble amount of £3 7s. 6d. was subscribed for by Bung, which, if you divide among the 100 odd licensed houses in this town, works out at a small fraction of over 8d. per Bung! Now, against this average, let me compare that of the ex-Head Constable's list. Let me suppose that out of £50—total subscribed—£40 was subscribed for by Bung alone, and that of the 100 odd Bungeries 80 subscribed. The average works out to 10s. per Bung! Or, that in the estimation of the noble army of Drogheda Bungs, a peeler retiring on a fat pension (which, perhaps, he does not need in order to live) is 15 times more deserving of a public subscription than the necessitous poor! An interesting fact I discovered during my futile efforts to glean particulars re the presentation was, that it had been resolved upon not to divulge anything about the matter for fear the Press might get hold of it. When I asked which *local* paper they meant (we have four weekly), I was told it was the LEADER they particularly meant.”

Féir Tuna Laoisáine will be held in the Town Hall, Kingstown, on next St. Patrick's Day. An Irish industrial exhibition will be one of its features. Intending exhibitors are requested to make application for spaces on or before March 3rd.

Next Monday evening, the 16th, will be a special occasion at the rooms of the vigorous Rathmines and Rathgar Catholic Association. The Protestant Association that runs the township from the Town Hall close by, should have an open-air hymn meeting on

that night, with a view to disinfecting their sacred premises from any pestilence emanating from 78a. On Monday next, at 8 o'clock, the proceedings will commence at 78a, and all members are invited. The usual class of programme at the social evenings will be gone through, and in addition a paper entitled "Retrospect and Prospect" will be read by A. M. Sullivan, B.L. Father Peter Finlay, S.J., will be one of the speakers. No doubt the members will be present in very large force on this occasion.

Every new illustration of the vitality of the spirit of self-reliance and self-respect which the LEADER has breathed into Irish affairs is naturally gratifying to us. The latest to hand is that a body of the shareholders of the Munster and Leinster Bank have been asking themselves why the Accounts of that Irish financial institution—the moneys deposited in which are Irish, the customers of which are Irish, the directors and officers of which are Irish, the headquarters of which are located in Cork, with the shares held throughout Ireland—should be audited by an English firm of accountants. They have cast about for even a solitary instance of an English bank sending over to Ireland for an Irish firm of accountants to do its auditing; but it is needless to say they have yet to discover it. John Bull is not "built that way." Having come to the conclusion that in this matter, as in so many others of like kind, the "reciprocity is all on one side," they have not contented themselves with barren "resolutions," but have taken practical measures to make clear that they are not favourers of this particular development of the nation-killing process, and that they do not believe that the English hall-mark is an indispensable cachet for Irish accounts. We understand that they intend at the forthcoming meeting of the shareholders to put in nomination an Irish firm of accountants as auditors to the Bank, and we wish them every success in their effort to check the humiliating public avowal of Irish inferiority and Irish incompetence which is implied in every case in which Englishmen, Scotchmen, or other foreigners are needlessly brought over to do in Ireland Irish work. One thing is certain—that if the change be effected, the interests of the bank will in nowise suffer.

We note by advertisements in the *Bigot's Dust Bin* of Monday last that Clongowes College Christmas holidays end on Monday, January 16th. This is the peomn academy that issues the *Clongownian*; and the *Clongownian* is the organ to which a past cad from Clongowes contributed two articles last summer; and in one of these articles this past cad, whose portrait adorned the *Clongownian*, flippantly bragged that he broke a solemn feast of the Church by dining on roast turkey on one Christmas Eve. Clongowes is a hardened sinner, and it sticks to our pelt-priest contemporary, the *Irish Times*, with a loyalty that would be admirable if it were not so largely dictated by cringe and unmanliness. The stable companion of Clongowes, Belvedere College, that adorns the classic district bordering on Great Britain Street, also advertises in our pelt-priest contemporary of Monday last. The *Clongownian* is the organ that puffed up black-leg "Idolators" who entered Trinity College when the policy was for Catholics to keep out of it. In Tuesday's issue of our pelt-priest contemporary we see the advertisements of Mungret College, S.J., and the Dominican Convent, Wicklow.

We hear that Mr. T. Kelly, T.C., who is candidate for Aldermanship in the Mansion House Ward, is being opposed by a Bung by the name of Little, who runs a bungery, styled the Winter Palace Gardens, in Stephen's Green. Mr. Kelly is a strong temperance advocate, and he is for that reason an appropriate man to fight a bungery owner for the Aldermanship in the Mansion House Ward. It is a curious thing that a Catholic curate of St. Francis of Mirus, Francis street, Father Monohan, has thrown his weight in with Bung in this contest against Kelly, the temperance advocate. We should have thought that a Catholic curate, labouring in Francis street district, would be the last man to side with a Bung. What has Bung done for districts like Francis street that a Catholic priest should wish to make a Bung an Alderman? We trust that Little, the bungery owner, who

runs the grog shop by the name of the Winter Palace Garden, will, after the election, be where Bung ought to be, out in the cold, where so many of his dupes are, and that Mr. Kelly, the temperance advocate, be at the top of the poll.

In Virginia, in the County Cavan, we are told by one who ought to know, that "things are descending to a lower depth of vulgarity than before the Gaelic Revival commenced." If that be so, Cavan people ought to look to it and wipe this Virginian creeper disgrace off the face of Cavan. The Irish class in Virginia is conducted by a Bung on the premises of his bungery. There was a concert recently held in Virginia, where the peomn creepers come from; the concert was in aid of the local Temperance Hall, but Bung crept in. One performer, who was raised on the proceeds of porter and whiskey, sang "The Holy City" at this temperance concert! An importation sang something about the tail of McManus's Coat, and also a lyric concerning the christening of Danny's boy down in Tipperary, where the people are so contrary, and that sort of thing. The Virginian Creepers wriggled with joy at this sort of thing. A schoolmistress gave a recitation about an Irish girl who went to America. She was asked by her mistress whether she could cook, make a pudding of stale bread, poach eggs, fry soles, mash potatoes, cook oysters. "Yes," she said, "she could do all these things. She often cooked the praties in 'Ould Oireland,' but she would not like to stale bread, and her brother got a month in jail for poaching fish, and she boiled the soles of a pair of boots in a pot instead of the fish, and she mashed the potatoes in a bucket the same as she did at home for the cow, and she gutted the oysters and boiled the shells." The Virginian Creepers wriggled with delight at this recitation by the Schoolmistress. If this is the sort of thing that Schoolmistresses recite down Virginia way, it is no wonder they grow creepers there. A Bung by the name of Healy sang "Sleeping in the Old Back Yard." Well if the Bungs were sent to sleep there, it would be no unmixed misfortune; but they prefer the back yard as a sleeping ground for their drunken dupes. There was a song about a man who dreamt he was the Sultan and had a dozen wives. A girl sang "Paddy Murphy from Killaloe." The Virginian Creepers badly want to be trodden on. Why does not some one other than a Bung take up the Irish language movement? What do the local priests think of this sort of an entertainment? Do the clergy side with Irish Ireland or with the Virginian Creepers that wriggle with joy at stage-Irish songs?

Dr. J. C. McWalter's name must have a rather familiar ring in the ears of the readers of the LEADER. When the bigots howled and raged, and many "timorous rodents" took leg bail about a year ago. Dr. McWalter stood to his guns. He has proved himself a man of exceptional grit, and we badly want men of grit in Ireland. He is a successful man as well as a gritty one; and as a doctor he has earned, and earns every day, the love and gratitude of the poor. He is seeking election to the Dublin Corporation; and if any place wants gritty and able men on the popular side, the Corporation of Dublin needs them. We as a journal interested in Irish Ireland as a whole are not specially concerned with the municipal affairs of Dublin; we have no "ticket" or special policy or anything of that sort in connection with the Dublin Municipal Elections. But we are glad that a man of Dr. McWalter's character and calibre is going forward in the North City Ward. His address to the electors will be found in another column, and we hope it will be carefully read; it is worth reading. Election addresses in Ireland are, we know, at a discount, but Dr. McWalter is an exceptional man and his election address is exceptional, and it is to be weighed and considered. He is a temperance advocate, a Gaelic Leaguer, and a champion of Tolerance, Justice and Fair Play for Catholics. In connection with the awful slum question of Dublin he should be a badly needed addition to the City Council. He states in his address that the Dublin death-rate is the highest in Europe, and remarks, "This is because slum-owners are allowed to evade the law. It is cheaper to get into the Corporation than to comply with the Public

Health Act." Gaelic Leaguers will read with interest and pleasure the references in his address that particularly concern them. It is difficult to find sufficient first-class men as Nationalist candidates for the Dublin Corporation, and that is all the more reason that when they are forthcoming they should be grabbed up by the electors. There are too many bogus patriots in the Corporation; too few gritty and intellectual men like Dr. McWalter. We commend his candidature to our readers in the North City Ward, and hope that they will elect him as one of their representatives.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE UNIVERSITY QUESTION

Drumbaragh,

Kells,

January 6th, 1905.

SIR,—I am obliged to your correspondent from Paris, "S. S. O'G.," for the valuable information he gives me as to the Universities in France. I see I was in the main correct with regard to them, up to the recent changes effected in 1896.

He shows me, however, that I should have defined what I meant by the word "National," as he says "In

the United States most of the important Universities are *not* National." I did not mean under the control of the Government. Being an Irishman, I could not mean it with reference to Ireland, as our Government is a foreign Government. My Nation, the Irish Nation, I love; the Government, the English Government, I hate with all the power of my being. I could not for one moment look on these as representing the same thing. Hence my mistake, not knowing that my letter would be read in other countries. By "National," in reference to a University, I mean inspired with the love of one's country, filled with the knowledge of one's country, its language, its history, and everything else appertaining to it, and filled with pride in one's country. In that sense I repeat "In the United States there are many Universities. Are they not National?"

In reply to your correspondent's question, "Why necessarily Rome?" I answer, because as a Catholic I look to Rome as the ultimate authority in all religious questions.—Yours truly,

JOHN SWEETMAN.

PEMBROKE TOWNSHIP ELECTION.

Committee Rooms, 31 Ball's Bridge Terrace,
6th January, 1905.

To the Electors of the Pembroke Urban District.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—

Three years ago the Pembroke Township Ratepayers' Association recognised the necessity for having Representatives on the Urban Council, capable of extricating the Township from the financial embarrassments in which it had been placed by a succession of incompetent Boards. To achieve this desirable reform, the Association put forward nine Members to represent the Ratepayers on the Council, all of whom were elected. The neglected condition of the roads and pathways, the want of proper consideration for the Public Health, and the insufficient lighting of the Township, were then matters requiring urgent attention, and we are pleased to say that, in the interval, many of the reforms, to which public attention was then called, have been carried into effect.

The result of three years' working, therefore, has more than justified the Association in its choice of representatives. The financial position of the Urban District has been placed on a firmer basis, and many needed improvements—such as the re-forming and re-making of roads, concreting pathways, widening and improving Ball's Bridge, and the erection of Workmen's Dwellings—have been effected without increasing the burden on the Ratepayers. The building and equipping of a Technical School at Ball's Bridge, and the erection of a Fire Brigade Station, fitted with all modern appliances, have also been accomplished.

The high rates levied in the year 1902 were due to pressing necessities, for which the previous Councils were responsible, and to save the Council from drifting into insolvency. The rates were lowered in 1903, and a still further reduction was made in the year 1904.

The Ratepayers' Association again ask the Electors for a renewal of confidence in their selection of suitable Representatives, and we have been invited to come forward as Candidates at the Township Elections to be held on the 16th January, 1905. We consider that the rates can be still lowered, while, at the same time, effecting many necessary improvements, and continuing the erection of Workmen's Dwellings in Ringsend and Donnybrook. We shall, if elected, consistently support every movement for the benefit and prosperity of the Township. We shall always endeavour, as far as possible, to ensure the furtherance of Irish industry by insisting on the use of Irish Materials in all Contracts to be given by the Council. We represent the popular and progressive ideas, and aim at safeguarding and promoting the interests of all classes of Ratepayers and Residents in the Township. We confidently ask your esteemed vote at the Election for each and every one of

Your faithful servants,

WILLIAM CAHILL, 87 Morehampton Road.
THOMAS CONNOLLY, Oaklands Park, Serpentine Avenue.
MICHAEL COONEY, 52 Upper Baggot Street.
JOHN J. HAUGH, Castlenan, Merrion.
JEREMIAH HOWARD, Florence House, Merrion.
CORNELIUS KENNEDY, Abbeyview, Morehampton Road.
THOMAS MATHEWS, 78 Haddington Road.
THOMAS P. McNAMARA, Fairy Ville, Ball's Bridge.
THOMAS D. O'CARROLL, 9 Wellington Place.
GEORGE L. O'CONNOR, 3 Morehampton Road.
CHARLES P. O'NEILL, 45 Wellington Place.
THOMAS RYAN, 92 Sandymount Road.

To the Electors of the Pembroke Urban District.

The Nurseries, Ball's Bridge,
January, 1905.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—

I have the honour to seek Re-election as a Member of the Pembroke Urban Council, the Polling for which will take place at the Royal Dublin Society's Premises, Ball's Bridge, on January 16th, 1905.

I am a large employer of Labour, and, apart from my own premises, an extensive Owner of Property in the District, and have, therefore, a substantial interest in its welfare. The efforts I have made since my election, three years ago, to promote measures of practical benefit to the ratepayers will be continued should I be re-elected.

Soliciting the favour of your vote and interest,

I remain,

Your Obedient Servant,

DANIEL L. RAMSAY.

To the Electors of the North City Ward, DUBLIN.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

I solicit the favour of your Votes for one of the Vacancies in the City Council.

Industries.

Industrial employment I believe to be the crying need of Dublin. The Corporation can give the most effective help to the foundation of new factories by remitting the taxation on them for the first few years.

It is the duty of the City Council to aid home industries. This it could do by supplying electricity for motor purposes to the homes of the artisan class at half the usual rate, and by giving out on hire the necessary machines to enable the workers to utilise the electricity for home industries. Such a system has been immensely successful on the Continent.

Temperance.

I believe that no movement for the National regeneration of Ireland can be effective unless it be accompanied by one for Temperance Reform.

The Slums.

The Dublin death-rate is the highest in Europe, being over 24 per 1,000, whilst in London it is only 16 per 1,000. This is because slum-owners are allowed to evade the law. It is cheaper to get into the Corporation than to comply with the Public Health Act. If the existing sanitary ordinances were honestly enforced Dublin would soon be as healthy as London, and the poorest person would live in a healthy room. Should you elect me to the City Council it shall be my duty to enforce this reform.

Housing of the Poor.

The problem of the Housing of the Poor can best be met by erecting dwellings on the outskirts of the City, and by compelling the Tramway Company to carry poor people to them for a halfpenny. This has been done in other cities with great success.

Gaelic League

Though not an Irish speaker I am a member of the Gaelic League, and heartily sympathise with its programme. I happen to be a graduate of the University of Brussels, and I believe that nothing would aid the Gaelic League propaganda so much as the adoption of the bi-lingual system which prevails in that city. Every bit of printed paper in Brussels, from a tram ticket to a Government proclamation, must appear in two languages, Dutch and French. If the like plan were adopted in Dublin by Public Boards, with regard to English and Irish, an immense impetus would be given to the New Nationality. If I become a member I must advocate this course by the Corporation.

Police.

So long as the Police Tax is levied by the City Authorities they should have some effective control over the Force. The present system is, therefore, I think, defective.

Catholic Association.

Whilst the influences of Freemasonry continue to have such effect in excluding Catholics from the better positions in Railways, Banks, and other Boards, I judge it a necessity to have some sort of a Catholic Association to defend their rights. If it is found possible to organise a new Association under more favourable auspices it shall command my humble service.

University.

The University Question I believe to be so pressing as to brook no further delay. I can see no solution so simple and so immediately practical as to take Trinity College and create a Catholic atmosphere, a Catholic Chapel, and a Catholic Divinity Faculty therein. I believe that the City Council should be on the Governing Body of any such reconstructed University of Dublin, as the Edinburgh City Council has been for centuries, and with great advantage amongst the Governors of Edinburgh University.

Should the advocacy of such views as these, in the City Council, meet with the approval of the electors of the North City Ward, I respectfully ask their votes. Should they consider my opponents more likely to serve their interests, I shall not complain, but shall remain, as always their obedient and obliged servant.

J. C. McWALTER,

39 Henry Street, Dublin,
January 7th.

PAO 'S A CUR AS AN SCÉADHNA.

Capaíto agus crioíde-bhrúgadh an fairsimigh go tuib t' iongan—acé amháin supb i tóir a ionmáirte do cúir peirean a gníomh buídeacair le Dia faoi n-a cúir 'maoirte agus lánmaire ar féin, agus go gcoimhígeann na deá-úaoime umla reo agaimn-ne a ngníomh le h-aghaid an deirid. Agus dá bhráná ag aigneap leo go ceann lae agus bliagha, ip faoi an fairsail céadna do beáid an rgeal agat faoi deoir. Mar a deir an Scribhinn Dáda: "Dá mbuáigfeá an t-amadóir in ran moirtear, ar nór an tceimtoile ar an eorpa leat-bhuíte, níor éabair duit é; ní bainfeide a cúir díre ar pin d'aindeoin do díeill."

Ip nio-máir ip cummín liom don oíche amháin d'a rabar i mb'í' dé' Cliaé—ó, ip fao' ó nam anoir é—ar mo cúairt, i bpoáir daoine muirtearóda áiréio. Am Noctas na bliagha 'reáid tápla ann, agus bí pleáid beag ar bun, agus bí peirear, nó móirpeirear uaine uasal ann, agus, ar nór, ip ionmáirte ar cúirpeadair rochrúgadh aip, acé, ar fuo a lám ní eile, cairrúigeáid anuair an Saeóilg; agus ná bí ag caint, nac aipéi do cuirpeáid ríor? Ab, ob, ó, nac aipéi! Peirtear dom dá mairpinn go plánócaim mo céad míle bliagha, nac b'éadófaid ré éalóid ar mo cumhne a géire, goirte, áitiríge, agus a fheirbe, nuimíge, námaoige do cuirpeáid in aghaid na Saeóilge acú an oíche pin. Bí fear mór, cumapac amháin ann, agus do éinn ré oréú uile ar gómheamlaéc a fheirge in a h-aghaid. Do b' iongantac ar fao liom féin fuo amháin doúbaip ré, agus buo glan do-éiríote ffeirín, óir do b' óg, anáirpáid mé an tan pin, agus do goill a focaí go móir oim, agus go roiléir com maí, cío go ndéanar ar f'éadair san taóda leigean oim féin. Dúbaip ré go raib lear móir daoine ó earbogóir áiréio 'ran n'Saeóilge acé in a gcoimhíde in a páirpíre féin i mb'í' dé' Cliaé, agus supb iao an tpeam do b' ainbriopáige agus buo do-éagairg d'ar capad aipam le n-a linn dó. Agus níor cúir ré piacail ann acé supb é tréadóirde na h-earbogóirde Saeóilge pin buo cionntac leir; é féin agus a cúir pleiróipeacá Saeóilge. Buó allmupac é an fear acáim do ráid—eádon, fear do cuirpeáid amac i goirgeiré i gcoimne a cúir oídeacair—agus facar dom féin supb dóig supb é pin an t-árbair buo mhó d'a raib aige le go mb' f'eiríor nac mbéad ré in aghaid 'daip nac r'gappad' do éabairt d' f'eirí na fairsíde luairte; agus go deimín anoir féin ní dóig liom go mbéad ré go móir in a díar aip; acé bíod pin mar pin, nó ar a déirúgadh de cuma, cairpíó mé a amóail, da m'éad a leirge liom, nac raib ré amúga ar fao. Bí go leor de'n fírinne aige i taóid na ndaoine, acé amháin go raib ré glan bun-ór-cionn faoi an árbair, mar inn-reócar, b'f'eiríor, ar ball.

Comfao 'r baineap le n-a lán de na daoine nac mbíonn acú acé Saeóilg, nó an cineál deapla ip gnaé ag a leiríóid, in a málairt d'focail, an méir baineap le daoine ar ceannairpáid na Saeóilge acé de bunad, cia ar bí acé ar fuo an domáin talaimna reo i bfuilí, dogeobóir an-cúir acú i gcoimhíde in oipeamain do éurapargáil an fíir móir, ip cuma cia an tréadóirde a mbéir ar a ióit, nó ar baineapair leir ó éir. Níl ainbriopac ná ionmáir go h-aineolac a 'r go do-éagairg iao, agus níl don éabair ag iapáir a deirte ná a f'éanad pin, agus a mó-m'éad de miorbail do b' ead é, dá mbuó faoi n-a málairt de fairsail do bí an rgeal.

Ní baineann ré ballac díreac le n-a bfuil ar n-a cúir poimam agam, bun do cúir leir, supb faoi an fairsail reo acáir, ná a leannam ruar go b'fao agus go leirtead na n-árbair uile, beag agus móir, b'pógmair a 'r lae, do f'éadóirde a luad nó a cúir in a leir. 'Seupio acá 'n a f'uadair púm i tóir agus i lár agus i ndeiread mo cúir péarúnaécá—an Saeóilg. Agus 'reupio a bfuil in a éionn do'n éor reo, a ag 'pógmair do de na páirpí f' a raib

—nó f' a bfuil?—an Saeóilg 's a cailead agus ag éalóid ar do loig com maí 'r éis liom. 'Sin a bfuilim ag cairrúigeat aip ó éir, agus faoi deoir. 'Sin mo céann r'píre agus curpóir mo cúir paóair. Ní ar bí nac é pin, a b'eirtear, b'f'eiríor, supb é acá púm, nó supb aip acáim ag tráéc, ná bac leir—ní aip; acé ip amláir do tápla ar mo bealac é. Ip annam bealac com h-uaisneac, réir pin nac gappair taóda duit acé an bealac féin, san acéann ar bí le réirteac, san ceo ar bí le iugneap ná moill ná cimceall do baint arat. Agus tá fuo amháin amac poimam ar mo capán annreo, agus cairpíó mé páirpí réir leir pal má tóirtear níor f'aroe ar aghaid.

Conn.

SIR HORACE PLUNKETT'S BOOK.

HIS CRITICISM OF THE RELIGIOUS COMMUNITIES CRITICISED.

ADAM SMITH divided a nation into two classes—the productive and the unproductive. Sir Horace evidently adopts that division, but I cannot say if he follows it in the sense of its author. If he does, he had better refresh his economic studies, because no economist of name follows it now. Some, as Sidgwick, Marshall, and Nicholson, have substituted another distinction; and some, confused by its absurd consequences, have done without any substitute, and have run into conclusions as absurd as those which had scared them. One would think from what he writes that those only who live in religious communities belong to what he calls the "unproductive classes." But, adopting his division, lawyers, physicians, artists, scientific and literary men, officers of the army and navy, civil servants, statesmen, even the personnel of the Department belong to that class; and of some of these, at any rate, I think that the country has a great many more than are good for it.

The right of free association is one of those imprescriptible rights sanctioned and boasted of in modern society, rights allowed even in cases of questionable consequences to public or private good. Why, then, should not a number of persons—men or women—be equally free to associate in religious corporations to serve God better according to their conscience. It may be a vain and foolish thing to do. Be it so! but they have the right to do it, and the further right to remind those who censure them to mind their own business. A Carthusian monk might write a letter to the newspapers, and say that we have too many military officers; in fact that, since two kennels of champion mastiffs could settle an international quarrel of right quite as irrationally as two armies mowing each other down with cannon and rifle, all military expenses are so much money wasted; that the Department costs too much for the work it shows, or that as useful a building as the New College of Science might be erected for a fraction of what the Department has proposed to spend on it. The man with the "economic sense" might reply that those institutions are most important for the State. But the recluse might rejoinder that there are human interests immeasurably more important than the concerns of the State, and that the association to which he belongs was formed to promote those higher human interests. His rejoinder would "shock the economic sense;" that I know. But what reply could the economist make? That I want to know. I can imagine one who is accustomed to class, as articles of value, only those things which he can taste or touch, turning disdainfully on the Carthusian and taunting him with wasting his life in prayer, which has no market value, in an association which no stockbroker would register in his lists; but I can also imagine the bright, calm eye of the recluse pitifully turned on him, followed by that phrase of the great interpreter of the modern spirit—"More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."

Sir Horace will remind me that he does not object to religious communities, but to the extravagant increase in their number, inasmuch as they are not producers, but consumers only, living on the wealth made by the productive classes of the country. Now, I think that M. Combes is a more consistent economist than Sir Horace.

He has no right to stop short at merely preventing their growth or cutting down their number. If they do not produce, but only consume at the cost of producers, the "practical and statesmanlike action" in their regard should be either to drive them out, or to starve them out, of their communities. The honest question to consider in their regard is not—why cumber they the ground so much? but, why cumber they the ground at all? M. Combes is, in my opinion, a better logician, and conforms his conduct to his principles more consistently than Sir Horace. What right has he, or any statesman, to permit such "unproductive classes" to exist at all, especially since even those of them who teach are, he tells us, inferior to lay teachers as "moulders of the characters of youth," and compete with the latter to the undoubted injury of education? Being a practical statesman, he advises to "accept the situation, and work with the instruments ready to hand," would "endeavour to render these institutions as efficient educational agencies as may be possible," which means that they are a worthless lot, whom, however, circumstances make it wiser to use till they can be got rid of. Yet he says that under certain conditions "it is impossible that their influence on the young generation should not be as salutary as it will be wide-reaching." He evidently does not approve of Catholic religious communities of any sort, or in any sense; but he thinks it unwise to say so, and therefore he lurches about into those inconsistencies.

I pass over the great historical fact that the fairest spots in Ireland and Great Britain have been made so by the labours of mediæval religious communities, that the former wastes and forests of Italy, Germany, and France were reclaimed and fertilised by their toil. I also pass over the fact that religious communities are, in relation to the number of Catholics, much more numerous in England and in America than in Ireland; but in this, as in other, alleged Catholic extravagances Ireland is segregated as the scape-goat—*odisse quem læseris*, again.

Restricting my observations to Ireland, besides the religious communities who work for the public, there are those who are engaged wholly or chiefly in the contemplative life, such as the Trappists of Mount Mellarey and Roscrea, and the Redemptoristine and Carmelite nuns. I am not aware that any of these have built their houses or are supported at the public expense. I should be curious to learn from Sir Horace a single instance in which they have appealed to the public. Individuals may have given them gifts or left them bequests, which they had a perfect right to do if they thought well of it, just as Sir Horace himself, I believe, generously hands over his salary to promote the work of the Organisation Society. The late Count Moore, I believe, purchased the place for the Trappists at Roscrea. If he started a factory there, Sir Horace would, no doubt, think the money better spent. But the Count thought differently; and who knows but he was right? This I do know; I knew him well, and I believe that he was at least as well made up in economics as Sir Horace. In neither case has anyone a right to interfere by criticism or by complaint. The Little Sisters of the Poor have succeeded in erecting, from time to time, a splendid cluster of buildings in the suburbs of Cork. Where did the money come from? I do not know, nor have I any right to know; neither has the public, since they have not appealed to the public for help. The Sisters go about begging money, old clothes, broken bread, meat, anything; but they can show more work than these alms they get could account for in the numbers of poor people whom they clothe and support in a manner much superior to the maintenance given in the workhouses out of the rates, and without killing the self-respect of their clients, which is one of the most degrading features of that system of poor relief with which the State economists have cursed the country. The contemplative communities are supported, I presume, by the dowries of their members. I know two young ladies who recently entered one of these communities with dowries amounting probably to about £4,000 between them. All have not such large dowries, but each must bring something. These nuns live very simply; they make their own habits, cook their own food, and so their maintenance costs very little. Naturalistic economists, of course, think, that those large dowries would be better spent on

industrial work; on which I make no remark except that those who owned the dowries think otherwise. The "economic sense" may be shocked that those ladies bury their money on the country, and deprive the public of the industrial work they might do by remaining in the world. But, pray, how would the "economic sense" be influenced by those ladies if they spent their money on the conventional extravagances of what is called "society," and spent their time at balls or theatres in the night, and talking drawing-room trivialities or selecting fashions during the day? Their money and their lives would bear abundant fruit for industrial Ireland—would they not? But my simple and direct apology is—that those ladies do the work they have set themselves to do, and they should be let do it free from the criticism of those who do not understand them, and with whose own ways and works they do not interfere. The first principle of liberty is to respect the liberty of others; but our critics, palpitating as it were with the spirit of modern life, do not seem to grasp that first principle of the programme which they pretend to plead for. If those ladies formed a club, and took a winter residence in the Riviera or at Monte Carlo, or handed over each her dowry to a husband who squandered it on the turf, or gambled it on the Stock Exchange, they would escape the censures of those critics who ignorantly decry the path of life they have chosen, and insolently question their liberty to choose it. St. Paul said:—"*Animalis homo non percipit ea quæ sunt spiritus Dei*"; ay, there's the rub.

The contemplative life of course has no value in the eyes of the mere economist. Naturally, since the work of that life cannot be catalogued as an *article of value* in the technical language of economics; nor do I propose to explain its value for the economist's sake, because I should speak in a language which he does not understand; and what our outside critics cannot understand about Catholic ideals and ways is, they assume, neither worth consideration nor intelligible in itself. I am quite prepared to hear that they have been confirmed in their judgment by "enlightened Catholics," those, namely, who have passed through the miraculous process of learning Catholic principles and Catholic teaching in institutions where those things are never taught, and who have improved those Catholic studies in after life by imbibing the spirit of such society as fosters those "enlightened" views on Catholic life and principles which are the heirloom and the tradition of Trinity College. It is curious that those alone are classified by themselves as well as by outsiders as "enlightened Catholics" who happen to disown everything Catholic that displeases them, or is disapproved by those whose patronage they pursue. I can quite understand all that, and in a sense they have my sympathy. If the uninitiated go into a laboratory of physical science, seeing the strange instruments and the experts at work, they can discern nothing but toys and pastime, and if they listen to the views of the factotums employed to keep the place in order, instead of getting better informed they will be led more astray. The case of our critics is similar in relation to Catholic principles and practices, and to be led by "enlightened Catholics" is only to be led astray; it is the blind leading the blind, and both tumbling into the same ditch.

To pass sentence on religious communities on the mere economic test of whether they belong to the *productive* or to the *unproductive* class is in the last analysis to value the work of men and women by the standard of cattle made for man's use. We take account of what they consume and of what they produce, then balance our books, and if the balance is at the wrong side we account them as profitless animals, as barren fig-trees which should be cut down. But if we take and weigh the value of our critics with their own balance, what do we find? Not that they do uneconomic work, but that many of them do no work of any kind. Some of those who decry the useless life of religious communities are those who, either from want of brains or want of ballast, have themselves failed to make a decent livelihood for themselves. And if the mere economist will classify man as a *productive* being, what apology for his presence can he make to the man of manual labour in the garden, in the factory, or in the mine, who insists on claiming

that he alone is the real producer, and that the capitalist, the writer on industrialism, the economist himself are to be catalogued in the same category with the Trappist and the Visitandine?

Next week I will consider the case of those who take charge of schools, hospitals, penitentiaries, and such works; and I speak chiefly in behalf of female communities as they cannot speak for themselves. Religious communities of men are well able to defend themselves, as Sir Horace will soon know if he only will try a specific attack on the Vincentians, the Redemptorists, the Jesuits etc.

M. O'R.

KATHLEEN NI HOULIHAN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Kathleen ni Houlihan—The old symbolic incarnation of Ireland, newly revived and imbued with the spirit of the age.

Bung the Patriot

Paddy the Testimonial

Johnny the Shoneen

Willie the Green Orator

Mrs. Bung

Mrs. Paddy

Mrs. Johnny

Mrs. Willie

—A few living monuments of old times.

SCENE I.—A country road near Ballytestimonial. Time, early evening. Enter Kathleen ni Houlihan.

Kath.—Back from the limbo of old traditions have I come again. This time I come not for the young, the strong and the bold, but for the old, the weak, the vicious and the cowardly. For those who are old in vice, those who are stupid and vain, and weak as the watered milk, for those do I come. I want no one to fight with the sword for me now as I did of old, for I have lost faith in rebellions. But I have great faith in the strong brain, the strong heart and the skilled hand. For I am growing very wise in this crafty old world, and I am getting to know the weakness of mine enemies. My battlefields no more shall be the hills, the plains and the bogs, but the schools, the shops, the factories and the markets. On such grounds must the shopkeepers, and auctioneering bigots be fought, not on the red sod. My sons are sturdy, hard-headed and enduring, and can defeat the shopkeeping enemy upon a fair field. But they are hampered and misled by self-styled leaders among the halt, the lame, the vicious and the blind on their own side. Oh, well have I come to know those leaders. Their names have been borne upon my ears by the whispering winds of sorrow; and they are called, Bung the Patriot, Paddy the Testimonial, Johnny the Shoneen, and Willie the Green Orator. For those geniuses have I now come. I will cast a spell upon them, and lead them away to some land of forgetfulness, where stupid and vicious people cease from troubling for a very long time. When those national millstones are removed, and the new battleground is unencumbered of their presence, my sons in the course of time may win back what I have lost.

Here near at hand the whole four are assembled at Mrs. Bungs "at home." Ah, Bung, Paddy, Johnny and Willie, your era of petty importance is at an end, for Kathleen ni Houlihan is on your track, and you are numbered among her old lost followers, and her lost causes.

Exit.

SCENE II.—The drawing-room of Bung's villa, a very pretentious looking edifice on the road side near Ballytestimonial. Enter Bung the Patriot, Paddy the Testimonial, Johnny the Shoneen, and Willie the Green Orator.

Bung.—Well, now, I couldn't tell you how grieved I am to hear that Mister Oliver Cockney, the bank manager, is about to retire on pension, and go to England.

Paddy—I'm not worth a button since I heard it. He was a nice, civil, condescending fellow, and such a good comic actor, too. As an Irishman on the stage he was second to none. He deserves a testimonial.

John—The dear old chappie, he was delightful company. I have seen the best London comic artists personate Irishmen, and in my opinion not one of them gave a better representation of the rollicking, roaring, drinking, fighting Irishman than Mr. Cockney. It was a treat to hear him sing "Father O'Flynn," or "How Paddy stole the rope."

Paddy.—It was a regular treat. It is a clear case for a testimonial.

Willie—It is a healthy sign of the coming millennium of harmony amongst all creeds and all classes to see a gentleman like Mr. Cockney cast aside for a time his racial, political and sectarian prejudices, and mingle in boisterous jollity among the mere Irish, whose idiosyncrasies and eccentricities he portrays with such inimitable power and drollery.

Bung.—Outside religion, race and politics, I have found Englishmen and Irish Unionists real decent fellows. They spend money, and help on trade.

Paddy.—Our clear duty in this case is to give a testimonial.

John—Undoubtedly we must give Mr. Cockney a testimonial.

Willie—Really, to allow a gentleman, who, apart from sectarian, political and national matters has condescended to associate so freely with us, to depart without some signal token of our esteem and affection, would be incompatible with our record as tolerationists and testimonialists.

Bung—By all means we must give him a purse of sovereigns. You, Mr. Paddy, will, of course, drum up the subscribers.

Paddy—With a heart and a half. I am a nationalist, and like my friend Mr. Bung, I believe that the road to Ireland's freedom must be paved with testimonials.

John—Put me down for a guinea.

Willie—And me for the same.

Bung—Where will the presentation be made?

Paddy—At the usual place, of course, the Bung's Head.

Bung—Put me down for a guinea.

Enter on the road before the house Kathleen ni Houlihan.

Kath.—(sings)—

There is not in this wide world a place that's so dear
To bigots and bank clerks as this around here,
Where the Bungs and the shoneens appeal to the fobs,
And give testimonials to peelers and snobs.

Oh, the Bungs and the Paddies are thoughtful and kind,
To want and to hardship they never are blind.
No pensioned policeman they leave in the cold,
But ease his distress with a purse full of gold.

The bank clerk so wretched, the railway man poor,
Of their kind compassion may always be sure.
To give those poor creatures a bite and a sup,
The Shoneens and Paddies big purses make up.

But labourers pampered, and workers, and drones
Who feed in their cabins on water and stones,
To such who in ease and in luxury live,
The Bungs and the Shoneens no purses will give.

Bung—Who is that strange old woman at all, and what is she singing?

Paddy—I can't make out a word. She's an uncanny looking creature, and she fascinates me like a purse of sovereigns.

John—By jove, she has given me the cold shivers.

Willie—And me too. (Addressing Kath.) What is your name, my good woman?

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Kath.—Kathleen ni Houlihan.

Paddy—I wonder would she be anything to Sergeant Houlihan to whom we gave the testimonial last month.

John—Perhaps she's a relation of Mr. George Houlihan, J.P., of Buckingham House, whose daughter was presented at the Cawstle recently, he-he-he. Ugh! I wish she would go away.

Bung—Do you want anything particular, ma'am, that you stand staring at us there?

Kath.—Yes, I want a testimonial.

Bung—Good heavens, ma'am, we could never dream of giving a poor woman like you a testimonial.

Paddy—What! to give a purseful of sovereigns to a poor hungry-looking creature like that. Good God, the woman must be a lunatic.

John—A testimonial to a beggarwoman, he—he—he.

Willie—We only give testimonials to deserving cases, ma'am; to public men such as peelers, bank clerks, railway managers and Freemasons who can sing comic songs, and do the stage Irishman. You have no such claim to our regard and esteem, ma'am.

Kath—No, indeed, I have not. But I am poor and miserable, and my family, who are many, are poor and miserable, too. Many sleep on the cold ground, and many feed upon the cold water and the weeds. Cease to give more to those who have much, and help my cold and hungry ones to face the wolf and the famine.

Bung—There's a penny for you, ma'am, and be off about your business.

Paddy—There's a halfpenny, and be off with yourself. It is a testimonial good enough for the likes of you.

John—There's a farthing. Go away like a good woman.

Willie—I'm sorry I cannot give you anything, poor woman. The smallest change I have is a threepenny bit.

Kath—I go, but you must come, too. Come Bung, the Patriot; come Paddy, the Testimonial; come Johnny, the Shoneen; come Willie, the green Orator. You all must leave your country for your country's good, and follow Kathleen ni Houlihan.

Exit slowly, beckoning.

Bung—I cannot surely be in the horrors, and yet I feel that I must follow this woman.

Exit Bung.

Paddy—Purses and pensioners, I'm bewitched.

Exit Paddy.

John—I'm a gone coon.

Exit John.

Willie—Some mystic coercion is at work. I am psychologically coerced. Coercion, coercion! Police, police!

Rushes out.

Enter Mrs. Bung, Mrs. Paddy, Mrs. Johnny, and Mrs. Willie.

Mrs. B.—What great hub-bub was that I heard? Where are they all gone?

Mrs. P.—Look, there they go down the road like people possessed following a beggarwoman. Come back here, Paddy. Surely you don't want a poor woman like that to subscribe to a testimonial?

Mrs. J.—Oh, Johnny, I hardly know you. Have you lost all sense of what's due to society and respectability? Come back here at once before anyone sees you. Oh, this escapade will be the talk of all the At Homes.

Mrs. Willie—Oh, Willie, you green Orator, are you touched in the head with a sunburst? Has the light of freedom led your mind astray at last?

Mrs. B.—Oh, Bung, the Patriot, this is nice, sensible patriotic conduct; nice conduct in a man to whom everyone in the barony looks up to for light and guidance. Do you forget that Mr. and Mrs. Snob are to be here to dinner with the French tutor? Oh, they don't heed us. They follow on after that beggarwoman.

They all rush out shrieking—Bung, Testimonial, Shoneen, and green Orator.
(Curtain).

A.M.W.

CAITHREIM CONGHAIL CLAIRINGHNIGH.*

IN this volume, the fifth of the Irish Texts Society's series, we are given an Irish Romance recounting the exploits of Conghal Clairinghneach, who figures among the over-kings of Ireland shortly before the Christian Era, according to the chronology of the Irish Annals. In this Romance we have the exploits of Conghal from the time that he was made king of Ulster to his appointment as Ard-Righ in succession to Lughaidh Luaighne. The scene of the story is laid in Tara and Eamain with episodes that take us to Rathlin Island, to Lochlann and to Britain. The Irish text here printed is from a paper MS. of about the middle of the 17th century, which is itself a copy of an older MS. now lost. At least the language of the present tale, besides preserving a considerable number of early forms, is, taken as a whole, older than the earliest date that can be assigned to the manuscript. The MS. has now been printed for the first time with the full equipment of introduction, translation, notes and glossary, by Mr. Patrick M. MacSweeney. O'Curry in his MS. Catalogue of Royal Irish Academy MSS., speaks in the highest terms both of the caligraphy and orthography of this MS., and adds—"The tale which makes up the contents of this MS. is one of great interest as well from the purity and elegance of the language, the very best I ever met, as from the number of historical and topographical facts it contains." Mr. MacSweeney thinks that O'Curry had intended to edit the tale. Had he done so we should have had for some time a most interesting volume on our shelves. But, failing O'Curry, the task of editing this interesting Romance could scarcely have fallen into better hands than those of Mr. MacSweeney. It has long been the fashion to regard Irish MS. literature either from an antiquarian and topographical or a philological point of view. A MS. was regarded as valuable, according to one class of students, in proportion as it threw light on place names or contained references to druidical rites or ancient dress, and, according to another class, its value depended on its wealth of T-preterites and infixed pronouns. These lines of research are, of course, highly interesting and important, but they should not be pursued to the extent of excluding the literary merit of the document. It is only when we consider a document as literature that the true soul of the past flashes and shines in it. No writer, however subjective his tone, whose work deserves to be regarded as a literary creation, can fail to reflect, in a greater or less degree a civilization or an era, and no true antiquarian can afford to neglect the moral and social atmosphere in which a literary work is set, apart altogether from its references to ancient things, and names. Regarded as a piece of literature the *Caithréim* is of great interest and value, and the picture it gives of our ancestors as they flash before the soul of the writer, of their moral earnestness of their respect for women; of their martial spirit; of their unwearied journeys in quest of military adventure; of their prowess in the combat; of their provincial jealousies, is vivid and real in the extreme. It is indeed a miniature epic and comes nearer to the manner and spirit of the *Iliad* than any Irish tale I can at present recall. It is a narrative of war and spoiling and harrying from beginning to end, varied with episodes of marvellous adventure. There is epic life and motion everywhere; and considering the length of the piece, there is not a little epic characterisation. Conghal himself would not be out of place in the *Iliad*. At times he is as restless and as wrathful as Achilles. Take a single incident—As he sits in the banqueting house at Tara, he is informed that the Ard-righ has decided to deprive him of the kingship of Ulster. "When Conghal heard that, he

**Caithréim Conghail Clairinghnigh*:—Martial Career of Conghal Clairinghneach. Edited, for the first time, with Translation, Introduction, Notes and Glossary, by Patrick M. MacSweeney, M.A., Professor of Modern Literature in Holy Cross College, Clonliffe. Published for the Irish Texts Society by David Nutt, 57-59 Long Acre, London, 1904.

gave a thrust of his back to the wall of the banqueting-house so that the shields fell from their shield-straps and the spears from their rests, and the swords from their places, and he only drank a part of the portion next him, and he came out to the quarters of the Ultonians—and his sleep was restless that night." The following description of the coming into the banqueting hall of the Árd-Rígh's daughter—the cause of all the trouble—is quite in keeping with the character of the narrative. The feast was going on. "It was then they saw approaching them a fair-shaped girl of beauteous form, who surpassed womanhood therein. For as the sun surpasses in excellence the stars of the firmament, so did she surpass in shapeliness all the handsome women of the Gael. She had with her thrice fifty fair women; and in the midst of them there was raised aloft on tall slaves a lovely crystal seat in which she was carried. They deposited the chair on the resting place of the house under the protection of the kings of Ireland. A litter-couch of fresh rushes was arranged around her and a beautiful silver cushion with four edges was placed in the seat. The noble queen sat in it and the very fair female retinue sat on the litter-couch of fresh rushes round her." One can scarcely refrain from addressing this queen, this representative of our early civilization in the words of the poet:—

"See what an equipage thou hast in air
And view with scorn two pages and a chair!"

The *Caithréim* is a series of episodes suggestive of different epochs embodying distinct traditions, and probably reduced to writing at different periods. The Rathlin episode, at all events, though splendidly descriptive, seems to point to a period when the heroic tale was giving place to folk-lore of the stamp of those stories that are grouped round the name of Fionn Mac Cumhail. But in this short notice I cannot afford to indulge in further quotations.

This book appears at an opportune moment. The Irish Language Revival Movement, in its initial stages, had the drawback that the literature in Irish, accessible to the ordinary reader, consisted largely of degraded folk-tales unredeemed by a single flash of imagination. Folk-lore even of the kind I refer to, has its proper place in sociology and literature, but should have no place in a school curriculum. Even at the present time, though not a few works in modern Irish, instinct with thought and suggestiveness, have been given to the public, it is not uncommon to find a hankering after a vulgar class of folk-tale on the part of teachers and learners. Centuries of oppression and enforced illiteracy degraded even our folk-tales, and these degraded tales have been exhibited as specimens of Irish literature, and studied in our schools, while there slumbered in manuscript works like the *Caithréim*, in which there is drawn for us, with the vigour and vividness of the painter's brush, the heroic fortitude, the energy, the prowess of our ancestors, and which are to the modern degraded folk-tale what the vigour and sprightliness of youth is to toothless second-childhood and drivelling anility.

The Irish text here given, though somewhat earlier than Keating's prose, with the help of the translation supplied, will appear easy to advanced students of modern Irish; it will form a convenient link between early, modern, and late middle Irish; and it is to be hoped that the volume will be part of the furniture in every meeting-room of Gaelic League branches.

Mr. MacSweeney's Introduction is a fine piece of work. It contains a critical analysis and a literary appreciation of the *Caithréim* written in vigorous English, as well as a grammatical analysis, especially of the verbal system found in the text. This is Mr. MacSweeney's first appearance as editor and author, and from what I have been saying it is obvious that it is an appearance that reflects the highest credit on himself and on Clonliffe College, with which he is connected. Indeed, considering the excellence of the present work—planned and executed, as it has been, in the midst of arduous and engrossing duties—it is safe to prophesy that a maturer

judgment and greater leisure will enable him to interpret for this age still more perfectly many of the great literary monuments of the past.

The Irish Texts Society are to be congratulated on the superb style in which the volume has been issued. This society, though but poorly supported, is doing more for the history, literature, and antiquities of ancient Ireland than, perhaps, any other existing institution; and it is to be hoped that all who love the honour of their country will give it every support in their power. The annual subscription for membership is only 7s. 6d., a sum surely not beyond the means of any branch of the Gaelic League. There has, no doubt, been some grumbling at the delay that has occurred in the issuing of its annual volumes; but works like the present are well worth waiting for.

ἸΑΘΡΑΙΣ ὙΑ Οὐννίν.

PAID PAPISTRY.

IN more ways than one is the corrupt system that maintains an anti-Catholic ascendancy in Ireland helped and fostered by the authorities that profess to guard Catholic interests. The struggle which the Irish people are waging is not a struggle to have certain favoured individuals paid for being Papists, it is a struggle for fair play for all. The first principle of the cause which is opposed to the present jobber ascendancy is that the *best* man, whatever be his creed, is entitled to be appointed to a vacancy in the public service. At present the *best* man has no chance of promotion by the Imperial Administration. The most incapable and bigot jobber easily outstrips the competent candidate for any salaried position, administrative or judicial, in this country. These offices financed by the public are notoriously and corruptly appropriated to pay politicians for their services, regardless of the incompetence of the payee to perform his duties. To appoint administrators by such a test is a scandal; to fill the judicial bench with such appointees is an outrage.

It was only a few months ago that the Cardinal called attention to the outrageous payment of a County-Court judgeship to a briefless politician. The recipient of this pension—by name and nature designed for more modest occupation—was unknown in the ranks of his profession. By statute, the appointment is limited to practising members of the bar; and this appointment was a notorious breach of the law. This incompetent man was paid with this office, as a remuneration for services rendered by him as an anti-Catholic partizan. The sham Catholic press denounced the appointment *because the recipient was a Protestant*, implying that this job would be condoned if the jobber was a Papist. Some years ago it was rumoured that The M'Dermott was to be promoted to a vacancy in the High Court Bench. The rumour was applauded by a section of the press, who publicly urged that *he was a Catholic* and should therefore be appointed. Such allusions as were made to his undoubted qualifications for such an office were wrapped in wordy rhodomontade, and were completely subordinated to the clamour of creed. On the other hand, the organ of the anti-Catholic Associations boldly championed the appointment of a notorious incompetent on the grounds that he was "a reliable party man." The truly nationals denounced the appointment—not on the ground that the gentleman had no shred of professional qualification, but on the ground that *he was a Protestant*. As a sop to Idolatry, an appointment to a high judicial position was announced recently of one who was *not* the best man, nor within fifty of the best man for such a place, yet the Irish people are supposed to wax enthusiastic in their gratitude, *because he is a Catholic*.

This principle—which has received the sanction of persons in high station who have sought to use it for the advancement of their friends—that creed should be the test of qualification for public offices, is precisely what we are struggling against. Approbation of an

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incompetent Catholic candidate is an excuse for the promotion of incompetent anti-Catholics. If one in every seven judicial positions, is to be awarded to a fifth-class man because he produces high clerical certificates that he is a Papist, why should not the remaining six places continue to be doled out to needy Orangemen upon the certificate of Mr. Duke of Abercorn or Mr. Earl of Erne that they truly hate the Romish Pope.

The Catholic "representatives," lay and clerical, who exploit the religion of their incompetent friends for the purpose of procuring them public positions, are the most treacherous foes to the advancement of our co-religionists. They aid our enemies in keeping alive the lying pretence that Idolators are not qualified for such positions. "It is impossible to find qualified Papists," say the Orangemen with a smirk. "We appointed a few. Look at A. B. and C., recommended to us as the ideal candidates by the Reverend X., the Very Reverend Y, and the Most Reverend Z. We really daren't take any more of them." So the noodle relative of some Grand Master is given the position. The promotion of a leader of the bar, whether he be Catholic or Protestant, is a benefit to many Catholics; the promotion of a man who has no practice is an injury to them. In spite of the packing of the tribunal with their opponents, in spite of the touting agents of the Orange and Freemason Organizations, in spite of the cringing Papists, clerical and lay, who retain anti-Catholic advocates with the cowardly hope of influencing the Court, our people have no reason to be ashamed of the places held by the Irish Catholics in the ranks of the bar. Of the hundred members who earn their living by the practice of advocacy, the majority are Catholics. Of the three hundred briefless idlers, the great majority are non-Catholics. Of the eight busiest leaders, five are Papists. If promotion were from the top instead of from the bottom, every judicial appointment would mean enlarged opportunities for the many Catholics left behind. The tendency of the professional Papist is unquestionably upwards, but all upward movement is arrested when promotion never disturbs the established leaders. The persons most hurt by this are the persons who are most capable of progress, and these the friendless and officially hated Catholics have proved themselves to be. We therefore stand to win by fair play and not by jobbery. It is the interest of those who hate us that now and again some salaried position should be given to an unworthy candidate *because he is a Catholic*. It is the interest of ourselves to prefer a worthy Protestant, and to treat whomsoever trades upon the question of creed as one of our treacherous foes.

Deapa.

ON THE TONALITY OF IRISH MUSIC.

IN the October of last year or thereabout, I put forth a small pamphlet on Irish Music. I was moved thereto by a conviction that the subject was one of supreme national importance, and urged to activity by observing at closer range the ravages of "The Royal Irish Academy of Music," of the very much so-called *peir Ceolt* and of the piano fiends and vulgarians errant, rampant, and passant. I explained in a preface that the little book was not a scientific treatise, but merely an attempt to define, in a common way, what was the system of fiddling used by the Irish. I deplored my inability to handle the question in a strictly scientific manner at the time, but gave the best that was in me—viz., a shout from a hill-top for Irish music. And it gratified me to find it was heard and attended to by the more educated and thinking portion of the community. For Irish music had led my feet beyond the veil, and told me things that tongue of man never said to me, and it was encouraging to have enlisted sympathy for the greatest art in the world before it should become utterly squelched by the Juggernaut of the Great Tin Can.

My little treatise directed attention in a general way to the peculiar tonality of Irish music, established experimentally, at least, some of the notes, adverted to the system of accidentals, and showed that fiddlers' keys hampered and confused the process of examination in a

notable way. Being convinced that a more exact method of discussion was necessary, I proceeded to educate myself somewhat in the mathematics of the modern scale in order to be able to measure accurately tonal quantities in a vibrating string. I thereupon subjected to examination three of the flat notes used accidentally in some tunes—viz., F Natural, B Flat, and C Natural, and discovered that their fractional values from D were $\frac{5}{8}$, $\frac{4}{5}$ and $\frac{3}{4}$ respectively. That was the first occasion that the values of any notes of the Irish system had been established with scientific accuracy. Father Bewerunge, who stood by me with help and encouragement all through this examination, immediately pointed out to me that the denominator 5 represented a minor third, as did also Rev. W. Burke, of Cahir. I continued with the investigation thankful if, at a month's end, I had gleaned a little additional information. My most pressing need was the want of scientific instruments for determining precisely the interval values, for my only equipment was an old fiddle with a marked finger-board. My greatest difficulty was the struggle with superimposed keys, and the constant effort necessary to eliminate the personal integer. For the fiddle is very deceptive in this—that one fingers a key as easily as a mode without being conscious that the fingering is slightly changed. One must then hold the note under examination, and mark precisely where it is. But in determining to hold it, one unconsciously stops the string at the very place where, in obedience to certain preconceived theories or prejudices, one would like to have it. And so I was often forced to have recourse to the testimony of other fiddlers for purposes of correction.

Having succeeded in shifting many keys up or down to their proper positions, the bed-rock of the Irish gamut system was gradually being uncovered. While in Maynooth once a peculiarity came prominently before me which I had noticed in a passing way before. It was that F Sharp and G on the third string did not square with their octaves F Sharp and G on the first, for the latter were both a komma higher than the octave. The explanation that modulation was at work (that is running the scale up from G to D, and calling the latter note Do again) did not suit, for this octave discord was a constant, and besides it occurred in the same strain, or even in the same phrase, of a tune in the run from G to g where there was no stop nor time to change the key up a fifth. At this period it had become clear that all the notes of the first finger were major tones or $\frac{1}{2}$ of the string from the nut. Also B on the first string was made at $\frac{1}{3}$ of the string. The third finger stopped the 3rd, 2nd, and 1st string at $\frac{1}{4}$ of the string. C on the 4th was a semi-tone from D the 3rd open. The 2nd finger was more peculiar. It stopped the first string at $\frac{1}{6}$ from the nut—a minor third. It stopped the third string at F Sharp $\frac{1}{3}$ from the end, and accidentally at F Natural $\frac{1}{6}$ from the end. It stopped the 4th string a komma sharper than the place of F Sharp on the 3rd, or exactly at the distance of two major tones from G the 4th open. It stopped the 2nd string in three places, (1) usually, though accidentally, at $\frac{1}{3}$ from A—i.e., a minor third, (2) occasionally and only as a grace for *d* at $\frac{1}{4}$ the string, same height as F Sharp on 3rd, or a semi-tone below *d*, (3) unaccented and usually in runs up and down particularly as a step between A and *e* at a position *exactly between C Natural (minor third from A) and C Sharp*. This I call neutral or middle C.

For a long time I had made use of certain figures to represent graphically the various sizes of tone interval in the modern scale. I used 9 for a tone of major bigness, 8 for the minor size, and 5 for a semi-tone. Those are correct to scale with the exception of 9, which is slightly too great. I found that I could represent all the notes of the Irish gamut by using the same figures with the exception of two intervals, which, in the same proportion, would be denoted by the number $6\frac{1}{2}$. In other words there are only majors, minors, and semi-tones in Irish music, with the exception of the two intervals, B, neutral-C, and neutral C-*d*, and those are each represented by $6\frac{1}{2}$.

But though Irish music, with the two exceptions mentioned, have only intervals that may be represented in terms of the modern scale, still the order of interval se-

quence is entirely different in the two systems, and from that circumstance arises their fundamental difference in tonality. It is a matter of common knowledge that the modern scale may be represented according to the order of its various intervals, the distance from note to note between low and high Doh by the line of figures—

. 9 8 5 9 8 9 5

and if we proceed an octave higher still, we simply repeat the same line of figures, and so on indefinitely. Now it had been a habit with me to write down in figures the results of my investigation, as I succeeded more and more in uncovering the original gamut, to see if I could not arrive at some system, for the feel of the music in me made me confident that I should come to an ordered and intelligible sequence of tones in case I should be ever so fortunate as to reach finality in my search. I was somewhat puzzled at the two $6\frac{1}{2}$, $6\frac{1}{2}$ intervals, and tried for a time if they could not be eliminated. But they persisted in spite of my efforts. One day having written my line of figures in accordance with my last researches, and absolutely without prejudice, the astounding result broke upon me with a flash, for I saw that at long last the system was within my grasp. The line of figures, which I divide into fifths by perpendicular lines, was as follows—

G		C		f
9985	9859	96 $\frac{1}{2}$ 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ 9	9589	1899

This scheme extends from G, the lowest note on the fiddle, to F, a fifth above B on the 1st string. The marvellous peculiarity consists in this, that neutral C is the interval centre of the whole system, or the point around which the intervals of the gamut group themselves symmetrically. Or neutral C is as a mirror which reflects all the lower intervals above or *vice versa*. This neutral C has first interval $6\frac{1}{2}$ below it, matched by $6\frac{1}{2}$ above. Then 9 below and 9 above, 9 below again and 9 above, 5 below matched by 5 above, etc.

A system of accidentals is used by which a semi-tone is substituted for a minor, as follows—The semi-tone is represented by 5 written under the note it supplants.

Real accidentals are accented, grace accidentals, such as C Sharp, are unaccented.

9985	9859	96 $\frac{1}{2}$ 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ 9	9589	5899
5	5	5 5		

Here the 4th semi-tone is an unaccented or grace accidental.

The question of mode follows next. Every Irish tune uses more or less of the above gamut. Some will use a higher portion, some lower. They will proceed their given span in their given portion of the gamut, use the accidentals or not according to certain laws, and end in various places. Omitting accidentals the notes are the following, the endings being marked with an asterisk:—
G₁ A₁ B₁ C₁ D E F₁ G₁ A B C d e f₁ g a b c₁ d₁ e₁ f₁
* * * * *

The most commonly used endings are D, E, G, and A; d and e are high octave endings; g and a only one tune each, and both reels. They are high octave endings. On B I have only one tune, "The White Cockade." Examples on D are "The Blackbird," "The Heather Breeze Reel," and many others. On G, *Dean Dub an Gteanna*, in page 2 of O'Neill's Collection, *Atam re im corrao* in my pamphlet ends below on D. "Lanigan's Ball" is an example of an E tune; so "Green Grow the Rushes, O." In fact Highland music, in tonality and composition, is not separable from Irish music any more than Highland and Irish Gaelic. On A is O'Neill's celebrated "No. 1," also the double called "My Former Wife" in the same collection. I content myself by giving only a few endings, and quoting from memory, as the modal system requires a separate study. In such an examination a good census should be made of tunes according to their endings, their register, their descent below endings, their ascent above the octave of their endings, their dominants, their use of accidentals, and the specially strong notes or runs of tunes with regard to their endings. For certain notes are strong or weak according to the mode. C and F are often very weak. And they have no endings. So that a whole modal science springs up for treatment, and extends in directions that are practically

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limitless. However, as I have made no collection for this specific aspect of the question, I must refrain from going further into detail. Yet I may add that the harp tuned in the Irish way will be an infallible means of settling the modes of Irish tunes, for they will play only in their proper place, and a good ear will easily tell when they are properly fitted.

In a stringed instrument, constructed by my brother, which I designed to play Irish music, and, at the same time, to exhibit the tonality graphically by means of proportionate spaces between strings, I was astonished at the surpassing richness and sweetness of certain cords that may be struck. It will be noticed that two major intervals come together four times in the above gamut. And here arises the question of harmony, about which I am prepared to say nothing.

As already stated, real, *i.e.*, accented, accidentals are only such as are made by flattening, accidentals made by sharpening are used merely as graces. The notes capable of suffering flattening are all the C and F notes below the middle C. Hence it is only the minor tones in the gamut that have a changeable value. Below middle C a minor is always followed by a semi-tone and hence the process of accidental flattening is merely a substituting of one for the other, or playing semi-tone minor, instead of minor semi-tone, or 5,8 instead of 8,5. Above middle C there is no such accidental flattening, because there semi-tones occur *before* minors. An example of a sharpened semi-tone is C sharp immediately above middle C. It is used only as a grace for *d* and is never accented. In fiddle practice a flat B and a natural *f* occur, but that is because one is playing in a key; for A-B and *e-f* are major intervals and so do not suffer accidental change. For wherever an accidental occurs under the accent we have a minor or 8 interval, and this knowledge furnishes us with an additional means of putting the strain in its proper key. I doubt very much if sharpened accidentals are found outside the case of C[#]-*d*, and if found elsewhere they are probably not a portion of the tune as originally composed.

The line of figures given above constitute a theoretical gamut merely, for in practice tunes do not go so high, and on the other hand some descend far lower. It is true that the most of Irish tunes have their centre around middle C, or the middle portion of the gamut is most worked, but nevertheless, tunes are often played entirely below the middle point. They are played on a scale A-A, etc., having a flat seventh and two values for C and F. For height, I think tunes never go above *c* the octave of C immediately below middle C. A tunes which I regard as the highest mode extend in compass usually to *c* natural. Cf. No. 1 in

O'Neill. I do not think there is a higher note in Irish music. A compass then for harp tuning taking in all the tunes I know would be represented by the following rows of letters and figures. (Flat accidentals are written above, and sharp below the line):—

5 8 5 8 5 8 5 8 5 8
9 8 5 9 8 5 9 9 8 5 9 8 5 9 9 6¹/₂ 6¹/₂ 9 9 5 8 9 5

A B C^o D E F F G₁ A₁ B₁ C₁ D E F F G₁ A B^c C^c d e f g a b c
Begin at the second G₁ below middle C and tune as follows:—

G₁—D fifth, D—A fifth, A—*e* fifth, *e*—*b* fifth.

G₁—G oct. D—*d* oct. A₁—A—*a* octs. *e*—E oct.
b—B—B₁ octs. B—*f*[#] fifth.

A—C₁ a minor third *c*₁—C₁—C₁ octs. C₁—F₁ fifth. C₁—*g* fifth.

A—C₁ a major third. C₁—F₁ fifth, C₁—C₁ oct.

Finally tune middle C between C₁ and C₁ by observing that it beats at an equal rate with each. All notes below G₁ are tuned octaves below their corresponding notes in the next octave.

In simple language we have three octaves and two notes:—A—A—A—*a*—*c*. Tune A—A—A *doh, re, mi, fa*, etc., leaving an idle wire below *mi* and *la* in each octave. Then retune a G=*si* a fifth (*doh-sol*) below the D above it. Tune all G notes, except *g*, octaves from that. Call A *la* and tune *c*₁ *doh* and tune all *c*₁ notes octaves. Similarly call D *la* and tune *f*₁ *doh* and tune all *f*₁ notes octaves. Tune *f* and *g* a fifth (*doh-sol*) above B and C₁ respectively. Finally tune middle C as described above.

By dropping the C₁ from this scheme, we have here what I regard as the 29 wires of the so-called Brian Boru harp with their tuning. Of course the same tuning will do for the piano.

The Octaves A—A, etc., show the original form of our modern diatonic scale, and the so-called minor keys are probably reminiscences of the modal system. The modal system of Gregorian Chant is a development of the above scheme of endings. Moreover, Gregorian Chant has compressed the tonality into one octave with a sharpened seventh. When we consider that the two great musical systems of Europe may be thus deduced from the Irish scheme of tonality, and that the Irish enjoyed a very tough musical tradition, it should not surprise us if the above should turn out to be the original plan of Indo-Germanic music.

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CLASSY AND GRASSY.

ON the 14th of December, there was "a grand concert for the deserving poor," in Navan, and it was particularly "grand." The aristocracy came down from the prairies, family coaches followed each other past the entrance to the Young Men's Hall, as at a West End theatre; stately men-servants lined the footways in expensive liveries, looking even better cared than their masters, and there was a fascinating scene of almost priceless fluff and fur that would have done honour to the corridors of a Park Lane mansion on the occasion of a winter evening reception. A foreigner at the Navan concert that evening might well assume that he was among a large, prosperous, and enterprising population, such as surrounds manifestations of excessive luxury in other countries, but to the reflecting Irishman, it was no more than the disguise to

A PAINFUL TRAGEDY.

In other countries, luxury has at least the plea that it is proportioned to the lot of the masses supporting it, and that a constructively active multitude, well fed, have their share, both in its production and in its consumption; but in Navan and in Meath, naturally the richest region in Ireland, luxury is the concentrated expression of the destruction of the masses; it is essentially derived from the decay of the people, on a basis of grass, with the fat bullock as the privileged occupant of the land, and as the medium between man and nature, the excessive fertility of the soil enabling its controller to dispense with his fellow-countryman in favour of the beast. To put it another way, in England, for example, an array of family coaches signifies a corresponding growth of life and of industry in the social background, but in Meath, it signifies grass and human ruin, the digestive process of the Meath ox taking the place of the English workshop as the means to turn the economic energies into luxury. The aim in Meath is to control the largest area of the richest earth, with the fewest possible human beings; and already we see the phenomenon of estates acquiring a higher value in proportion to the fewness of the people on them, exactly the opposite to what happens in any normally conditioned community on the face of the earth. History has nothing like it since the days when Governments were "farmed," with a few growing over-fat on organised inhumanity, and the multitude sacrificed to the over-fatness of the few. Even religion is dumb before it, and Christianity disappears to make room for the cow, while the beef goes finally to feed foreigners, in exchange for the imported fineries that are gathered from the prairies on occasion to show who controls the largest amount of grass, and removes the largest amount of the Irish race. In the social ethics of Meath, the greatest man is he who necessitates the destruction of the largest number of Irish families.

Well, down they came to the concert, these grass-grown epicureans; pleasant people, personally, and, to do them justice, quite unconscious of the cruelty to their race and country necessitated by their very existence. This is particularly what needs to be brought home to their minds; and criticism on them were useless with any other view. As a rule, they have finer consciences than their critics, and they are far more

likely to give effect to a conviction, once entertained, but among themselves, they have fatally lacked anyone to define their responsibilities to them with sympathy, or to show them their final dependence on the human multitude whom they have been at pains to remove. Assuredly, there is a bad time ahead for them unless they find some higher use for their lives than to stand like a monstrous barrier between man and his mother earth. Should Irish statesmanship happen to turn sane, these territorialists must either make more human uses of their territories, or see them leave their control, by methods too subtle and too effective to have yet entered the mind of the agitator.

AS COMPARED WITH GURTH.

"Deserving Poor" in a place like Navan, with human beings so few, and with Nature so lavish! If only the territorialists would take care of their cows in a proper and profitable manner, this alone would at once find work and food for ten times as many as are now unemployed; but that would require the exercise of brains, and "sport" is about the only thing to which the Meath man will apply his brains. Why bother to employ a man when, by merely owning Nature, the owner can live in luxury with merely a dog and a herd? It is so much easier to clear the land of men, and to give five shillings at Christmas to an evening's charity music. In large industrial communities, the continuous displacements and readjustments of the economic process must of necessity make temporary distress inevitable, and even natural, as a necessary accidental to the process of progressive life; but in a place like Meath, charity music for "the Deserving Poor" constitutes a sociological phenomenon unexampled elsewhere in civilisation. They cannot even guarantee against hunger the very few whom they have failed to remove. Gurth, the swine-herd slave of Saxon feudalism, was an independent man compared with the modern Irishman who depends on his labour on the richest soil in Ireland.

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CONTENTS.

CURRENT AFFAIRS:—

"The King," Journalists and Parish Beadles	353
Mount Argus, and an Irish Sermon	354
General Council of Irish County Councils	354
Scott, Wine and the Peerage	354
Wellington of Gorey	355
A Kildare Ball	355
More about Longford	355
A Catholic Association Man heads the Poll	356
Munster and Leinster Bank and its Auditor	356
Etc., etc.	

ARTICLES:—

Ἀς Τεσεί τ ἡγάρ λείρ ἄββαρ	358
The Newest Loyalists	358
Spreading the News	359
Father Dinneen's Irish Dictionary	360
Charles E. Martin on the University Question	362
Canon Sheehan's Book of Stories	363
Sir Horace Plunkett's Book	364
Dublin Corporation and Irish Manufacture	366

CORRESPONDENCE	357 & 367
----------------	-----------

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„ R. & T. WASHBOURNE, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

Glasgow: J. MENZIES & Co., 90 West Nile Street, Glasgow.

CURRENT AFFAIRS.

Last week we pointed out that Mr. Brayden, the Editor of the truly national *Freeman*, was at the recent God-Save-the-King dinner of so-called Irish journalists who are members of the British Institute of Journalists. Mr. R. Donovan, who, we believe, is a mighty "leader" writer in the *Simply Deplorable*, was also at this dinner where "The King" was toasted. What in a *Simply Deplorable* man is but a trifle, even if it is that, is flat treason in a weak-kneed District Councillor in a corner. Messrs. Brayden and Donovan may go to God-Save-the-King dinners, but there is another law for the District and municipal Councillors. They must be death-or-glory men when they are in a corner. We, as our readers know, have no sympathy with fulsome, loyal addressers, though we suspect that if it is weakness that creates a fulsome, loyal addresser, it is often weakness that creates the toy death-or-glory non-addresser; the one bows to one mob, and the other to another; intrinsically, the one is often no better than the other. But, anyway, there ought to be the same law for Mr. Brayden and Mr. Donovan of the *Freeman* as for the District Councillor. "Honest John," who never lifted his voice on the floor of the Boardroom of the Great Northern Railway on behalf of the oppressed and excluded Catholics, but who recently

gave a kick to the "under dog," the Catholic Association, went down to Blackrock. He said:—"The national issue, which has been raised in connection with this election, is this great question—and it is a great question, and it underestimated by many—whether the Irish local bodies, which are Nationalist, are entitled, consistently with their nationality, to present loyal addresses to the Sovereign of England, or to anyone who represents the British Government in this country. That is a great, broad, national issue, one which affects the national cause throughout Ireland." Now, why does not "Honest John" go down to Waterford, where Mr. James A. Power is Mayor, and talk like that? Why does not Mr. John Redmond, who is Emmpee for Waterford, speak out on the question before the Mayoralty is filled up for another year? Why are not Mr. Brayden, Editor of the *Freeman*, and Mr. Donovan, of the same sheet, denounced for attending a God-Save-the-King dinner? Why are not the gang of Dublin journalists, who have agreed that "The King" is to be toasted at all formal occasions, denounced by "Honest John"? "Honest John" evidently likes to denounce at a minimum risk. If he denounced the God-Save-the-King journalists his speeches might not be reported at great length; and perhaps Donovan, or Brayden, or Matty Bodkin might fling some ink at him in the editorial columns of the *Deplorable*. On the face of it, the whole arrangement is a fraud and a humbug. The Editor of the *Freeman* and other journalists may, with impunity, go to God-Save-the-King dinners, and enter into God-Save-the-King compacts, but "Honest John" rises in his patriotic wrath if a small fry like a Blackrock village beadle is found wanting in a detail of the "immortal spirit of Irish nationality."

"Honest John" said further:—"I am informed that here the national candidates, who are being supported by the United Nationalist body of Blackrock and Booters-town, are pledged to vote steadily against loyal addresses (hear, hear), and on that ground, and on that ground alone, without reference to their local procedure, they have my hearty support. I have said just now that it is essential to the safety of the national cause in Ireland that the local representative bodies should take a stand on parallel lines to the National Party. What was the attitude of the National Party in this matter? The National Party met in Dublin and issued a solemn appeal to all the local bodies in Ireland to stand aloof when the Sovereign of England visited this country; and the National Party stood aloof itself on the occasion of the Coronation and refused, in any way, to recognise that event or the visit of the King to this country; and the National Organisation acted in this matter in accord with the National Party in Parliament." We hope that "Honest John" will lose no time in going down to Waterford, and he might induce his colleague, the member for that place—Mr. John Redmond—to go along with him. Again we ask what about Brayden and Donovan of the *Freeman*? Will "Honest John" denounce "The King" arrangement arrived at by a gang of self-styled Irish journalists. And do you know who was chairman at the "immortal spirit" meeting at Blackrock? None other than our old friend, Mr. Jack-in-the-Box, M.P., the friend of man in general, and of the Unionist convicts, Ladd and Macartney in particular.

Of course, the *Simply Deplorable* climbed the Nationalist kopje. We wonder was it Brayden or Donovan wrote the article? They had been a few days previously at a God-Save-the-King dinner of "Irish" journalists. The *Freeman* said:—"When every Nationalist Council in the country worth the name refused to present addresses to the King, and stood aloof with the Parliamen-

tary representatives of the people from all the demonstrations of loyalty offered towards the constitutional head and the personal embodiment of British rule in Ireland, the Councillors of Blackrock joined the small party of factionists and title-hunters who set their petty opinions and ambitions above the Nationalist principle." And this sort of thing can be written in a paper whose Mr. Brayden and whose Mr. Donovan may go to an "Irish" journalists' God-Save-the-King dinner. Heavens, the fraud and the farce of it all!

We take the following from the *Irish Times*:—"Wanted, Head Dairymaid, Protestant; good butter maker; send last discharge; state wages—Trant, Dovea, Thurles. Wanted, 1st February, smart young General Man, 18-20, Protestant, care horse, trap, milk, plain gardening, and make himself generally useful. Apply stating age, wages expected, with copies of discharges, to Dr. Glenney, Omeath, Co. Louth. Wanted, Man and Wife; Protestants; Man as Herd and Yardsman, his Wife to mind poultry; with small, if any, family. Apply to Mr. William Devitt, Steward, Tynan Abbey, Tynan, Co. Armagh. Wanted, a Cook; Protestant; small dairy; no washing. Apply Mrs. Huband, Ashford, Co. Wicklow. Wanted, respectable country girl as Cook; Protestant; must be well recommended. Garden Man Wanted, near Tipperary; Protestant; young man, with sister; or married, without family; comfortable house, fuel, and 12s. weekly.—O 1518, this office. Wanted, Steward; I.C.; with Wife, who understands dairy and poultry; state terms, age, family; copies discharges. Address 'Z 2162, Steward,' this office. Wanted, Steward, Working, married, small or no family; Protestants; 15s. weekly, house, extras. Address Z 2172, Steward, this office."

We have not seen a copy of the annual report and statement of accounts of the Gaelic League for the year ending last March yet. Or did the last Gaelic League year end in July? If we remember aright, the report was about nine or ten months late last year; a new year had been almost spent when the report for the previous year was given to the public. What is the cause of this delay? Surely these reports ought to be published as soon after the expiration of the Gaelic League year as possible, so that the people may be in a position to see what progress has been made by the Gaelic League Organisation, and what value in terms of Irish Ireland progress the subscribers to the National Fund have had for their money.

We hear that arrangements are being made for an Irish sermon at Mount Argus, Dublin, on St. Patrick's Day. Two years ago Mount Argus, if our recollection serves us well, was the only church in Dublin in which an Irish sermon was preached on the feast day of Ireland's Apostle. We are glad to hear that the authorities at Mount Argus are considering the Patrick's Day arrangement so early; they gave an Irish example two years ago. Does any other Catholic Church in Dublin intend to follow its lead this year? We think that every church in Dublin ought to take pattern by Mount Argus and have at least one Irish sermon during St. Patrick's Day. Even if every church should follow Mount Argus, our readers who remember the impressive scene on the St. Patrick's night of two years ago will not forget the church that led the way.

The General Council of the Irish County Councils now that it has freed itself from its "non-political" bondage ought to have a great future before it. On the suggestion of Sir Thomas Esmonde the following resolution was adopted:—"That the Irish people ought to be a free people, with the natural right to govern themselves. That no Parliament is competent to make laws for Ireland except an Irish Parliament sitting in Ireland. And that the claim of any other body of men to make laws for or to govern Ireland is illegal and unconstitutional, and a grievance intolerable to the people of this country." It was suggested that the Irish members of the British Parliament should be *ex officio* members of the General Council, also that Rural and Dis-

trict Councils should be invited to send one delegate, each, to the Council. We think it a good idea that the Council should be enlarged, though whether all the Emmpees or only a delegation from them should be members is open to question. Any arrangements that would increase the membership beyond 250 or 300 would scarcely meet the practical needs of the case.

The following, at the suggestion of Mr. Meehan, was added on to an Irish manufacture resolution adopted on the proposition of Mr. John Sweetman:—"That Irish manufacturers are hereby called on to take immediate steps to make known to the public boards and the Irish public generally the goods manufactured in Ireland, otherwise they cannot expect that support which is necessary for their several interests and the general interests of the country." We hope the Dark Brothers will relish that prod of an intruding stick into their caves. The Dark Brothers have not been properly dealt with at all. Everyone is to help on Irish industry, and the Dark Brother, who is the directly interested party, is to sit in his cave and take the profits! The Dark Brother has already had enormous help from Irish Ireland, and it were time he roused himself and put something—even if it were only a lighted farthing tallow candle—at the entrance of his cave, so as to help those who are searching for his whereabouts.

We take the following advertisements from the *Irish Times*:—"A Good Cook, General; Protestant; small washing. Apply Mrs. Ormsby, St. Kevin's, Dalkey. Wanted as Cook, a well recommended young woman, Protestant, with some knowledge of cooking; a kitchen-maid kept; 3 in family; homely; cheerful situation; send original discharges; state age and wages expected. Mrs. Verschoyle, Ballinamallard, Co. Fermanagh. Wanted, a Cook; Protestant; small dairy; no washing. Apply Mrs. Huband, Ashford, Co. Wicklow."

Adam Scott is famous. We had never heard of him until a few days ago, and now his name is familiar all over the country. Who is Adam Scott? Is he a Scotch importation, and "saved" to boot? He was concerned in a projected new company that was to be called the London and Dublin Wine Association, and he wrote a circular. Adam and others would breathe more freely today had the MS. of that circular been burnt by the common hangman. Adam hails from 44 Upper "Sackville" Street; so we take it that he is "classy;" the board of directors of the projected wine company consisted of Lord Lurgan, K.P.V.O., 21 Lowndes Square, London, Chairman; Viscount Chelsea, 48 Bryanstown Square, London; Captain the Hon. Gerald Cadogan, Cadogan Place, London; M. Stokes O'Callaghan, Esq., St. Alban's Mansions, Kensington Court; Adam Scott, Dublin, Managing Director. Adam Scott of "Sackville" Street explained in the circular that my Lord Lurgan was State Steward to Lord Dudley, and possesses—presumably from the wine retailers' point of view—great influence with Dudley and "most of the nobility of the United Kingdom." Above all, Adam was careful to impress in the circular that Lurgan "is on particularly good relations with Vincent Cockrane, Esq.," the gentleman who purchases the Lord Lieutenant's wines and spirits. Evidently from a wine-selling point of view, my Lord Lurgan was calculated to be equal to a dozen commercial travellers. Then Viscount Chelsea is son to Earl Cadogan, and one Mark Stokes O'Callaghan is, according to Adam Scott, "a born salesman." O'Callaghan, besides being "a born salesman," is also, it appears, Financial Secretary to Earl Dudley, Lord Lieutenant of this much-abused land; and further, according to Adam Scott, whom, we presume, is "saved," this "born salesman" O'Callaghan "is in close touch with the Catholic bishops and clergy of the United Kingdom." This O'Callaghan, the Lord Lieutenant's Financial Secretary, can, we are assured by Adam Scott, of 55 Upper "Sackville" Street, Dublin, "get wines into places that we could not reach." We wonder what places are referred to? Was O'Callaghan to be told off to work as a "born salesman" on the "Catholic bishops and clergy of the United Kingdom," with whom, according to Adam Scott, he "is in close touch?"

The bishops and clergy of the Catholic Church are held up as very profitable wine consumers by Adam Scott, of 44 Upper "Sackville" Street, for that man, in his circular, says:—"The new company's operations will be mainly confined to the supplying of wines and spirits of the highest class to the bishops and clergy of the Catholic Church, the aristocracy of the United Kingdom, the army and navy, and the best clubs and hotels." Adam further stated in his letter that:—"The directors are in treaty with several other influential men to join the board of the new company, each of whom will bring to the company increased selling power and influence." Some Bungs like Ardilaun and Iveagh sling themselves on to the Peerage, and some Peers are anxious to make a little as genteel commercial travellers out of the select Bung trade. Adam further states that the directors—Lord Lurgan, Viscount Chelsea, Captain the Hon. Gerald Cadogan, and M. Stokes O'Callaghan—"have undertaken to devote a large share of their time to personally pushing the sale of the company's goods amongst their friends." This opens up a new use for lords. American heiresses and rich boudiers are not the only hopes of needy "noblemen;" they can let themselves out as guests to the vulgar on the off-chance of booking an order for a dozen of some syndicate's wine; they may allow it to be understood that any "At Home" may be patronised by one of them on conditions that the lemonade and claret is ordered from their special wine firm; indeed, a man like Lord Lurgan or Viscount Cadogan might do a good stroke of business by accepting an invitation to Bung's "At Home Club" dawnee at Wrathmines Town Hall on condition that Delahunt and Dan Tallon placed their orders with Adam Scott.

Wellington has not raised the clarrup bán yet, but we have no doubt that he has it ready at hand tied on to a stick. During a period of about ten months, ending September last, letters addressed to Seán ua Spuagáin and others in Gorey were delivered without delay. Then the British Lion surged within Wellington—perhaps someone said Vinegar Hill to the Surface—and a new policy was started. Since then Wellington discovered that every letter addressed in Irish has been "unreadable," though no change had been made in the ranks of the heroes who hold the post office fort in Gorey. We are informed that at least three of Wellington's staff can read the Irish names and addresses of certain people whose Irish letters are yet packed back to Dublin for "translation." Wellington of Gorey is evidently a bitter anti-Irish bigot, and has elected to fight Irish Ireland in Wexford of the Rebellion.

We have before us a few illustrated shells that have already burst round Wellington's 'aughty 'ead. This "saved" champion of England at Gorey wants another volley or two. All guns should be aimed at Seán ua Spuagáin, An Tímípe, Connlat na Saeóitge. Fire again, and all together, Gorey!

Some six months ago there was no branch of the Gaelic League in Strokestown, Co. Roscommon. During the summer Father Malachy Brennan went to the place, and a change took place. Early in the winter a branch of the League was formed, and now we have before us the programme of a Gaelic League concert held in the town. It is well that some places in the West are going up; it would never do if all the towns west of the Shannon were in the state of Westport, where the "bawnk potah" played the stage Irishmen.

The annual ball in connection with the Kildare Infirmary took place recently and thereby hangs a tale. A man by the name of Kingston is no friend of Irish Ireland. He was one of the Hon. Secs. of the ball, and was entrusted by the Committee with the getting out of the programme which was, by the way, printed at the works of the "Saved" *Kildare Observer*. It had been arranged that several Irish dances were to be placed on the programme; Kingston instructed the

printers accordingly, but subsequently he wired to them that the Irish items were to be knocked off the programme. Some of the Irish Ireland members of the Ball Committee wanted to know the reason why. Kingston admitted that the order to knock off the Irish items was correct, and gave some excuse for his conduct. Mr. John Heffernan, Secretary to the County Council, was told at the printing office that Kingston had instructed them by wire to knock out the Irish items. At a subsequent Committee meeting, Kingston had another excuse. On the eve of the Ball Dr. Rowan, joint Hon. Sec. of the Ball Committee, called on Mr. Kingston and demanded the programmes as he wished to have the Irish dances written in. He was handed a parcel of programmes. However, when he arrived at the ball-room he found that Kingston was already in the course of making his last stand for West Britain; Kingston was distributing unaltered programmes. Dr. Rowan ordered the West British programmes to be collected and destroyed and the programmes containing the names of the Irish dances distributed in their place. And thus Kingston of Naas fell as ignominiously in the cause of West Britain as did Horatius of Port Riverstown or Cromwell of Carlow.

We were present recently at a ball upon the programme of which were four Irish dances. We went away when the proceedings were about half way through, but by that time two of the Irish dances had been reached, and for want of a sufficient number of people to dance them they had been passed over. We subsequently heard that one of the two remaining dances was gone through. Now, here was a dance organised by people whose good will was strongly with Irish Ireland; and it was attended by more than a couple of hundreds of people in Dublin, "the heart of Ireland," as it is sometimes called; and notwithstanding some of the Irish dances fell through for want of people able or willing to dance them. Yet we often hear that the time of many branches of the Gaelic League is too much frittered away on dancing to the detriment of the language. We fear that, in the lump, the more or less worthless class of people who frequent balls in this country, care little for Irish Ireland, or for anything for the matter of that but finery and "divarshun."

Mr. Edward G. Joyce, Edgeworthstown, writes us with reference to our note on a recent concert at St. Elizabeth's Convent, Edgeworthstown. He states that the whole choir of Convent school-children sang *Uíonn cumíne as fupáit óam* an Irish translation of "Oft in a Stilly Night," and that there was also an Irish recitation by one of the school children. We are glad to hear this. Mr. Edward G. Joyce considers that our note was unjust. Was it? We stated in our note that there was no song in Irish on the programme that was before us. That is a fact and our information was derived from the programme. Why were not the chorus in Irish and the Irish recitation put down on the programme as well as "Song, in character—"The Ten Little Nigger Boys," and "Old folks at Home?" Why was the last item on the programme of the St. Elizabeth Convent concert the Scotch lyric "Auld Lang Syne?" Our correspondent says—"Considering that Longford is one of the most English-speaking counties in Ireland your report is unjust." We beg leave to reply that considering that the LEADER is now in its fifth year, it is no credit for any Longford man to claim that his county is one of the most English-speaking in Ireland; more shame for it. Young people have had plenty of time to learn Irish since the LEADER started if those who had the teaching of them did their duty to the country. A parcel of dark brothers in the shape of "Ten Little Nigger Boys" have no business intruding themselves at a concert at this period in the history of the Irish Ireland movement.

Edgeworthstown is not the only West British spot in Longford. A man in Longford who ought to be able to

form a sound judgment, says—"I think it is true to say that County Longford is about the most backward of all Irish counties in Ireland in the Irish Revival, and the town of Longford is certainly the worst supporter of Irish-manufactured goods in all Ireland. Except, I think, in one or two shops a man cannot get a box of Irish matches; and I am not sure of these shops either. Yet to hear these people talk a man would think they were the greatest patriots in the country—particularly the Bungs. Every shop you go into has large advertisements of foreign-made goods." There are several banks in the town, but we hear that nearly all the Catholic clergy in the town and vicinity deal with the Bank of Ireland and the Northern.

There was a concert at St. Mel's Hall, Longford, on January 10th, in aid of the Presbytery Fund. We have before us the programme of it, and also a long report that appeared in a local paper. There was not a song in Irish at the entertainment. Our local contemporary, in the course of its report, breaks into this, what we may call Longford rhapsody:—"And anon at this same function some local Ludwig or talented Toole, some Wheatly, some Cissie Loftus, or some Sarah Bernhardt may blossom into prominence who would otherwise be

'Born to blush unseen,
And waste their sweetness on the desert air.'

Who that has ever seen the inimitable J. L. Toole in the character of Paul Pry, and did not recall the prince of the past century's comedians as our popular and gifted townsman, 'Torney' Kenny, took his seat in front of the bench to discharge temporarily the duties of his employer, Mr. Mixim, in the matrimonial agency bureau? If opportunities of this kind did not present themselves, who would dream that within the boyish physique of young Mr. Wilson lay pulsating for an outlet a splendid baritone voice that years and cultivation are certain to develop to a very high degree of vocalism; and so on with others." Perhaps they excel at drivel if they are ignorant of Irish in Longford. The choir of convent children of Longford went through some choruses. We have no doubt these little children, who, of course, are not responsible, and therefore are not to be blamed, are being brought up "classy." Perhaps one of them may blossom yet into a Cissie Loftus, who, we understand, is, or was, a British music-hall "artiste." A young lady sang "I've Waiting for You, Josie." Evidently a "coon" song. A man by the name of G. C. O'Callaghan "convulsed the house;" or should we, in deference to the British "tone" of Longford, say, "convulsed the ouse." O'Callaghan sang two Scotch lyrics—one of which was "Kiss Me Quick and Gang Awa'." We are sure the West British convent young ladies simpered and giggled in approved style during the singing of that Scotch lyric. One James Reilly, of Granard, sang, "Stars May Forget." Well, we hope they will both forget and forgive peomin Longford. This select entertainment for the purpose of aiding the Presbytery Fund wound up with a thing called "Mr. Mixim's Agency."

Ballinalee is in County Longford also, and there was a concert on January 12th at the local "saved" National School. We hear that a number of tame Papists went to the vulgar West British God-Save-the-King entertainment. All present, we hear, with the exception of two, rose when "God Save the King" was being played. A parson, Rev. C. Browne, sang "Good Old Jeff." One K. Edgeworth sang "Slattery's Mounted Fut." Amongst the Papists who attended was one M'Grath, a local Bung.

There was also a sort of Tommy Atkins' ball given at Longford recently, and sore and sorrowful were the hearts of the Catholic Seomini who were not invited. The issuing of the invitations was, we understand, in the hands of the wife of a local R.M. The Papist solicitors, we understand, were ignored, and the "saved" solicitors were invited. Notwithstanding the care taken in the issuing of invitations, some of those invited turned up not attired in conventional evening dress, and had to fall

back sadder if conventionally wiser men from the portals of Longford "Tone" and Tommy Atkins. Is it not pitiable to think that there are Seomini calling themselves Catholics, who are complaining—and complaining loudly, too—that they were not invited to this kick-up

The *Dust Bin*, the foul libeller of Canon M'Inerney, the paper that, in the drunkenness of its pride, stated that no Nationalist paper could exist but for "saved" advertisements, has nearly half a page of education advertisements in its issue of Saturday last. The only Catholic, or rather Cawtholic, school announcement we recognise is Clongowes College S.J. Clongowes College, in the *Dust Bin*, is where it ought to be. This is the miserable Tommy Atkins seminary, whose *Clongownian* puffed blacklegs, who entered Trinity College when the policy of the Catholic Hierarchy was that Catholics should not enter the place. It was in the annual of this Tommy Atkins College that a past cad, whose portrait adorned the publication, was permitted to flippantly boast that he broke a solemn fast of the Church by eating roast turkey on one Christmas Eve.

There was a slight inaccuracy in our note on the Virginian Creepers last week. We stated that the local Irish class was "conducted by a Bung on the premises of his bungery." It is true that the class is conducted by a Bung on his premises, but these particular premises are apart from the bungery; the place where the Irish class is conducted is a private house on the other side of the street. However, the reference to the Irish class was only indirectly connected with the concert of stage Irish and other buffoonery, in sympathy with which the Virginian Creepers wriggled with delight. Personally, we have no doubt that the conductor of the Irish class is a most estimable man; he has as much right to conduct an Irish class as anyone else, and is entitled to as much credit; and in the midst of the Virginian Creepers the carrying on of an Irish class can be no soft and easy work. Why are there not ten or twenty Irish classes in Virginia where they now grow creepers?

We are not aware that there was the slightest exaggeration in our reference to the vulgar entertainment itself; if anything, we understated the case. The Bung who sang the "comic" about sleeping in "the old back yard" also sang something about "under the old umbrella"—a sort of a kissing coon lyric. A little girl sang one of the very latest things, a lyric from the drivel-pantomime at the Dublin Gaiety Theatre, something about "Bluebell and shot and shell." A Mr. John Smith, from the parish of Kill, some eight miles from Virginia, sang something about a baby, and he illustrated his song by manœuvring a doll that he had in his arms; he also sang some trash about one "Biddy Magee." The young lady who sang "Paddy Murphy from Killaloe" was dressed up in a man's frieze overcoat and a "caubeen"; and she carried a "shillelagh" in her hand. Some of the Virginian Creepers are very much annoyed at being made fun of. Well they have only themselves to blame. If people will give these sort of entertainments at this period of the Irish Ireland movement in order to make Virginian Creepers laugh they have no reason to complain if we turn the laugh against themselves. Our note caused some merriment in Virginia of the creepers, and we hope its effect will be wholesome. We suspect the creepers will think twice before they organise another low and stage-Irish concert.

Mr. William Sheridan, of Drumlerry, is to be—by the time this note is published he probably has been—prosecuted at the Oldcastle (Co. Meath) very Petty Sessions for having his name and address in Irish only on a cart of his. Our readers remember the Bartley Hynes case when Policeman Hussey prosecuted, and they will look forward for particulars of the police prosecution of this terrible criminal, Mr. William Sheridan, who has staggered the conscience of West Britain by placing his Irish name and address, and his Irish name and address alone, on his cart. The prosecuting policeman, whoever he may be, deserves a testimonial.

Our references of last week to the forthcoming election of auditors for the Munster and Leinster Bank have, we hear, drawn from shareholders and customers who are not mere theoretical believers in the policy of Ireland for the Irish expressions of the most cordial approval. With satisfaction we learn that many of the shareholders are determined, by their votes and their proxies, to make clear to the directors what their feelings and wishes are concerning this matter, for they rightly consider that for an Irish bank, managed and officered by Irishmen, to go outside Ireland for its auditors is, in those days of Irish awakening, an anomaly too absurd to be permitted to continue. We hear that it is rumoured that efforts are being made to cajole certain of the more weak-kneed of the shareholders into not disturbing the *status quo*. If the preserving of the *status quo* is the only argument in favour of the retention of the British imported auditors, the case against those who take their stand upon the Irish platform is weak, indeed. Were this *status quo* position taken up generally, then farewell to revival in any department of Irish life. However, we have no doubt that the spirit at present animating some of the shareholders and customers of the bank is one that will not be easily extinguished. Should those who favour the Irish policy in this matter not accomplish their object this time, the effort will be renewed again, and, if necessary, again and again until a victory for Ireland is achieved. When the bank comes into line, in this matter of the auditing, with the spirit of the Irish Revival it need hardly be pointed out that its already great claims on the Irish public will be strengthened. The proposed change, it is well to point out, cannot for a moment be construed into a reflection on the management of the bank,—a management that deserves and receives the highest credit for the great success that has attended it. The Company Acts, very properly, provide that the appointment of auditors is one solely for the shareholders; the responsibility for it is theirs, and not the Board's. It is the duty of the auditors not to interfere with the management, but to audit and investigate the Accounts as presented by the directors. It would, therefore, be absurd and improper for the directors to—directly or indirectly—take part in, or use their influence in connection with, the appointment of auditors.

The syllabus of Dunleary Feis, which will be held on St. Patrick's Day, will be published in our next issue.

Our congratulations to Dr. McWalter, who, we hear, as we get ready for press, headed the poll in the North City Ward, Dublin. Dr. McWalter stuck to his guns at the Catholic Association when the bigots began to lie and rave, and the tame Papists shivered in their skins. The address from him to the electors that appeared in our last issue was an outspoken and manly one. Opposite the side heading "Catholic Association," he stated in that address:—"Whilst the influences of Freemasonry continue to have such effect in excluding Catholics from the better positions in Railways, Banks, and other Boards, I judge it a necessity to have some sort of a Catholic Association to defend their rights. If it is found possible to organise a new Association under more favourable auspices it shall command my humble service." And now he is at the head of the Poll.

There are many reasons for concluding that we have reached a period of reaction in favour of the Catholic cause of Tolerance, Justice and Fair Play, of which the LEADER has been, through fair weather and foul, the chief advocate in the press. We look upon Dr. McWalter's election as more than a signal and deserved compliment to his own worth; we look upon it as throwing a significant side light on the public attitude towards the fight for justice to Catholics which we have waged so doggedly and so long in spite of all kinds of discouragements.

CORRESPONDENCE.

RAILWAYS AND FISH.

A Mrs. Winifred O'Brien, fishbuyer, Arklow, was so enterprising as to place a special agent at Howth to supply orders for her. On Tuesday, 18th October last, her agent consigned at Howth 5 barrels of mackerel to a customer at Waterford. The fish were despatched, it is believed, by the 10.55 a.m. train from Howth on that day. They did not, however, reach Waterford till Thursday, the 20th October, and were then in an unsaleable condition, and had to be sold for manure. On a claim being sent to the Great Northern Railway Company as being the company by whom the fish were consigned, that company refused to pay the claim. Their goods manager, writing from Belfast under date 14th January, states that—"The fish got the ordinary goods train service from Howth to Waterford, but if your client wanted them delivered in Waterford on the 19th October (*i.e.*, the following day), she should have instructed her agent to forward them by passenger train. As Waterford is a station on the Great Southern and Western Railway, we did what was perfectly proper in handing over to the latter company at Dublin. I must therefore respectfully decline to entertain any claim in the matter."

We now have it officially that it takes two whole days to get fish from Howth to Waterford by the Great Southern and Western Railway's goods train. It would be interesting to know when the Waterford fish would have reached their destination if consigned by the Dublin and Wicklow Railway, which now runs to Waterford, and I invite the manager of that company to give us some information on the point.

The Great Northern Railway manager's suggestion that we should have consigned by passenger train is instructive. Railway companies always want fish sent by passenger train, at passenger rates, of course. But these passenger rates are so exorbitant that they leave the consignors no profit, and so kill trade.

From the return of the Board of Trade just published it appears that the take of fish in Scotland last year was seven and a half million hundredweights, while the take in Ireland was only a quarter of a million. Considering that the sea coast of Ireland is much larger than Scotland, the difference is startling. When we find, however, that the largest railway company in Ireland takes two days to carry fish a little over 100 miles, the alarming difference between the fishing return of Scotland and Ireland seems capable of explanation.

The question of the East Coast Fisheries is exercising the public mind at present, and we are promised legislation on the matter. Let us hope that something may be done to improve the so-called facilities of transit which we have at present, and enable buyers of commodities, such as fish, to put their wares on the market before they become unsaleable.

GEORGE F. FLEMING,
Solicitor..

Arklow, January 16, 1905.

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AS TEACHT I NGAR LEIS AN ÁDUBAR.

'Seupro é rin—cperdeamh an b'pácaim. Áit ar bit i b'pácaim luét an b'pácaim faill, nó "péacáin ip'ceac" ar don éor, tá a f'pácait ar an gceannatar rin go do-
glanta. Dúnaðar a gceartar duit de d'aoimib in a leictioib rin o' áiteacáib 'peaó peicpíde duit opéú gur cumar go an trionnaig asur an arail do bi in'p' ac uile éeann acú—cumar go do-péicpíde, do-dealúighe o' éeile. Na múinteoirí do feoladur na d'aoime reo, bí a gceirto acú, cia ar bit cia h-iaó féin. Ip' deacair go leor an f'pácaim asur an ceart do múnar do'n éinead d'aoimé, asur buó deacra ar paó 'ná rin, dar leat, peacáin asur fíor b'péige asur deap-
ainb'fíor do múnar o' inntinn ar bit do fuaip ciatl asur acfúinn na peapúnaéta amac ó oimead asur ó lámh an Uile-cúmaétaig. Buó cóir gur doilíg a d'éanaib, fíltea, aét má 'r cóir, ip' minic do rinnead é ar a fion rin. Aét dá mionca asur dá feabhar do rinnead amam ó éir é, ó éamie an doimán ar bun, do éurpinn féin geall ar muinntir an b'pácaim in a gair a d'áimie amam de múniteoirí b'péige le paobad asur le truailléad asur le dailad emró Ádubáin. Ní magad, naé iao d'fágaðar pian a gcuir oibre 'n a noiaró! Ip' léir atá an loig rin le peicpín ar d'aoimib an bit do éapla paor pmaét an b'pácaim. Shúir d'aoimib opéú, cluain asur orannatán in a éeile, an cluain nó an orannatán, do péir mar peic-
féar gur uain le n-a a gair é, nó naé ead; glicar asur cleapáét leam, fuaip, ionnta. Glicar ar pollur opéú go b'pail b'píó opéú ar, go d'péad de éionn gur glicar é, go d'péad mar gur mór an clú ar d'úine é, cáil an glicar do beir amuis air; deapóile éap, éuata, asur d'iogháil épónta náipe, gan loig dá lagad moéuighe goime ná gonta paor acmupán; cneámápeaét beagad lomnoéuighe, fíú—mar ip' eagal liom—i gceirdeamh asur i gceirde-
teacé, uair ar bit éapluigear ápac ar éadair 'gnóécan, nó deir ar b'pabac ar bit a baint amac ar a fion—nó ar a f'pá; asur b'píó opéú ar go fíoléir f'péirín—ar an gceamhápeaét—mar adubair éeana fuaip paor 'n glicar asur an gceacápeaét. Ní h-eaó go b'píllpíor ar a n-air 'n-a n- 'o'iompaipíú'; ní h-eaó; aét gur "o'iompaipí" iao i gceoi áipéir i gceomhároé, i nganpíor doib féin, asur, b'féir, ar éor éigín, o'a n-aimdeom féin, de d'ual na fola o'p' f'pápaðar, asur de f'ean-cleacéad inntinne asur moða pmaimé atá n-a d'apá d'úéur le paó ionnta—
asur rin f'péirín gan go leor loig ná comápea céad-d'úéur le d'apá paor deap in a éurdeacéa. Ní h-eaó, aét a oipead, naé gceirdeamh piao gur fíor-
gceoi d'úilpe iao féin, aét gur é a d'apáim asur a d'apáimail maidir leir an gceir—tuapim in uacéa, munab in a donar—gur éupó atá ionnta fíir puaip cáir na d'aoime, fíir d'opuigheacéa cáip asur 'éuile fíoré éadála o'n n- "gabáimint" asur ó na "mimbup" doib, fíir poimnte "beapíre" asur "cam-a-tíge" amac opéú, asur naé éupó fíir puaipá pánóiamáir Dá. Asur mo épuaig é an p'apáit nuad-
éagá, cia ar bit cia h-é féin, a gceirdeamh pé air, eirge—nó tuapim—go o'í an coérom rin! Do f'píor an fear deiró é i gceomhároé, go ngnoéuighe asur go peacé fíolpígíro Dia d'ó, asur mile amén! Go veimín ip' gnaé go mbuad é, gan loét é, an fear deiró. Má 'r mar leat do molaó, paig b'pá, nó paig ar an mbealac ar éuma éigín.

Aét dá d'onaét é an b'pácaim le n-a linn féin, asur in a bealac féin, ar a fion rin, buó p'géal neam-
p'apáac, coipac, p'glaipce é, náip féir go n-eirdeacé leir, ná go maipéad pé i b'pá. Asur le n-a cóir rin, níor éapbáin pé é féin aét i gceir-
deamhatar iap'cúitac ánpéo asur ánpíú. Asur cíó go d'apáinár pé doéar a d'óitín in'p' na h-áitea-
cáib rin—doéar go veimín beagad do-r'píoréa, mar adubair éeana, asur doéar é f'péirín do fíon asur do g'opuig an gceoi go mór, ar deiréad éap, mar in'péoiar mé 'mo d'iaró—ip' beag d'féad-

paó pé do d'éanaó, in a gair na teangán ar éuma ar bit, d'féacáin a d'péapad le adubáir nó d'ó naé é, aét go móríor le ceann amáin atá le cupi paor aigheap asur ar d'úir ánpéo anoir. Ceann é buó láir, lán-loéimáir; ceann buó p'acac b'píóimáir ann féin. Asur buó leor leir féin, gan éongamh ar bit ó b'pácaim ná ó an'píuic. Asur leigdear d'om a p'ad ap'ir ánpéo, asur rin go mbuile goa f'péirín, naé paor éirdeamh ná épábad na d'aoime ionnta féin atáim, ná paor beata p'uibléde na típe innte féin, aét a oipead, ná fíú paor don níó baineap go d'péad leo, ná le ceacéar acú; ip' é atá 'n-a f'pápaðar asur asur a b'píllim in a éionn, i. fíor-
adubáir na gceoi b'péirín f'páir lán-píuad p'ó éim an b'páir, mar do bí—nó mar atá?—do éur i gceill, asur rin go lom, d'úit, d'péad, an méro gur fíor-
adubáir é éuige rin.

Conn.



THE NEWEST LOYALISTS.

The New Loyalists are an unconsciously comical brigade. They stand for "The King's Most Excellent Majesty, the Lords and Commons of Ireland." The history of Ireland, according to the New Loyalists, the Green Hungarian Band, is, so far as constitutional claims are concerned, to commence in 1783, when the Protestant British Colonists in this country assembled in College Green, got an Act out of the British Parliament stating that only the *King* Lords and Commons of Ireland had power to make laws to bind *Ireland*—*Ireland* then, the Ireland that rises to the mind of the Irish Irlander, being outside the pale of law-making. It used to be a commonly accepted generalisation—we think we were the first to propound it, but we are not sure, and, in any case it does not matter much—that Anglicisation really set in in 1782, that the development of an English-speaking civilisation in Ireland really commenced at that epoch, and that at that period Irish civilisation was thrown by the roadside to expire whilst the new Irish nation attempted to march to victory within the genius of British civilisation. This epoch, according to the marching tune of the New Loyalists, "God Save the *King*, Lords and Commons of Ireland," is now to become the base of operations, if we may so express it, for the political national fight.

Things are getting a little mixed, we fear. It appears to us the new musicians have, in their loud brass importation from the near East, an instrument somewhat larger and more complex than, with all their lung power, they will find it convenient to blow. If we are to go back, why start at a period when the *King's* Most Excellent Majesty, the Lords and Commons of Ireland—that is the English colonial entity in Ireland—gained a victory over the mother entity, the *King*, Lords and Commons of England—both entities are foreign from the Irish point of view. Are we to be all British colonists in Ireland now, and take our stand with the successful British colonists of 1783? The New Loyalists—the God-Save-the-*King*-Lords-and-Commons party—will, let who may conduct the band, find it difficult to play in harmony. If you say, as we say, offer the *King* whenever he comes an address telling how we are wronged, and reciting our grievances, and if he does not like to receive such honest communications, let him do the other thing—if you say that the Green Hungarian Bandsmen lay down their imported instruments, and loudly shout traitor, coward, or some such strong words; when they have pulverised you with their mouths, they place the imported instruments from the near East to their lips, and their cheeks swell like semi-balloons to the tune of "God Save the *King*, Lords and Commons of Ireland." That sense of the humorous and of the ridiculous—the lack of which in Ireland we have so often deplored—is a long time coming. The New Loyalists are a comical lot—but unfortunately they do not appear to appreciate their value as comedians.

We have often made fun at the expense of what we might call the "let us" school of *rimeis*. Our readers know the school we refer to—those people who wisely advise "let us" do this, that, and the other. There is

a school somewhat resembling, and yet differentiated from, the "let us" school springing up now. We may call it the "when" school. Here is a sample of the "when" philosophy taken from a blower of the Green Hungarian imported instrument:—"Under more favourable circumstances the proper course of action would be that which Washington took, but since at present that course is impracticable, the only proper and dignified course for Ireland is to stand by the Legislative Independence she gained in 1783. The policy which saved Hungary from destruction, and placed her amongst the nations of the earth was suggested to Hungary by Ireland. It is the one policy which to-day can be of service to Ireland. *When* the spirit which animated the Hungarians is rekindled here, *when* British politics painted green cease to have interest or attraction for our people, *when* every mind shall think and plan, and every heart throb for Ireland alone, *when* the backs of all shall be turned on London's Parliament, and Dublin shall not merely be the nominal capital of Ireland which it is to-day, but the capital in every sense of the word—the sense in which Buda Pesth was the Hungarians' capital—then the revolution will be with us." The italics are ours. May we add a little effusion of our own to this new *raimeis*?—*When* the sky falls we will catch larks; *when* we are birds we can fly, and save tram fares; *when* we are fish we can live in the sea, and need pay no house rent; *when* the annual product of Ireland will be £500,000,000 a year Ireland will be, economically, a wealthy country; *when* we refuse to divide we will be united; *when* ———, but we had better stop. The "when" school offers endless possibilities for the orators of the New Loyalist Party. The "floor of the British House of Commons" and "the no far distant date" are mere nothings compared with the latent possibilities of the "when" style of new *raimeis*.

We see that "the rebels against the Irish Constitution of 1783" are to be weeded out of every public body in Ireland. In their new enthusiasm the New Loyalists, it would seem from this, will have no truck with what are usually called Extremists—people who want to snap the last link, and make Ireland completely independent. You are a rebel, according to the latest evangel, unless you stand by the Constitution gained by the British colonists of 1783—the *King*, Lords and Commons of Ireland. Now, as we have long ago said, we would snap the last link—if we could. Perhaps we are rebels at heart to the 1783 deal—the *King*, Lords and Commons of Ireland—and as such should be squelched. The farce thickens. An engagement between the Wolfe Tone Fife and Drums and the Green Hungarian Band should be expected at any time unless—like Boyle Roche's bird—they have discovered a way to be Old Rebels and New Loyalists at one and the same time. Is the tin pike man to repose peacefully at last by the side of the New Loyalists who inscribe on their standard—"God Save the King's Most Excellent Majesty, the Lords and Commons of Ireland?"

To avoid misunderstanding, let us say that we are not against the King, Lords and Commons of Ireland; we would take them to-morrow if we were offered them, and make the most of them, even though we do not see that the Lords would be anything but a drag and a nuisance, and the King would be a great distraction. Our view that the King should be addressed honestly when he comes here, that he should be told our grievances, and if he did not like to hear honest talk, that he could do the other thing, is a live policy—a policy meeting the living situation. We would say that we are willing to take the King, but we want justice; the New Loyalists are willing to take the King if they get the Lords and Commons. There is not any fundamental difference that we can see; both sides are willing to accept "loyalty" to the King. The only difference is that we prescribe for a living situation; the New Loyalists take up an absurd and palpable pose. They wake up after upwards of a century, and take their stand on 1783. The pose is altogether too palpable; the attitude too unreal. We stand for living reality; they fall back, or pretend to do so, on unreal pose. Standing on 1783 might have been real enough 100 years ago, but a century of acquiescence is a long

time; and it is incumbent on others besides blacksmiths to strike the iron while it is hot. The 1783 situation has had over a century to cool, and the blacksmiths who would strike it will derive little result from their labour. However, it is interesting to note that the Green Hungarian Band is now spancelled to the Wolfe Tone Fife and Drum Brigade. We watch and wait.



SPREADING THE NEWS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>Fitzcalumny</i>	} —West British Correspondents of the "Arry and 'Arriet," the "Enry 'Awkins," and other enlightened English papers.
<i>Hoguash</i>	
<i>Mudson</i>	
<i>Munchausen</i>	
and <i>Maresnest</i>	
<i>Two Catholic Gentlemen.</i>	
<i>Policemen, Sourfaces and Firemen.</i>	

SCENE I.—Outside 78a Rathmines Road.

Enter Fitzcalumny.

Fitz.—Ha! there's that horrid nest of conspirators. Oh, if a person could only know all the foul plots that are being hatched in that den of Popish inquisitors, what nice reading could be made out of it for "Arry and 'Arriet." What is the British Government doing that it don't suppress this mediæval institution. Good God! the lives and properties of loyal Protestant subjects are held terribly cheap by Dublin Castle when such a star chamber of Jesuitical priestcraft is allowed to hold its infernal councils with impunity on Rathmines Road. I declare the apathy and indifference of the Government over this Popish peril the Catholic Association, is enough to make one lose faith in stirring up the 'Enry 'Awkinses. However, while we have such uncompromising champions as Mr. James Hysterick, the Hunting Dog General, and Captain Wade-Blood, of the "White Innocent Lambs' Protection Association," I won't despair. Soft, here come two of the fanatical miscreants out of 78a, I must try and catch a word or two of their conversation if they speak English. But I am afraid such dangerous conspirators only speak some cabalistic, monkish dialect of the dark ages. However I will watch them, and gather something if only from their looks.

Enter two Catholic Gentlemen.

1st C. G.—The fight for justice, toleration and fair play is well on foot at last.

2nd C. G.—Yes, and no milk sop on our own side can hold us back.

Fitz. (aside)—I can't catch a word properly yet; but I think the Romish image worshippers are speaking English, not Latin.

1st C. G.—No fear. The movement will not be killed by bigots, or with stabs in the back.

Fitz. (aside)—Great God, they're going to kill the bigots with stabs in the back. Oh, monstrous villains.

2nd C. G.—The state of affairs under which Catholics can be insulted with a public notice to the effect that even the under-housemaid at the Vice-regal Lodge must be "Saved" must die.

Fitz. (aside)—Heavenly powers, they're going to murder the poor under-housemaid at the Vice-regal Lodge. She must die. Oh, bloody-minded Romish wretches.

1st C. G.—In any other country such a state of affairs couldn't exist for a moment. The people would go afire with indignation.

Fitz. (aside)—What's that I hear? A fire! Flaming fagots, they must be going to set fire to all the Protestant institutions throughout the country. The ferocious and dark-souled Calibans, to think of burning out all the poor Orangemen and Freemasons, and all the poor souper missionaries who are doing such good work proselytising the priest-ridden Papists, and civilizing the savage, superstitious mere Irish. Oh, Popery, for your life. When Popery is laid bare, nothing is found underneath, but blood and fire and persecution.

2nd C. G.—Oh, I am almost sure that no Catholic will flag this time.

Fitz. (aside)—Ha, the Catholic flag, the Papal flag. Oh, I see it all as plain as Mike McCarthy's book. When they have murdered the bigots, killed the under-housemaid at the Vice-regal Lodge, and made smoking ruins of the all Protestant institutions throughout the country, they're going to plant the Papal flag on Dublin Castle. Heavens and earth, what a murderous, Jesuitical plotter is that Sir Anthony McDonnell.

1st C. G.—Indeed, you may make your mind easy over that. Tony Traill and his mob would soon tone down.

Exeunt C. G.

Fitz.—Heavens above, hear that. Tony Traill is to be mobbed, thrown down, and, of course, murdered, and the Papal flag planted over the burning cinders. Great saints of Sandy Row, there's a plot. Look at these two Machiavellis walking along, and smiling among innocent "Saved" people who never suspect the black murder that's brewing in their hearts. Oh, what a pandemonium of miscreant monsters is that Catholic Association.

Enter Hogwash.

Hog.—Who said Catholic Association, who spoke of the black peril. Ah, Fitz., is that you. What's up? You look like a fellow who has got some terrible economic shock.

Fitz.—Oh, Hogwash, eyes cannot see, ears cannot hear, mind cannot conceive, nor can it enter into the heart of a loyal "Saved" Sourface what I have just heard.

Hog.—What mysterious and awful thing have you heard on Rathmines Road?

Fitz.—Rathmines Road you call it. Oh, no. Rathmines Road it used to be. Rathmines Road the decent promenade of respectable "Saved" Johnnies. But now, Hogwash, it is no longer Rathmines Road.

Hog.—What is it then?

Fitz.—It is the road to mediæval Rome. It is the thoroughfare to the Spanish inquisition.

Hog.—Saintly Sourfaces, I see. 78a has unmasked its batteries.

Fitz.—It has and the whole city and country are to be painted red.

Hog.—What's the blind, brutal and bloody programme?

Fitz.—The bigots are all to be stabbed in the back. Tony Traill and the under-housemaid at the Vice-regal Lodge are to be murdered.

Hog.—Fury and Freemasons!

Fitz.—And all the "Saved" and souper halls, lodges, bird's nests and proselytising ragged schools are to be burned up like Sodom and Gomorrah.

Hog.—Great Ardilaun.

Fitz.—And the Papal flag is to float over Dublin Castle, the Vice-regal Lodge, the Custom House steps in Belfast, and flag-staff of the Curragh Camp.

Hog.—Sacred bigots, West Britain is on the brink of being turned into another Italy with Dublin as Rome and Belfast as the second city in the Western Italian Popish empire. Holy horrors, we must try to avert the catastrophe.

Enter Mudson.

Mud.—Ah, Fitz and Hogwash, I see you are reconnoitring the enemy's position. You both look as if you had seen the evil genius of the place.

Fitz.—Oh, Mudson, Mudson, we're standing upon a Russian mine of Popery.

Hog.—Oh, Mudson, Mudson, the bigots are all to be stabbed with stilettos.

Mud.—Parochial powers.

Fitz.—The under-housemaid at the Vice-regal Lodge is to be put out of the way by an Italian poisoner.

Mud.—Mighty Mahaffy, protect us.

Hog.—And poor Tony Traill is to be mobbed and run down by Spanish desperadoes and bull-fighters armed with Toledo blades.

Mud.—Oh, the murderous villians, the bloody wretches.

Enter Munchausen and Maresnest.

Mun.—Where's the murder?

Mares.—Where's the blood?

Mud.—Not spilt yet but it soon will be. The Catholic Association here has got over an army of Italian bandits and Spanish anarchists, and they're going to run amuck and make a holocaust of the "Saved," beginning with Tony Traill and all the kitchen hands at the Vice-regal Lodge.

Mun.—Great Saved, succour us.

Mares.—Great Scotties, deliver us.

Fitz.—They're to burn the Rathmines Town Hall.

Hog.—And blast up the Christian Union Buildings with dynamite. Then they'll plant the Papal flag—

Mud.—Yes, a whole cargo of Papal flags has arrived at the North Wall.

Mun.—Waste no more time talking, but let us spread the news. Heavenly howling street preachers, I fancy I can hear the death shrieks adready.

Mare.—My eyes deceive me, or else I see blood and fire.

Exeunt all howling blood, Popery, fire and fagots.

(SCENE II.—Next Week).

A.M.W.

FATHER DINNEEN'S IRISH DICTIONARY.

I HAVE looked over this work very closely, and it is a genuine pleasure to me to be able to say of it that it must reflect undying credit on the author. I have seen some notices of it which, though all more or less favourable, were all as lacking in that justice which cries out to be given where it is due. To say that the book is not free from defects, is only to say that it is not a miracle—a foolishly superfluous piece of information, which, however, might as well be *meant* as a slur, for the damper it is fitted to cast on many who, from old familiarity with disappointment in that matter, are but too apt to despair of ever seeing a good Irish dictionary. Viewed in itself, the book has, to be sure, defects, and, indeed, full many of them; but that is for a reason for which Father Dinneen was in no wise accountable, for the reason, that is, that great numbers of defects were simply inevitable in the circumstances. But taking the work as Father Dinneen had to take it, in its enormous and unspeakable difficulties—the only point of view from which it is possible to be just to it—it has no defects, for it rises high above the level of perfection—any perfection which could have been rationally looked for. It is a delightful book simply as it stands, were it never—*mu nár leigro díu*—to be improved a jot. Where does it land us, in comparison with where we were but yesterday? Why, quite a half-century in advance. Were all the modern Irish vocabularies, save itself, to be swept out of existence to-morrow, itself would far more than supply their place, with the additional advantage of being one book, not a score, or a hundred. To collect all those words, and arrange them alphabetically, and treat every one of them grammatically; in thousands of cases to have to decide which of the various grammatical—dialectical—treatments confronting him, he should adopt; all this was, in itself, a very forest primeval of difficulty, and a very dense and tangled forest at that. Then there were the many and various lists of words got in for the first time from the various Irish-speaking districts, each list with its own claims to excellence, and these, doubtless, with zeal for its province or county or parish, very pronouncedly and importunately urged with the editor; and what on earth was to be done? And to add still more desperately to Father Dinneen's work, as well as to thicken for others the difficulty of hoping for a satisfactory book, it is, I believe, a fact that Father Dinneen is himself intensely provincial. And it is well he is so. That man is not to be trusted to love his country much who does not feel an involuntary and indestructible preference for the scenes of his childhood above every other spot, either in his own country or elsewhere over the face of the earth. This is the very germ of patriotism, however it may be later on abused, or have its generous current frozen into crabbed rigidity and fixity. With every deference to better judgments, in mine, Father Dinneen's

work is surprisingly free from any traces of a stunted provincial spirit; and on this he is to be emphatically complimented, for it is only those who have felt it that can know what a difficulty it is to even wish to endeavour to be fair and broad-minded to all hands, when it comes to choosing between your own and your neighbour's variety of Irish, and the settling in your hands. To be sure, the bracket (Munster), and especially that of his native Kerry, is well and frequently in evidence. But why not? If Kerry can give us a good word, or a keen, shrewd observation, or a wise old proverb, wittily worded, which we had not already, why should not Kerry give it to us? "Because the editor is a Kerryman," were, surely, a very beggarly, as well as imbecile reason. Having, as I said, very carefully and closely looked down the columns of the dictionary, I must confess that every time I have laid it down, it was with a feeling of amazement at how replete it was with words and phrases and sayings from the other provinces, and from the various counties and districts of Irish Ireland, wherever it is to be found. I have seen some demurrings in a Western paper, to some omissions of words alleged to have been sent on to Father Dinneen. These complaints may, of course, be just enough, in the sense that what is complained of may be a fact; but they are hardly generous, not only, or not to say, to the editor, but even—to the West. It is not at all generous, for it is highly unjust to the West, to say that which, though, perhaps true enough in itself, is unnecessary to be said for the discerning, who will see it for themselves, and which can do no good, but very likely harm to the rest; which is fitted to give the multitude the very little grounds that are always amply sufficient for it to found its false impression on, to its own loss; the false impression apt to arise in the present instance being that Father Dinneen's dictionary must be wholly worthless to a Western, and so not to be bought, and so a most grievous delusion and loss to the Western, and this on the absurdly inadequate ground that some Connacht words are actually absent from the columns of what is, in reality, a huge dictionary. For my own part, I simply cannot look at the book in the light of what is *not* in it, I am so astonished at all that *is*. The book seems small, because the print, though comfortably clear and legible, is small enough to allow a great deal of matter to fit in a compass which print a little larger would make into a book three times the size, and ten times the imposingness and show of importance. But if anyone regards the dictionary, as it stands, as a diminutive piece of work, let him turn to run down one of the letters—say, S—in its columns; and be he never so laborious a student, if he finishes the letter at one sitting, having well considered of every word, I'll guarantee that he will find himself rather disposed to consult the fresh air.

Coming to the book in itself, I make bold to think some suggestions might be offered with a view to future editions. Out of many others, I would call attention for the present to these few following points:—

1. There is a total absence of any attempt at grouping synonyms. This is a very great disadvantage, but, of course, I am quite alive to the amount of time and labour it would have demanded. For purposes of reference and consultation, however, it must always stand as a vital feature of a lexicon, and it is surely to be hoped that Father Dinneen will yet find time and opportunity to turn some of his attention to it—the rather, indeed, as Irish is a language abounding in synonyms and synonymous phrases, never a one of which is idle, but fraught with its own shade of force and purport.

2. In grouping variants under a word, instead of putting them in the column, in the wonted way, in their alphabetical order, he makes the book liable to be set down as not having those variants at all, whereas they are there, but not out in the column, as they had better be. In fact I know of cases where he has been accused of not having the word at all, and where I afterwards found—but only through the accident of close and almost exhaustive perusal—that he had it, but not out in the

column, in its alphabetical place. This happens too, sometimes, when it is not a variant (and therefore has not even the chance of being alphabetically close to its co-variant), but a synonym.

3. There are some words absent, whose absence it is not easy to account for, as they are to be found in books which Father Dinneen must have read, and even in compiled vocabularies which it is clear he has consulted.

4. There are some words which, though having plain, familiar meanings, are themselves not familiar, and to which, nevertheless, no context is supplied which might give security for their genuineness. This, no doubt, is for want of space as well as of time, and we may, for certain, hope it will later on be remedied; but, in the meantime, it will forbid any wise writer to feel justified in making any use of such words, let them in reality be never so genuine.

5. In common with all the editors that have edited anything Irish since Dr. Atkinson's edition of the *Γῆν Ὀρθόδοξον* *ἡν ὁ Ἄγιος* appeared, Father Dinneen has an evident tendency to adopt Dr. Atkinson's treatment of any given word, without question. This is very absurd, as I have had occasion, once upon a time, to prove publicly. Within the 500 pages, or thereabouts, of that book, I am certain I could bring home 500 errors to the doctor, nearly all of them errors arising out of unacquaintance with the spoken language, and out of consequent—inevitably consequent—want of insight into a difficulty turning up, here or there, in the literature. Such an editor is, of course, an absurdly unsafe guide, especially for a lexicographer of the modern language, to follow without unflagging caution, and I am just a little surprised at Father Dinneen's seeming not to have seen this, or not to have kept it steadily in view. I have not time, and there is not very much need, to give here more than one instance of what I mean. The word, *σοι-φρεαταί*, Dr. Atkinson translates—"unserviceable, destructive." Father Dinneen follows him implicitly, and translates it likewise—"unserviceable, destructive." Both these words are not only wrong, but impossible translations of the Irish word. The genuine meaning of *φρεαταί* is—to minister to; to attend to; to be in waiting on, in attendance on; to look to; to be in presence and readiness to a given need, or occasion; in a word, to attend to—anything, in any way. For instance, to attend to and watch a threatening danger, or accident. A badly-built cart of hay, for example, which is bound to scatter, if not sharply watched, may come safe to haggard with nice care (*φρεαταί*). Now, a situation may arise which cannot be ministered unto, like the "mind diseased." That situation is *σοι-φρεαταί*. "My mind she has *mated*," says the doctor. There is no word in English that comes nearer to bringing out the very marrow of the meaning of *σοι-φρεαταί* than this "*mated*." "Her condition," the doctor means, "mocks my skill—renders the efforts of my art nugatory and abortive—it is beyond my practice—it is clean *σοι-φρεαταί*, as far as my ministrings are concerned." All this will be very plain to the intuition of anyone with an Irish-speaking instinct. But, to make it plain to all who may care to look into it, let me just give this bit of context which brings out its force very happily:—

Ἡ δὲ λεγόμενα ὅραον ἀνάνη πό λῆν τε 'ν φιλ ἡόρτουαί
 πο . . . ἀέτ ἡ γνῶσις σο-όεαντα ὁλοῖς φρεαταί
 τόσῳλα σο ἑαβαίτε σί, τε ὅρις . . . συμ-φιλ ὁρίοτε
 τε uite ball σ' ἄ ὁτομν.

The weeping—of the Bloody Sweat—was so copious that the task of managing that not a drop of it should reach the ground—were such a task to be piously attempted—would *mate* the effort; would prove *σοι-φρεαταί*. Keating has this word applied as an epithet of the deluge. Dr. Atkinson did not understand the word; but he knew that it had something to do with "service," and having *σο* in its beginning, he concluded it must mean something with an idea the reverse of "service," and so he rendered it "unserviceable." He did not wait to think, or rather he was incapable of thinking—not being

native to the Irish word—that “unservable,” “incapable of being served, or attended to,” “*mating* and mocking all attention”—and so, when an attack, or onslaught, or danger like the deluge, “over-powering,” “overwhelming”—had been very much a shrewder guess, if guessing must be the order, as it had so frequently to be with that professor of all the philologies. But then he, the doctor, had just enough sense of literature and of the ludicrous withal, to see that “unserviceable” would make but a feeble epithet for such a mighty demonstration of destructive Omnipotence as the deluge. “The deluge,” he reflected, “was surely a little worse than ‘unserviceable’—that cannot be the meaning of *τοι-ῥεαρται* here. The deluge was, if anything else thinkable, destructive—whether universal or partial, let that go; it was nothing if not destructive—and so this *τοι-ῥεαρται*, the epithet of the deluge here, simply *must* mean destructive.” False and hollow reasoning! Destructive was, indeed, the deluge, but reason thence that any epithet of it must mean destructive, and I can put any adjective in any language to it, and such epithet is at once compelled thereby to mean *destructive*, and so was *τοι-ῥεαρται* compelled by Dr. Atkinson.

From which one solitary example it may be seen how very much more troublesome is the correcting of an error, and frequently, too, how very much more thankless, than the perpetrating it; whereby hangs many a tale, and has hung in all the ages. I have once had to say, as already hinted above, that to point out all the errors Dr. Atkinson was guilty of in that book where he is relied on and followed so implicitly by other editors—that to point out all those, and prove them errors, would make a book far bigger than Dr. Atkinson’s own. Look into this one solitary example I have here given, and remembering it is only one out of at least 500, and think whether it is likely I exaggerate. I give only one, just because there could be no possible purpose served in a brief review like this by giving any more, and to make it clear to Father Dinneen, or to whom else it may concern, that it will be wiser to forego the guidance of Dr. Atkinson in modern Irish.

A most useful and excellent feature of the dictionary is the fulness of the paradigms of the irregular verbs at the end of it. The most practised veteran will sometimes take a run there when his memory is weary. In fine, errors there are in the book, defects, omissions, and various other shortcomings there are; but these are all sure to right themselves with time, and when all is said that may be said against it, it remains, and cannot be blotted out, that Father Dinneen has successfully achieved a gigantic task in a wonderfully short allowance of time. Whoever may turn up in the future to bring Irish lexicography to its perfection, Father Dinneen has gone before, and gone far to fuse into something like system and order the crude embryos of a dismal chaos which, as we all know, was “the mere despair” of the student any day these twenty years. As a Connacht man, I have very great pleasure, indeed, in tendering to Father Dinneen my respectful and grateful congratulations.

JOHN M. O’REILLY, C.C.

CHARLES E. MARTIN ON THE UNIVERSITY QUESTION.

SIR—You kindly published a letter from me the week before last on Mr. John Sweetman’s letter. In that letter of mine I took him as the type of a genuine and consistent Catholic; and nobody can put him off as a pliable or weak-minded man. I now make bold to bring under your notice another type of Catholic.

In the *Irish Times*, of January 9th, a manifesto appeared from a number of Irish Catholic laymen on University reform in Ireland. The only name which appears is that of a Mr. Charles E. Martin, D.L.—Is he the same who wrote the letter on the Catholic Association? I am inclined to suspect that he is, from the similarity between the looseness of both productions, the one which he pro-

duced himself and this one over whose production he presided.

I am to make no remark on the purpose of this Catholic Committee, or how many in Ireland they represent besides themselves. I only want to point out what kind of mettle there is in Mr. Charles E. Martin and his friends, judging from their manifesto.

The manifesto is written to point out the inconsistency of those who opposed the plan of University settlement which they proposed in 1902. That opposition, they say, arose from “the belief that it would put an end to an existing lay control over the higher branches of education of lay Catholics, and substitute for it a practically absolute clerical control.” In reply they say that not they, the manifesto writers, but those who opposed their plan, help to retain clerical control. For, they say, there is no case of substituting clerical for lay control, since clerical control is the actual order of the day; but they say that we proposed our plan to do away with that; because, given the plan we proposed, we will create a body of lay teachers who will put an end to clerical control in Irish Catholic education; but, things remaining as they are, clerical control will stay as it exists now, absolute and ubiquitous.

I think they would command more respect with those whom they seek to propitiate if they spent the time they waste on this pure “blarney” on fighting their rights on independent Catholic grounds. Not one, I can hardly think, of those whom they want to propitiate will believe in the alleged purpose of their plan or their manifesto. If I were of those opponents whom they seek to convince, this is how I would think of their manifesto:—Those gentlemen cannot be trusted; why, they seem to have no principle at all; they are neither with us, nor are they with their own; they are Papists at heart, but they want to conceal it. And this is the reason I would give myself; because their manifesto is not true to the principles they should as Catholics hold; it is not true even to itself.

They say “we are strongly opposed to the secularisation of schools.” Then they refer to their plan of settlement, and they say of it—“It did not suggest a Catholic University; it did not suggest a denominational College, unless Trinity College can be called denominational, a character which its defenders repudiate. It sought to add another College to the University of Dublin, but this College was to be absolutely free from tests—Catholics and non-Catholics were alike to be admissible to its studies, honours, and administration. The clergy were to have no representation *de jure* on the governing body, and such representation as they might have *de facto* was to be strictly limited.” And they add that this plan “ought at least to have been free from the charge of being calculated to consolidate or increase clerical control over education.” Indeed, yes; it would be strange to make such a charge against such a plan. But do these men think that those whom they wish to propitiate will believe that their declaration is more than “blarney,” if they write as Catholics. Their plan is:—A College coupled with Trinity College under the University of Dublin. Those who control that as to teaching and administration, as well as those who make their studies in it, might be Catholics, Protestants, infidels, “Turks, Jews, or Atheists”—all will have equal rights and an equal run there. Now, as a plain man, I ask why do they want such a College at all? Why waste money on it? The Queen’s Colleges afford everything which this precious plan of theirs proposed. If the plan be acceptable to Catholics, what on earth have Catholics been annoying the public for about their University grievances? I suppose they mean to have a Catholic chapel in it, and Mass, and Catholic devotions. Why, the authorities of Trinity College will allow all that in the morning, and will be glad to give it. How, in the name of reason, can that be in any way specially Catholic in which men of all religions or of none at all are to enjoy common advantages of control and honours? If I were

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a non-Catholic I would take the authors of that manifesto to be either dodgers or duffers. Why not honestly say, "We hereby resolve that Trinity College as it stands is quite suitable for Catholics as a place of education, and we think that Catholics should freely enter it and make their way there like everybody else; and we propose this as a final and satisfactory settlement of the University Question." If they sent forth a manifesto in such terms, non-Catholics would take them for dolts—and they would take them for what they are. But the manifesto they issue leaves it doubtful whether they are dolts, or only clumsy dodgers.

I have said that according to their plan all are to enjoy equal rights; that is, I presume, all get positions of authority and honour by academic merit. But there is one exception. One class are to be penalized, and they are those exactly of whom they say in the manifesto "we Catholics gratefully recognise the important services in the matter of education rendered by the clergy." Now, according to their plan of a University suitable to Catholics, the bishops and priests are the only class who are to be penalized, refused the rights which are to be equally shared by Catholics and Protestants, Protestant clergy and laity, agnostics, atheists, and all other sorts and conditions of men. For, according to the manifesto they are not *as such* to have any representative on the governing body of the new University or College; for all positions are to go by election, co-option, or academic merit. That is not so bad. If positions depended on that method, bishops or priests would be on an equal footing with the Protestant and the agnostic, and if by academic merit or by election they happened to secure a large number of positions there would be nothing in their way, no more than in the case of the Protestant or the agnostic. But a bar is put on such a possible contingency with regard to Catholic bishops and priests, *and with regard to them only*; for, "such representation as they might have *de facto* was to be strictly limited." A certain limit is to be fixed by this precious plan, and neither election nor academic merit can put a greater number of Catholic ecclesiastics than that, in positions of control in this new University suitable for Catholics!

New, speaking, not as a Catholic, Protestant, or atheist, but as a man of plain common sense, I doubt if it would be possible for a number of men, outside the imbecile ward of a workhouse, to produce a document of more unmitigated trash. If they proposed to secularize education completely, their plan would be intelligible, if not acceptable to Catholics. But their precious plan "is neither fish, nor flesh, nor a good red-herring." And I suppose that some of those who wrote that manifesto are intelligent men. But see the result of trying to mix oil and water; to fight shy of principle whatever that principle may be; to show themselves afraid to be Protestants and ashamed to be Catholics. They are bound to meet the fate of the old man and his ass. I wonder was it Charles E. Martin drafted the manifesto.

A CATHOLIC.

CANON SHEEHAN'S BOOK OF STORIES.*

FEW people who read "A Spoilt Priest" will turn from it without a feeling of disappointment; and the reason is simply this—that the book is not "A Spoilt Priest," but a collection of stories of which "A Spoilt Priest" is only one. Had Canon Sheehan chosen to write a novel upon such a subject, we may be sure it would have been a success. There are few expressions in use in Ireland that have enshrined in them such a tale of sadness as those three simple words, words that have proved the ruin of many a young life, and when it was announced that the clerical novelist of Ireland was about to deal with this theme, men expected a great deal. For there was no other writer so well fitted, both by his experience and temperament, to set forth such a story.

We looked for a counterpart to the two stories of clerical careers so well described in "My New Curate" and "Luke Delmege." For all this we find but a poor substitute in the work now submitted to us—a collection of short stories that differs little from a Christmas Number save in having fewer pictures.

When Poe devised the short story as a form of literature, he certainly did humanity a very questionable service. Though there is now and again a good short story written, yet the tendency towards a style of composition, that suppresses everything save plot, is certainly not for the benefit either of literature or of thought. There are few people whose intellects are more stunted than the habitual readers of short stories, that class of person who regard even a novel as a nuisance, and are content to derive their whole knowledge of history, morals, and life from the large print and half-tone illustrations of a 6d. magazine; and there is likewise no country that has suffered so much from this plague of short stories as Ireland. The potato of literature—it is a cheap, though not a delicate food, filling though not sustaining; it is easy to grow, and may be produced profitably under conditions when any other crop would spell ruin; and certainly the short story has thrived amazingly on Irish soil, almost to the exclusion of every other form of culture. An unhappy land beset by Strands, Harmsworths, Pearsons, Munseys, etc., not to speak of native "Shamrocks" and the like, cannot but look askance when it sees one of its best writers degenerating in the same direction.

The stories in this book fall into three classes. To the first belong "A Spoilt Priest," "The Monks of Trabolgan," and "Remanded." These three stories dealt with Ireland, and they have all got something original in them. They each contain some of Father Sheehan's characteristically good work, some of that literary photography in which he is especially skilled, while in "A Spoilt Priest" and "Remanded" we breathe a strong and true Irish atmosphere. Then we have two stories of a very degraded type—"A Thorough Gentleman" and "Rita, the Street-Singer," are 6d. Magazine out and out. Their conventional incidents might have been devised by "Max Pemberton" or "Guy Boothby," and the effort to give them an Irish and clerical setting is only a very transparent expedient. Finally, we come to "How the Angel Became Happy," "Frank Forest's Mice-Pie," and "Topsy," tales which, in a book of this nature, seem extremely puerile, as is, perhaps, only natural, seeing that they were originally intended for children.

"A Spoilt Priest," which is only a story of twenty-six pages, tells how a young student of great ability at Maynooth is somewhat unaccountably debarred from the priesthood—a period of prosperous agnosticism as a doctor in America follows, but he is at last won back to Christian ideas by the devotion of another priest whom he had known and been kind to as a child. He closes a chequered career in the Certosa at Florence, where he receives at last those orders, from which he had been shut out. The story is told with a great deal of feeling and poignancy. "Remanded" is a story of a priest in the '98 period, and it recreates the atmosphere of the time very skilfully. The tale is of a false charge brought against the priest, and the deep emotion of his parishioners. The story is told by an old man. There is, perhaps, a little too much superstition in the relation when viewed from the critical standpoint, but this will be no defect in the eyes of the reader. Father Sheehan has well avoided the innumerable pitfalls, which beset the writer who attempts to treat of an over-written period.

The "Monks of Trabolgan" is the most original and ambitious story in the book. It is a tale of the future, and creates for us a new and strange monastic order—a sort of brotherhood of culture, who establish themselves on the coast of Cork. The indiscretion of Brother Felix and the envy of their enemies lead to their expulsion from Ireland. A literary critic of nice discernment, now

* "A Spoilt Priest," by the Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D.D. M. H. Gill & Son.

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dead, once observed to me that Father Sheehan's great shortcoming as a writer was a defective imagination. His descriptions of what he has seen are definite and life-like, but the creations of his imagination are inconsistent and do not hang together. And this story is a good example.

It is a strange medley, and, judged by the standard of reality, it scans almost as badly as the Abbot's verse. We have something of mediæval Europe, a great deal of modern France, and the whole is set in the framework of an Ireland that is yet to be. Many of the individual descriptions in the story are very beautiful; it is all interesting and original; but one finishes it with a strong sense of dissatisfaction and unreality, with a feeling that the romancist has put before us, not merely that which has not existed, or does not exist, but also that which never will, and from its own inconsistencies never can.

"A Thorough Gentleman" is the old tale of the reduced and hungry aristocrat who succeeds in dining at someone else's expense. "Rita, the Street-Singer," is still worse. Italian child, family jealousy, famous singer, woman dying in hospital—how well the jaded reader knows those properties, which are almost as familiar as the ghost in the blue chamber. They were certainly not invented in Doneraile. As to the other stories, there is not much to say. "How the Angel Became Happy" seems to convey the rather questionable moral that the best thing to do in life is to die in early childhood. The book, as whole, shows very clearly what Canon Sheehan can do, and likewise what he is quite unable to do. He can describe with truth, beauty, and feeling, and not without humour, Irish life as seen from the point of view of the Irish priest. But he has no capacity for voyaging to distant shores, whether they are those of foreign lands or of the realms of imagination. Neither is he capable of engaging in sixpenny combat with W. W. Jacob and Conan Doyle.

CHANEL.

SIR HORACE PLUNKETT'S BOOK.

SIR HORACE'S CRITICISM OF RELIGIOUS CONGREGATIONS
CRITICISED.

MY position then is that religious communities who do no work for the public benefit have no claim on public support; for, if persons, men and women, think well of retiring from the outside world to such a community for the purpose of practising the Evangelical counsels, that is their own concern only, and they have no right to expect the outside world which they renounced to bear the burden of their maintenance. But if they maintain themselves, those who may not approve of the life they have chosen, have no right to question their choice.

But the vast majority of religious communities in Ireland do not follow the contemplative life; they follow either the mixed or the active life. I propose to consider chiefly religious communities of women; because, though critics assume the task of criticising them at will, they cannot defend themselves; besides, I will have something to say later on about religious communities of men.

Nuns do various works. Some are engaged in nursing; and of these some undertake private nursing, and some undertake the work in public institutions. Some devote their lives to teaching; and of these, some have private schools, and some teach in public schools as under the National Board. Some devote their lives to Orphanages and to Penitentiaries; and so on. Now, with regard to those who undertake the work of private nursing or of teaching private schools, I hold that they have no claim on anyone except on those for whose benefit they teach or nurse; and their being members of a religious community gives them no right to public support. If a few young ladies join in establishing a private hospital or a private school, they acquire no claim to public support unless in so far as they earn it, and if they were to form themselves into a permanent community by making religious vows under the sanction of Ecclesiastical authority, no superadded claim upon the public would come with their vows and change of life. Neither, on the other hand, would they forfeit by their religious life any rights which they had before,

unless in so far as they willingly had vowed them away. The rest remain as untouched as if they had never made a religious vow.

A young lady has as inalienable a right to enter a Convent as she has to live with her family or to get married; and when she has exercised that right she continues to own, in face of the public, every civil right to teach or nurse, or to occupy herself with any civil functions, which she had before. She may not exercise those only which are not permitted by the rules of the community of which she voluntarily became a member. I have heard the foolish question asked—What if all ladies became nuns? To which the answer is easy: there is no fear. Those who think the life of nuns a life of ease and uselessness will soon learn better, and will leave when their temper has been tested and their character sifted by a few months' noviciate. Let those who doubt it only try, and their doubt will soon become a certainty.

The critics of Convents have curious consciences. Let a lady get married, or remain single for life; let her spend her days sporting in the hunting field, or dawdling in a drawing room; let her go gambling to Monte Carlo and lose as much money in a day as would keep a whole convent for a century; let her join the society founded by Madam Blavatsky and become a Mahatma, or that founded by Mrs. Eddie, and become a Christian scientist, or spend her life searching for spooks; let her join a proselytising society which proceeds with unlimited funds to sow the seed of the Word in the Aran Isles and be called "sister;" let her do as she likes, and no word of reproach is ever spoken or written against her. But let her use her imprescriptible right to lead a life of celibacy, penance, and prayer in a Convent; let her join the society founded by Catherine Macauley, Nano Nagle, or Mary Aikenhead, and she is at once "immured," doomed to a dungeon; the piety of Protestantism is plentifully poured out in recriminations and in crocodile tears for the Evangelical light that has been quenched and for the civil liberty which has been torn from her. The "economic sense" is shocked for the reason that the Convent which she has entered is one of those upas trees which poisons the public, paralyses the spirit of national industrialism—an octopod that gathers into itself the wealth of the country, but, being of the "unproductive class," does not contribute in any way towards the upkeep or the prosperity of the nation on which it preys.

Now, what is a community of nuns who nurse or teach but a society of ladies devoted to either work? The difference between them and other ladies who may associate in the work of nursing or teaching is that the primary purpose of the latter is to make a living, and the prime motive of the former is to sanctify themselves. But the primary object of either should have no concern for me or for anyone else if they give capable and assiduous care to the patients, and if they educate well the pupils committed to their care. Nuns who are engaged in such works make their own arrangements with their clients, and it is to be assumed that those who patronize them for either work understand what suits themselves as well as others can teach them. At any rate, their own judgment is their own business, and if they choose to turn their patronage elsewhere they are quite free to do so. I have known several non-Catholic parents in England who placed their daughters in Convent schools; many send their daughters to Convents in France, Belgium, and Germany; and the same happens frequently in America. If these parents did not think they would get good educational value for their money at those Convents, there is nothing to keep them from looking for better elsewhere. And confining our consideration to Ireland, Convent schools, like other schools, of course differ in efficiency; but comparing them grade for grade with the best and the mediocre schools taught by non-Catholic ladies, I think that they educate better than these. If anyone tell me I am mistaken, I will want to know where I am to find superior results from secular institutions. I know Catholic ladies engaged in teaching to whom I would entrust the training of girls as readily as to any Convent; but I think that the cases are

exceptional, taking into account the prime motive which nuns have in their work, and the strict discipline under which their rules and Rev. Mothers constantly keep them.

During the past few years the education of girls has taken a more practical turn. A training in domestic economy, as the ideal of a girl's education, is supplanting the æsthetic refinements of the past. I think that the practical formation of a housekeeper has been too much neglected in the education of girls, and I have no disposition to shield our convent schools from their share of the defect. In this neglect they yielded chiefly to the wishes of parents who, influenced by the spirit which prevailed amongst their "betters," would have practical training give way to the ornamental accomplishments of their daughters; and the disposition which would have that education in school, fostered and developed it at home. As teachers, nuns could not entirely withstand the wishes of their clients. There was nothing bad in it except from an educational standpoint; and some of the nuns themselves had, like others, passed through the same process, and were unconscious of its consequences. But when all is said, nuns, in my opinion, cannot be quite excused for having yielded to the prevailing disposition as much as they have yielded. In saying this, I am expecting more from them than from others; I judge them by a higher standard. But that admission does not justify their critics, because at the worst they have merely more or less neglected an important element in education which was equally neglected in non-Catholic and secular schools. Yet, since the cry for domestic economy has been raised it has grown into extravagance with some, and those who are always ready to discredit convents instinctively turned their criticism exclusively on nuns as if they alone, or chiefly, had neglected the practical and the useful in the education they imparted. During the *Irish Times* epidemic, when the "Roman Catholic farmer" from Killaloe relieved his soul of Canon M'Inerney's enormities, other "Roman Catholic" correspondents told us of Catholics

who have decided to remain single rather than jeopardise their happiness with a Catholic wife who could not superintend their kitchen or the arrangements of their home. We were, of course, expected to suppose that those unnamed heroes of the faith, failing to find a suitable Catholic wife, would rather bear the martyrdom of single blessedness than propose for a Protestant lady and embark on a mixed marriage, or that it was not the case that they proposed for both and were accepted by neither.

I have no wish to make invidious comparisons in other respects, but my experience both here and in England has impressed me that in the sphere of domestic economy, Catholic and non-Catholic housekeepers, those who have been educated in convents, and those who have been educated elsewhere, taking them grade by grade in the social scale, have about equal merit. A lady who was educated in one of the highest Protestant educational establishments in this country told me lately that, her family having suffered reverses of fortune, she had, on leaving school, to make a livelihood for herself, and that though she had learned painting and music, could play on two or three instruments, she was utterly ignorant of housekeeping, and found herself without any equipment for the battle of life. She is a person of uncommon intelligence has been married for some years, and she has become one of the best housekeepers I have ever known. I do not mention this for the purpose of reflecting on non-Catholic institutions. I merely want to point out that domestic economy has been more or less neglected everywhere. But no sooner did a better impulse move the public to wiser ways than the nuns began to put their house in order, and I think they are well abreast of the new movement. Why, then, should they be singled out for criticism and blame?

M. O'R.

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DUBLIN CORPORATION AND IRISH
MANUFACTURE.

ON looking over the specification for the new Central Fire Brigade Station, one is forced to disagree with the remark of the Chairman of the Waterworks Committee (Councillor Cox) in asking the Council to adopt the tender of a local builder, when he said that the work "would be almost executed with Irish material."

One of the very first materials to be used is the "damp course." This material is spread over the walls, above the foundations, and a few inches over the ground line to prevent any dampness rising in the walls. The material specified for this by the Corporation Architect will come from far away Germany, whilst there are several firms in Belfast and elsewhere in Ireland who make a perfect damp course.

Another item, and a very serious item amounting to close on Two Thousand Pounds, is the importation of white and coloured enamelled bricks for the lining of internal walls. All this brickwork is specified to be "the manufacture of Messrs. Oates and Green, Ltd., Halifax." This sum could be saved by substituting a good Irish facing brick, neatly pointed, but doing this would not be following the text books printed in England, which are carefully studied and followed by the majority of Irish architects.

I come now to the paving of the floors, on which it is proposed to Spend Two Hundred Pounds. The materials of the paving are to be the manufacture of Messrs. Towers and Williamson, Little Blytham, Grantham. Several of the best stable floors are laid in channelled concrete composed of Irish cement, gravel and sand, for stable owners other than the Dublin Corporation. The Dublin and Wicklow mountains are full of the best granite, which is also largely used for stable and other pavings, but our Corporation think they can get better value in Grantham, England.

There is also over £200 worth of flooring tiles which are specified to be the manufacture of "Peake." If you

want to find "Peake" your letter should be addressed to the "Tunstall Tileries, Stoke-on-Trent, England." Tiles are very largely manufactured in Belfast, where there are great clay beds for tiles, bricks, terra cotta, etc.

The foregoing remarks deal with articles that are specially mentioned to be the manufacture of foreign firms, but I would draw attention to the following large sums of money which are specified to be spent, and also the note describing how they are to be dealt with.

The Specification reads:—

"NOTE.—The provisional sums of money for the following work are to be at the disposal of the City Architect, who may, if he thinks fit, deduct them in their entirety from the contract, and employ another contractor to carry out the work for which the said sums of money are provided. Provide £120 for iron and concrete balconies to men's quarters. Provide £200 for steel drill tower. Provide £175 for external iron stairs to first and second floors, etc. Provide £75 for iron stairs to tower. Provide £220 for the purchase of stable fittings to be selected by the Architect. Provide £25 for fittings, etc., as above described for one loose box."

How much of the foregoing sums will be spent in Ireland? It is often the case that the Architect names firms to the builder to get tenders for these "provisional sum" items. Let us hope the City Architect will name some Irish firms, and not do what a great number of other Architects do—consult the "English Architects Compendium" and give the names of English firms.

In conclusion, there are several other items that so far are not dealt with in the Specification, viz.:—The paving of the yard, the water tank in yard, the drainage, the internal plumbing, the water main, the steam boiler, the laundry fittings, gas fittings, electric light, electric bells.

The public would like to know how these items, which will run into a few thousand pounds, will be dealt with.

I hope at some future time to draw attention to other works in which the public are concerned, and I think a little light thrown on how our buildings of "Irish materials" are constructed will do no harm.

Cipeannac.

REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS OF THE
MUNSTER AND LEINSTER BANK, LTD.,

To be presented at the Thirty-eighth General Meeting of the Proprietors, to be held at the Head Office, South Mall, Cork, on Saturday, the 21st day of January, 1905.

The Directors herewith submit to the Shareholders a statement of the Bank's affairs for the Half-year ending 31st December, 1904, with a copy of the Auditor's Report on the Accounts and Balance Sheet.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
The Profits of the Bank, after deducting expenses and providing for Interest on Deposits, Rebate on Bills, and Bad and Doubtful Debts, amount to	20,222	12	9	It is proposed:—			
To which is to be added the Balance from the last account	5,777	0	6	To pay a dividend for the Half-year at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum, free of Income Tax, ...	12,000	0	0
				To transfer to Reserve Fund ...	5,500	0	0
				To apply in reduction of Premises Account ...	2,500	0	0
				To carry to next Account ...	5,999	13	3
	£25,999	13	3		£25,999	13	3

Munster and Leinster Bank, Limited, Balance Sheet, 31st December, 1904.

Dr.	£	s.	d.	Cr.	£	s.	d.
To Capital—100,000 Shares of £5 each, £2 paid ...	260,000	0	0	By Cash on hand and with Bankers, ...	£402,971	9	8
„ Reserve Fund ...	230,500	0	0	„ Money at Call and Short Notice ...	483,713	3	5
„ Amount due upon Deposit, Current and other Accounts, including Interest and Rebate on Bills, and Reserve for Doubtful Debts ...	4,315,847	11	6		886,684	13	1
„ Profit and Loss:—				„ Investments, viz.:—			
Balance from 30th June, 1904, ...	£5,777	0	6	Consols and other Government Stocks	£720,609	10	8
Net Profit for the Half-year ending 31st December, 1904 ...	20,222	12	9	Indian and Colonial Government Stocks	147,393	18	1
	25,999	13	3	Corporation Stocks, Railway Debenture and Preference Stocks, and Debenture Bonds ...	297,789	16	10
				Other Investments ...	895	0	0
					1,166,688	5	7
	£4,772,347	4	9		2,053,372	18	8
				„ Bills Receivable ...	872,334	15	7
				„ Advances to Customers on Securities and Current Accounts	1,792,791	16	8
				„ Premises: Head Office and Branches, ...	53,847	13	10
					£4,772,347	4	9

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SOMERUS PAYNE,
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T. B. LILLIS, General Manager.

CORRESPONDENCE.

GAELIC LEAGUE AND VIRGINIA.

Raffenny House, Virginia,
January 16, 1905.

DEAR SIR,—In your last issue, I notice a gross misstatement in reference to Mr. MacDonnell's connection with the Virginia (Dáile Ioca Rannagh) Branch of the Gaelic League.

Ripecteo Mac Oinnaitt the most sincere and self-sacrificing Gaelic Leaguer I have ever known, has generously given the local branch a room for some time past, not at his business premises, but at his private house, which is on the other side of the street. You say—and the phrase is a classic one—"The Irish class in Virginia is conducted by a Bung on the premises of his bungery." So far is this from being the case that it is well known that Ripecteo Mac Oinnaitt has seriously injured his business by his advocacy of temperance. Last summer at the Oireachtas I met an Oxford friend who told me he was on his way to see the most wonderful creation of Irish Ireland—"a publican who injured his own business in the cause of temperance." This, I found, was our friend Ripecteo, whose name had even reached Oxford.

Nor is Mr. MacDonnell less consistent in his private life, and in the education of his children. Twice I procured Irish-speaking nurses for him from Connemara, and only the other day I met several of his children, all of whom spoke to me in Irish. One's only regret is that there are not men of his mental calibre in every village in Ireland.

Last Wednesday we were invited to a Céitro in the new Temperance Hall lent to the Gaelic League Branch for the occasion. This Céitro, organised chiefly by Mr. MacDonnell, was as Sáeúemac, and as racy of Breifne as any Irish Irelander could wish for. The most hopeful

sign of all was the number of young people present, and the fact that there were five priests amongst them. The language was the common pathway that bridged over the years that separated the old and the young. Never have I seen a more kindly gathering. This, and the enthusiasm behind it, was the work chiefly of Ripecteo Mac Oinnaitt. What Irish Ireland wants to oppose is not publicans nor any other business men, nor any class of men whatever in the country, but rather, the men and women of any class who place themselves and their class interests in opposition to our national self-respect and our national ideals.

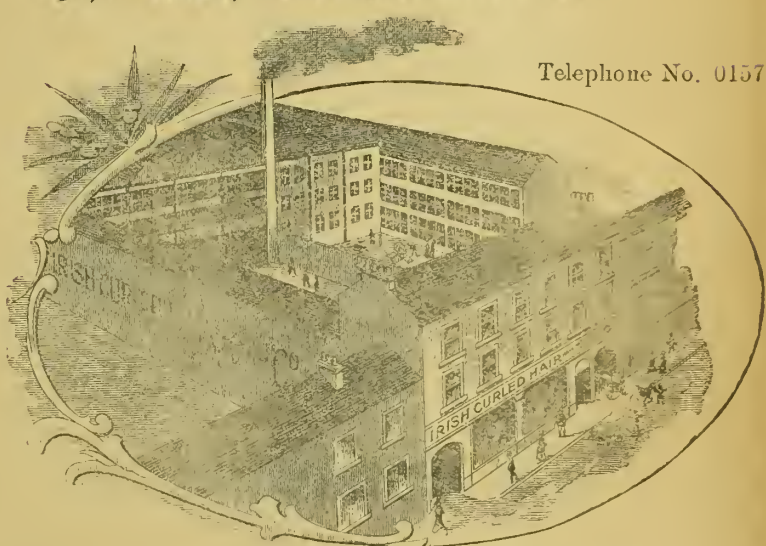
I may add I know nothing of the concert you complain of further than that it was in no way connected with the Gaelic League. If the items were such as you mentioned, some of them were bad enough.

"Too far East is West" is the good old saying among us here in Breifne, and we find it useful in our efforts towards moderation.—Mípe,

Una Mí Pháipéallagh.

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It only remains for us to add that we only charge from 37s. 6d. upwards.

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Price One Penny.

CONTENTS.

CURRENT AFFAIRS:—

The Bishops and the Ascendancy	...	369
The "Deplorable" and "Independent" Run Up the Kopje	...	369
The "Dust Bin" in Eruption	...	369
The Gaelic League Organization	...	370
The Editor of the "Dust Bin" Badly Defeated	...	371
A Belvedere Entertainment	...	371
The Oldcastle Prosecution	...	373
Mr. Gwynne, of Oxford, England, Lectures	...	377
Virginian Creepers Again	...	372
Etc., Etc.		

ARTICLES:—

Ruo Súire le Congbáil i Scúine	...	374
Sir Horace Plunkett's Book	...	374
Spreading the News	...	377
Mr. Gwynn and His Critics	...	379
On the Tonality of Irish Music—II.	...	380

NOTICE.

THE LEADER will be sent, post free, to any part of Ireland or Great Britain for three months, on receipt of Postal Orders value 1s. 3d.; six months, 3s. 3d.; one year, 6s. 3d. The rates of subscription for foreign postage are:—Three months, 2s. 2d.; six months, 4s. 4d.; twelve months, 8s. 3d.

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CURRENT AFFAIRS.

The bribe to tame Catholics proffered by Sir John Nutting has brought upon his knuckles a sharp rap from the Irish Hierarchy. However, Clongowes that advertises in the *Dust Bin*, and that has clapped on the back several fellows who had gone to the Parochial University, may still respond to the bribe. One paragraph of the Bishop's pronouncement is specially interesting to us. It runs:—"As the Government has shown that reason has no weight with them in the matter of educational justice if the old ascendancy chooses to object, it only remains for the Irish people to say that this ascendancy must altogether cease." The pronouncement "that this ascendancy must altogether cease," is significant. That objective can only be attained by fight; and we have always said—Fight the ascendancy. How different to-day would be the situation if the Catholic Association had been properly and manfully supported by the country. The question now arises—What steps are to be taken in order that this ascendancy shall cease? There is only one answer—the establishment of a fighting organisation that will put the fear of justice into the hearts of the bigots and defend the civil rights of the outraged Catholics. Strong talk without action,

and organised action, only embitters the bigots and leaves the suffering majority in much the same position as before, *plus* the fact that they have to face a more embittered and already bolstered up and *organised* enemy.

It was significant that a Dublin Catholic Association man, Dr. McWalter, headed the poll at the recent election in the North City Ward. If we had a good organisation of Catholics for the purpose of asserting and defending our civil rights, we could easily squeeze the bigot University and other monuments of Ascendancy. If the ascendancy are not hit in Ireland by an organisation somewhat similarly—and with such modifications of procedure as the particular circumstances call for—as the landlords' faction was hit by the Land League Organisation, the old story will go on. The cup will often be all but at our lips when a welt from an Orange drum-stick will shatter it in pieces. We are a long time insisting on a Catholic organisation, and we will go on insisting upon it. We know that our view will be accepted at some time or another because it is a true remedy to meet the situation; but the sooner it comes the better.

Of course the "truly nationals" ran helter-skelter up the Pastoral Kopje. Here is how the old toothless *Simply Deplorable* dressed up for the nonce in a tiger's skin, screeched:—"The bigots inside Trinity College and out of it must be taught a sharp lesson. Their intolerant domination, their educational boycott on the great majority of the people, cannot be allowed to continue. The weapon of retaliation remains to be tried. The Ascendancy must cease." We wonder was it Matty Bodkin, or Brayden, or Donovan who was inside that spotted tiger skin that howled so fiercely on the apex of the Pastoral Kopje? Down, sheep, down! we see your wool peeping out through a joint in the tiger's coat—go and eat a dinner with the "Irish" Journalists and toast "The King."

One would never think that the ha'penny *Independent* had specially engaged a British "lady" tipster for the purpose of pandering to the awful betting evil, in face of the crawl-thumping alacrity with which it trotted up the Pastoral Kopje. The *Independent* says:—"If the old ascendancy chooses to object, it only remains for the Irish people to say that this ascendancy must altogether cease." Steady now, steady! even though you are on the Pastoral Kopje, you should not forget the "all creeds, all classes," ticket; you derive some revenue from the ha'pennies of the "Saved," and the ascendancy should not be needlessly offended! What! the Irish people to say "that this ascendancy must altogether cease!" Fie, fie! it is enough almost to induce the British "lady" tipster to send in her resignation. What a pretty pair of Pastoral Kopje climbers the ha'penny *Independent* and the penny *Deplorable* are to be sure.

The *Dust Bin* was silent on the day that the Bishop's pronouncement was made. Evidently there was a council of war in the offices of the paper that cruelly libelled Canon McInerney. Anyway, on the following day a bucket of anti-Catholic venom was emptied into its leading columns. We must say we were rather pleased at the venomous display made by Arnott and Company's paper. The venom displayed by the *Irish Times* is many times more helpful to the cause of Tolerance, Justice and Fair Play than the nimble Kopje trotting of the hypocritical *Deplorable* and the *Independent*. Alf certainly went as strong for "the

Bishops of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland" as the bitterest anti-Catholic bigot could wish. We quote a few extracts from the article:—"The resolution of the Hierarchy makes melancholy reading. They, like an oft-quoted dynasty, seem to have learned nothing and forgotten nothing; and it may be that they will complete the parallel by seeing their temporal power pass from them. Their manifesto contains the same old taunts, the same stale accusations, that we have read a hundred times." Again:—"Their words sound like the last despairing battle-cry of a beaten army. They know that no matter what they may say or do the future is not for them. No longer can mediæval terrors be invoked with success to stop the progress of intellectual inquiry." We hope Charles E. Martin and the other tames will appreciate those extracts.

Here is another quotation from the leading article:—"If there is a real demand for University education among the youth of Ireland, and if it can be obtained by them at Trinity College at a price within their means, all the fulminations of all the Bishops will not stop a large number of them from availing themselves of the chance." We submit that the prediction concerning "a large number" will not bear the test of an appeal to history. That some will go in spite of the Bishop's warning we are willing to believe; for have not some already gone; are not some in the parochial University at the present hour? And we know that the *Clongowinian*, the official annual of Clongowes College, the College that seeks students by advertising in the *Dust Bin* has already clapped past-men on the back who, despite the warning of the Hierarchy, went from Clongowes College into Trinity.

The *Irish Times*, somewhat plausibly says:—"For what is the alternative? It is almost pathetic to read the Bishops' plaintive appeal to their flocks to 'rally round our Parliamentary representatives and give them the whole strength of the nation's support in their endeavour to secure ordinary civic rights for Irish Catholics in educational matters.' What can their Parliamentary representatives do?" What can they do is a fair question. And, for our part, we are not sanguine that they can do over much. But let us remind the *Irish Times* that the Bishops also said that "it only remains for the Irish people to say that this ascendancy must altogether cease." If the ascendancy is to be fought down to its just and proper level—and no Catholic wishes to put it half-an-inch below its just level—the Catholics must organise as a distinct body with a distinct programme in furtherance of the cause of Tolerance, Justice and Fair Play for citizens of Ireland who are also Catholics. The *Irish Times* may feel somewhat safe in contemptuously asking "What can their Parliamentary representatives do?" But will it answer us—What *cannot* an organised Catholic body of citizens, as citizens, determined to establish Tolerance, Justice and Fair Play do? The article in the *Irish Times* ends with a kind of sneering threat at the Bishops. It runs this way:—"It is questionable, indeed, whether they want anything in the way of higher education which is compatible with the progressive spirit of the age. But even Roman Catholic Bishops have before now shown themselves amenable to the logic of events, and it is possible that before the next five years are over they will have considerably modified their present attitude, and will have begun to contemplate the advisability of accepting Trinity's offers lest a worse thing happen unto them." The *Irish Times* has been goaded into loss of temper by the determined reply of the Bishops to the latest money bribe to induce stray Catholics to sneak into Trinity. The paper has shown its teeth, it has shown the black anti-Catholic bigotry that we know so well is in its heart; were it not about time that the Catholic body began to bite.

The official organ of the Gaelic League that has been such a terrible drag on the Language Fund did not utter a word by way of reply to our note in our issue of the

14th January; neither did it offer any apology or explanation for the action of the General Secretary of the Gaelic League in publicly, and in his capacity as General Secretary, puffing the West British *Independent* that engaged the services of a British "lady" tipster. We see, however, that a meeting was called with a view to making arrangements for the *Seachtain na hAe* in Dublin. We would like to know when the report and balance sheet for the last year will be issued to the public; and we think that the report and statement of accounts ought to be placed in the hands of the public before the preparations are made for the next collection. Is the Central Organisation using the language collection wisely and effectively? When the report and accounts are laid before the public they will be in a position to judge, at least to some extent. We have heard it stated—but in the absence of the audited accounts we cannot say whether it is accurate or not—that the official organ of the Gaelic League cost the Language Fund very many hundreds of pounds in the way of making up the loss on its year's trading. The book store—a rather unnecessary establishment—we heard was run at a loss of about £1 a week. Now it appears to us that the thing for the League as publisher to aim at is to get its publications into the shops all over the country, and not waste the people's money on an unnecessary shop in O'Connell Street, where there are already ordinary trading shops that have no National Language Fund from the pocket of which they can take out an annual deficit. There is plenty of Irish publishing done by private enterprise now. Messrs. Fallon and Co., Ltd., Messrs. Gill and Son, the Irish Book Company, and many others bring out Irish books and place them on the market. In fact most of the principal Irish publications of the last year were not published by the Gaelic League. Father Dinneen's great Dictionary was published by the Irish Texts Society. Yet the Gaelic League runs a book store at a loss, and enters into competition with Fallons and Gills, and other publishers who have no call on the publicly-subscribed funds of the League. Recently the League added another to its rather formidable list of salaried servants. It appointed a traveller to sell its publications against the competition of trading firms like Fallons, Gills, and the rest, that have no organisation or no publicly-subscribed fund at their back; and what is more, this traveller, we understand, cannot speak Irish. Another salaried appointment recently made was that of a lady who cannot speak Irish whose business it is to lecture in English and show magic lantern views up and down the country.

It is quite a long time since we paid any critical attention to the Gaelic League as an organisation; we have been too much occupied looking after the wider interests of the great cause of Irish Ireland, and we let the League Organisation go on as it pleased without practically any attention from us. Is the Central Organisation so efficiently worked with its official organ that has been such a large drag on the funds, its losing and unnecessary book store and the rest, as to earn the unqualified confidence of the people? In the absence of the Report and Accounts we are writing without exact information. Has the League, as an organisation, progressed in recent times commensurate with the amount of money that has been spent by it in salaries and making up deficits? Of course, Irish Ireland has been going ahead; Irish publications are increasing; Irish Ireland opinion is growing in volume; even the *Independent* publishes a half column of Irish every day now; but these things are apart from the League as an organisation. Is full value given for the four thousand a year, or thereabouts, subscribed directly to the general Language Fund? Would the net result to the country be far greater if some of that money was diverted to, say, the Munster Training School, the Connacht Training School, to the local needs in various parts of the country where there is active and efficient Gaelic League work being done?

There is need of a central body for the organisation of the Oireachtas, and for the purposes of calling together the *Arto-fer*; but in a movement like that for the

spread of the Irish language there is abundant and ever-increasing room for decentralisation. The Munster and the Connacht Training Schools must be autonomous and when such institutions spring up as natural outcrops of the general Irish Revival, they have a claim on the financial aid of the country; and £500 given to them would probably bear considerably more fruit than £500 given to the Central Executive, that might spend it on a new book store or a new English-speaking traveller. We will say no more this week, and we hope that by next week the public will be in possession of the Annual Report and Statement of Accounts. We are now nearing the time when the public will be called upon to put its hand in its pocket to meet the great annual outlay of the Central Organisation, and now is the time to discuss many reforms or improvements that might be made. How much ought the various local organisations keep for their own uses? For what purposes might they keep portion of the money they collect? Should Connacht devote part of the proceeds of its collection to financing the Connacht School of Irish? And if so, how much? These and other questions are seasonable at this time, and the more intelligent discussion that takes place the better for the cause of Irish Ireland.

"Gallant" Tipperary again. The members of the Cahir Amateur Dramatic Club recently played "Con O'Carrollan's Dream" and a "laughable farce" by the name of "Paddy's Mistakes." One H. Connor, a "saved" ex-policeman, was "Con O'Carrollan," a Mr. Dickson, a "saved" schoolmaster, was a General of the English Army; a Mr. C. Condon, a Bung, was a Magistrate. During a concert that was perpetrated a Mr. M. Loneragan sang a parody on "Bill Bailey." A Mr. P. O'Mahony warbled "Good-bye, Blue Bell." We learn that "Paddy's Mistake" was "produced by kind permission of Abel Haywood and Sons, Manchester." There was once upon a time a branch of the Gaelic League in Cahir, in "Gallant" Tipperary; where is it now? We hear that they play "Hockey" at Cahir, and when we consider the class of theatrical fare they go in for, we are not surprised.

We see that the nominal capital of the *Independent Newspapers, Ltd.*, is only 30,000 shares of £1 each. The seven names to memorandum and articles of association are—William Martin Murphy, Edward M. Murphy, Gerald V. Murphy, Eva M. Murphy, Margaret Cullirane, all of Dartry, Rathmines, Dublin, and Thomas Pollock, 39 Dame street, Dublin, accountant, and Joseph Dudley, 40 Westmoreland street, Dublin, solicitor. The first directors are Joseph Mooney and Edward Martin Murphy. We wonder how was the Board divided, or was it unanimous concerning the engagement of the English "lady" tipster?

We see that one William Algernon Locker, an importation whom the *Bigot's Dust Bin* caused to be "dumped" here, is getting ambitious. He is not content with being mere Editor of the *Irish Times*, where he has the privilege of inserting such things as a bogus libellous letter concerning Canon McInerney for which the shareholders had to pay, he now wants to rise to the giddy heights of Township beadledom. William Algernon Locker, imported Editor of the *bigot* and anti-Irish *Irish Times*, was a candidate for a seat on the Urban District Council of Pembroke. W. Algernon Locker may be considered good enough to edit the *Dust Bin*, but the electors of Pembroke did not think he was good enough to have any voice in the management of their mud-carts and things. Wm. Algernon Locker was defeated at the poll, and badly defeated. He only figures out as seventh on the list of defeated candidates. Wm. Algernon Locker's vaulting ambition has met with a set back. He now knows that it is one thing to be brought over here as a "dump" to edit the foul libeller of Canon McInerney, and another thing to be elected to the position of Urban District Councillor for Pembroke.

By kind permission of one Colonel Tobin and officers of the 2nd Royal Irish Rifles, a Tommy Atkins' band

played at a recent entertainment at Belvedere College, S.J. This seminary in the Great Britain Street district, is one of the *Dust Bin's* loyal advertisers. The boys played a drama by the name of "Little Lord Fauntleroy." During the first Act someone is discovered to be heir to the title and estates of an Earl. That is the sort of thing that Belvedere S.J. likes. During the last Act there is a ball at a castle! The aspiring lower middle-class struggling Dublin papas and mamas who send their young hopefuls to this school no doubt feel that they are getting value for their money when a play-acting Earl struts the boards and a real live Tommy Atkins' band plays the tunes.

We take the following advts. from the *Irish Times* of Wednesday, January 18th:—"Clerk of Works for small Factory, Wanted, by first-class Dublin House, young man, Protestant, to take charge of Repair Shop; must have some knowledge of mechanics, tin work, etc. Apply, stating salary expected, experience and testimonials, to O 1934, this office. Lady Shop Assistant, Wanted by first-class City Ironmongery and Fancy Warehouse, a young Lady, 20 to 30, Protestant. Apply, in own handwriting, stating experience, salary expected, and copies of discharges, to O, 1931, this office. Miss Tomkins' Offices of Gregg Shorthand, 9 Merriown row, wants Protestant young Lady, well educated, and very accurate, to arrange papers, etc.; fee required (two guineas), for which she will be taught Typewriting and Shorthand. Write; do not call. Wanted, a smart Salesman for Hosiery and Manchester Departments; state experience, salary, and enclose references, indoor (Methodist preferred). Address 'Z 2329, Salesman,' this office. Wanted Protestant young Lady, Drapery and General business, country; good home. Address 'Z 2377, Lady,' this office. Wanted an experienced Dressmaker, Protestant; must be accustomed to a high-class trade, and understand her business thoroughly; good Provincial town; reference and salary. Address 'Z 2370, Dressmaker,' this office. Wanted as Under Steward, in County Clare, active man, Protestant, married, with young family preferred; very large farm and place; must have some knowledge of buying and selling stock and general farm work; must be well recommended; house and garden, firing, grass of cow and calf, and half acre of meadowing given; state wages required with above when applying. Address 'Z 2438, Steward,' this office. Wanted, Steward, young, Protestant; no children; wages 18s., house, fire, and potatoes.—Lord Mayo, Palmerstown, Straffan. Readymades—Smart young Man Wanted, Protestant, opportunity of learning the best and medium Boot Trade; full particulars, age, and experience, and moderate salary, references. Address 'Z 2269, Gama,' this office. Readymades—Junior Wanted at once; state salary (outdoor); Protestant. Address 'Z 2318, Readymade,' this office. Respectable, Protestant Youth Wanted, for Wholesale House, indoor; must be well recommended; reply, stating age, and experience.—O 2016, this office. Respectable, well-educated Girl Wanted (Protestant) as Sorter and Packer in Steam Laundry. Address 'Z 2395, Girl' this office. A smart, experienced, Protestant Hotel Housekeeper Wanted for the City.—P. 62, this office. Apprentice—Wanted, a respectable country Youth (Protestant) for Ironmongery and House Furnishing (indoor). Address 'Z 2403, Apprentice,' this office. Grocery and Provisions—Wanted, respectable Lad, Protestant; also smart Assistant; give reference.—O 1862, this office."

We spent three hours at the meeting at which Mr. Gwynne lectured—very much lectured—on Thursday night last. We cannot say that we are any the wiser for the experience. Mr. Gwynne's rather "superior" lecture was very long drawn out—there was about two hours of it. And our feelings are such that if we heard that he was going to lecture next week, we would make it our business not to go to hear him. His voice, his manner, and to a lesser degree, his very appearance, recalled to our mind another very, very superior person—Sir Horace Plunkett, and Sir Horace is a man who climbed so high

in "culture" and University enlightenment that he is prepared to actually co-ordinate the universe with himself. We have never been to a University—though, in some respects and with qualifications we would back a newspaper office against Oxford any day—but we do not like what we may call the "shop" of University gentlemen. There is an air of conscious superiority about Mr. Stephen Gwynne that in our low down estimation, the rather mediocre intellectual merits of his lecture did not, by any means, warrant. Mr. Gwynne was drawn out at Oxford, *England*. His parents presumably knew too much to send him to the Parochial University at College Green, where Tony Traill, the eminent bigot, is now Provost. Trinity College, as a milch cow, out of which a fat salary may be drawn for teaching the lower-middle-class "saved" of this country, is all right; but Oxford, *England*, is the proper place in which "the best" people should be educated! The more we see and learn of University men, the less we think of Universities. Universities have their uses; but though they are absolutely necessary for progress, they are not everything. There is too much superior "shop" talked of them by those who find it adds to their reputation in a country like Ireland where, owing to robbery and bigotry, the quantity expressed by the term, University Education, is comparatively unknown. Everyone is inclined to exaggerate his own importance, and University graduates are no exception to that natural tendency.

As Papists we should—were we Papists of the "tame" order—have felt rather honoured and flattered by the condescension of the enlightened Mr. Gwynne, Oxford, *England*; as fortunately, or unfortunately, we are rude Papists impertinent enough to think that "the saved" in the lump are fools, we felt an amused resentment at the "tony" attitude of Mr. Stephen Gwynne, who, though he has relatives, happily for themselves, drawing large salaries out of the Robber University, was exported to Oxford, *England*, for his education. There was a gracious condescension in his attitude towards the bog-trotting Papists of this country that, we are sure, stirred the depths of eternal gratitude in the "tames" present—and we suspect that the Catholic Graduates and Undergraduates' Association has its share of "tames." It may not be "class" to say so; it may indicate "obscurantism;" it may smack of the dark ages for ought we know; but honestly, and apart from any respect due to ecclesiastical authority, we would give twenty times as much heed to the judgment of Cardinal Logue on a question affecting Ireland, even though the Cardinal is only a Donegal man, than we would to the view of Mr. Stephen Gwynne, even though he is a "saved," and was educated at Oxford, *England*. Mr. Gwynne, no more than Sir Horace Plunkett, we feel sure, cannot help that patronising, superior air of his. He may take it from us that, though we have great respect for him, as we have for Sir Horace Plunkett, his attitude irritates us; and if we be average specimens of mere Irish Papists, it is calculated to irritate Irish Papists generally. Instead of coming in sack-cloth and ashes, with restitution in his two hands, as one of the very few repentant ascendant Protestant class, he came as a very superior Oxford-England educated person to give advice to the benighted Papists. He even made it clear that he did *not* advise them to disobey their bishops. How generous and broad-minded he is, to be sure!

There are two nations in Ireland, and the only union that we can see possible is the absorption of one by the other; if that cannot be, then let us recognise that there are two separate national entities in the Continent of Ireland. If Catholics go as an aggressive fighting Irish Catholic body into Trinity—and if it were an authoritative national policy, it might be workable—there would be no fusion of races or creeds. There would, presuming that the Irish Catholics were worth their salt, be war; the arrangement would emphasise, and not diminish, what is called "sectarian and racial animosity." For our part, if it were an authorised national policy, we would welcome it, as we believe that the only way to settle the

racial question is to fight it out, and let one side absorb the other, or let each agree, once and for all, to be separate entities. As a practical matter, we look upon the fusion of the two racial parties in Ireland as being little less difficult than a proposal to fuse France and Germany into one nation. What is the use of shouting Nation when every man with a clear eye in his head sees that there are two nations? When the two nations are working a few generations in a fair field, there may be a partial fusion. But before there can be any natural fusion the Catholics must strike the fetters off themselves, and stand on a basis of equality with the descendants of the old, hardened robbers and despoilers of the Catholic Irish race. There is a palpable confusion of thought in talking of one national University for two distinct nations in Ireland.

Mr. Gwynne asked Catholics to go to Trinity, but he had no authority even for stating that the reforms he suggested would be accepted by the authorities of the Parochial University. The name of Dr. Hyde was dragged into the lecture. Dr. Hyde was a proof, Mr. Gwynne said, that a man could go through Trinity without being radically Anglicised. What an argument to be put forward by one with the pink of intellectual culture from Oxford, *England*, as an inducement for the Nationalist flies to walk into the anti-Irish spiders' web! We have little regard for the intellect that thought such a quibble a weighty argument. Men are invited into this British fortress; this hot-bed of anti-Irish bigots; this place where cads climbed up the railings like monkeys, and threw mud at a Lord Mayor of Dublin; and one with the pink of intellectual culture from Oxford, *England*, suggests that Irish Nationalists need not have undue fears as Douglas Hyde passed through. Here is a parallel proposition—all people should commence life without adequate school education—people need have no great fear of the material results of this proposed educational system, for the fact that some men passed through that sort of education in their early days, have risen to great power and eminence, and developed great and commanding character, is a proof that a man could rise to greatness without adequate school education! If that is the kind of logic they teach at Oxford, *England*, so much the worse for its "cultured" output.

Miss Agnes O'Farrelly, a member of the Executive of the Gaelic League Organisation, did not altogether like our note on the Virginian Creepers. She sent us a letter about mid-day on Tuesday before our last issue appeared—that is the day on which we make up for Press—and at some inconvenience we managed to make space for it. We had no proper time or opportunity to reply to it. Miss O'Farrelly, of the Executive of the Gaelic League, charged us with making a "gross misstatement." Now the "gross misstatement" was that we said that "The Irish class in Virginia is conducted by a Bung on the premises of his bungery," when, as we pointed out last week, we should have stated that the Irish class in Virginia is conducted by a Bung on his private premises, which are on the other side of the street from that where his bungery is situated. We confess we cannot see anything very "gross" about that—but then we are only ordinary folk, and not members of the more or less ineffective Executive of the Gaelic League Organisation. Miss O'Farrelly refers to the sentence—"The Irish class in Virginia is conducted by a Bung on the premises of his bungery"—as a "classic" one. We did not, at the first reading, understand what our correspondent meant by "classic" in this connection, but we now have good reason to believe that it was meant sarcastic. It is, we take it, not "class" to talk of "Bungs" or "bungeries." Fortunately for us, we simply defy and laugh at "class." Miss O'Farrelly's Oxford University friend—why should Irish Irelanders look up to Oxford, *England*—would probably vote the term Bung "beastly vulgah." Well, we cannot help that. Bung is Bung to us, and we think it a holy and a wholesome work to help in the effort to declass the sponger on drunken Ireland. Miss O'Farrelly

tells us that the Bung we referred to is "the most sincere and self-sacrificing Gaelic Leaguer I have ever known." We, of course, accept the assurances without reservation. *Most* is a superlative term; Dr. Hyde takes second place to Mr. Bung of Virginia; all the members of the mighty Executive Committee are logically second to this Mr. Bung of Virginia in the estimation of Miss O'Farrelly, of the Executive Committee of the Gaelic League Organisation. Bung has a feather in his cap. When Anthony O'Grady keeps his lights shining brightly on next St. Patrick's Day, he can retort to those who challenge him—that according to a distinguished member of the Executive of the Gaelic League Organisation a Bung from Virginia is absolutely the *most* "sincere and self-sacrificing Gaelic Leaguer." This extraordinary Mr. Bung, from Virginia of the Creepers, is an advocate of temperance. We wonder does he administer the pledge to his customers? If you asked for a bottle of Ardilaun, would he serve you with a tract on the evils of drink? Miss O'Farrelly has her own views, and she is entitled to them; but we must say that it discourages us very much to hear that this Virginian Bung is "the most sincere and self-sacrificing Gaelic Leaguer" that she ever met. Evidently we must have been outrageously overrating Dr. Douglas Hyde and the other members of the Executive Committee of the Gaelic League Organisation, not to talk of outsiders in Irish Ireland who have characters to lose. The longer you live, the more you learn.

The proposal to substitute a firm of native Irish auditors for the firm of English imported auditors for the Munster and Leinster Bank was defeated at the last half-yearly meeting. There was, it must be admitted, some plausible excuse offered for the continuance of this imported English firm in the contention that the alternative proposal committed the choice to one particular firm of Irish auditors. However, at the next half-yearly meeting this difficulty—if it be a difficulty—can be got over; and if next time the shareholders stand for England in the matter of auditors, many of the bank's customers may tell the bank to look to England, where the auditors came from, for the business also. The Bank of Ireland had to sing to the tale of depression; the bigoted Provincial Bank, as we know, suffered heavily in the half-year before last—we have not yet looked into its performance for the last half-year—and it is, we think, beyond doubt that the Munster and Leinster Bank has prospered in consequence of the Catholic Association propaganda, and of the Irish Ireland movement. If shareholders of the bank next year elect to fly in the face of Irish Ireland they will, we hope, count the probable cost and cheerfully accept the consequence.

A correspondent in the course of a letter says:—"Longford is my native county, and I'm happy to see in this week's issue of the LEADER, several articles attacking it, but it don't get half enough."

Another Longford correspondent tells us that something has been done for the Irish Revival in Longford, but that "the inhabitants have in no way overtaxed themselves by their efforts to make their town thoroughly Irish." He says that there is a factory in the town, presided over by the bishop, and assisted by a local committee. The factory affords occupation to about forty young girls who are trained by the nuns in the various branches of hosiery, sewing and lace-making. Some of the drapers of the town, it appears, condescend to purchase some articles from the factory. Why do not the other shops follow this example? We hear that there is something of a "split" in the Gaelic League at Longford. A new and second branch has been formed; and if this was in consequence of the old one becoming unmanageable on account of numbers it would be gratifying; but such, according to our information, is not the case. We would like to see two or three or ten branches of the Gaelic League in every town of considerable size if there is need for them. Mr. Edward G. Joyce of Edgeworthstown, in our last issue pleaded in extenuation that "Longford is one of the most English-speaking counties in Ireland." The sooner Longford is in a position to put forward a more patriotic claim the better for its reputation.

Mr. William Sheridan of Drumlerry, Co. Meath, is the latest victim of the impotent anti-Irish spite that pervades certain sections in this land. Mr. Sheridan outraged the spirit of British liberty by placing his Irish name and his Irish address on his cart, and by his action laid himself open as a target for police constable Elvin, one of the guardians of British liberty in the Oldcastle (Co. Meath) district. Elvin, the guardian of British liberty, was ill when he was wanted in the breach to assert the rights of British liberty; other peelers—perhaps they will receive testimonials—gave evidence of Mr. Sheridan's outrage on the spirit of British civilization. A Mr. Lloyd R.M., and a Mr. J. O'Reilly were the magistrates present. A Mr. Lea, D.I., conducted the prosecution. Mr. Sheridan's Irish name and address were legibly printed on his cart, but policeman Elvin was not satisfied. Policeman Mahon—he ought to get a testimonial—stated that he could not read a word on the plate on Mr. Sheridan's cart. Peeler Mahon should be promoted to Scotland Yard. One Lea, a D.I., stated that he could not read the letters; what a pretty *ignoramus* he is to be sure. We wonder could he spell b-o-b-b-y—bobby? It were about time that Lea, D.I., went to school.

There was some pretty logic chopping at the trial of Mr. Sheridan. The great fact concerning these cases is that Irish is the historical, national and real language of Ireland. Lloyd the R.M. quibbled by putting the suppositional case of a Jew going home drunk with a cart and the difficulty of the peelers identifying his name if it were printed in Yiddish on his cart. Anti-Irishmen can be very ingenious in quibbling when the Irish nation is to be hit in Ireland. Irish is the historical language of Ireland, and even well-paid R.M.'s. ought to know something of it at this time of day, however, they might wish that it was dead and buried. There is no parallel between Yiddish and Irish in *Ireland*, and no one but a bigoted anti-Irish partisan, or a fool, would contend that there was a parallel. Lea, the ignorant D.I., who stated that he could not read the letters of Mr. Sheridan's Irish name and address, remarked that the police would want to know all the languages in the world. What a brilliant fellow Lea D.I. is, to be sure. Mr. Sheridan had to pay costs for being, as far as his name and address on his cart is concerned, an Irishman in Ireland. Lea, the D.I., said that he would prosecute Mr. Sheridan again if he did not put his name and address in English on his cart; and Lloyd, the R.M., said that there would be a penalty. We hope Mr. Sheridan will give the man Lea a chance to prosecute Irish Ireland again. We hope Mr. Sheridan will be backed up by other Irish Irelanders who have carts. Mr. Sweetman lives in Kells, and we presume he owns several carts. He should give the champions of British liberty something to do for their money. Mr. Sheridan deserves well of Irish Ireland and he should be supported.

The Virginian Creepers held another Temperance concert on Sunday night last. The audience was not so large as at the two previous concerts, and there was no printed programme. Again a local Mr. Bung made the Creepers wriggle with delight by his singing of "Sleeping in the Old Back Yard." A young girl sang "Paddy Murphy of Killaloe," and again she was dressed in a man's frieze overcoat and a "caubeen," and had a dirty old stick in her hand. The song about "Blue Bell and Shot and Shell," from the drivel pantomime at the Gaitey was sung again. The Virginian Creepers are very wrath with the LEADER; well, that is a wholesome sign; later on they may reform somewhat. A little "gag" was introduced into the Blue Bell lyric, and we understand it finished up this way—"Mid camp fires gleaming, 'mid shot and shell, I will be dreaming of the LEADER and my own Blue Bell." We suspect that many of the Virginian Creepers already have had nightmares about our foul and nefarious selves. "Handy Andy" was played at this entertainment at Virginia of the Creepers by the "Castleraghan Troupe," whoever they are. Breifne, an eadh!

RUO AIRTIO LE CONGBAIL I SCUIMNE.

Caiteáir a cummúgáid annreo, leir na ciantaib beagnaé anuair anoir, náir fuair luét na Gaedilge béile amáin lán, 'cearnógáé' de feolaí Caiteiceaé na h-Eaglaire—ná luét Gaedilge go mbeagán Déarla bhuirte aet a oipeao, féaoar a ráo go plán, raor gur beag nac ionann tuigrin ar an mDéarla do'n dá bhuirte reo; ar Déarla an teagairt Cúiporaíde ar éuma ar bit. Agus, ar noóig, rin ip bun le n-a leirtoib reo o'iaipaeatib paor na foelaib do éabairt amac acú ar éuma éigin: I contesht my sins moorsht sinsairly—puro ip fíor go leor oóib go minic—Hal load buy the name—Our dale o' bread—Glore a bit o' the Father—Blessed John thy Baptisht—Punchiss Pilate—A wart in Heaven—go o'atpéaró Oia rinn!—Anty oo anto wall the saints in Heaven, father, through muy fought, through muy fought, through muy oon moorsht greaveess grate fought, 7pt. Aet maroir le foelaib an gníoma eperomh, agus go deimhin an méro bamear le bhuirteib cuip an teagairt Cúiporaíde go leir, i mDéarla, cia an bhuirte do béat acú ar a mbuig ar don cor? Ar buig a teapar annreo anoir, map pompla: Revelation—incarnation—edification—predestination—assumption—implicitly—impassible—Church militant—imprint character indelible—unity—perfection—perseverance—firm resolution—relapse—formal and material sin—approved confessor—integrity of confession—invalid absolution—exclusive salvation—erroneous doctrine—Immaculate Conception—hypostatic union—Transubstantiation—agus na céarta eile. Cia an bhuirte, adeirim, do béat ag luét boet na Gaedilge, ná ag Gaedilgeonib go mbeagán Déarla tuairte, ar buig ná ar céill a leirtoib reo de bhuirteib? Sead, o'ile, déan reannmóir, nó min-teagairt Cúiporaíde, cniabteac ar bit, dá péiré, láigce é, gan éuro acú, nó éuro com' dona leo, do éabairt, nó do leigean ipaeac ann, agus má déan-fair, do-béapao-ra fear cuipoe opt—agus éuro maic acú fheirim.

O, ar noóig, ip fíor rin, aet cío go scaitpinn a leigean ipaeac, do míneodainn iao.

Cuga leat—déan. Agus féac ar a mbéat ag tabairt áiríoe opt. Nó, puro ip fearr ná rin áirí, féac iao rgaatá éigin beag i noiar do éuro minigte; déan ppoimá beag optú maille le n-a gceirpúgáid go lága, rocair, geannamail, ar a bhuirte agao agus tú 's a oteagairt; agus féac a mbéat cóigce ruar acú de.

O, nio nac iongnat, go deimhin; ar noóig ip amlaib béat rgaet, nó rgaannat optú, 's a bhuirte rin 's a gceir paor ceirpúgáid map rin.

An ead? Áirí nac bueag ruarpta feictear duit rgaet agus rgaannat do éur optú? Nac é doóibairt mé an rgnúgáid doéan do lága, rocair? Agus an rgaannat doéan rin iao? Nó an lúga 'ná rin a déanpá-ra leo, nó an gcuirpé ceir ar bit optú, uair ar bit, o'fáitcior go rgaannat doéan iao—na cneatúir boetá? A, a buacail coir, ip ionda ainhíor toileamail, ip ionda cneamairaeat agus ip ionda cionn-pailige poluigtear go cluethar paor cúmoad an rgaet agus an rgaannuigte rin. Tá tú amúga ar paor. Ní rin é. Ní h-é do éuro ceirpúgáid do rgaannuigte iao, aet na foela móra tuar-luairte do bain an mipeac aptú ó túr. Do éilleat ar tú réin agus do éuro teagairt o'n gceat bhuirte de na bhuirteib móra, agus do éilleat ar a mipeac map don lib, agus uairé rin amac nior éabairt duit beir ag caint leo aet oipeao le caopcaib cearta. U' féoir, go deimhin, gur bueatnuigeanat agus gur ioncpaor iao réin ar nó go gceirpéat dume go rabat ar ag éirteat leat agus ag tabairt áiríe agus áiríoe géiríe opt; agus ip noóig go rabat, fheirim; óir ip maic ip fear dúinn uile a feabhar leo na foela bueaga, ruamneaca—na palltoga agus na oopnoga agus na 'ball-hopperzh,' map do-béapaoir

péin optú—agus b féoir nior faide, go raib dume nó beir in a meap do ruar gheim ar palltogs nó do ar puro do cniatá, agus do éur abairte leo iao, agus do éur fíor optú go cumapac léigeanat leir an pluag ar an mbeac abairte, agus ar puro na gcomairan 'pan mbeirte in mteac na reatcaine in a oiaró rin; aet má éur na foela, ná bac leir rin. Agus ná bí 's-a do meallat réin ag bainc mipeig ná minigine duit ar; má éurat na foela, ip iao na foela do éurat—o' fagaar a mbuig in a noiar—tí, go cinte, nac iongnat.

Tá beagán Déarla ag éuro acú le h-agaar a ngnaite réin—i. le h-agaar na bhuirte do cniatá ar Gaedilge—aet má tá, ip teanga cniatá, all-muic acú an Déarla, ar a son rin, agus rin, fheirim, ag an gcuir ip cuip agus ip faide ar agao acú; maroir, go mórmóir, le rgaar ar bit Déarla do bain-feat le teagairt, nó do béat i bpoileamail o'a ioncpa, agus rin go oipeac é an cár. Cneamail ó éur; agus cia an éaoi i gcuip do uipearbat reannmóir? Agus cia an éaoi i reannmóir, o' uipearbat—teangan? Sin é an cár. 'Sin réam, rin eocair na cuip, reannmóiraeat o' uipearbat teangan an pobail, agus an obair rin ar bun, agus ag mteac in a gnat anoir le bhuirte agus ciao bliatam! Ip paor an réat é. Ip paor an réat cionn-pailige é, cionn-pailige in oipeac na cléir. I oúir na réat rin do gab an Gaedilge agus oipeac na cléir a gceat le n-a cléir, agus ni ruarpta a otabairt i gcuiraeat anoir, tar éir an fáir rin do cniatá aeat de réin gan éapacat o'a cléir nior mó.

CONN.

SIR HORACE PLUNKETT'S BOOK.

NUNS AS TEACHERS AND NURSES.

I NOW consider the nuns who teach in public schools, and I test their efficiency by public returns. The following table shows the percentage of pupils who passed the Results Examinations during the six following years:—

Year.	Passed in Model Schools.	Passed in Convent and Monastery Schools.
1885	88.7	88.9
1886	90.0	90.1
1887	89.9	89.4
1888	89.4	89.6
1889	88.1	89.5
1890	88.4	89.2

I have taken these percentages from a speech made by the Archbishop of Dublin about fourteen years ago. They speak for themselves. We must bear in mind also that the pupils of the Model schools belong to the wealthy and comfortable classes. They attend school regularly, and they have home advantages for study which the children of the poor, such as generally attend the Convent National Schools, have not.

I take the following from the Report of Mr. Dale, who was commissioned last year to inquire into the condition of primary schools in Ireland. He writes*:—"Dingy walls or ceilings, broken woodwork or plaster, and dirty floors are far more common in Irish town schools than in English. From these last observations I am glad to be able to except the Convent schools. I found them in all cases kept in an excellent state of repair, cleanliness, and neatness;" and in a note:—"It is interesting to note that the Assistant Commissioners to the Powis Commission in 1868, especially commended the Convent schools on these same grounds." Again:—"It is noteworthy that the 292 Convent schools paid on the English system by a lump sum from the State, for the proper distribution of which the community conducting the schools is primarily responsible, are at once the least expensive to the State, and among the most efficient and best-managed schools in Ireland. The average cost of maintenance to the State per child in average

* Report of Mr. F. H. Dal. His Majesty's Inspector Schools, Board of Education, on Primary Education in Ireland. Page 3.

attendance at these schools was only £1 17s. 11½d., as against £2 8s. 5d. in the ordinary National schools; yet they are far better furnished and provided with a more adequate staff than the ordinary schools. I have already had occasion to comment on the admirable cleanliness and neatness of the premises and the excellence of the equipment; but these are only a few among many advantages of the careful supervision and management which are the indispensable conditions of the success of an elementary school. I was impressed in every Convent school that I visited, by the knowledge and interest shown by the conductors, even when not actually teaching in the school, with regard to all the details of the school-work and organisation, and by their readiness to consider and, if possible, to adopt any changes in the curriculum or organisation which the Central Office might consider would render their schools more efficient."†

Again:—"It is noteworthy that in the Convent schools, though the pupils are frequently drawn from the very poorest classes, the percentage of average attendance to the average number on rolls is 69.7, and in many individual schools, e.g., the King's Inn Street Convent school in Dublin, reaches 75"‡

Again:—"It is impossible to doubt the admirable influence which the teachers in these schools (i.e. Convent schools) have over their pupils or the training which is given in habits of order, neatness, and ready obedience. In any broad view of what is involved in the education of children of the poorer classes, these merits, though not capable of being measured with the same definiteness as intellectual proficiency, are not less deserving of recognition. With regard to the instruction, the reading of the older children was generally better than in the ordinary schools, and in some Convent schools, notably the Josephian Convent in Dublin, and the St. Vincent's Convent in Cork, reached a very high standard as regards intelligence and distinctness. It is interesting to note that the same point of superiority impressed itself on several of the Assistant Commissioners to the Pow's Commission; and the reason assigned by one of them for it is, I think, in substance correct, that the Sisters controlling the schools are, as a rule, ladies of higher education and better social position than ordinary National teachers. The composition was also, as a rule, above that produced in the National schools. I cannot, however, say that the arithmetic reached so high a level of accuracy as in the best National schools, and it was not more intelligent. Nor did the instruction in geography and grammar impress me as being essentially different in character from that on which I have already commented."§

Again:—"The curriculum of the Convent schools has for many years been wider than that of most ordinary National schools. Singing and drawing were commonly taught long before they were made compulsory by the New Programme. Of the proficiency in singing it would be difficult to speak too highly; in some of the Convent schools, e.g., the Sligo Convent, the Queens-town Convent, and the St. Vincent's Convent at Cork, it was equal to any that I have heard in the best English schools. The physical exercises were also well done."¶

Yet Sir Horace tells us that he has "no doubt at all that the competition with lay teachers of celibates 'living in community' is excessive and educationally injurious." He has, however, kept his reasons to himself: but after what I have just now written, the public might be curious to know them. I also recall that he "personally does not think that teachers who have renounced the world and withdrawn from contact with its stress and strain are the best moulders of the characters of youths who will have to come into direct conflict with the trials and temptations of life. But here again we must accept the situation and work with the instruments ready to hand." What those "instruments ready to hand" for the teaching of girls are

like, we have learned from the statistics and the reports which I have quoted. He is good enough to say that "they deserve the utmost credit for endeavouring to supply missing steps in the educational ladder" in the past. Mr. Dale, however, thinks that they do a great deal more even in the present. Besides other proofs of excellence in Convent teaching which Mr. Dale gives, he also refers to the "training which is given in habits of order, neatness, and ready obedience." I think that girls who are trained to be orderly and neat, and to so far control themselves as to give ready obedience in school, are having their characters well moulded for the duties of after life. Moreover, according to Mr. Dale's report, the National schools taught by nuns are, not only more efficient than other National schools, but they are much cheaper also; and, according to the statistics compiled by the Archbishop of Dublin, they are more efficient than even the Model schools which, only 28 in number exclusive of the Central Model school, cost £500,000 to build and equip, and £31,316 7s. 2d. a year to work. With those facts before me I am at a loss to know how the teaching of nuns is "educationally injurious." Not surely because their teaching is better than that of others. Then it is the "competition?" But I should have thought that the "economic sense" would above all look for educational results, would consider public rather than personal interest, and would assume that the teachers are for the pupils, not the pupils for the teachers; would prefer teachers who educate at a cost to the State of £1 17s. 11½d. per child, to teachers who educate at a cost to the State of £2 8s. 5d. per child with inferior educational results.

I now pass on to nuns who nurse; and I think it is the conviction of those who best know, that work-houses and hospitals under the care of nuns are managed best as to efficiency and economy. I believe that is the opinion of medical men and of Poor Law Guardians.

In *The Hospital*, a very interesting medical review published in London, a series of articles on the nursing question in Paris appeared during 1898. They were written by Sir Edmund Spcarman, who described in detail the gradual laicisation of the Parisian hospitals, which change, according to him, has not been an improvement. In the same review for October, 1903, an account is given of the nursing as carried on in the Paris Municipal School of Nursing which began in 1878, the first move in the process of laicising the hospitals. In the same number an account is given of the nursing as it is done in the Hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth in London, which is in charge of the Sisters of Mercy, and depends on private donations. An editorial in the same number says of the laicised system in Paris:—"It will be seen that the condition of affairs is at present far from satisfactory. Certificates, it is true, are insisted on by the municipality before the nurses can be promoted, but as these are often granted at the end of a single year, and can be earned either by a nurse in the wards, or a woman who studies in her own home, and has never seen a patient, their value is obviously small, and necessarily may be a source of serious danger to the public. Contrasting this system with that which is described by our Commissioner as prevailing at the Hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth in London, it must be acknowledged that the advantage lies with the nun who has received hospital training rather than with the half-trained, but certificated, French lay nurse." Some persons insist that the only security for good nursing is the hall-mark of a government or a municipality. Those observations I have just quoted, at any rate, dispose one to doubt or to discount the value of certificates approved by government or by municipal authority. Some time ago the nuns were expelled also from the hospitals of Marseilles, and were replaced by certificated lay nurses. The doctors and the patients protested, but in vain. The nuns' substitutes, however, in spite of the certificates, did not prove satisfactory. About a year ago their services were dispensed with, and the nuns were invited to take their place once more in the hospitals.

It was said to me a few years ago by a lady that it is

† Report of Mr. F. H. Dale. Page 45.

‡ Page 56.

§ Page 66.

¶ Page 71.

unfair for nuns to usurp the province of lady nurses who want to make a living. My answer was, in substance, this:—Whose province? What native right has the lady living in the world to nurse, which may not be equally claimed by the lady who becomes a nun? But the lady nurse has to make her living. Well, if we are to think out the question on these lines, has not the lady who becomes a nun to make her living? Or is a lady, once she becomes a nun, supposed henceforth to live on the wind? If you and a few other ladies wish to join in a private nursing establishment, you claim a perfect right to do so. Very well; and if you, after a time, determine to form a permanent association for nursing, and bind yourselves by religious vows, by what process do you lose the right which you had before?

A century ago, when the Catholic poor of Ireland had to remain, for the most part, untaught unless they consented to be educated on the condition or the risk of proselytism, a young Cork lady set about providing for the education of the poor of her native city. There was nothing wrong, I suppose, in her doing so. Well, she got other ladies to co-operate with her. It was, I suppose, a truly philanthropic work. They worked under the patronage of Dr. Moylan, Bishop of Cork, finally formed themselves into a permanent society by taking religious vows, and are known as the Presentation Nuns. If the work which Miss Nagle and her first associates undertook was a good one, it was wise of them to secure that it would live after them. When they took religious vows, how did they thereby lose any right to teach, which they had before? Was their competition with lay teachers "excessive and injurious to education, then?" If so, there was nothing to prevent others, without taking vows, from supplying the want which they sought to supply. There were neither critics nor complaints about convent competition in those days, because there were no government grants. A generation passed on, and another lady began a similar educational work in Dublin. She found other ladies to associate with her. They also taught poor schools as a society; and still a want remained in the education of the poor, which any ladies who desired might have helped to supply. After some time, Miss Macauley and her associates, to secure the permanence of their society and their work, took religious vows, and are known as the Sisters of Mercy. These two congregations of ladies soon spread over Ireland and, in time, over England, Australia, and America. They taught the poor in Ireland without receiving a penny of public money for the building of their schools or as remuneration for their work. It passes my understanding how they have not the same right to teach to-day, when the public rewards them for their work, which they had in those days when there was no public remuneration, and therefore no critics to complain of their work or to envy them the privilege of doing it; especially since, according to official testimony, they do their work more efficiently than others, and more cheaply. Oh! in those days they were freely allowed to tread the wine-press alone. They have been born and bred in Ireland like others; have as much right to live in Ireland as others have; and, since Sir Horace's standpoint forces me to discuss whether their presence is "economically unsound," have as much right to work for their living in this land of their birth as others have. One would think that nuns are some foreign importations blown into the country as exotics by some adverse breezes. A young lady has been born on Irish soil, of Irish parents, and because, when she comes to choose a line of life, she chooses to become a nun, she is not let use that common civil right without having to bear the criminatory imperfections of those especially who are in Ireland, but not of it! Sir Horace has "no doubt at all that their competition with lay teachers is excessive and educationally injurious." If they were not bound by religious vows, but were simply ladies associated in the work of teaching, would their presence or their multiplication be "economically unsound" and "educationally injurious?" If any

dozen ladies associated for similar work, would he pass a similar criticism on their action? If he would, I should like to know on what grounds, and I should look out for their reply with much interest. Rings, trusts, syndicates, and companies of all sorts arise, increase, and multiply, and the economist acknowledging them as economic factors provides a place for each in the parallelogram of economic forces. Creameries or co-operative stores may multiply over the land, and although they may swallow up the small shopkeeper or farmer, although they have unquestionably been the occasion of having drinking centres multiplied in the country, although they have also lessened the demand for labour, and have thus, unlike the passing of cross-roads dancing, become a real cause of emigration, Sir Horace is not only their champion and their propagandist, he is their father and their prophet. *Ego non invideo, miror magis*. But then, on what principle of consistency does he attack the multiplication of teaching associations such as nuns? Is it because they are associations, or because they are associations bound by religious vows? The former would be contradictory, the latter would be bigotry.

The buildings of those two communities are amongst "the costly and elaborate monastic and conventual institutions, involving what, in the aggregate, must be an enormous annual expenditure" to which he finds "it difficult to reconcile to the known conditions of the country." Now, we are told by Mr. Dale that the working of their schools costs considerably less to the public than the other similar schools; I know from personal knowledge that they help the poorer pupils to a large extent in the way of food and clothes; and their income is spent in the locality of their work, and not in London or the Riviera. What he condemns, then, is not true of the work they do. Is it true of the school-houses where they teach, or of the convents where they live? The buildings which belong to them in the city where I am writing are amongst the largest in the country; and I speak of these only, since, unlike the convent critics who know everything about every convent in the country, I have no definite knowledge of any outside the place where I live. The principal Convent of the Sisters of Mercy in Limerick is St. Mary's. It is built beside the ruins of the old Dominican Abbey, and accommodates about 50 nuns who do the internal work of the establishment, visit the sick and poor daily, and take charge of schools in which over 2,000 children are taught. Their conventual buildings on this spot consist of the convent, a house of refuge for servants out of place, and splendid schools for over 1,000 children. Not a penny of public money has ever been spent on any of those buildings. Ah! you Roman casuist; but have they not been built by public subscription made in the city or its surroundings? No, they have not. About thirty years ago a bazaar was, I am told, held to enlarge the convent chapel, and a few benefactors, who had relatives in the community, made gifts of an altar and windows. For the rest, no public subscription of any kind has ever been asked or given to meet the cost of those buildings. In charge of the same community are schools some distance away—a fine block of buildings in which also more than 1,000 children are taught. That building was raised at the sole expense of a Limerick physician, Dr. Frith, who, I suppose, had a perfect right to turn his own money to such a use without consulting any economists. Attached to it is a school for little boys, which was paid for by the nuns themselves out of the money which they got for teaching, supplemented by a grant from the National Board. Where, then, did the cost come from? It is an impertinent question for me to ask; but I presume it came from the dowries of the Sisters, and from savings made from the grants allowed them by the Commissioners for teaching. That is, they give part of their salary to build their schools. I know, on reliable authority, that owing to such outlay they were once brought to great straits till Bishop Ryan, who, from living very simply during a long episcopate of forty years, saved a considerable sum of money, knowing their needs, left them a large portion of his savings for their personal support.

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FRED LEWIS and CO.'S PERFUMES AND TOILET REQUISITES; IRISH MANUFACTURE

The Presentation Nuns have charge of schools in which more than 1,000 children are taught. The oldest part of their convent was built seventy years ago by a parish priest in the city who was architect and clerk of works, paid for the work out of the savings of a lifetime, and was himself buried by public subscription. Later wings and a chapel have since been added at the expense of the nuns themselves and a few benefactors, including Bishop Ryan who distributed between this and other such works what remained after what he had given to the Sisters of Mercy. Their schools were originally built by Father Hogan, the parish priest to whom I have just referred, at his own expense and under his own superintendence. They were then unpretentious buildings, so different from what they are now; and all that has been added to them has been done at the expense of the nuns themselves, excepting a supplementary grant from the Commissioners for a new wing recently constructed. With regard to those building grants from the Commissioners which the Presentation Nuns and the Sisters of Mercy received, they are not special favours given nuns. They are given towards all National Schools. Those nuns have built almost all their schools; those Government Grants have helped them only to add a few wings to buildings already made, and even for the building and equipment of those few wings the nuns have paid at least half the cost.

Within the past few years the Sisters of Mercy have built a magnificent Training School, in which about 100 teachers are educated. It has not cost the city a penny to build, whilst its maintenance, like the other conventual establishments, brings the city a large revenue. They have appealed to Government to help to pay the debt incurred by the cost; but, so far, the representatives of Government in Ireland have refused, although the College is doing the same work as the Training College under the Commissioners' control in Dublin, on which £113,358 of public money was originally spent to build and furnish, and on which £50,000 is now voted out of the Irish Development Fund for buildings in connection with the same College. The Sisters of Mercy have another establishment in Limerick which is used as an Industrial School. In this they also bring up about fifty orphans partly at their own expense, and partly with funds left for that purpose, especially by two benefactors; in it also they teach over 100 children under the National Board. The Sisters began that splendid cluster of buildings with one half-crown which a poor woman came one day many years ago to offer them as a help for the support of the few orphans whom they had taken under their care. I am told that a diocesan collection was made for the extension of its humble beginning; but the greater part of the cost was borne by the nuns themselves, and by about a score of benefactors, most of whom were priests. From this community is taught another school some distance away of over 500 children, which was originally built in part by the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and enlarged at the expense of the nuns with the help of a grant from the Commissioners. Some years ago the Sisters of Mercy received a Church collection through the city for their orphanage, but on receiving a considerable sum by bequest they ceased to appeal to the people for help. At present they receive an annual Church collection in the city for the maintenance of their House of Refuge and the relief of the poor. One who was their chaplain some years ago tells me that this collection makes about £100. They also receive an annual grant for the same purpose from a wealthy, beneficent lady who is interested in the work. But, considering that they have about 40 servants usually in the House of Refuge, and that two nuns from each of their two city convents go daily amongst the poor, I was not surprised to learn also from the same source that they spend in those two works about £1,000 a year. The Presentation Nuns also have an annual city collection to provide the poorest of their school children with food and clothes; but they spend a great deal more on the poor than that collection makes. Besides these works, four Sisters of Mercy are engaged in nursing the sick poor in their homes without a penny cost to the city.

Let us now stop to reflect a little. Nearly 4,000 children are educated in all those schools which I have considered. They are usually marked "excellent" by the School Inspectors, and I believe that some of them never fail to get that distinction. According to Mr. Dale they are superior, and yet cost much less than other National Schools. Excepting a small fraction of their cost, all those buildings have been erected from time to time within the past seventy years without an appeal to the public taxes or to a local public subscription. If it be true of any in Ireland, it is true of them that they are "costly and elaborate institutions, involving what must be an enormous annual expenditure for maintenance," which "it is difficult to reconcile with the known conditions of the country." Now, let us suppose that Sir Horace and the Department set about providing equally fine school buildings and excellent teaching for 4,000 children, how would he set about doing it at less, or at as little, cost to the public? On the contrary, he would have to dive deeply into the public purse. Let him judge himself, then, by his own standard, "the economic sense," which he says is shocked by the multiplication of those conventual institutions in Ireland. What justification—what appearance even of justification—can he pretend to have, in face of those facts I have given, for making against conventual institutions the charge he has made? There are about 100 members in those three communities which I have been discussing. Looking at the facts I have given straight in the face, and I defy contradiction as to them, can he find any hundred ladies living outside religious communities who do half as much work for the public at three times the public expense? And yet they "shock the economic sense!" Those facts I have given prove, beyond doubt or suspicion, that the position of aggressiveness towards convents which he has taken up is a false one; and even though it were well-founded it would be unbecoming, because, were those institutions ever so extravagant it would badly become him to complain, since neither he nor his have been asked to bear the burden of their cost. But our economic critics evidently have not yet exorcised themselves of the feeling that it is their privilege to pry into our account books and our cash box even when we are spending our own. Usurped prerogatives die slowly. But they die; and the sooner our critics let them go the better. We forgive past injustice, but we shall not tolerate present insolence.

M. O'R.



SPREADING THE NEWS.

(Continued).

SCENE II.—A part of Grafton Street.

Enter two Sourfaces meeting with wild and haggard looks.

1st Sour.—Heaven be praised, I see you're alive still.

2nd Sour.—Yes, but how long. My God, how long?

1st Sour.—Our lives are not worth a minute's purchase. We stand upon a precipice of fire, murder and blood.

2nd Sour.—Oh, we're like lambs in the midst of chicken butchers.

1st Sour.—Look at the shops all open as if the atmosphere was full of peace and joy, instead of being charged with cataracts and waterspouts of "Saved" blood.

2nd Sour.—Mercy on us, yes. The place is as calm and peaceful as Sandy Row on the 12th of July. Can it be possible that they have received no warning? Has no "Saved" Cassandra, or "sightless courier of the air," as Macbeth says, whispered the dreadful warning in their ears. (Here an urchin behind shouts "Herald or May-al").

1st Sour. (with a jump)—Help, murder.

2nd Sour. (Staggering against a window)—Police, Popery, blood.

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1st Sour.—'Tis only a news boy. I took it to be a Romish war whoop.

2nd Sour.—Oh, I was full sure that I was going to get a stab in the back. A black inquisitor armed with a Spanish knife, popped up before my mind's eye for a moment.

Enter another Sourface with a hunted look in his eyes.

3rd Sour.—Do you know that the sixth seal of Popery is about to be opened?

1st and 2nd Sour.—Yes, Maresnest has told us.

3rd Sour.—Ten thousand of the Catholic Association under the command of—(an urchin shouts Bill Bailey) Sir Anthony McDonnell, are to commence operation on the "Saved" at four o'clock.

1st Sour.—Terrors of Torquemada.

2nd Sour.—Merciful, murdering Cromwell, let us fly.

3rd Sour.—Why, man alive—alive for the present anyway—an attempt to fly now would only precipitate a stab in the back.

1st Sour.—Parsons and poverty, we're like scorpions girt with fire.

2nd Sour.—Oh, we're lost "Saved" coons.

3rd Sour.—Too true, too true. Dublin to-day is a concentration camp for the poor faithful garrison of England. All the railways and steam boats are watched by Popish patrols, who have received orders to stab every Sourface in the back who attempts to leave the city without a passport signed by—(an urchin shouts Bill Bailey) the head Romish inquisitor of the Catholic Association.

Enter another Sourface wildly staring.

4th Sour.—Fee, faw, fum, I smell the blood of the massacred "Saved."

1st Sour.—Powers of priestcraft, the unfortunate man has gone dotty with fear.

4th Sour.—Oh, I could read murder in every Papist's face I saw this morning. The milkman glared at me, the bread-cart driver scowled at me like an Italian bandit, and the little nursery governess belonging to that superstitious Idolator Massman gave me a look like a dagger. Oh, the fagots, the fires, the knives and the cords; take them away, take them away.

2nd Sour.—What a pitiful spectacle it is to see one of the representatives of the wealth and intelligence of the country behaving like that and all through Popish persecution.

4th Sour.—Fee, faw, fum, I smell the blood of the massacred "Saved." Exit.

Enter another Sourface running.

5th Sour.—The powers of darkness and superstition are in motion through the city, and the first attack is to be made on the educational old man's house in College Green.

1st Sour.—Great doggerel Dowden, where are all the Cæsars of the garrison?

2nd Sour.—Where is Captain Wade-Blood?

5th Sour.—He's posted at the Vice-regal Lodge to protect all the "Saved" housemaids.

3rd Sour.—Where is Colonel Salamanderson, the fire-eating, leek-swallowing Cavan militiaman?

5th Sour.—At Snily's ragged school in command of a strong detachment of the Royal Dublin Societies, the Provincial Bankers, and A, B, and C Companies of the Royal Rathmines Bigots.

1st Sour.—Where's Brother Goulding?

5th Sour.—At the Kingsbridge Freemason factory. He's getting ready an armoured train to run upon the tram tracks. It will be manned by the Great Southern and Western Nation-killers, commanded by Napoleon Dent. I can't wait any longer. I'm carrying a dispatch from Munchausen to Alf Fox. Farewell. Mind the daggers. May we meet again sound and saved. Exit.

Enter Hogwash.

Hog.—To College Green, to College Green. The blood-thirsty Romish hordes are advancing in double quick time upon the College, led by a Jesuit priest in a scarlet robe. The Rev. Phineas Hunt is a prisoner in

their hands, and is dragged along loaded with chains. He is going to be tried by drum head Court-martial, and then burnt at the stake. Let us save him if we can.

Enter Mudson.

Mud.—To the College, to the College. The first fighting line of the Catholic Association is in Dame Street. All the trams are knocked down and converted into barricades, and the Papists behind them are potting away at the "Saved." North the auctioneer's place is converted into an arsenal. You can get rifles and ammunition there.

Enter Munchausen.

Mun.—The Hunting Dog General is in the hands of the Popish desperadoes. Himself and the Rev. Phineas Hunt are bound together by a chain one hundred and fifty-six pounds weight. Rescue, rescue, before they'll both be put to the torture.

Enter Maresnest.

Mare.—Do you smell the smoke? God help the "Saved" this day. It is many's the barn of Scullabogue will be seen in Dublin before the sun sets.

2nd Sour.—Where are the police?

3rd Sour.—Where are the conquering Imperial Tommies?

4th Sour.—Oh, the West British Bogus Intelligence Department must have been asleep to allow this mine to be sprung upon us all of a sudden. I always looked upon Fitzcalumny as an alert and capable Liar Master General, but I see I was mistaken.

Hog.—Fitz. was as alert and vigilant as ever, but th's plot was hidden forty fathoms deep in Jesuitical secrecy. Fitz., however, by a miracle of spycraft, scented it out at the last moment. And furthermore, he has done as much as any mortal "Saved" man to get the Tommies out, but in vain. They only laughed at him, and told him to go and see Bill Bailey.

4th Sour.—What about the big brother?

Hog.—Oh, he has sent a most pathetic message to the Globe Pigsty, and the Big Bully Forger. It would melt the heart of a stone. It was headed "The Last Dying Groan of West British Loyalism."

All (sobbing)—Oh, oh, oh.

Hog.—It wound up with the words—True, true till death. We loved you to the last, and died with your name upon our lips.

All (sobbing)—Oh, oh, oh.

Enter several Sourfaces, shouting murder! massacre! remember sixteen forty-one, and Saint Bartholomew.

6th Sour.—The Romish sappers and miners are at work under Tony Traill's wall, and Mahaffy is hors-de-combat already from a Popish cannon ball.

Exeunt Sourfaces.

Mun.—A horse, a horse, West Britain for a horse.

Exit Mun.

Mud.—Charge, Mudson, charge: on, Munchausen, on.

Exit Mud.

Hog.—Hogwash, to the rescue, forward, charge,

And Romish bodies be my mark and targe.

Exit Hog.

Mare.—On Maresnest, follow to the fiery front.

And save poor James, and poor Phineas Hunt.

Exit Mare.

Enter two Policemen.

1st Pol.—Begob, the bigots are like as if they got the hydrophobia to-day.

2nd Pol.—They're flyin' around like red Inguns, or clowns in a pantomime, and nothin' is in their mouths but murder an' blood.

1st Pol.—To listen to 'em you'd think that Dublin was Constantinople durin' a murderin' epidemic.

2nd Pol.—Some maresnest about the Catholic Association is the cause of all this play-actin'. For 'tis all play-actin', not a haporth else.

1st Pol.—It takes all soarts of people to make up a world, an' the Sourfaces of this counthry are about as hairy as there's made.

Exeunt Policemen.

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SCENE III.—Before Tony Traill's house.

An immense crowd of Sourfaces are gathered, some howling, some weeping and sobbing, and others groaning. A posse of policemen are endeavouring to disperse them quietly. Among the crowd are Fitzcalumny, Hogwash, Mudson, Munchausen and Maresnest.

Fitz.—"Saved" soldiers of England's faithful garrison, the enemy has fled at your approach. The eyes of the civilized world are upon you here to-day, and Protestantism and liberty will bless your arms and your hearts for ever.

3rd Pol.—It would be an act of charity if some one would turn a hose on 'em.

4th Pol.—Some wan spoke before you. Here comes the fire brigade.

Enter Fireman.

1st Fireman (with a wink)—Yes, I can see the flames. The top, front, back parlour of the Provost's house is on fire. Quick wud the wather.

The firemen, as if accidentally, turn the hose upon the Sourfaces who, with spluttering shrieks and choking and gasping cries, fly in all directions. Confusion, cheers and laughter.

Curtain.
A.M.W.



MR. GWYNN AND HIS CRITICS.

THE proceedings in the New Hall of the Gresham Hotel last week should still further clear the air. Mr. Gwynn asked his audience to consider whether it might not be possible for them, without sacrifice of principle, to come to terms with Trinity College; he stated that he, a Protestant Nationalist, sympathising with both parties, saw no reason why they should not settle their differences without having recourse to the arbitration of the Saxon; and though it is plain that the scheme which he propounded did not satisfy his audience, it seems also quite plain that those who criticised the scheme adversely did not meet the arguments by which it was supported. Now Trinity College is too rich a plum to be handed over to the garrison, unless the Irish people are forced by principle

to make the sacrifice. What, then, is the principle that compels us?

Fr. Finlay, Mr. Gwynn's most formidable critic, proclaimed that, at least in the higher grades, "the separation of religion from education was, from the Catholic point of view, an absolute impossibility." The audience endorsed this statement by their applause, whereupon the speaker continued:—"They could not omit from their educational system religion as the basis of education, not only of philosophy, but of the scientific interpretation of nature as well." In what sense is this accurate as a statement of Catholic principle? Later on Fr. Finlay himself set forth modifications:—"They (Catholics) would not willingly tolerate any system which subjects the student to risks of being taught that which was contrary to his faith;" thereby implying the true Catholic principle, that secular education, in such branches as chemistry and physiology, cannot be approved as the ideal system, but only tolerated; and not even tolerated unless it be the least of the evils from which we have power to choose.

What, therefore, Fr. Finlay should have shown is, that the circumstances of Ireland at the present time are such as afford the Catholic body no sufficient reason for attending schools of secular science in Trinity College—for regarding this as the least dangerous of all the courses that are open to them. He did not show this, nor even attempt to show it; he left absolutely untouched the very heart of the question to which he was speaking; nor were those who succeeded him more relevant than he.

Another statement of his, in which the name of Professor Haeckel was introduced, met with the approbation of the audience; who must surely have forgotten that in a University such as that which Mr. Dillon has delineated, if the chairs are to be awarded to and retained by the best men, independently of religious tests, a Haeckel or a Huxley might any day become a professor of physiology; or, as is more likely, the professor of physiology might become a Huxley or a Haeckel. Mr. Dillon depends on the atmosphere to make such men uncomfortable, not without reason; but would professors and students be powerless in

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Trinity College And is not Miss Hayden justified in hoping that, as against men like Haeckel, in the process of heating the atmosphere they would get assistance from their fellows of the Protestant faith?

Mr. Gwynn asked squarely whether there are any conditions on which Catholics would think themselves justified in making with Protestants common use of Trinity. When the authorities of that institution are asked to make such modifications as would make the College satisfactory to the Irish nation, does the demand imply that it is to be handed over to Catholics, to be theirs in the same way as the University which Mr. Dillon contemplates? If so, said Mr. Gwynn, let this be stated plainly; and let the Catholics of Ireland justify as best they can the principle to which they are thus committed, in face of what is going on among their no less educated or sturdy co-religionists in America and on the Continent. But if Catholics think that Trinity College may be so reformed as to become acceptable to them, without getting rid of the body of the Protestants, let the necessary reforms be roughly sketched. When this has been done the present authorities will be in a position to determine whether they can consent to modifications which they are justified in regarding as acceptable. This, in substance, is Mr. Gwynn's demand. It may not be deemed worthy of a reply; in so far as it emanates from Trinity College it may be due to fear or even made in bad faith, as is suggested by the *Freeman*; but is it never good policy to meet demands even of that kind?

Catholics who reject any scheme such as that proposed by Mr. Gwynn, may defend their position logically on the ground that by going into Trinity College at present they would be embracing not the less but the greater evil, unless, as the *Freeman* hints, from the first step of the new departure they were assured of a fair share of authority in the College; or unless the present professors of the Catholic schools were admitted to fellowship; or in any case, as is also stated by the *Freeman*, seeing that we have now so much reason to hope for a University more in conformity with our ideal. I respect these arguments and think they should be carefully pondered by the Catholic body; though I do not place as much confidence as the writer of the *Freeman* article in the English Government, even though it should be guided by the Nonconformist conscience. These arguments, however, were not advanced at the meeting in reply to Mr. Gwynn. Is it on them we are to rely in the Press and on the platform, in formal parliamentary debates and informal conversa-

tions? Or is it rather on the shibboleth that for Catholics there cannot be education without religion, under any conditions and in any of the higher departments?

This is the crucial question for those who may be called on to advocate the Catholic claim. Mr. Gwynn put it very pithily in replying to the vote of thanks of the meeting which he addressed: on which leg do you take your stand?

W. J. LYNAGH.

ON THE TONALITY OF IRISH MUSIC.

II.

WHILE preparing my last paper on this subject, the question of accidentals assumed more prominence than I had expected, and so I determined to discuss that matter at greater length. I shall here assemble my scraps of knowledge on the point, and present besides a remarkable development of the tonality theory known by me, to some extent, before, but revealed in a far clearer light during the course of this secondary examination:—

1. Only minor intervals, or those designated by the figure 8, suffer accidental change in the whole gamut.

2. This accidental change consists in the interchange of a semi-tone for a minor or *vice versa*. Graphically 8,5 becomes 5,8, and 5,8 becomes 8,5.

3. The former change produces an accented or real accidental; the latter is unaccented, and merely a glide or grace note.

4. The former change—viz., 8,5 to 5,8 occurs in the lower arm of the gamut, it is not possible in the higher arm, *for there semi-tones are already in the accidental condition, or precede minors*. Similarly the latter change—i.e., 5,8 to 8,5 can take place only in the higher arm, for in the lower the order is already 8,5. Flattened accidentals then are made in the lower arm, sharpened in the higher.

5. *Therefore the accidentals of either arm are the real notes of the other.*

6. There are no persistent accidentals.

The gamut given in my last paper was too short. It really extends perhaps to a compass of a fifth and four octaves. I remarked in giving a practical scheme of

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motives of the interposition are dark to me. At any rate, it breaks the continuity of the octave run, and sets up the centre pivot system. Two octaves extend below it, and with only the accidental differences mentioned already *the same two octaves extend above it*. For, if we shunt or back down the upper arm so that its lowest 9—the one just above the interposed fifth—coincide with the lowest 9 of the lower arm, it will be found that all the other intervals will coincide also, except those that suffer accident, and they will be found crossed. But as the lower arm must have an extra wire to express the natural of each minor (flattened accidental), one can play upper and lower arm tunes on the same set of strings. For, in playing lower arm tunes, one can use the sharp *mi* and *la* as the ordinary notes, and the flat *mi* and *la* as flattened accidentals, whereas upper arm tunes can be rendered by playing the flat values of *mi* and *la* as the ordinary notes, and the sharpened values as the glide or unaccented accidentals proper to that arm. For, as will be seen, the accidentals of either arm are the real notes of the other. Upper and lower arm tunes can be played then below, but to accommodate those tunes that run above and below the centre, a portion of the upper arm must be still kept above on the harp for practical playing. The following gamut will be the result:

5 8 5 8 | 5 8 5 8 | 5 8 | 9 5 8 9 5 | Calling A Doh we
9 8 5 9 8 5 9 | 9 8 5 9 8 5 9 | 9 6 3 6 3 9 | 9 5 8 9 5 |
8 5 | 8 5
have A B C♯ C♯ D E F♯ F♯ G A B C♯ C♯ D E F♯ F♯ G
A B C♯ C♯ d e f g a b c♯.

Tune as directed in the former paper—viz., ordinary, just tonality with these differences:—C♯ minor third from A, or major third from E, and all C♯ notes octaves. F♯ minor third from D, or major third (*doh-mi*)

from A and all F♯ notes octaves. Re-tune G = *si*, a fifth below D, and all G notes octaves except *g*. Re-tune *f* and *g* a fifth from B and C♯ respectively. Tune middle C by making it beat at about an even rate with C♯ and C♯. Indeed a note or two may be withdrawn from the top of this gamut, for of tunes that cross middle C, I suspect none goes higher than *a* or, at most, *b*.

The interposed fifth is peculiar. The two streams meet there, and C♯ and C♯ each constitutes a minor to hold the other as accidental. But there is more to be said on that, and on a great many things besides.

The pivot principle develops the interposed fifth, and a variant of the scale of the flat seventh. The two scales are, of course:

9 8 5 9 8 5 9 and
9 5 8 9 5 8 9

Those scales interchange, for when one uses an accidental it becomes the other for the time being. Tunes that cross the centre use one scale on their lower side, and the other upon the upper.

What I know and feel of Irish music, and what of its technique, my feeble ability after endless toil and striving has been enabled to recover, convince me that it is an heirloom from a pre-historic era of the highest culture when men could make the Rig Veda, the Homeric ballads, and the epic of the Tām bó Cuatnge and that as material towards the reconstruction of the history of Indo-Germanic civilisation, it is the most interesting because the most untouched survival that now confronts the learned of Europe and America.

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WORKING BOYS' HOME,
ABBAY STREET.

A . . .
Public Meeting

WILL BE HELD IN
THE MANSION HOUSE,
ON
Friday, January 27th, 1905,
At 4 o'clock,

To explain the successful working of the Home
during the past year, and to solicit the Aid
of the Public for its Extension,

The Right Hon. THE LORD MAYOR
WILL PRESIDE.

HIS GRACE THE MOST REV. DR. WALSH,
ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN,
The Patron of the Home, will attend.

Several prominent Citizens will address
the Meeting.

Our Lady's Hospice for the
Dying,
HAROLD'S CROSS.

The Sisters of Charity in charge of the Hospice beg to acknowledge with deep and heartfelt gratitude the following sums towards its support in answer to the Christmas Appeal, 1904:—

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Right Hon. Lord Chief				Mrs. Larkin	1	0	0
Baron Palles	10	0	0	Mr. John Leonard, J.P.	1	0	0
Anonymous	10	0	0	Mr. Patrick Lawler	1	0	0
Mr. Wellington Darley	5	0	0	Messrs. Maxwell & Weldon	1	0	0
Messrs. Clery and Co.	5	0	0	Mr. John Marks	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Win. O'Brien	5	0	0	Mr. Thomas L. Moore	1	0	0
In Memory of Mrs. A. O'Neill	5	0	0	Mr. Mallins	1	0	0
Messrs. Murphy and Lamb. kin	5	0	0	Mr. M. J. Madden	1	0	0
Anonymous	5	0	0	Mr. Robert Morrough	1	0	0
Messrs. Arnott and Co.	3	3	0	Mr. Joseph Mooney, J.P.	1	0	0
Mr. Justice Andrews	3	0	0	Lady Martin	1	0	0
Sir James Murphy	3	0	0	Sir George Morris	1	0	0
Mr. William M. Murphy	3	0	0	Miss Murphy	1	0	0
Mrs. O'Donnell	3	0	0	Mr. Charles Martin, D.L.	1	0	0
Mr. John M'Donnell, J.P.	3	0	0	Mr. James M'Donnell	1	0	0
Mr. Christopher Langan	3	0	0	Mr. W. McCabe	1	0	0
Bakers' Trade Union, per Mr. J. Gibbons	3	0	0	Miss M'Court	1	0	0
Trustees of the late Sir John Arnott	3	0	0	Mrs. J. M'Gowan	1	0	0
National Friendly Loan Society, per Mr. P. Lawler	2	2	6	Mrs. M'Ivor	1	0	0
Mrs. Stephen Gwynn	2	2	0	Miss Neade	1	0	0
Mr. George Perry	2	2	0	Mr. Wm. Nunan	1	0	0
Messrs. Jameson, Pim and Co.	2	2	0	Mr. Edward O'Keefe	1	0	0
Messrs. Kennan & Son	2	2	0	Mr. Patrick O'Neill	1	0	0
Mr. Michael Bannon	2	0	0	Doctor Odevaine	1	0	0
Mr. James Browne	2	0	0	Messrs. Plunkett Bros.	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Egan	2	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Parsons	1	0	0
Hon. Judge Carton	2	0	0	Mr. Jones Pigot	1	0	0
Mr. T. Farley	2	0	0	Mr. Thomas Tallon	1	0	0
Alderman Flanagan	2	0	0	Mr. Thomas F. Pigot	1	0	0
Mr. Michael E. Fitzgerald	2	0	0	Miss Pigot	1	0	0
Mrs. H. S. Guinness	2	0	0	A Small Donation in Thanks giving	1	0	0
Mr. John Mulligan	2	0	0	P. J. W.	1	0	0
Mrs. R. McCabe	2	0	0	Miss Roche	1	0	0
Mrs. A. O'Rourke	2	0	0	Mrs. Ryan	1	0	0
Messrs. John Power & Son	2	0	0	Miss K. Roche	1	0	0
Mr. Charles Quinn	2	0	0	Mr. Patrick Richardson	1	0	0
Workmen's Club	2	0	0	Mr. Edmund Sweetman	1	0	0
St. Mary's Tontine Society	1	7	0	Mr. Thomas Sexton	1	0	0
Per Mr. John Fallon	1	3	0	Doctor Strahan	1	0	0
Mr. Redmond Barry, K.C.	1	1	0	Mr. M. S. Seymour	1	0	0
Mr. J. C. Bennett	1	1	0	Mrs. Strickland	1	0	0
Colonel Dobbs	1	1	0	Mr. R. F. Stein	1	0	0
Mr. J. J. Foley	1	1	0	Mrs. Smyth	1	0	0
Mr. Thos. Mackey	1	1	0	Mr. Ignatius Spadacini	1	0	0
Mr. Cornelius M'Loughlin	1	1	0	Dublin Steam Shipping Co.	1	0	0
Hibernian Bank	1	1	0	Mrs. Tisdale	1	0	0
The Apothecaries' Hall	1	1	0	Doctor Tobin	1	0	0
A Friend	1	0	0	Messrs. W. & P. Thompson	1	0	0
Mr. William Anderson, J.P.	1	0	0	Mr. James Tuite	1	0	0
Miss Boland	1	0	0	Mr. Taafe	1	0	0
For the Poor Patients	1	0	0	Mr. Thomas Tallon	1	0	0
Mrs. Byrne	1	0	0	Mr. J. J. Whitley	1	0	0
From one who Appreciates the Hospice	1	0	0	Two "Well Wshers"	1	0	0
Mrs. W. Brennan	1	0	0	Anonymous	67	0	0
Mr. J. J. Cartan	1	0	0	Collected by Miss Fitzgerald			
Sir Patrick Coll, C.B.	1	0	0	Mr. P. O'Connor	0	15	0
Sir Francis Cruise, M.D.	1	0	0	Dr. O'Connell Redmond	0	10	6
Mrs. Clarke	1	0	0	Mr. Joshua Clarke	0	10	6
Mrs. Cunningham	1	0	0	Mr. J. Ormsby Cooke	0	10	6
Mr. James F. Cassidy	1	0	0	Mr. Patrick Aherne	0	10	0
Mr. Patrick W. Corrigan	1	0	0	Mr. John Buckley	0	10	0
Mrs. Connolly	1	0	0	Mrs. Carroll	0	10	0
A Friend in the Country	1	0	0	Miss D'Arcy	0	10	0
Mrs. Daniel	1	0	0	The O'Conor Don	0	10	0
Mr. Thomas Denehy, J.P.	1	0	0	E. B.	0	10	0
Mr. Patrick Donegan	1	0	0	Mr. Thomas Dunphy	0	10	0
Mr. James Donovan	1	0	0	Mr. James Doyle	0	10	0
Mr. Michael Doyle	1	0	0	Messrs. Eivery & Co.	0	10	0
Mr. James Ennis	1	0	0	Miss K. Fleming	0	10	0
Very Rev. Monsignor Fitzpatrick, D.D.	1	0	0	Mrs. Gernon	0	10	0
Mr. Patrick Field, T.C.	1	0	0	Mr. William Hill	0	10	0
Messrs. Frazer & Co.	1	0	0	Mrs. Jennings	0	10	0
Mrs. Gaffney	1	0	0	Major Knight	0	10	0
Mr. George Fottrell	1	0	0	Mr. James Kiernan	0	10	0
Mrs. Galloway	1	0	0	Mr. Thomas A. Kelly	0	10	0
Mr. James Gaughran	1	0	0	Messrs. Gleeson & O'Dea	0	10	0
Mr. Edward Gordon	1	0	0	Anonymous	0	10	0
Mr. P. M. Gleeson	1	0	0	Mr. Matthew Kennedy	0	10	0
Mr. Austin Green	1	0	0	Miss Locke	0	10	0
Messrs. M. H. Gill & Son	1	0	0	Mrs. Moran	0	10	0
Doctor G. Joyce	1	0	0	Mr. D. W. Morris	0	10	0
Baroness Keatinge	1	0	0	Mr. P. Murphy	0	10	0
Miss Kelly	1	0	0	Mr. John Murphy	0	10	0
Mr. James Kelly	1	0	0	Mr. Morrough	0	10	0
Mr. Cornelius Kennedy	1	0	0	Anonymous	0	10	0
Miss Jennings	1	0	0	Mr. Matthew M'Anley	0	10	0
Mr. P. J. Kintlen	1	0	0	Mr. Edward M'Donough	0	10	0
Messrs. Kelly Bros.	1	0	0	Mr. Charles M'Loughlin	0	10	0
Mrs. Kiwan	1	0	0	Mr. Oliver J. O'Connor	0	10	0
Mr. John Keegan	1	0	0	Messrs. Powell & Mooney	0	10	0
Mr. Andrew J. Keogh	1	0	0	Mrs. Lamb	0	10	0
A Mite to Help the Good Work	1	0	0	Mrs. Sohan	0	10	0
				R. and L.	0	10	0
				Mr. Frederick Sims	0	10	0
				Mr. Spring	0	10	0
				Mr. and Mrs. Talbot	0	10	0
				Mr. R. Tobin	0	10	0
				Mrs. Traynor	0	10	0
				Mr. T. J. Waters	0	10	0
				Mr. M. J. J. Whelan	0	10	0
				Mr. R. Connell	0	6	0

5s. each from Dr. Delahoyde, Messrs. Bergin, Carolan, Dodd, Dollard, Donohue, Doran, Eason, Goff, Foley, Keays, Wall, Kearney, P. O.R., Mrs. Mulcahy, Mrs. Carr, Mrs. Carroll, Mrs. Rowe, Miss Cormick, Miss Galwey, Miss Ryan, Thankoffering from N. Ennisearthy; M. T., Co. Meath; Sisters of St. Kevin's.

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Twenty Words or under one Shilling per insertion; Sixpence every additional Ten Words or fraction of Ten. Three insertions for price of Two. Trade Advertisements in this column Sixpence per line.

"GUIDE TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION." Giving all information required by Parents and Students. Free, the Registrar, Medical School, Cecilia Street, Dublin.

WANTED—Smokers to ask for PATERSON'S NEW WOOD VESTA MATCHES, WOLF DOG Brand, made in Dublin.

HARRISON KNITTING MACHINES. Works, 48 69 Upper Brook Street, Manchester. At Cork Exhibition, 1902, over 30 Irish Girls were taught by us, and many Irish Industries are now steadily progressing under our installation. Wools at Wholesale Prices. Lists of Machines sent on application.

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EVENING CLASSES, University College, Stephen's Green, in all subjects of the Arts' Courses of the Royal University. Every evening from 7.30 to 9.30 p.m.

A DISTINGUISHED ECCLESIASTIC WRITES:—"I can fully substantiate all I said in favour of 'PROMPT'S LOTTO CRINALIS,' in my letter of recommendation, which I wrote from Fethard, County Tipperary."

FATHER MATHEW HALL, Church Street, Monday, 30th inst., 8 o'clock. Lecture by Rev. Father Benignus, O.S.F.C.:—"Ye Fairie Cille by the Nore." Limelight illustrations. Father Aloysius presiding.

SAINT TERESA'S TOTAL ABSTINENCE ASSOCIATION, Clarendon St. There will be a Concert and short address on next Tuesday, at 8 o'clock. Songs, reels, and jigs. Admission, 2d. and 3d.

SUPERIORESSES in CONVENTS, Etc., requiring the services of young ladies, native speakers, and trained in Munster Training College as Irish Teachers, shall have particulars and qualifications by applying to T. A. O'Scannell, Ballingearry, Co. Cork.

LACES! LACES! LACES.—Real Irish Hand-made Crochet Carrickmacross and Limerick Laces—including Capes, Flouncings, Berthes, etc., for sale. Immediate Clearance. Goods returned free of charge if not satisfactory. For Prices apply, "Irish Laces," No. 137 LEADER Office.

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(Under the care of the Sisters of Charity).

We beg to remind all interested in the Industrial Revival of Ireland that we can supply best value in Irish Tweeds, Dress Goods, Blankets, Flannels, Shawls, Clerical Cloth, Habit Cloth, Nuns' Serges and Nuns Shawls a Speciality, and the kind patronage of Superiors of Convents, Colleges, Institutions, etc., would help to increase employment and stem the tide of emigration.

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For Paper Bags of every sort, Wrapping Papers, and Tissues,

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Irish Association for the Prevention of Intemperance.

ANNUAL MEETING, ROUND ROOM, ROTUNDA, Thursday, 26th January, 1905, TEMPERANCE DEMONSTRATION.

Chair at 8 p.m. by

LORD CASTLETOWN

Of Upper Ossory.

The Meeting will be addressed by:—

REV. T. A. FINLAY, S.J., M.A.,

University College,

REV. CANON HOBSON, M.A.,

Rector of Portadown.

ARTHUR CHANCE, ESQ.,

President Royal College of Surgeons.

T. W. RUSSELL, ESQ., M.P.

VERY REV. FATHER ALOYSIUS, O.S.F.C.,

President, Father Mathew Hall, Dublin.

And others.

MUSICAL SELECTIONS BY VARIAN CHORAL SOCIETY.

Tickets on application at Offices, 4 and 5 Eustace St., Dublin.

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2 YEARS.

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Braces
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P. B. HAY & Co.,
Denmark St., DUBLIN.

THE LEADER.

A Review of Current Affairs, Politics, Literature, Art and Industry.

Vol. IX., No. 24.

(Registered as a
Newspaper.)

DUBLIN, 4th FEBRUARY, 1905.

Price One Penny.

CONTENTS.

CURRENT AFFAIRS:—

A Belfast Peeler Receives an Address	...	385
Irish Baskets made in Birmingham	...	385
The Great Sourface Railway and Irish Addresses	...	385
A Ladies Industrial Conference at Cork	...	386
Gaelic League as Publishers	...	386
Another Department Importation	...	387
"Sackville" versus O'Connell	...	388
Gorey Post Office and Irish	...	388
Gaelic League in Wexford	...	389
Pembroke and Algernon Locker	...	390
Etc., Etc.		

ARTICLES:—

An Míniúgaó Céadna an Leamhain	...	390
The Gaelic League and Other Matters	...	391
Sir Horace Plunkett's Book	...	392
Flunkys and Traitors	...	394
A Manure War	...	395

NOTICE.

THE LEADER will be sent, post free, to any part of Ireland or Great Britain for three months, on receipt of Postal Orders value 1s. 3d.; six months, 3s. 3d.; one year, 6s. 6d. The rates of subscription for foreign postage are:—Three months, 2s. 2d.; six months, 4s. 4d.; twelve months, 8s. 8d.

The inland postage on *THE LEADER* is a halfpenny; to any foreign country the postage is one penny.

The Editor will endeavour to return unsuitable MSS. when a stamped, addressed cover is enclosed, but he cannot undertake to be held responsible for them.

Business Letters should be addressed to the Manager, at the Offices, 33 Lower Abbey Street, Dublin.

WHOLESALE AGENTS:

Messrs. EASON & SONS, LTD., Dublin and Belfast.

Cork: N. O'KEEFE, 62 Shandon Street.

„ Spíánán na n'Gaeóeat, 59 Patrick Street, Cork.

London: BRODERICKS' IRISH AGENCY, 61 Fleet Street, E.C.

„ R. & T. WASHBOURNE, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

Glasgow: J. MENZIES & Co., 90 West Nile Street, Glasgow.

CURRENT AFFAIRS.

At the Beehive bungery, Falls Road, Belfast, ex-peeler Magauran received an address and a purse of sovereigns. There is a report extending to one and a half columns of this nation-making function in our "truly national" contemporary—*The Irish News*, of Belfast. We read that this testimonial to the ex-peeler was "organised by some of the principal citizens, and was heartily supported by all creeds and classes of the community." One Councillor James A. Doran, J.P., was in the chair, and in the course of his remarks concerning ex-Peeler Magauran, he said:—"He was a gentleman that he had known for the most of 20 years, and during all that time he had found him a most amiable head-constable, especially with the people he had to contend with." We understand that Mr. Doran, J.P., is connected with the Bung trade. Doran added:—"No one had ever seen him officious in trying to do his duty." That certainly was a rather questionable compliment to ex-Peeler Magauran. One P. Hurl, who we understand is a spirit grocer, read the address to the ex-peeler, who, according to Doran, had never been guilty of officiousness in attempting to do his duty. Ex-Peeler Magauran made what probably was a shrewd remark whether he meant it or not; he said that he only wished a small fragment of all that had been said

of him was true. That was a nasty—if a deserved—back-hander at the "gentleman" who had been piling on the ——. One Matt M'Cusker, a patriot Bung, proposed the toast of the R.I.C. This patriot Bung said:—"He had experience of the police in England and Scotland, but he thought there was no comparison between them and the Royal Irish Constabulary." A Dr. Carroll replied to the toast of "the visitors" at this nation-making peeler testimonial function.

The address and reply are set out at so much a line in the advertisement columns of the "truly national" *Irish News* of Belfast. In the address we read:—"Whether as a constable on duty on the public street; as a sergeant, with all that rank's attendant responsibilities, or in the still more exalted position of head-constable, in which capacity you were best known to most of us, the performance of your duty was ever marked by good sense, sound judgment, and impartiality, the latter, perhaps, being the most acceptable trait in the character of any public man." We enjoyed the "attendant responsibilities" of a sergeant, and the "still more exalted position of head-constable." Oh, exalted police constables and "still more" exalted head-constables; this is a funny country only the people are so dull and lack humour that they cannot see it.

There is an advertisement in an Irish paper of the Letterfrack Basket Industry. The public are told that "All kinds of fancy and useful baskets and chairs made at this industry, and supplied to dealers and bazaars." You are to write to Mr. C. M'Carthy, Basket Industry, Manufacturers and Agriculturists, Letterfrack, Co. Galway. Well, a correspondent wrote for price list, which he received in a few days. But the price list did not come from Letterfrack, but from Birmingham. Messrs. John J. Plater and Sons, Basket Manufacturers and Importers, Willow and Cane Merchants, Birmingham, wrote under date January 20th:—"Dear Sir—Thanks for inquiry to Letterfrack Basket Industry, that was closed at the end of 1903 because it did not pay its way. We enclose you prices of baskets of which we have a large stock. Prices nett on rail here, 3¼ per cent. discount for cash. Soliciting reply and orders, yours faithfully ———." And so this Letterfrack Industry that, according to Messrs. John J. Plater and Sons of Birmingham, was closed at the end of 1903, is still advertising in an Irish paper in 1905 that "All kinds of fancy and useful baskets and chairs made at this industry, and supplied to dealers and bazaars."

At a recent meeting of the County Technical and Agricultural Committee the following resolution was passed:—"That in view of the notoriously barren results of itinerant instruction in connection with the Technical Department, and in the hope of being relieved from the cost attendant upon this futile method of education, we, the County Limerick Committee, recommend to the County Council to levy, instead of a penny in the pound, a halfpenny in the pound, which will produce a sum quite adequate to meet all the requirements and expense towards maintaining the other schemes that are found, so far as we are aware, to be beneficial in results."

The Great Sourface Railway will not have Irish as an optional subject for its clerkships; but yet Irish will not keep clear of the Great Sourface. A passenger on the Great Sourface Railway refused to pay excess fare, and gave his name in Irish to the collector. The collector did not understand Irish, so the passenger had to write the name for him. The Poor Old Sourface Railway, with its imported Dent and its imported Bell, was in a fix. We presume they know French, German, Italian, Spanish,

not to talk of Latin and Greek, and other languages at Kingsbridge; but Irish is another matter altogether. Still, the Great Sourface had to follow up that excess fare. Judging by the envelope from the Great Sourface Railway that is before us, it is evident that a copying sheet was placed over the envelope, and that a Great Sourface Railway clerk then traced his pencil over the Irish name and address as supplied by the Irish Irelander to the ignorant Great Sourface collector. The Great Sourface official did his tracing work all right, for the letter reached its destination. In fact, though the letter is stamped "St. James's St., 5.45, January 2nd," it was delivered at a town in the South of Ireland on the following morning. The note to the Irish Irelander emanated from the imported J. H. Bell, recent recipient of a most uncalled-for and undeserved money testimonial. The Irish Irelander took no notice of the demand for 5s. 9d. excess fare, and he has not heard further from the imported Mr. J. Testimonial Bell. Perhaps the name and address got spoilt by the clerk tracing over it!

Our informant writes:—"Now, with reference to the journey in question, which took place at Christmas, the North Western Railway of England, on very short notice, provided an engaged carriage corridor of about 40 seats for a party of Gaelic Leaguers who were going to the South of Ireland. A request for a similar concession (?) to the Great Sourface brought forth the reply that seats could not be guaranteed, but Mr. Bell kindly wrote that he had given instructions to the Kingsbridge officials to see that the party were made comfortable. At Kingsbridge, however, the official order was—"If you can't find seats on this train, you can stay behind;" the result was that some individual members of the party resolved to give the officials as much trouble as possible, and hence names and addresses in Irish, refusal to give up tickets until end of journey was reached. (This latter meant the sending of an inspector to Cork Station to collect tickets). If these and other such ideas were adopted more generally by Gaelic Leaguers when travelling on Irish lines, we should soon make the railway companies remember the Gaelic League, and get them over that smart business method of writing Irish names and addresses through carbon paper. However, as regards the demand for 5s. 9d. excess fare, it is strange that if a ticket issued by an English railway is taken it is available on certain trains on the G. S. and W. on which their own tickets are not available, and this even when the percentage of the fare which the G. S. and W. get on the English ticket is much less than what they get for their own ticket issued at Dublin. For instance, a return ticket from Manchester to Cork (via Holyhead and Dublin) is 33s. 6d., this is available I believe, for 6 months, and can be used on the Limited Mail leaving Cork at 3.30 p.m. The distance from Manchester to Dublin is 188½ miles (return 377 miles). I cannot say what proportion of this the North Western get (the fare), but it must be surely a half or more, leaving 16s. or 17s. for the G. S. and W. If, however, one gets a cheap ticket at Dublin for Cork for 17s. 3d. return (as was done on this occasion), it will not be available by the train leaving Cork at 3.30. Seeing the unfairness of this, three passengers who had such tickets refused to pay the excess, and the enclosed demand note from Mr. Bell is the result. I might remark that one of the three (myself) told the collector that he would bring the matter before the LEADER, and I do not know if you will think it strange—the other two have had demand notes from Mr. Bell, whilst the LEADER man has not been troubled—the 5s. 9d. (saved, I hope, from the coffers of the Great Sour) will help to pay for next year's subscription to the LEADER."

A conference of ladies in connection with the Industrial Revival is a happy sign of the times. Such a conference in connection with the women's section of the Cork Industrial Development Association was held one day last week. Amongst the ladies present were several from Queenstown and Dungarvan. The secretary said that—"Speaking for Cork, they could, without any reservation, state that although the Cork Women's Committee had carried on its functions in an unre-

tentious manner, it had, during the year and a half it has been in existence, effected a revolution in this city as far as the demand for Irish-made goods was concerned. From information supplied them they were aware that the same results had followed the work of the Dungarvan and Queenstown Committees."

The Hon. Sec. of the Women's Committee of Dungarvan, in the course of her report, said that "Acting on the suggestion of a member, Miss Ryan, it was resolved that sub-committees should furnish the shopkeepers with cards for their windows, which should be supplied by the Association, engaging them to display nothing but Irish goods during St. Patrick's week. Not alone were the Committee met half way, but, in addition to the show of Irish manufacture, the shop windows were most artistically decorated. The effect produced on all beholders was astonishment that so many varieties of articles were made in Ireland. The next important effort of the committee for the advertisement of home industries was to organise an exhibition of arts and crafts and manufactures, which want of space obliged them to limit to the County Waterford. The result was a most unqualified success, both as to the amount and quality of goods exhibited, and also financially, as balance sheets prove."

On the proposition of Miss Ryan, Dungarvan, it was resolved—"That the obstacles to industrial development are national rather than local. We are convinced that national rather than local action should be taken to overcome these obstacles, and consequently request our fellow-countrywomen to form branches of the Industrial Development Association all over Ireland, and thus establish a National Association, which alone can hope to realise the great ideal of the Association—a self-respecting and prosperous Ireland." The President mentioned that they intended organising a complete Irish manufacture display in the shop windows throughout the City and County of Cork from 13th to the 18th March (St. Patrick's week). We hope that Dublin will make a better show during St. Patrick's week this year than it did last. The forthcoming conference in Dublin for the purpose of founding an Industrial Association is full of interest, and we trust that some real, go-a-head and comprehensive scheme will be the outcome of it.

At the St. Vincent's Girls' Orphanage, North William Street, a "Japanese Operetta" entitled "Princess Ju Ju," was performed. It was followed by "The Birth-place of Podgers." Evidently North William Street is a long way off from Irish Ireland.

We hear that the Munster and Leinster Bank is not the only firm in Cork whose accounts are audited by a British firm. The following also, we understand, employ British auditors—Messrs. Jas. J. Murphy and Co. Ltd., Brewers; Messrs. Beamish and Crawford, Brewers; Messrs. J. Furlong and Sons, Millers; Messrs. Abraham Sutton and Sons Ltd., Coal Merchants. After all, Irish auditors for Irish accounts is not an unreasonable cry, and we hope that the movement initiated by some of the shareholders at the last meeting of the Munster and Leinster Bank will go on and prosper. Our educational systems have erred in their undue leanings towards the turning out of young men fit only to be clerks, and yet, notwithstanding this, some Irish firms employ English firms to audit their accounts.

How much is being lost on the Gaelic League publishing department? This department enters into competition with all those who, out of their own unaided enterprise, attempt to supply the market for Irish books. Even if the Gaelic League Organisation made a profit out of its book publishing and selling department, it is questionable whether the Language Fund is being wisely used in capitalising a venture in a field of industry in which so many private firms are successfully competing. Some books of the League—some brought out at the risk of ordinary trading firms—are used in the schools. Is the League Organisation to do its best, as an organisation,

to oust the private enterprise books in favour of the books of the Gaelic League firm capitalised out of the Language Fund? Now that the Language Movement has gone so far, and that private trading firms are competing in the Irish book market, is it not time that the money subscribed by the public for the Language propaganda should be no longer used as capital—even if, as we suspect is not the case, the enterprise was profitable—for running a business in competition with the legitimate publishers and authors of the country? If private enterprise failed in the Irish publishing line, then an organisation might do the work; but when numbers of Irish publishers and individuals have stepped in, it appears to us the justification for the League Organisation using the Language Fund for competing with them ceases.

We would like to see a proper and regular statement of the affairs of the book-publishing and book-selling department of the Gaelic League that is capitalised out of the Language Fund. We anxiously await the report and statement of accounts which are not to hand as we write. How much is the publishing and book-selling department losing? We do not state that it is losing, for we have no authentic evidence to go on in the absence of a statement of accounts; but we suspect it is losing. And why should the public money subscribed to the League for the Language Movement be utilised in running a business in opposition to legitimate publishers—and more particularly if it is running it at a loss? The Executive Committee of the Gaelic League Organisation have recently added another paid official—a non-Irish speaker, we understand—to the book department. His salary is £150, and his travelling expenses will probably be, at least, as much again. Certainly the people who are to be invited to subscribe during next St. Patrick's week are entitled beforehand to a clear and exhaustive statement of accounts before they put their hands in their pockets again.

The following advertisements are taken from the *Irish Times*:—"Required thoroughly good Gamekeeper; Protestant; undeniable character for sobriety essential. Apply stating wages required, age, etc., Lord Oranmore, Castle Mac Garret, Claremorris. Wanted, 1st February, smart young General Man; Protestant; care horse, trap, milk, plain gardening, and make himself generally useful. Apply stating age, wages expected, with copies of discharges, to Dr. Glenny, Omeath, Co. Louth. Hall and Pantry Boy Wanted, Protestant; good references. Apply to Lady Mabel FitzGerald, Kilkea Castle. Rabbit Trappers—Wanted, competent, trustworthy Men, Protestants; constant employment; good wages. Apply, with copies of discharges, P 740, this office. Wanted (indoor) young Protestant country Boy; able to milk a few cows; no dairy. D 24, Irish Times Office, Kingstown. Wanted, Protestant Gamekeeper; married; no family; total abstainer; must thoroughly understand pheasant-rearing, dog-breaking, and rabbit-trapping; single-handed. Address "Z 2622, Keeper," this office. Wanted, good Working Gardener; good milker; I.C.; no family preferred; Wife small laundry; for Co. Meath; state age and wages, discharges. Address "Z 2697, Gardener," this office. Required Carpenter; Protestant; gentleman's place, West of Ireland; one guinea weekly and cottage. Apply, by letter, R., Kildare Street Club. Gardener Wanted, single, for small, compact place in Co. Dublin; must understand vines, peaches, etc.; good wages; Protestant; send copies of discharges, age, etc. P 744, this office. Foreman Gardener, married, to live in lodge, Wanted for Co. Dublin; experienced in glass, vegetable, and fruit; I.C.; state wages, with copies discharge. P 599, this office. Millinery and Sales—Wanted, for country, young Lady; Protestant; must be stylish trimmer; state salary and reference. Address "Z 2567, Milliner," this office. Wanted, Assistant, Grocery and Bar, country town; just out of time preferred; I.C.; state reference and salary expected. Address "Z2602, Assistant," this office. Wanted, a smart Junior Salesman, for Woollens and Ready-mades; I.C.; total abstainer; enclose reference, and state salary. Address "Z 2551, Salesman," this office. Wanted, young Man, Protestant, as Junior Hard-

ware and Grocery, country; state terms, experience, and reference to last employer. Address "Z 2756, Man," this office. Groceries Assistant—Wanted, an experienced Protestant young Man with knowledge of provisions; must be reliable; suburbs. Apply, with reference, P 892, this office. House Parlourmaid, Protestant, wanted; £16; to-day. Miss Barry's Registry, 20 Clare Street. House Parlourmaid Wanted for the country, to train; Protestant; well recommended; 2 in family; wages £10. Mrs. W. Shepard, Sheephill, Wicklow. Wanted, a Pushing Salesman for Hosiery and Manchester department; state experience, salary, enclose references, indoor, Methodist. Address "Z 2754, Salesman," this office. Wanted, a Pushing Salesman for Boot department; state experience, salary, and enclose references, indoor; Methodist preferred. Address "Z 2753, Salesman," this office. Groom Wanted; Protestant; experienced; ride and drive; well recommended; £16, all found. Address, "Z 2779, Groom," this office. Gamekeeper—Underkeeper Wanted; Protestant; 18, 20; 12 shillings a week, furnished rooms. Apply, with copies, Gamekeeper, Mount Talbot, Roscommon. Wanted, respectable Protestant Lad, as Apprentice or Improver to General Drapery and Outfitting; small salary; city. P 848, this office. Agent—Wanted young Lady, Protestant, as Agent, or Commission, for our Portrait Paintings. Apply to Russell and Co., 20 Eden Quay, Dublin. Wanted, a country young Man, Protestant, Assistant to General Drapery; state salary and reference. Address, "Z 2712, Man," this office. Wanted, Plain Gardener, General Man, Co. Sligo, I.C., married; no family preferred; state wages expected; lodge, milk, and vegetables given. Address, "Z 2587, Gardener," this office. Butler, Protestant, for town, Wanted; young. Blackwood's Office, 41 Lower Mount Street. Wanted, Young Man, Protestant, as Junior Hardware and Grocery, country; state terms, experience, and reference to last employer. Address, "Z 2756, Man," this office. Wanted, intelligent Youth about 15 as Junior Clerk; Protestant; state age and salary expected. P 1059, this office. Wanted, respectable Protestant Lad, as Apprentice or Improver (outdoor), to General Drapery and Outfitting; small salary; city. P 848, this office. Wanted experienced Protestant Parlourmaid; quiet palce; good attendant, plate-cleaner, valet; age about 34. E.M., Dunshane, Brannoxtown, Co. Kildare.

We see that the vacancy created as a result of Mr. Blair, the Scotch expert, having got a better job in London, has been filled by an importation from America. Mr. Fletcher was promoted to Mr. Blair's previous job, and now one Mr. Rouillion from the United States has been appointed Senior Inspector of Technical Instruction in the Department (Scotch). If Mr. Rouillion is an expert in American technical education, how long will it take him to acquire a working knowledge of the needs and conditions of abnormal Ireland in relation to Technical Education? We have not heard anything of the Scotch importation that was appointed to the post held with such distinction by the late Mr. Coyne. Has the importation been "dumped" here yet? Perhaps, he is travelling round the country in first-class railway carriages and staying in first-class hotels "seeing things for himself" before he settles down along with such eminent nation-makers as Macartney-Filgate and Rolleston to prescribe "expert" pills for green people.

The fourth lecture of his series, "Astronomy for the People," will be delivered by the Verv Rev. Father E. A. Selley, O.S.A., at the Coffee Palace, Townsend Street, on Monday evening next, February 6th. Father Selley's three previous lectures were very successful and very well attended. The lecture next Monday will be illustrated by special coloured slides and will be devoted to "Our Earth's Marvellous Motions." The condensed syllabus indicates that Father Selley will treat his ponderous subject in a light and pleasant manner. The lecture commences at eight o'clock, and Mr. John Gore, the eminent solicitor and temperance reformer will preside. The prices of admission are only nominal—6d., 3d., and 2d.—and we hope that there will be a very large audience present at the lecture.

We recently had some notes concerning the appearance of "Sackville Street" rather than O'Connell Street on Mr. Murphy's trams. As we anticipated we roused the activities of some of our friends who constitute themselves the guardian angels of our consistency. There is an advertisement running in the LEADER and the address is given as "Sackville" Street. Now it is clear that we did not fix the address of that firm as "Sackville" Street rather than O'Connell Street; the firm makes the choice, and if our readers do not like firms that give their address as "Sackville" Street they need not deal with them. Our kept contemporary, the official organ of the Gaelic League, has several advertisers who give their address as "Sackville Street," and our ex-Tin Pike and now God Save the King, Lords and Commons of Ireland contemporary has also an advertisement emanating from "Sackville" Street. Now, we are against the practice of calling O'Connell Street by the name of "Sackville" Street; but if firms, otherwise eligible, chose to advertise with us and give their address as "Sackville" St., we, no more than the kept official organ of the Gaelic League, are going to refuse insertion of such advertisements. If our readers object to "Sackville" Street houses they can make it their business *not* to deal with them. We have practically debarred all foreign manufacturers from advertising in the LEADER—we say practically, for if, for instance, some big retail house mentioned foreign goods, the like of which are made in Ireland in their announcements, we do not see our way to dictate to them as to what exactly they should put in the space they pay their money for. But, barring a few exceptions, we have specialised the LEADER for Irish advertisements. The Irish Tobacco firms are fighting the Combine, and if the Combine offered us fifty pounds a page we would not take an advertisement from them. We do not get so much in return from the Irish Tobacco manufacturers as a whole. We would not take an advertisement from British cloth-makers; and our readers know what a *great revenue* we draw, and have drawn, from the Irish cloth manufacturers whose industry we have sent up by leaps and bounds! We suppose, if we took a page advertisement from an English or Scotch cloth manufacturer, some of the Dark Brothers of Cork or elsewhere who never gave us an inch advertisement might write up complaining of our inconsistency! A great many people in this country want too much for nothing. After all, if people have to live by the Gospel, sure—people who have largely helped to make the Industrial Revival may not unreasonably expect to live by that. But many Dark Brothers believe firmly in other people pushing their business for them so long as they are not compelled to pay a penny piece for it. We think the Tramway Co. should substitute O'Connell Street for "Sackville Street," wherever that is, on their trams; we think that all firms in the principal thoroughfare of Ireland appealing for popular Irish, and particularly Irish Catholic, custom ought to give their address as O'Connell Street. By the way, could not the Corporation take the matter up again? Perhaps, in the present temper of Ireland, trading firms might not like to openly object to the changing of the name of the principal thoroughfare in Ireland.

The Virginian Creepers are evidently not the only undesirable people in the county of Cavan. The following from the Bawnboy notes in our contemporary the *Anglo-Celt* speaks for itself:—"Whilst almost every other portion of the county Cavan is doing something to help on the Gaelic Revival, Bawnboy seems content to lie in the background. They appear oblivious of the objects for which the Gaelic League was established. Have they no interest in pushing on the Irish language, the trade revival or that of our ancient sports and pastimes? Do they consider, that even from a purely selfish point of view they will very soon find themselves seriously handicapped should they remain content to ignore the native tongue." What reply has Bawnboy, Co. Cavan, to make to that?

Wellington, of Gorey, has found an ally; the local branch, not of the Orange Lodge, if they have such an institution there, but the local branch of the Gaelic League has come to Wellington's

rescue. The following resolution was passed at a recent meeting of the committee of the Gorey Branch of the Gaelic League:—"That we, the Committee of the Gorey Branch of the Gaelic League, disassociate ourselves from the attack made by THE LEADER on Mr. Hutchinson, postmaster, Gorey, as we believe it is not his fault that letters addressed in the language of Ireland are not delivered in the ordinary course the same as those addressed in English." What, pray, was the "attack"? During a period of ten months letters addressed to certain people in Gorey were delivered promptly though addressed in Irish. Then a change came, and it was discovered that every letter addressed in Irish was "unreadable" and was packed up to Dublin for translation. According to the Gorey Branch of the Gaelic League—we were not surprised to hear that the particular branch is not much to talk of—we "attacked" Hutchinson, the postmaster at Gorey. And what else would we do? Ought we have suggested that he should be the recipient of a public testimonial?

The local Gaelic League believe that it is not Hutchinson's fault that letters addressed in Irish are not delivered promptly. Then, whose fault is it? Is it the fault of the man in the moon or the fault of the Czar of all the Russias? We have received some information that throws light on the situation. An Irish letter was taken for translation to some person, and whilst in the possession of the latter it went astray. A complaint was made to the P.M.G., London, concerning the non-delivery of the letter and an investigation followed. As a result the P.M.G., of London, England, gave instructions that all letters addressed in Irish to Gorey must be sent to Dublin for translation, and the Gorey Wellington, by the name of Hutchinson, is acting on these instructions. It appears clear from this that Hutchinson, of Gorey, is free from blame in the matter. As a factotum, he is merely saying "Yes, sir," to the head gaffer at London, England. But why did not the P.M.G., London, England, order that some one competent to read Irish should be added to the post-office staff at Gorey? Irish Ireland is not to be balked because the P.M.G. in London, England, says that the factotum Hutchinson, of Gorey, is to send all letters addressed in Irish to Dublin for translation. If arrangements have been made for translating Irish letters in Dublin, why not in Gorey, in Riverstown, in Carlow, and in every other Irish post office? Why is not a knowledge of Irish made compulsory for entrance into the Irish Postal Service? Why is not an order made that, after a given date, every post office official in Ireland should be able to read letters addressed in Irish? We are of opinion that our readers should continue addressing post-cards in Irish to Gorey, and let the P.O. factotum, Hutchinson, send them on to Dublin for translation.

The G.P.O. of London, England, nor its Mr. A. B. Walkley, the dramatic critic who praises Yeats, need not think that they can dispose of Irish Ireland by a stroke of the pen. Irish Irelanders will give plenty of work to the West British Post Office, and the more the West British P.O. show a disposition to thwart Irish Ireland, the more Irish Ireland will fight the great "I am" at the G.P.O., London, England. What would our Irish writing readers think of writing to the P.M.G., London, England, in Irish, pointing out the unsatisfactory state of things in Gorey, and asking that, in justice, an official capable of dealing with letters addressed in Irish should be sent to Gorey? Perhaps, A. B. Walkley, the admirer of Mr. Yeats, the West British symbolist, would have his hands full for a time if the P.M.G., London, England, was bombarded by Irish representations regarding the absurd state of affairs at Gorey, Wexford.

Under the heading, "The Potteries in Ireland," a correspondent writes:—"We hear a good deal of talk lately about supporting home manufactures. I wonder who is responsible for the imported mutoscopes set up at railway stations to catch the spare halfpence of our poor children, and calculated to rob them of their innocence? Is there no Irish firm capable of turning out a mutoscope?"

The subjects chosen might be in uniformity with the ideals of the Irish Ireland Movement, at least, they could be noble and elevating, and not the vile offspring of base and depraved minds from the land of the Potteries." We have often and often drawn attention to smutoscopes. The Royal Dublin Society, an august body which includes several clergymen as members, was a great offender at its Horse Shows. Father Pettit, P.P., Fairview, is now a member, and we hope that he will use his influence in the cause of decency, and do his best in the direction of excluding smutoscopes with suggestive titles at the next Horse Show at Ball's Bridge.

Our correspondent also draws attention to certain posters which we will not specially advertise by mentioning. He adds:—"There is but one means of dealing with the authors of such productions—refuse them all patronage and custom; bring an enlightened and healthy public opinion to bear upon the matter, and soon would disappear from our midst those productions which must shock the sense of decency and propriety, of every honest, right-minded man." That is advice in general; for our own part, we like things in the concrete. In the case of objectionable posters we do not see why a clergyman should not go boldly and tear them down if they violate decency; and if he were proceeded against in the Courts, and even if he had to go to jail for his conduct, he would, at least, have roused the public to its senses about this evil, and have taught a lesson to the traffickers in this sort of thing.

From the statement read at the recent meeting of the Wexford *Comae Ceannair* we take the following:—"The resolution regarding the Intermediate Schools was forwarded to the various teaching establishments in the county, and from information supplied by the heads of schools and from other sources we find that the position of Irish and Irish history is as satisfactory as could be desired under existing circumstances. In Saint Mary's Convent, Buncloody, all the pupils are taught Irish under a native speaker, and in the Loreto, Gorey, Irish has a prominent place in the curriculum. Special attention is given to the national language in the Ramsgrange Convent, where there are several Irish speakers in the community. A small number of pupils, some of whom distinguished themselves at the Feisanna, whilst they were attending the National Schools, are learning Irish in the Loreto, Wexford. In St. Peter's College the students have an opportunity of receiving instruction in Irish from a fellow-student. A genuine Irish spirit prevails in the Good Counsel College, New Ross. The Christian Brothers in Wexford, New Ross, Enniscorthy and Gorey are giving a thorough Irish education to all their pupils, both in the Intermediate and Primary Schools. Taking our Secondary Schools as a body, there are few counties in Ireland that have such a number of schools working in harmony with, and on the educational lines suggested by, the Gaelic League." The County *Féir* which is to be held at New Ross, promises to be the greatest *Féir* that ever Wexford has witnessed.

Castlebar would want a rousing up by the Irish Industrial Revivalists. A local correspondent, who sometimes has occasion to look for blacking, matches, starch, toilet soap, and things of that sort, finds it very hard to get them of Irish make in Castlebar, though there are, he says, about 150 shops in the town. But then Castlebar had a ball some time ago, and a Tommy Atkins band supplied the music! Mayhap supporting low-down Irish industry is not "class."

There was a concert at Stranorlar. We have a newspaper report of the concert before us, and it contains no mention of a song in Irish; but one O. G. Lawson, sang "Chinee Soge Man," and "Ching, Ching, Chinaman." Evidently they are threatened by the Yellow Peril at Stranorlar. One James Kee, sang "McBreen's Heifer," and to "an imperative encore" he responded with "McCarthy's Widow." One Mr. P. P. Connell, who we understand is a Hibernian bank manager, sang, in character, "Tarara-boom-de-ay." A Mr. A. B. Bwing sang a "comic" by the name of "Polly-wolly-

doodle." The whole affair ended up with the "National Anthem"—that is "God Save the King." Well, when Donovan and Brayden of the *Freeman* toast "the King," we suppose we have not much ground to stand upon when we object to "God Save the King," at Stranorlar.

A correspondent writes:—"In a recent issue you reported that notices of Confessions in Irish were displayed in two Catholic Churches in Manchester, and asked if such notices were in any other churches in Ireland or England. I now wish to say that, according to the last Catholic Calendar issued for Manchester and Salford, it is officially announced that confessions will be heard in Irish in *nine* of the churches. St. Patrick's Church, although in one of the most Irish districts of Manchester, is not amongst the nine."

If the auditors of the Munster and Leinster Bank are British, at least the general meeting was held at Cork, Ireland. The recent general meetings of the "National" Bank and of the very much "saved" Provincial Bank were held in London, England. Commenting on the very much "saved" Provincial Bank the anti-Irish *Irish Times* says—"It is true that the net profits of the Provincial Bank have declined, if we compare them with those of the closing half of the year 1903, by some £8,000." Bigotry is not, in all cases, so paying as it used to be. This bank was down some £8,000 in profit last half-year also.

We would like to draw our readers' attention to an announcement of Messrs. Paul and Vincent which appears elsewhere in this paper. Messrs. Paul and Vincent offer three prizes of substantial money value for three essays on the use of cotton cake as a feeding stuff. The competition is confined to Ireland. We understand that an immense amount of money goes out of Ireland for imported cotton cake although it is claimed that the Irish article is fully equal in price and quality. Messrs. Paul and Vincent's efforts to develop this Irish industry deserve the support of Irish farmers and horse-breeders.

We are informed that Lea, the D.I. who stated at the very Petty Sessions of Oldcastle that he could not read the Irish letters on Mr. Sheridan's cart, is an importation from England.

There was recently in the ha'penny *Independent*, that was puffed by Mr. Patrick O'Daly, General Secretary of the Gaelic League, an illustrated article entitled "Wanderings in Fashionland," by "An Irishwoman in London." We did not notice it at the time, and, needless to say, it is not the sort of thing in the ha'penny *Independent* of the British "lady" tipster that we would read. But a reader of the LEADER has sent us up a copy of it, and he marks the following:—"FOR MORNING WEAR. For morning wear no garment can outrival a pretty flannel shirt, and nowadays nothing can be prettier than the designs in Vyella, Orlwoola, or French flannels. On remnant days one can pick up pieces of three or four yards, ample for the blouse depicted in sketch 2." Here is how this article in this ha'penny *Independent*—a paper that was puffed by the General Secretary of the Gaelic League—commences:—"London in January means a city given over to cheap sales, matinees, pantomimes, and juvenile festivities. Regent street, Bond street, and Oxford street are thronged with bargain-hunters, all keen on securing the most desirable goods at the very lowest figure. Many women, indeed, purchase most of their spring wardrobe at this season. Provided one is gifted with good taste, some patience, and the necessary time, it is marvellous what can be done with a small dress allowance at these sales." This "Irishwoman in London" writes the usual society paper twaddle about some "lovely gown." And she remarks:—"This Orient satin can be had in a good quality from 2s. 11d. per yard during sales, but a beautiful safin in the most delicate pastel shades, is procurable at 4s. 11d. per yard." This is a pretty sort of an Irish paper to be puffed by the General Secretary of the Gaelic League. The ha'penny *Independent* people may think that this sort of thing goes down in green Ireland: it may think that paudering to foreign

fashions will fetch the ha'pennies as well as pandering to the awful betting evil. Perhaps they are making a serious miscalculation. The representative of an Irish manufacturing firm who drew our attention to this clipping from the ha'penny *Independent* writes:—"We were thinking of advertising in the ha'penny *Independent*, but the latest feature by an Irishwoman in London shows plainly that Irish manufacturers of ladies' wearables have little hope of any good being done them by this puffer of the Vyella, Orwoola, or French flannels. Could not an Irishwoman in *Ireland* be got to write up Irish goods?" Our correspondent also remarks:—"If Irishwomen are to follow the fashion laid down by this 'Irishwoman in London' the Irish makers' dress materials will have a bad time of it. These things affect the country buyers, . . ."

THE REFUSE OF PEMBROKE.

In Pembroke township here of late
For beadleship there ran,
A most superior candidate
Who was an Englishman.

The scavengers to oversee,
To have the rubbish cleared,
Most competent he was, for he
A Dust Bin engineered.

Some people thought he would get in;
His title made them sure.
He was the Locker of the Bin
For bigots and manure.

Alas the voters most unsure
The Locker put to rout.
They thought he'd make a beadle poor,
And so they locked him out.

Priest-pelting, anti-Irish spite,
And slander's filthy knack,
In this inglorious beadle fight,
Were useless as a back.

No bogus Catholics were there
To work the voting slip,
And lift the Locker to the chair
Of Pembroke beadleship.

Some Romish plotting never fear
Which time will soon unroll.
The Dust Bin lowered down to near
The bottom of the poll.

For future laughter 'twill be sung
How Locker lost the goal,
And in the Dust Bin down was flung
The refuse of the poll. A.M.W.

A meeting of delegates from existing *Camógsuiréact* Clubs is being arranged for on Saturday the 25th February at the rooms of the Keating Branch, Dublin. The formation of a central council; amendments to rules, etc., will be discussed. It is suggested that there should be three delegates from every club in existence prior to the 1st February. Various clubs are being started throughout the country, and the need for a

central council has now become a pressing one. Clubs should communicate with the Secretary of the *Camógsuiréact* Conference *Craobh an Céitinnis* as soon as possible. Any proposals to amend rules should be in by 16th February *Camógsuiréact* has taken a great hold; it is going ahead and we hope that the forthcoming conference will be a great success.

We are informed that Messrs. E. Smyth and Co., 28 Essex Quay, Dublin, have just learned that the contents of the case which they exhibited at the St. Louis Exhibition have been completely disposed of there. Messrs. E. Smyth and Co. exhibited in the Irish section. Their display consisted of an assortment of Irish blackthorns, etc., and umbrellas of their own manufacture, covered with silk woven in Ireland. Evidently these Irish-made articles were appreciated in America.

Both the Munster and Leinster and the Hibernian Banks are to be congratulated on their increased earnings at a time when so many people are grumbling about depressed trade. The net profits of the Hibernian Bank for the half-year ending December 31st, 1904, amounted to £24,743 19s. 0d., as against net profits for the corresponding half-year of 1903 of £23,774 5s. 1d.—practically an increase of £1,000 in profits on the half-year, and this in teeth of depression. The profits of the Munster and Leinster Bank for the half-year ending December 31st, 1904, were £20,222 12s. 9d. as against £19,368 16s. 11d. for the corresponding half-year of 1903. It is pleasant to see this marked upward tendency in the Munster and Leinster and the Hibernian Banks; it is significant that the Provincial has a different tale to tell.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AN IRISH RELIGIOUS CELEBRATION IN LONDON.

January 29th, 1905.

A Caps.—Seeing your remarks about Irish services in Dublin on St. Patrick's Day made me think that many of your readers would be interested to know that we, in London, are determined to celebrate fittingly that great occasion this year.

A celebration will take place on Sunday, March 19th, at 5 p.m. in the new Cathedral at Westminster, kindly placed at our disposal by Archbishop Bourne, who will preside at the Benediction. The Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, Bishop of Raphoe, will preach the Irish sermon; the Rosary in Irish will be given, and old and beautiful Irish hymns will be rendered; in all cases Irish will be used where the rubric permits.

The committee, composed of delegates from the Gaelic League, the United Irish League, the Gaelic Athletic Association, and the Irish National Society, have undertaken the work of organising it without any funds, and have had, as yet, but little financial encouragement. Readers of the LEADER in London are asked, therefore, to help them to make the occasion worthy of the Irish people by sending subscriptions to the hon. treasurer at 9 Duke street, Strand.—Do chara,

D. DUININ, Rumaire.

£18. PRIZE ESSAYS. £18.

Messrs. Paul & Vincent, Dublin, offer the following prizes for the best Essays not exceeding 2,000 words on—"The Utility of DECORTICATED COTTON CAKE, used alone, or in conjunction with other Feeding Stuffs, as a flesh-forming and milk-producing food for cattle and sheep on grass."

1st Prize, £10. 2nd Prize, £5. 3rd Prize, £3.

The Competition is open to any resident in Ireland. The object of the Essays is to demonstrate the high feeding and manurial value of Decorticated Cotton Cake used for feeding on grass, and the Essays must be based on actual results obtained by the use of this Cake in Ireland. The award will be decided by W. A. Barnes, Esq., F.S.I., Westland, Kells, whose decision shall be final. The winning Essays to be the property of Messrs. Paul & Vincent. Essays to be signed with a "non de plume" sealed and sent (together with a sealed envelope containing the name and address of Essayist) to Messrs. Paul & Vincent, Cake Manufacturers, Dublin, not later than 1st March, 1905.

AN MÍNÍÚGÁD CÉATONA AR LEANNHAIN.

San toul dom fada riar leir an cósáil agus an oideacáir allmhuirac do-geibteoir amuis i scoisgeiric ar fuo na h-Eorpa fad 'ó, ché beaet eiríote agus geirleannhina fadbeal do bi ar bun annreo pan mbairle ag luét ar mbuairte, san tpiáet air rin 'éor ar bit, an t-oideacáir atá ag imíteact anoir i nCihunn réim le 'céat bliadain anuar, leir an zeléir 'óullmúgá, agus le n-a georúgá le n-agaró na h-oibre beannuighe atá amac pómpa, ag fanaet leo agus ag bpaet optú—i. le h-agaró na n-aoime do teagars agus do fmeolao agus do éur ar bealac a leapa—ir amlaró atá an t-oideacáir rin, nó ir amlaró do bi go oti i n-é, nó an lá éana, agus san focal amáin aige faoi an don nio le 'bpeapao an élarinninn na n-aoime céatona reo do fpoiceamain, nó a georóte do gnoctean, nó a geogabar do gom ná do buairpeao, nó a n-aipeacáir do biotgá ná do mupglao, nó pór a oipeao 'r fip-bpriet dá lagao 'págáil ar a n-éirteact—san focal amáin aige faoi an don nio rin—faoi teangaró úlir, dúctair na n-aoime atá le peolao agus le plánúgá ag an zeléir rin—san focal amáin faoi aet a oipeao 'r nac faib an teanga rin ann amáin, beagnac, nó ar a lagao, mar go mbur puo é nac faib don tpeam pan tpi ag taob léite de teangaró, san pmeo amáin 'ó a h-actpúgá acú.

Ar Ueapla agus ar Laroim 'reao puapaoar na cléirúg óga a geuro léiginn agus learuighe—artú atáro 's a págáil go fóill péim—níor b'féu le don-úime teagars do tabairt uairde ar teangaró na n-aoime; níor cuimnígeao amáin air, le n-a úeanam, agus dá geumneocáirde péim, cia 'r éabair é? Ní pteapaoirde a úeanam agus an pgeal mar do bi, san leabair, san gléar, san peiróúgá ar bit le págáil le n-a agaró ag don-úime, ná tóruigheact optú, ná caúgá in a n-oiaró aet a oipeao. Agus i leabair a céile, 'óearbair éarpeirde na fadéilge, agus de tópaó ríor-eleactta ar na teangacáir comúgheacta, do cailleaoar na cléirúg, mar bur do-fadantá, 'éile éumap pmaointe agus pteapúnta leo, ar a céile, 'éile éumap leannhina do, i n-geobúg. Agus do deimín ní rin péim é, aet leir an fipinne 'páó, an méro do bain le fadéilge, níor leigao acpúinne agus cúmaet a n-inntinn ar a geumap puo amáin. Acpúinn, nó bpié ar bit do bi ionnta—agus bur mór iao, agus do b' ionnta—ir i Laroim, nó i m-éapla do tpeorúghe amac agus do pgaolte ar a geumap iao; maroir le fadéilge mar bur eao 'n a teangaró le bpié nó le cumact inntinne ar bit do fadpúgá ná do eleactta innte, ní deápnao amáin a oipeao agus cuimnígá ar a leirto puo de gealtact; agus dá geumneocáirde, mar aóubpar éana, bur é an c'p céatona é—do b' ionann bur gealtact linn uile é. Níor b'féu i an fadéilge boet a tabairt amac 'n teallac, agus níor b'féu i an teallac péim dá mbéao neart ar bit air, agus tá a plioet air, do víbpeao uairde, nó do múcaó air i com luac amáin i geomnaide agus do b' péiror na n-éana. Aet maroir le n-a cup i bpeiror faoi comair nio áro, nó léigeannta ar bit do péirteact amac, ná 'ó fuparglao, ná 'ó fóillpúgá, ná tpiáet ar bit do úeanam air innte—rin puo nári b'féiror le naom ná le aingeal foigro do beir aige le n-a luao. Teanga puill a' baic i an fadéilge; fanao pí annrin i bpoacáir na geallac. 'Óoib rin atá pí i bpoilleamain, agus go vípeao ar an aóbar rin, biot nac faib pát ar bit eile ann, cia an bpeir do béao aici ar nio ar bit pógumta, ná puo ar bit bainpeao le eolar do lámhpúgá? Nio cia 'óféapao a épeoamain, nó cia geabpao ann péim, nó cia ar b'féu leir iarpact do tabairt faoi n-a épeoamain go faib éumap ná clirpeact ar bit in pan n-geobúg le h-agaró taao a b'áirde 'n cup amac na n-ge, nó mar rin? I puoet 'r sup fan na mic-léiginn san faotpúgá na fadéilge, agus san a cleactao, san a pgríobao, san a

labairt ar éur ná ar éirte ar bit, píu ar ar bain leir na éurib agus na ceapraib a mbéao 'óféacáir optú i geogabar a mínígá agus a mínao agus a reannmópúgá do 'n poba in a úiaró rin, nuair éioc-faroir amac in a pgarraib; agus 'ófanaoar, 'ó a péir, san bpeir acú go bpaet éar a éir rin ar éumap a labairde go mínte, clirpe, san baclóig, mar bur cóir do úaoimib oirte, pógumta 'beir i puoet deanta in a deangaró péim ar éuma ar bit, cé ar bit ceuro do deapao don teanga eile. Agus dá tóapúoao go mbéao neart focal, tóptao focal, ag úime acu reo, mar, san aiphear, ir minic do bi, níor éabair é in a úiaró rin. Ar a dá luaithe agus tóroao a leirte ar ionpáó puiblíde ar bit, ir amlaró do fadpao ponn-éurte agus anbuain é, 'óféacáir go pteapao pé gearr, nó, biot nac pteapao, 'óféacáir go mb' péiror nac bpeapao pé na bpaetia do éapao ná do éur i bpoilleamain 'ó a éur ná 'ó a céile i geap, agus go deapao pé ball magar ar éuma éigim de péim 'ór comair 'ó agus an domair—mar aóeapao pé péim. In don focal amáin, ní pteapao pé, agus ní mó 'ó pteapao a céat míle leirte, leannhain do comúgá donpuic, bun-fada ar bit a faib focla ar bit ag teapao 'n aóbar do bi 's a éur faoi aigneap aige, a faib focla ar bit ag teapao uairde rin aet focla na geallac agus na reannaoime oighe, agus ní fada 'paeapoir rin ar aóbar faoi aigneap puiblíde—mópúó 'óuieapbaró cleactta optú rin péim.

COMH.



THE GAELIC LEAGUE AND OTHER MATTERS.

We have already seen that the Tin Pike brigade take their "national" stand on an Act of the *British Parliament* passed in 1783, for the benefit of the British Colonial entity in Ireland, and which admitted that only the *King's Most Excellent Majesty*, the Lords and Commons of Ireland had power to make laws to bind Ireland—Ireland at that time meaning the Protestant Pale, for the historic Irish race was practically outlawed. Now that the Tin Pike Party have performed a somersault in the open, and are God Save the King Lords and Commons men, we may expect anything. They are performing another somersault, or if not, displaying what was their real view all along concerning the relation of the Irish language to Irish nationality. It is now a long time ago since we wrote an article pointing out that the Irish language was an *essential* element of a compound body, the Irish nation. Recently we notice that the official organ of the League, that has been such a drag on the Language Fund, has "discovered" what we pointed out long ago and is labouring it in its light, nimble, French way as if it, the official organ, had found it out for itself. And now the organ of the Tin Pike Party is throwing over the *essential* nature of the Irish language in relation to Irish nationality just as it has thrown over tin pikery for the *King's Most Excellent Majesty*, the Lords and Commons of Ireland. We read—and the pronouncement is a direct reversal of the fundamental position of the Irish-Ireland movement—"An Independent Ireland speaking English is conceivable, and a nobler conception than a fettered and content Ireland, speaking Irish." Now this proposition, if it were accepted, simply knocks the bottom out of the Irish Ireland movement. To the logical Irish Irelander the phrase "An Independent Ireland speaking English," is simply bosh. Logically an Independent West Britain speaking English is conceivable; and whether that mongrel entity would be, or would not be, nobler than "a fettered and content Ireland, speaking Irish," is beside the question, and irrelevant. No Irish, no Ireland—is a proposition that cannot be logically assailed. Of course one could export the whole Irish race out of Ireland, and import a few million enterprising yellow Japs into it, and they might make things hum better than our present tame race, and they might still call the country by the name of Ireland. But what's in a

name? Japan by any other name would be quite as yellow.

Now the official organ of the Gaelic League, that has been such a drag on the Language Fund, is more or less an open ally of the organ of the one-time Tin Pike Brigade that has now made a strategic movement to the rear and has halted behind the kopje of the King's Most Excellent Majesty, the Lords and Commons of Ireland. What does the official organ, that has been such a drag on the funds of the League, think of its excellent ex-Tin Pike contemporary's open defiance of a fundamental Irish Ireland proposition? The official organ will perhaps not be in a hurry to cross a serious sword with the organ of the "when" school of *raiméis*. Irish Ireland is one thing, the Gaelic League Organization is another, and the Gaelic League as an organization has been, in Dublin, too much the most humble and most obedient servant of the ex-Tin Pike Party, now the New Loyalists, the God Save the King's Most Excellent Majesty, the Lords and Commons of Ireland clique. That clique has got too much of a voice in, and too much of a hold on, the Central Organization of the Gaelic League. The Gaelic League as an organization has been wagged too much by these people who have now blossomed out into the Green Hungarian Band and seek sympathy for the new most loyal tune "The King's Most Excellent Majesty, the Lords and Commons of Ireland." Perhaps, the ex-Tin Pike, and now the King, Lords and Commons of Ireland procession will pay the year's bills as well as pull so many of the strings.

We have not yet seen a copy of the Report and Statement of Accounts of the Gaelic League. The official organ of the League has no reference last week to our request for the Report and Balance Sheet. Irish Ireland, of which the LEADER is the organ, may reasonably ask for the Report and Statement of Accounts, but the official organ simply takes no notice of the Irish Ireland organ. The duty of Irish Ireland is to pay up and not to ask any questions! It is bad enough to have the Department (Scotch) domineering over the people without permitting the Gaelic League Organization to play a similar game. We call for the Report and statement of Accounts at once; heaven knows it is about time that they were submitted to the public. Irish Ireland that pays the huge bills would like, at least, a little information by way of exchange. We have already stated that, according to current rumour, the official organ represented a drain of many hundreds of pounds on its last official year's working. Surely the public who pay ought to receive some information. We have heard that a tender for the printing of the official organ considerably lower than the then standing tender, was refused? The more or less inefficient Executive of the Gaelic League may have a good answer to the question—Why did they not take the lowest tender? But the people whose money goes to bolster up our contemporary would naturally like to know what that answer is. If the Executive chooses to cock up its head and refuse any information to the public, it cannot be surprised if the public effectively protests.



SIR HORACE PLUNKETT'S BOOK.

NUNS AS TEACHERS AND NURSES.

IN connection with the Good Shepherd Convent in Limerick, there are five distinct establishments, forming a cluster of buildings—the Convent itself, the Penitents' House, the Industrial School, the Reformatory School, and a house for girls out of employment. When the nuns came to Limerick, nearly 60 years ago, part of the land now enclosed within the Convent grounds was a bog not quite disused, to raise and level which mud had to be carted from the road close by. The old part of the Convent cost £7,000, of which the nuns themselves became responsible for £4,000. The late Dr.

O'Shaughnessy contributed £1,000, and the rest was subscribed by some benefactors. Within the last ten years a new and imposing building was added, the whole burden of which the nuns themselves have borne with the exception of £87. The Penitents' House was built partly at their own expense, but mostly through bazaars and by the subscriptions of some benefactors, including Bishop Ryan, Bishop Butler, bequests from many priests, Dr. Frith, Dr. Geary, Mr. Murtagh O'Brien, a wealthy clothier, and Dr. O'Shaughnessy, who contributed £1,000. I take sincere pleasure in making this memorial of the last-named gentleman, "The Doctor," as he was commonly called; one of the most lovable men I have ever known. He died just two years ago at the age of 93, with his intellect as clear as it was in his early manhood; and not many days before his death he went about the city and visited the homes of the poor with a step as light as one only half his age. The morning he died he was in communication with the magistrates about the committal of a few destitute children to an Industrial School, and he was able, from his death-bed, to make known the success of his communication to their widowed mother twenty minutes before he departed. Besides other donations he also contributed towards fitting up the house used for girls out of employment; took a great interest generally in the work of the Good Shepherd nuns, and was the most munificent benefactor they have ever had. He contributed largely also towards the Industrial School for boys under the charge of the Christian Brothers, and towards other works of charity in the city. But he did more than give largely of his money in the interest of the poor—he gave all his time. Till not many days before his death he was one of the most active members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. He was a man of exceptional ability; he knew the value of money well; and if an economist came and told him that he was misusing his money or his time on these works of charity on which he had set his heart, the charming play of his wit in reply to his critic would be very interesting. Those who knew him well can easily make a picture of it, and how the worldly wise economist would retire a sadder and a wiser man.

The Industrial School cost £9,000, which expense has been borne by the nuns themselves except about £500 received from a few benefactors. The Reformatory School cost £4,000, which expense has also been borne by the nuns, except about £700, of which £600 was given by one who is living still, and who would, I know, be displeased if I mentioned his name. Within the last few years they have spent over £2,000 on necessary improvement on the Penitents' institution, for which they themselves have also become responsible, except about £800, the result of a bazaar. Besides money paid originally for the ground they pay about £200 a year in rent; they also pay, I believe, borough rates and poor rates. So much for the buildings. As to the maintenance of these institutions, the nuns receive a capitation grant for the children of the Industrial and Reformatory Schools. But they have about 120 penitents from various parts of the country, for whose maintenance they hold themselves responsible, except about £170 a year, which they receive through an annual collection. That department is chiefly maintained by a laundry. Besides these they have about 90 children under their charge, for whose support they provide without any outside help. Will any economist get so much work done through a number of ladies without a religious community at so little cost to the public as to buildings and as to maintenance? And yet if any Convent critic saw that splendid pile of buildings without knowing the facts of the case which I have, in part, stated, they would be sure to "shock his economic sense." Instead of depleting the city of money, as Sir Horace would have us believe, the maintenance of so large an establishment brings a large annual revenue to it, over and above the distribution for labour of the money which the building cost. The three ladies who are at the head of those three com-

"GENUINE" TRINIDAD COCOA SHELLS "EAGLE BRAND" CELSIOR BRAND; the best procurable; buy no other.

munities of which I have specifically written—the Sisters of Mercy, the Presentation and the Good Shepherd Nuns—arrange with architects and contractors, and make a general supervision over any buildings in course of erection for them. An experienced clerk of works, speaking recently of one of them, said that he has never met a person who understood the details of a building better. I hope for the sake of the public purse that the New College of Science in Dublin, which is being built by the Department, will bear witness to as much ability and economy as these conventual establishments of which I have just written. Rev. Mothers are not the witless pietists their economic critics seem to take them for; they know more than their prayers.

As I have dealt with the economics of the Convents in the City of Limerick, I may as well complete the work, and consider the case of all the Convents in the diocese. The Reparation Nuns, the Faithful Companions, and the Little Company of Mary come under the general statement I have already made about communities engaged in works of a private nature. I have reviewed the economic position of the Good Shepherd, the Presentation Nuns, and the Sisters of Mercy. Besides the works already mentioned on which the Sisters of Mercy are engaged, they also have charge of the workhouse hospital. Ten Sisters are paid £20 a year each out of the rates for their services there. But the community gives more than the baker's dozen, because the public have the services of thirteen Sisters instead of ten—all for £200 a year; and the thirteen have to support themselves out of that sum, which, of course, has to be supplemented out of the funds of the community itself. I do not mention this at all in complaint against the Poor Law Guardians, who would probably give more if they were asked. The Sisters, as far as I know, are satisfied to continue their work of charity for that allowance. I refer to it merely for the purpose of giving an opportunity to economists to consider whether they could, through lady nurses not living in religious community, get the same work done, and as efficiently, at twice the cost. The economist will say:—Oh; but if these nuns did not undertake that work it should be given to ladies who live by nursing; and although it would be more expensive those lady nurses would have a livelihood. I see, then, the standpoint of the Convent critic who would excommunicate nuns in the name of economics. It is that nurses in workhouses are not for the sake of the sick poor who are sheltered there, but that the sick poor are for the sake of nurses who want to make a living. But, being only a Catholic, whose religion is uneconomic, I have thought that the doctors, nurses, masters, and all workhouse officials are for the sake of the poor, in whose interest the people pay rates, which they elect Guardians to administer without waste, and consequently that the Guardians carry out the will of the people best when they get the work done best at least cost.

The Sisters of Mercy, besides those houses I have mentioned, have branch houses in Adare, Rathkeale, Newcastle West, and Glin. Let us consider their share in the "enormous annual expenditure for maintenance" which "is difficult to reconcile with the known conditions of the country." In Adare there are six nuns, some engaged in the Convent and some in teaching under the National Board. The late Lord Dunraven built the Convent for them, and endowed it with £50 a year, which the present Earl pays. An economist would, of course, think that the late Earl, having been a convert to the Catholic Church, had lost "the economic sense;" but I suppose that his Lordship thought otherwise, and he did as he thought best with his own.

The Sisters of Mercy were established in Rathkeale fifty-five years ago. Father Walsh, the parish priest, gave his house to them for a Convent, and bequeathed £1,200 to build schools. About twenty-five years ago when the new church had been built, the old one was turned into schools; and the cost of the alteration was met partly by a bazaar, partly by a parish collection which amounted to £100; but chiefly by a legacy left

by Archdeacon Halpin, P.P., and by the nuns themselves. The school is under the National Board. Beside the Convent is a small orphanage, originally built for a residence by Archdeacon Fitzgerald, in which fourteen orphan girls are maintained at the sole expense of the nuns.

They were established in Newcastle West in the forties. It gives me a great deal of pleasure to relate that the ground on which their Convent and schools are built was given up in their favour by Parson Locke, who held it in tenancy from the Earl of Devon. Till that time there was only a mixed school in the town, which was specially inconvenient in those days when grown boys and girls went to school. The parson, who was a magistrate also, knew well the need of a separate female school, and he generously consented on the suggestion of one of the priests to resign his tenancy of a few acres beside the town with a view to bringing the Sisters of Mercy from Limerick to open a school for girls. Dean Coll, the parish priest, laid the case before a conference of the priests of that part of the diocese, and between them they subscribed £700 towards the work. Bishop Ryan also subscribed, a few of the parishioners, and a priest of an adjoining parish left £100 at his death to pay off the debt on the Convent and Schools. The nuns themselves did the rest. They pay £18 or £19 rent to the Earl of Devon for the five acres, the tenancy of which was passed over to them by Parson Locke; but on the other hand, the Earl with characteristic generosity gives them £20 a year for the poor; and Wm. Smith O'Brien used to give them £5 a year for the same object, but I cannot say if it goes on still.

Their schools are under the national Board, from which they receive a capitation grant for teaching. Attached to the Convent is an orphanage in which they maintain and educate about 20 orphan girls at their own expense. They have also a technical school in which they teach lace and shirt-making to about 20 girls from the town, who, when they are trained, are paid for their work by the nuns. They have charge also of the Newcastle West Workhouse. Two of them are paid, £30 a year each, out of which they have to support themselves; but four nuns give their services besides the two who are paid; so that the poor have the service of six nuns for £60 a year. I should say that the Guardians of the Newcastle Union must have "the economic sense" to manage such a bargain as that. I doubt if the Department could get the work done so efficiently and economically without the aid of a religious community.

At Glin they have charge of the Workhouse school. Five are paid £250 a year; but the community give the services of two more for nothing. The Very Rev. Dr. Shanahan, V.G., when he was parish priest of Ballingarry, built a parochial house, after he had built two churches, but after a short residence he gave it over to the Sisters of Mercy at less than half what it cost him, and repaired for his own use another house over 200 years old. The Sisters of Mercy have also a small Convent and Schools in Abbeyfeale, and have charge of the Workhouse in Kilmallock.

I have now given a general statement of the economic position of the Conventual establishments of the diocese of Limerick. They have erected all those buildings mostly at their own expense, and without any expense whatever to the general public; they do the work in which they are engaged far cheaper than any other ladies would, and according to official returns they do it more efficiently; and besides all that they pay borough rates and poor rates just as occupiers who have never done any thing except for themselves. So far from being an enormous expense to the city and county, they have brought an enormous revenue, especially to the city. On the face of these facts, will Sir Horace persist in publishing to the world that the actual position of Conventual establishments in Ireland is "economically unsound" and irreconcilable "with the known conditions of the country?" I challenge contradiction as to

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my statements; if I am challenged perhaps I may make the case for the nuns more overwhelming. I have dealt only with the Conventual establishments of the diocese of Limerick; I know nothing about them in other dioceses, but I assume the case of Limerick to be an average example. As a man of honour, which I take him to be, can Sir Horace remain silent. These ladies cannot write to defend themselves, and he knows it. Will he leave them under the obloquy? There is a plain duty of retracting or proving. M.O.R.

FLUNKIES AND TRAITORS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Angloréxy VII.—Emperor of Vngaria, and King of Green Hungary.

Blowhard McDeak—Leader of the Green Hungarian Revivalists, and loyal subject of Angloréxy VII.

Cornelius Croatiaman
Barney Kossuthford
Malachy Dimbrinski
Denis Kisfuludy
and

Followers of McDeak, and loyal subjects of Angloréxy VII.

Pat Czechson

Planner

and

Thinker

Kosciusko Gorefield

Winklereid Whitefeather

Charlemagne Runaway

and

Sarsfield Standback

Green Hungarian Nationalists, Royal Green Hungarian Foresters, Vngarian Courtiers and Soldiers.

SCENE I.—A street in Ballybudapesth profusely decorated with Union Jacks, green flags and triumphal arches. Over one triumphal arch is a large banner bearing the inscription "Green Hungary a nation dating from A.D., 1783, gives ten thousand welcomes to her Emperor King Angloréxy VII." A brass band in the distance is heard playing "God Save the King," the Green Hungarian National Anthem.

Enter Gorefield, Whitefeather, Runaway and Standback.

Gore.—I wondher has that foreign tyrant an' double-dyed oppressor, Angloréxy, arrived yet.

White.—No, but it is comin' up to the time set down for the state enthrly of the alien despot into Ballybudapesth.

Run.—The moment of national threacherly an' disgrace is at hand. Only a few minutes ago I saw the arch thraitor an' flunkey McDeak dhrivin' along towards the city gate followed by his fellow crawlers and cravens Kossuthford, Dimbrinski, Croatiaman, Kisfuludy an' Czechson. I suppose he had the loyal address in his pocked.

Stand.—God save Green Hungary from ratters an' thraitors.

Gore.—Yes, God save Green Hungary from crawlin', somersaltin', perfidious pathriots like McDeak, amen.

White.—I suppose he'll get a title for this.

Run.—Is that all you know. Sure, 'tis cut an' dhyr ready for him. The patent is made out, an' he is created first Earl of Mullinahack.

Stand.—Yes, an' Kossuthford is to be made Lord Poddle. Well, now, I never thought that McDeak would show the cloven foot, although I must say that when I heard him comin' out about the King, Lords and Commons of Green Hungary I began to smell a rat.

Gore.—What between flunkies an' political recreants wearin' revolutionary masks, there is no hope left for Green Hungary but in the bloody field, and the sanguinary hillside. This counthry will never be a nation wance again until all ratters an' crawlin' turncoats are warned off the grass with letthers of blood.

White.—Well McDeak will be the first man in Green Hungary now, an' then how will we stand? I'm thinkin' that he'll threat us as rebels, an' proscribe the lot of us.

Run.—I defy him, the flunkey. To the last dhrop of my blood I'll defy him.

Stand.—If he thries any foul, nefarious coercion thrick upon me let him beware of the tin pike.

Gore. If he dhrives me to the hill-side, 'twill be war to the last bloody resolution between us. (A great brass band flourish is heard in the distance). Here comes the hateful, foreign, crowned despot. Let us go an' whet our vengeance with the degradin' spectacle.

Exennt defiantly, singing God Save Green Hungary.

SCENE II.—Inside the city gate of Ballybudapesth. A great multitude of people are assembled, amongst whom are McDeak, Kossuthford, Dimbrinski, Croatiaman, Kisfuludy and Czechson occupying the foremost position fronting the entrance. Continuous cheering, hissing, groaning and cries of flunkies greet the Revivalists.

McDeak.—The King's Most Excellent Majesty must be near at hand.

Kos.—His Most Gracious Majesty cannot be far away.

Dim.—Our most high, most mighty, and most puissant sovereign liege and overlord will soon crown us entirely with his royal presence.

Cro.—I am in a fever of excitement at the thought that in a moment or two I will actually be spoken to by a real live king.

Kis.—I say, Blowhard, are we to kneel down before his Imperial Majesty?

Cze.—Of course we are; no need to ask that. Have you never been to a pantomime at the Queen's, or have you never seen Hamlet, Macbeth or Richard the Third played?

McDeak.—No, no, you needn't kneel. Besides the road is too guttery, and after all we may pass muster as polished courtiers enough without trying to emulate Sir Walter Raleigh.

Kos.—Ah, that dear Sir Walter, that accomplished knight, that cultured nobleman, that polished gentleman.

McDeak.—Uncover and bend, that's all you need do. And don't forget to keep your eyes upon the King all the time. To take notice of anyone else while His Majesty is by would be to set yourself down as a rude, untutored churl, not a courtier.

Kis.—(turning pale)—God forbid. I'll keep my eyes upon him as if he were a leprehaun with a purse full of money.

Kos.—Leprehaun, oh, how vulgar. I'm really surprised at you, Kisfuludy.

Dim.—What's vulgar? Do tell me, Kossuthford, for I'm really nervous, and afraid that some breach of etiquette on my part before the King may lay me open—

McDeak.—Hush, here comes His Imperial Majesty.

Enter with a mighty flourish of brazen instruments Angloréxy VII., followed by a gorgeous retinue of Vngarian courtiers and officers, and escorted by a troop of Royal Green Hungarian Foresters, and Imperial Vngarian Tommies in full warpaint.

McDeak (after a ceremonious act of deep homage)—reads—"May it please your Imperial Majesty. We, the National Directory of Green Hungary, duly accredited and authorized to act on behalf of all that are most sagacious, perspicacious, far-seeing, deep-thinking, and philosophically loyal and patriotic among your Majesty's subjects in this kingdom, hereby welcome your Imperial Majesty to Ballybudapesth. We welcome your Majesty as the head of the Vngarian Protestant Plantation Constitution of 1783 A.D., which declares that the King, Lords and Commons of enlightened Protestant, anti-Popish Green Hungary are the only body competent to make, sell, pawn, or otherwise dispose of for cash, security, Popish confiscations, titles, jobs, etc., laws, binding, chaining, torturing, robbing, or otherwise operating

SOLAR na nTaeóeál.—All Irish Irishmen should insist on getting the New Irish Match, made in Dublin by PATERSON & CO., and thus support the Industrial Revival.

GUNS, FISHING TACKLE, Finest quality, cheapest in the Kingdom. Best Trout Flies, Irish Tied, 1/4 per doz. Illustrated Catalogue of Guns or Fishing Tackle, post free. L. Keegan, Gun and Fishing Tackle Manufacturer, 35 Upper Ormond Quay, Dublin.

to the honour, glory and fat comfort of the fanatical bigots, upon the mere Green Hungarians. With deep affection and recollection of such inestimable blessings we welcome your Imperial Majesty with hearts brimming over with love and loyalty." (Cheers, groans, and cries of flunkey.)

Anglo.—Herr McDeak and gentlemen of the National Directory of Green Hungary, we thank you for your loyal love and warm welcome. We assure you that the restoration of the Vulgarian Protestant Plantation Parliament which was put up in the market in 1800, and sold off at really exorbitant prices for each Lord and Commoner, has always been our sincere and heartfelt desire, and we look forward with hope and pleasure to the, perhaps, no distant future date when the aforesaid Lords and Commons, very little the worse of the wear, will be restored to their rightful owners with compound interest at three per cent. per annum for their use since 1800. (Cheers, groans and laughter, which are mostly drowned by the band playing "God Save the King.")

Exeunt King, retinue and escort, followed by McDeak, Kossuthford, Dimbrinski, Croatiaman, Kisfuludy, Czechson, and nearly all the crowd cheering and hissing.

1st G. H. Nat.—The imperishable traditions of Green Hungarian nationality are all gone awry.

2nd G. H. Nat.—That indomitable spirit which, through centuries of oppression, has sustained the Green Hungarians in glorious and immortal antagonism to Vulgaria is dying out. I thought that mountains would melt, and rivers run upside down underneath their bottoms, before the names of McDeak and vulgarised loyalty could be bracketed together for a moment.

1st G. H. Nat. (with a sigh)—They say that the special private entrance to the Castle, which is only opened to the most distinguished and high-placed flunkies and bigots, will be placed at the disposal of McDeak during the coming levee.

2nd G. H. Nat. (with a wistful look)—Ah, the castle, the castle, that rock upon which many a Green Hungarian came to grief, and—

1st G. H. Nat. (aside)—A title.

2nd G. H. Nat. (aside)—A job

Exeunt Green Hun. Nationalists.

Enter Planner and Thinker.

Plan.—Well, I have planned and planned, and my heart has throbbed and throbbed, and my spirit has been kindled and rekindled over again with the fire of Green Hungarianism, and now the end of it all is, that I'm to be flung back to the year 1783, and dumped down high and dry amongst the meanest and most dastardly legislative body of Hooligans and cowardly ancient Pistols that ever disgraced a nation. Here's out of that company anyway.

Think.—Well, I have thought and thought, and I have dreamed and dreamed, and I have closed the door of my mind against British politics painted green, and I have turned my back to Vulgaria, and now it seems that all this patriotic discipline was wrong. I am to make a right about turn again, and embrace Vulgaria in its worst form, and that is in the shape of its imitation, shoddy productions, the selfish and cowardly anti-Irish, West British bigots. Here's out of it too.

Exeunt Planner and Thinker.

Enter Gorefield, Whitefeather, Runaway and Standback.

Gore.—Don't talk of pathriotism, for goodness sake. Why, a haporth of soap would wash off all the pathriotism that ever was among them.

White.—Long live Pether the Packer an' the Earl of Mullinahack.

Run.—Success to Lord Poddle.

Stand.—I wondber what job will the Government give to McDeak?

Gore.—Oh, I daresay, the Paymaster Generalship of Irish landlords, with a seat in the Cabinet.

White.—Won't he have a seat in the House of Lords, too?

Run.—Yes, an' escort of mounted militiamen to accompany him whenever he goes on a visit to the Duke of Abercorn, Lord Iveagh, or the Vice-Regal Lodge.

Stand.—Another black page has been added to Green Hungary's dishonour this day.

Gore.—Which must be wiped out in blood.

Exeunt singing "God Save Green Hungary."
A.M.W.

A MANURE WAR.

THE I. A. W. S.—which stands for the Irish Agricultural Wholesale Society, Ltd.—is at loggerheads with some Irish manure manufacturers. There has been a lot about this manure squabble in the official organ of the I. A. O. S. by the name of the *Homestead*. The I. A. O. S. deals in turnips and poetry, and about Christmas time its organ, the *Homestead*, blossoms out into a rarefied thing of shreds and patches of melancholy greys and weird twilights by the name of a *Celtic Christmas*. Manure is placed in the back yard during the *Celtic Christmas* week, the editor not being "at home" to anything so common; but a "rhythmic twilight" is welcome at that season. Well, the I. A. W. S. is now squabbling about manure. It appears it had a three years' contract with O'Keefe, Ltd., to supply co-operative societies. On January 5th the I. A. W. S. sent out a circular stating that at a meeting of the Board on that day it was unanimously decided not to accept the terms of the manure manufacturers. On January 16th Messrs. O'Keefe, Ltd., issued a circular stating that the negotiations for the renewal of their contract with the I. A. W. S. had fallen through, and that they understood an English manufacturer had got the contract at the same prices and terms as O'Keefe, Ltd., had offered. O'Keefe further stated that they were then at liberty to supply local co-operative societies direct, and their representative was calling round. In the *Homestead* of the 21st January there is printed three columns of a circular from the I. A. W. S. The circular sets forth what it is alleged that the Wholesale Society did for the farmers in the purchase of manure, etc. It claims to have effected reductions in the actual outlay in manure alone, averaging not less than 25 per cent. The circular tells how the Wholesale Society did its best to make a deal in basic slag "with British manufacturers," but were compelled, by more favourable market conditions, to place its contract with "large Continental makers." Well, what does Ireland care whether the society dealt with British makers or Continental makers; Ireland is only primarily interested in Irish manufacture. The I. A. W. S. endeavoured, but in vain, to secure better terms from the Irish manure manufacturers. The manufacturers stipulated for three years' agreement with Morgan Mooney's and O'Keefe's, that the other firms could take what action they pleased for the protection of their agents, and that the I. A. W. S. was not to compound any special manures. Morgan Mooney, the circular alleges, is absolutely the property of Goulding, Ltd.; O'Keefe is partly so, and entirely under the control of Goulding, Ltd. To make a long story short, the I. A. W. S. have completed a contract with a British manufacturing firm, called the United Alkali

LESSONS IN IRISH by Correspondence. For particulars apply to Principal All Ireland Correspondence College, 33 Lower Abbey Street, Dublin.

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ENCOURAGE IRISH ENTERPRISE.

FRED LEWIS and CO.'S PERFUMES AND TOILET REQUISITES; IRISH MANUFACTURE

Company, for one year, and the I. A. W. S. asks the co-operative societies to support the British manure against the Irish manure "in the interests of the liberty of the Irish farmer." The circular advising this boycott of Irish-made manure in favour of British-made manure winds up almost like an eloquent oration:—"Confidently appealing to the liberty-loving principles of the Irish people, nine-tenths of whom are dependent on the produce of the land, the directors of the I. A. W. S., as the servants of the movement, are prepared to face the verdict of their countrymen on the wisdom, patriotism, and, above all, the justice of the policy to which, in this far-reaching crisis, they have pledged themselves."

On January 24th O'Keefe, Ltd., replied with a long circular. In the course of that circular they say:—

"We are further pleased to see from the price list now issued by the I. A. W. S. that the manures hitherto supplied by us, under the I. A. W. S. Brand, have given every satisfaction, and we have to thank the I. A. W. S. for this unsolicited testimonial in our favour. It is a still further testimony to the excellence of the manures we offer, that the I. A. W. S., in making their arrangements with English manufacturers, have 'slavishly' copied our well-known brands, giving the same analysis, and quoting exactly the same prices as we offered to local societies in the price list which we issued to them on the 2nd inst. These prices and terms still hold good, and we would point out to the members of local societies that neither in quality, price, or terms can the I. A. W. S. offer any advantage. On the contrary, by placing their orders direct

with us, societies avoid all risks of mistakes likely to occur by passing their orders through intermediate parties coming quite needlessly between the manufacturer and the society. They also ensure prompt delivery."

The O'Keefe, Ltd., circular goes gaily along: "While the Co-operative movement has from the start had our sympathy and support, the claim of the I. A. W. S. that they have been in any way helpful to the Societies, so far at least as their manure requirements are concerned, is wholly unjustified. On the contrary, no sooner were a number of Societies established throughout the country for the direct purchase from manufacturers of their agricultural requirements, than the I. A. W. S., established itself as a kind of 'parasite,' extracting toll from manufacturers, without rendering them any useful services in return. The toll so levied by this wholly unnecessary body of middlemen constitutes a charge upon the manufacturers' costs, which eventually, has to be borne by the individual farmer. During the past three years, our experience has been that they have simply played the part of "Handy Andy" by duplicating the office work, which we ourselves have to do in carrying on the Co-operative business, and causing confusion in the collection and keeping of the accounts with Local Societies. Even at the present moment, the accounts of Societies trading through the I. A. W. S. are in confusion, and we have been unable to get any satisfactory statement or settlement with the Wholesale Society. In fact, we are so disgusted with the manner in which their business has been conducted that we would not again have sought to do further business with Local Societies through the I. A. W. S. had we not been informed, and believed, that it was the desire of those prominently connected with the movement, whose aims and efforts we respect, that the trade should be done through the office in Thomas Street. Assurances were also given by several of the Directors, who represented that they were in a position to speak for the I. A. W. S. that if we did so the business would be given to us, as Irish manufacturers, at even prices. It was under these circumstances that the late protracted negotiations were entered upon. We have reason to believe, however, that a truculent minority of the Board of the I. A. W. S. never intended to place the order with Irish manufac-

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Easy Payments Arranged. Maker of Lucania Cycles.

CRAB CAIRN NA SCLOCH.

ANNUAL STORUIDEACT, *

LARGE CONCERT ROOM, ROTUNDA,
Wednesday, 8th February, 1905,
At 8 o'clock.

The following are amongst contributors—

Mr. A. J. BOYLAN. Mr. GERALD EWING. fear na munn
cine CHOIR. IRISH PIPES. cumann na b-probanu.

Tickets 6d., 1s., and 2s.

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS!

DUBLIN & WICKLOW MANURE CO.,

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Have IMPROVED their celebrated

BONE MANURE

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DISSOLVED BONE COMPOUND

By the incorporation of POTASH.

These Manures now contain POTASH, AMMONIA, and PHOSPHATE
All the three PRINCIPAL ELEMENTS of PLANT FOOD.
They are most Profitable Manures to use.

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turers, but merely intended to extract from them the utmost concessions and facilities possible in order to hand over the proposed contract, cut and dried, on exactly the same terms to our competitors. Such a system of dealing may be considered very smart by the new diplomacy of the I. A. W. S., but is quite foreign to the recognised rules of business.

We rather like the style of the O'Keefe, Ltd., circular there is a fighting, confident ring about it that appeals to us. Indeed, it strikes us as being quite as good "copy" as we ourselves often turn out. Here is another specimen of it:—

"As showing how much or how little the I. A. W. S. really care for the interests of the societies whom they profess to serve, we may say that during the whole course of the negotiations no question was ever raised as to the prices proposed to be charged to the societies. The whole question at issue was as to the amount of commission the Wholesale Society could extract from the manufacturers, not for the benefit of the local societies, but in order to grease the 'fifth wheel' which they have attached to the 'Co-operative Coach.' We notice that the I. A. W. S. is precise in stating that they only bought the 'great bulk' of their manure from us. We are aware that they imported a certain quantity of superphosphate below our price, but we are not aware that any of the societies to whom this stuff was delivered received any benefit, the difference in price being swallowed up in the insatiable maw of the I. A. W. S. Any further commission or allowances to them even if it were possible to concede same, would therefore be of no benefit to local societies. On the contrary, this tax would necessarily add to the price to be paid by the farmer. The refusal to give any such allowances is the true reason why the Wholesale Society have, in pure spite, made their arrangements elsewhere. The I. A. W. S., however, have really no orders to give. It remains with the local societies to place their orders where they choose, and, as we can supply them on as low prices and as good terms as anyone, we are confident that they will see it is to their advantage to deal direct with the manufacturers, and place their

orders with us. The I. A. W. S. circular suggests that they have received some concession in regard to price under their new contract. This is not the fact. They have secured no better terms than were offered to them by Messrs. Morgan Mooney and Co., Ltd., and ourselves. As to the restriction about compounding their own manures, there was never any suggestion of interfering with the liberty of any local society to compound their own manures, if they thought fit, the fact being that we offered to supply any raw materials required for such purpose. In conclusion, we have reason to believe that the action taken by the I. A. W. S. is not approved by many who are intimately connected with the co-operative movement, and that it will be repudiated by the local societies throughout the country. Their only reason for acting as they have done seems to be a desire to injure an important Irish industry. The transferring of the whole co-operative trade to be manufactured outside of Ireland would mean a loss of thousands of pounds in wages to Irish workmen. We are already assured, however, that they will fail in their attempt to do so, and that when the full facts are known they will find that they have only made themselves the laughing-stock of the societies, and of the public generally. We recognise the importance of the co-operative trade, and that it is an economical means of obtaining the necessary fertilisers at first cost to the farmer, if they adhere to their programme and buy direct from the manufacturer. Nothing will be wanting on our part to ensure societies dealing with us that they will get the best qualities of manures suited to their requirements, and at the lowest market prices."

In the *Homestead* of January 28th, Morgan Mooney and Co., Ltd., reply. In the course of Morgan Mooney's reply we read:—

"The manufacturer quite recognises that his ultimate customer is not the merchant, but the I. A. W. S., not even the local societies, but the *individual* farmer. We have for years issued our price list direct to the farmers of the country, quoting the market retail price to him for all qualities of fertilisers delivered to his nearest station, on the basis of cash. It is well known that *bona fide* mer-

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We are prepared to supply ready Compounded at Standard Market Prices, any Manures recommended by the Department of Agricultural Lecturers.

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Fertilizer Manufacturers,
MILL ST., DUBLIN.

chants and also local societies can, under certain conditions, obtain an advantage of 5 per cent. on the fixed retail price—a margin which those who have any practical knowledge of business consider quite inadequate to remunerate the trader for his trouble. The manufacturers have themselves fixed the difference between the wholesale price to merchants and societies, and the retail price to farmers at 5 per cent. on a cash basis. The I. A. W. S. by coming between the manufacturers and societies are seeking by middlemen's commissions and allowances to make the margin between the manufacturer's price and the consumer's price greater than at present. During the existence of the I. A. W. S there has been no such reduction as 25 per cent. in the cost of manures. The co-operative movement has instituted the system of combined buying, and buying for cash. By the former the farmer saves 5 per cent., and by paying cash he makes a substantial saving compared with the former custom of taking two and sometimes three years' credit from the local merchant. Such excessive credit has to be dearly paid for. The saving in cost of manures arises solely from these two causes. The manufacturers' prices during the same period have not been affected by the co-operative movement, but have varied up and down according to the state of the market for raw material from year to year."

In the same issue of the *Homestead* there is a reply from the I. A. W. S. to O'Keefe, Ltd. It is short and pungent. It runs:—

"To the Co-operative Agricultural and Dairy Society named in the address.—Dear Sirs—A circular has been issued by Messrs. Edward O'Keefe, Ltd., in which they state that our manure contract 'has been given to an English manufacturer on the same prices and terms' as were offered by them. This is grossly and deliberately untrue so far as 'terms' are concerned, and we ask you to carefully peruse our statement of the negotiations with the manufacturers dated the 20th inst., and to note that the minimum period for which the societies, through the federation, were to be bound for the purchase of their manures was *three years*, whereas the

I. A. W. S. has succeeded in making a contract for *one year*. This is only one flagrant point of difference; our circular will explain many others."

O'Keefe's came along with another letter after this which we quote:—"The second circular from the I. A. W. S. which appears in the "*Homestead*" of the 28th inst., asserts that our statement that they had passed us on exactly the same prices and terms is grossly and deliberately untrue. We say it is absolutely true. The fact is, the original proposal made on behalf of the Associated Irish makers was for a five years' agreement, the Committee of the I. A. W. S. appointed to deal with this matter, and who met and discussed the proposals with three representatives of the manufacturers, were unwilling to enter into a five years' Contract, but offered to do so for a period of three years, which was accepted and a Draft Contract was accordingly submitted. Subsequently their Committee having reported to the Board of the I. A. W. S., it was intimated to the manufacturers that some of the members were against a three-years' Contract. The manufacturers while refusing to agree to any shorter period intimated to them that Messrs. O'Keefe alone were willing to renew their Contract with the I. A. W. S. for *one year*. The reply was that they would not enter into any Contract with O'Keefe. At this stage the I. A. W. S. asked for a conference with the manufacturers, which was held at Mr. Holmes' office, Nassau Street, on the 2nd January, at which our representative, Mr. Kinsella, was present, the Solicitors for both parties being also present. The whole Contract was gone through, and finally agreed on,

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The Hibernian Bank, Limited.

30th January, 1905.

At the Ordinary General Meeting of Shareholders, held at the Head Office, College Green, Dublin, this day—John Murphy, Esq., Chairman of the Board of Directors, in the chair—the following Report was submitted to the meeting:—
The Directors beg to submit the Statement of Accounts for the half-year ending 31st December, 1904.

After providing for rebate on bills, interest on deposits, and bad and doubtful debts, the net profits for the half-year amount to	£24,743 19 0
To which has to be added:—	
Balance of undivided profits from last Account.....	5,622 11 2
	£30,366 10 2

The Directors have transferred to the Reserve Fund the sum of	£10,000 0 0
And they recommend that the balance be applied as follows, viz:—	
In payment of a dividend for the half-year at the rate of Five per cent. per annum (free of Income Tax).....	12,500 0 0
In reduction of Bank Premises Account.....	2,500 0 0
To the Officers' Superannuation Fund	1,000 0 0
To next Account	4,366 10 2
	£30,366 10 2

The Directors retiring by rotation are Mr. John Louis Scallan and Mr. John Mulligan, and they, being eligible, offer themselves for re-election.

In conformity with the provisions of the Act, it will be necessary for the shareholders to elect an Auditor for the ensuing year. Mr. John M. Kean, the present Auditor, offers himself for re-election.

By Order of the Board,

ALFRED T. COLLINS, Secretary.

The Report and Statement of Accounts having been read, the following Resolutions were adopted:—

First Resolution—Moved by the Chairman, seconded by John Mulligan, Esq., and resolved—

"That the Report and Statement of Accounts now read be received, adopted, and entered on the minutes."

Second Resolution—Moved by the Chairman, seconded by John L. Scallan, Esq., and resolved—

"That a dividend for the half-year ended the 31st December last at the rate of Five per cent. per annum (free of Income Tax) be paid on the paid-up capital of the Company, and that the said dividend be payable on and after Monday, the 6th proximo."

Third Resolution—Moved by the Chairman, seconded by Maurice E. Lockrell, Esq., J.P., and resolved—

"That Mr. John Louis Scallan and Mr. John Mulligan, the Directors retiring by rotation, be, and are hereby, re-elected."

Fourth Resolution—Moved by Michael Sullivan, Esq., seconded by James Mulligan, Esq., and resolved—

"That Mr. John M. Kean be re-elected Auditor for the present year, at a remuneration of One Hundred and Fifty Guineas"

Fifth Resolution—Moved by James Dignam, Esq., seconded by James H. North, Esq., J.P., and resolved—

"That the thanks of the meeting be given to the Directors and Staff for their attention to the interests of the Bank."

The proceedings then terminated.

the clause making the Contract for three years being agreed to by the representatives of the I. A. W. S. without discussion. Later in the day the I. A. W. S. had a meeting of their Board, at which this Agreement was repudiated and new conditions sought to be imposed, which the manufacturers could not agree to. It will thus be seen that had they chosen to do so, they could have had a Contract with the Associated Irish makers for three years or with ourselves for *one year*, on exactly the same terms as they have obtained elsewhere. We have nothing further to say, it now remains for the Local Societies to decide between us."

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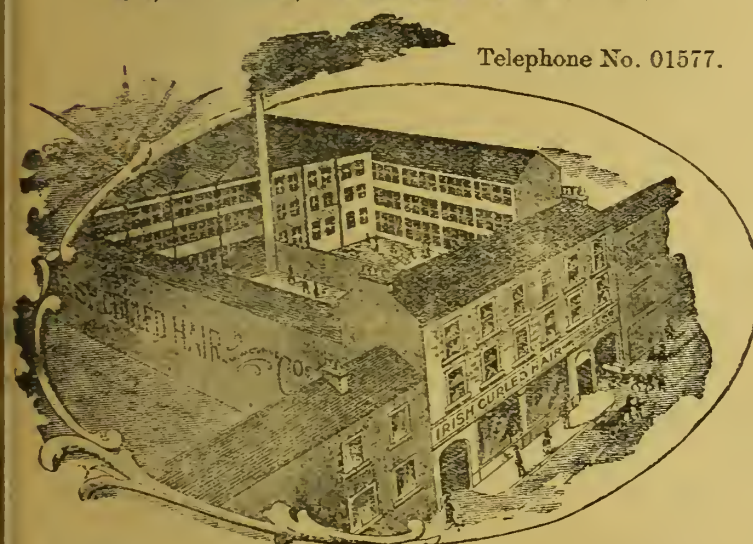
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An unequalled selection of Irish Tweeds and Serges from best makers only constantly kept in stock.

Patterns sent on application.

ALEXANDER, 27 North Earl Street, DUBLIN

Here we leave the fight between British and Irish manures and await further developments.

PUBLICATION RECEIVED.

Mackey's Amateur Guide and Spring Seed Catalogue, 1905.

This publication of Messrs. Sir J. W. Mackey, Ltd., which is nicely turned out, has been printed in Ireland. The blocks for the illustrations appearing in it being also done here. It contains an exhaustive list of requirements in the horticultural and kindred lines which the firm is prepared to supply, in addition to useful hints on the treatment of various classes of seeds.

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The *Limerick Chronicle*, Limerick; Wiring for 100 Lamps.

The *Freeman's Journal*, Dublin; Wiring for 160 Lamps.

The *Leader*, Dublin; Wiring for 20 Lamps.

The *Daily Express*, Dublin; Motors and Wiring for 70 Lamps.

Messrs. D.B.C. Restaurants, Dublin; Crossley Gas Engines, 50 h.p., Dynamos, Motors, Direct-Current and 3-Phase, and Wiring for 1,200 Lamps.

City of Dublin Flour Mills, Dublin; Dynamo and Wiring for 350 Lamps.

St. Vincent's Orphanage, Glasnevin; Dynamo, Accumulators, and 250 Lamps.

Messrs. Hill and Sons, Woollen Factory, Lincan; Dynamo, Accumulators, and Wiring for 200 Lamps.

St. Helen's Schools, Pembroke Road, Dublin; Wiring for 150 Lamps.

Messrs. J. Arizho and Sons, Christchurch Place, Dublin; Dynamo, Accumulators, and Wiring for 200 Lamps.

Messrs. Alliance Gas Co., Dublin; Fan, Motors, and Wiring for 100 Lamps.

Messrs. Atkinson and Co.'s Poplin Factory, Dublin; Wiring for 160 Lamps.

Messrs. Plunkett Bros., Bellevue Maltings and Sandwich Street, Dublin; Dynamo, 3-Phase Motors, and Wiring for 270 Lamps.

Mountjoy Private Hospital, Dublin; Wiring for 150 Lamps.

St. Joseph's Church, Limerick; 350 Lamps.

St. Vincent's Hospital, Dublin; Wiring for 80 Lamps.

Messrs. Pohlmann and Co., Dublin; Wiring for 120 Lamps.

Church of Our Lady of Refuge, Rathbeines; Wiring for 500 Lamps.

Limerick County Council, Limerick; Wiring for 100 Lamps.

Ulster Bank, Limerick; Wiring for 120 Lamps.

Mountshannon Manor, County Limerick; Engine, Dynamo, Accumulators, and Wiring for 350 Lamps.

A. G. Waller, Esq., Dublin; Engine, Dynamo, Accumulators, and Wiring for 150 Lamps.

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CURRENT AFFAIRS:—

A Belturbet Freemason and a Testimonial	401
More honours for Bank Clerks	... 401
A Dublin Tram Nuisance	... 401
Judge Adams, "Funny Man"	... 402
An Irish Play at a Rathmines Convent School	... 402
On the Melancholy Greys and Rhythmic Twilights	... 403
More About the Gaelic League	... 403
Etc., Etc.	

ARTICLES :—

Ruo Beas do fásad 'n ar n-oiad ar an mbéad	406
Sir Horace Plunkett's Book	406
The Peeler and the Testimonial	409
An Australian Letter	410
Our Puny Intellectual Tin Gods	410
The New Irish Dictionary	412
Oh! Say, Do You Love Old Ireland, Boy?	412
Correspondence	413

NOTICE.

THE LEADER will be sent, post free, to any part of Ireland or Great Britain for three months, on receipt of Postal Orders value 1s. 3d.; six months, 3s. 3d.; one year, 6s. 3d. The rates of subscription for foreign postage are:—Three months, 2s. 2d.; six months, 4s. 4d.; twelve months, 8s. 3d.

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The Editor will endeavour to return unsuitable MSS. when a stamped, addressed cover is enclosed, but he cannot undertake to be held responsible for them.

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CURRENT AFFAIRS.

Policemen, station-masters and bank clerks are not the only people who get testimonials in this comic country; corner boys will be giving illuminated addresses to one another next. At Belturbet, an attorney's clerk who left this country for a job in South Africa, was the recipient of a purse of sovereigns and two illuminated addresses! This attorney's clerk, one James Cherry, was a Freemason—we thought the Freemasons went in for being "tony." A local paper tells us that this Belturbet attorney's clerk obtained a "lucrative appointment" in South Africa; perhaps that was the reason that impelled some of the logicians of Belturbet to give this Freemason a purse of sovereigns. Well, Cherry was a Freemason. He got two illuminated addresses—one from "the Masonic fraternity of Belturbet, of which he was a respected member," and another, with a purse of sovereigns from the "all creeds all classes," green public of the village. Even more—a large number of people assembled at the railway station to see him off. But Cherry was a Mason; we wonder what sort of addresses would a man have got if he had started a Catholic Association in Belturbet? A Mr. T. Hamilton an "Idolator," was Hon. Sec. of the "all creeds, all

classes" committee that organised the sovereigns and one of the illuminated addresses. The other "Idolators" on the committee for collecting sovereigns for this attorney's clerk who was also a Freemason, were H. Leonard, E. O'Reilly, J. McGowan, H. McGovern, Dr. P. J. Seraghan, F. Jermyn. Leonard is the new-elected chairman of the Urban Council, Murphy runs the "Imperial" Hotel but unluckily for him the presentation took place at the residence of the attorney's clerk. When we find a lot of "Idolators" sending round the hat for an attorney's clerk who has got another situation in South Africa, and who is also a "respected member" of the Belturbet Freemason fraternity, what are we to think? No wonder the Papists are kicked.

One Mr. Nicholson was treated to a "farewell banquet" at Mohill. This Mr. Nicholson was attached to the Northern Bank at Mohill, and his world-famous services were about to be transferred to Carndonagh in the County of Donegal. A dinner "served in most sumptuous style," was perhaps to be expected, but we miss the address and the puiſe of ſovereigns; perhaps they might be added when Mr. Nicholson is leaving Carndonagh. This Nicholson, we are told by a local paper, "was the principal originator of the Hockey Club, which, though only two years in exiſtence, has grown and flouriſhed." Evidently Mr. Nicholson deſerved well of the local ariſtocracy of Mohill. One of the toaſts was that of "His Maſteſty, King Edward VII." What a pity Brayden and Donovan of the *Freeman* were not preſent. Amongſt thoſe at this highly bank-clerky function were one C. Browne, J.P., the Chairman of the Diſtrict Council, a Dr. O'Donnell; Reynolds, a Bung; another Reynolds a U. I. Leaguer and hockey player; Kinch, a Hibernian bank clerk; Corſcadden, a ſolicitor; Haddick, an N.T.; Smyth, a Northern bank official. What a truly blue ariſtocratic company!

We have seen that Nicholson was about transferring his potent services from Mohill to Carndonagh. Well, a man by the name of Sandys, into whose shoes Nicholson has evidently stepped, has been ordered to shift the scene of his "mental work," as we suppose bank clerks would style their labour, to Carrick-on-Shannon. Sandy of Carndonagh, fared, at least on the surface, better than Nicholson of Mohill for Sandys got the address and a purse of sovereigns. In Mohill the bank clerk got a dinner "served in most sumptuous style" for nothing; in Carndonagh the bank man got an address and a purse of sovereigns, and "those present were hospitably entertained" by the bank official "in the style" for which we are told O'Doherty's hotel is famous. We wonder which of the two has profited most, *net*; the *gross* profits of Sandys are, on the face of it, far and away beyond those of Nicholson of Mohill; but gross profits where the recipient of them in the shape of purses of sovereigns has to give back an entertainment to thirsty gentlemen are subject to considerable reductions. At the Sandys affair we read that one Mr. McDonough, J.P., "made a few well-chosen remarks," that one Smyth, C.P.S., read the address, and that a Mr. Binns, J.P., a Mr. White, J.P., a Mr. J. McCambridge and a Dr. O'Doherty "spoke in glowing and feeling terms" of the bank cashier! At the tail end of the report in the "truly national" *Derry Journal* we read, "The address and reply will be found in the advertising columns."

Is there any way of muzzling people in frames? The accents in some cases are only less aggravating than the inanity of the remarks. Two loudly dressed females got

into a tram the other day, and all their loud conversation for the benefit of the tram passengers was about "calls." Some of these females evidently lead such useless lives and do so little to justify their existence, that they have little to trouble them but "calls." Both of them, it would appear, had made a "call." "I don't bother my head to call on Mrs. B.B. now; I called after the marriage, but she didn't return the call, and there it ended," said one to the other; and there was more of that inane loud clatter between the two loudly dressed females. Very properly people are requested, by printed notice in some, if not all, the Dublin trams, not to spit inside or outside the car; would it not be well if, another printed notice requested "call" payers and other excrescences of imitation "society" to keep their mouths closed in the trams, or if they could not to make as little noise with them as possible? Passengers pay their penny fares in order to be carried a certain journey; they do not use the trams in order to have to listen to the chatter of inane, human documents. Empty barrels make the most noise; and people who starve their servant—if they keep one—and give visitors a weak cup of tea, have probably more tall, silly, loud talk in the trams, and give more trouble to the conductor and more annoyance to the passengers than if they were people of some substance.

Were it not time that that tiresome old "funny man," Judge Adams retired from the joke world? Recently Miss M. Murphy, of the Limerick Training College, delivered a lecture at the Catholic Literary Institute, Limerick, on "The Educational Value of the Gaelic Revival." It appears that Adams happened to turn in before the lecture started, and was asked to preside. Why he was asked to preside, except that he happens to be a County Court Judge, we do not know. There was some Irish spoken on the occasion, and Adams, the "funny man" expressed the hope that there was nothing treasonable in the Irish spoken. That was evidently supposed by Adams to have been a brilliant stroke of wit! He commenced to throw water on the Irish Language Movement. If he is not an Irish Revivalist, what business had he intruding himself and his "jokes" as chairman at an Irish lecture? Dan Tallon might as well be chairman at the anti-Bung meeting. A "humorist" of Adams' calibre is no man to preside at an intellectual lecture on a subject that is stirring the mind and heart of Ireland. Adams said that he was for the past eleven years County Court Judge of Limerick, and during all that time there never was occasion to examine an Irish witness. Well, that does not prove that there are no Irish speakers. Irish speakers may not have had any business with Adams' Court; and Irish speakers can, in most cases, also speak some sort of English. A bi-lingual witness, knowing that Adams was ignorant of Irish, might not be inclined to give his evidence in that language. We have good authority for stating that there are thousands of Irish speakers in the Western half of the county and that a considerable percentage of the population in the South-Eastern part are also able to speak Irish.

If Cusack and family are in a very shakey financial position, yet they bow before a prince. Elaborate instructions were issued concerning the "Royal" train that took the Prince of Wales to the West. Some of the instructions were not without their humorous side. One was that "Passenger trains travelling in the opposite direction to the Royal Train may be allowed to proceed, but the drivers of such trains must not pass the Royal Train at a greater speed than 10 miles an hour, and must avoid whistling when passing it." We suppose whistling whilst passing a prince at 10 miles an hour would not be "class;" and it would smack of the manners of stable-boys! Another instruction was—"Engines of trains standing at stations during the passage of the Royal Train must not whistle or emit any smoke." We wonder were the driver and the stoker allowed to breathe or sneeze during the passage of the Royal Train? And what would be the penalty if a bold, bad, ill-mannered and vulgar engine emitted a little smoke while the Royal Train was passing? Would it be put on half rations and reprimanded by Sir Ralph?

In a recent issue of *The Civilian* we see a note of certain Post Office vacancies. One is Postmastership of Ruthin, salary £140 per annum. It is added—"A knowledge of Welsh is necessary at Ruthin." Why is not a knowledge of Irish necessary at Gorey? We have before us bi-lingual (Welsh and English) notices concerning Inland Revenue licences. These notices emanate from Somerset House, London.

We were present at a very interesting entertainment at the Loreto Convent Schools, Rathmines, on Friday last. The various entertainments reached a very high level throughout, but we were specially interested in the performance of Dr. Douglas Hyde's Nativity Play—that is the play, it will be remembered, about the contemplated performance of which there was some regrettable and bungling interference at Kilkenny recently. The play was excellently staged, and the children spoke their parts with great distinctness. The performance of the Irish play was in every way creditable to those who took part in it, and particularly to the nun, upon whose shoulders, we understand, the chief burden of responsibility for the production lay. All the other items on the programme reached a high standard, and the acting in "Bo-Peep"—the play in English—was a revelation to us; but let us add that we have not been to many Convent school plays, and it may be that the general level is as high, or nearly as high, as that reached by the actors at the entertainments at the Loreto Convent Schools, Rathmines. We were more interested in the significance of the Irish play; we have not heard that there has yet been an Irish play at Cawstleknock of the College Ass, or Clongowes or Belvedere; they are still in the state of being more "classy" than Loreto Convent Schools, Rathmines. It is consoling to reflect that some people do not take to Irish Ireland for the same reason that the Johnnies do not affect literature—they have not the brains. It is encouraging to see that Loreto Convent schools, Rathmines, have staged an Irish play; it would be further encouraging to hear that every girl attending the school was being taught Irish for at least one hour every day; but the nuns at Rathmines—God bless them—are not necessarily to be blamed if Irish is not as prominent in the curriculum as it ought to be—the parents have a voice in the matter, and some Wrauthmines parents are no doubt Wrauthmines parents, and that decides a lot of things. It is a satisfactory sign of the times that an Irish play should have been staged at the Loreto schools in Charleville Road; the play was a great success, and should encourage all the nuns, or if not all, those of the nuns who look at things from an Irish Ireland point of view, to further work in the Irish direction.

There was a great difference between the kindly atmosphere of the hall at the Loreto Convent, Rathmines, where a large Irish audience witnessed Dr. Hyde's Nativity Play on Friday evening last, and the rather unwholesome and chilling atmosphere of the Abbey Theatre on Saturday night. "For the first time on any stage"—and in a few days, we should say, for the last—a What-is-it dubbed a "play" by the name of "The Well of the Saints," by a Mr. J. M. Synge, was performed at the latter place before a rather poorly filled house, on Saturday night. The acting at the school play, in English, "Bo-Peep," that was part of the entertainment at Loreto School was, on the average at least as good as that at the Abbey Theatre; and the school play in English—not to talk of Dr. Hyde's Irish play—was far more interesting than the What-is-it that we witnessed on Saturday night. Yet the former entertainment was only a mere "school treat;" the latter was nothing short of a play under the auspices of the "Irish National Theatre Society." Advertisement is at the bottom of it all; the clique that revolve round that King of advertisers, W. B. Yeats, are, or should be, a lesson—and strange as it may appear, a wholesome lesson—to our Dark Brothers.

We noted that the ha'penny *Independent* was "got at" by the melancholy twilight advertising ring on Satur-

day, and a nicely posed head of W.B. was the centre-piece in an illustrated puff of the poor *What-is-it* that was to be boomed. Whoever wrote the letterpress, said of the author of the boomed play, "*The Riders of the Sea*," and '*The Shadow of the Glen*,' are works of such merit that no further introduction is necessary to the author of to-night's play." Well, we give full credit to the Yeats group for its advertising ability; it is unfortunate for them that advertisement, though a great deal, is not everything; after all, in addition to capacity for judicious advertising, one ought to have something of value to advertise.

We fear the National Theatre Society is not worth criticism in a widely-read paper; it would be more appropriately dealt with in a medium of restricted interest like a MS. journal. These "National" people who flutter and twitter *outside* the land of the Irish people do not interest the people. On Saturday night, the first night, the night when the male and female social butterflies who like chatter and feigned excitement, flock to these places; on Saturday night the house was only very partially filled. We almost feel for the poor "National" Theatre people when we picture the probable degree of emptiness during the remaining performances of this "National" *What-is-it*—audiences growing small by degrees and beautifully less.

We do not think the play worth any particular notice. When we were writing down the dirty imported stage drivel, we paid, we think, less attention to the plays as plays than to the people who fed on such imported offal. The play on Saturday night did not interest us, but some of the audience afforded us amusement. The acting at the play was middling. Mr. W. H. Fay was rather good; but the young lady who took the part of Molly Byrne was not very convincing. She might have been "an Irish Colleen" in an imported musical comedy! There was a "stage friar" in the piece, a creation of the fancy—we assume the "Saved" fancy of Mr. Synge; and there was sex. However, the play, which will not interest the public, is not worth our wasting space upon. The "National" Theatre "friar" gave sight to and took sight from a couple of beggars. Thank Heaven, we not only have sight to see the "National" theatre people and their hangers-on, but we would fain believe we have sight to see *through* them also.

Some of the audience amused us. The "intellectual" commando whose organ is the *Homestead*, when that puissant periodical forsakes burning questions of British *versus* Irish manure, laying hens and such things, and blossoms out into opal hushes, or if you like it better, freezes into the melancholy grey of a *Celtic Christmas* was represented. When our eyes glanced over the stalls, it warmed our Irish hearts to think that we had given so many of those present at one time or another, a well-deserved correction.

The *Celtic Christmas* was incarnate between the acts. Melancholy Greys chattered to Rhythmic Twilights. For us the play was principally at the other side of the footlights. There was no music between the acts. But who would be so poor and paltry of soul as to ask for music when he could feast his eye on the poetry of the motion of minor poets. It is not every day a Rhythmic Twilight cracks jokes before your eyes with a Melancholy Grey. If some of the audience were not seen and well seen by every one in the house, Heaven knows it was not their fault, nor was it from any lack of ostentatious bustling about. Mr. Yeats and his friends may croon of lake edges, grey mountains and things of that sort, but they enjoy a little bustle before the public eye, even if it is only the little slice of the public that filled some of the seats at Abbey Street Theatre on Saturday night. An amusing feature about this grey and twilight race is that they are so grey that they are quite unconscious that people "have the weight" of them and are laughing at their posings and their posturings.

They are expert advertisers, and they are entitled to credit for their excellence in that useful art—as we said some time ago they advertise on the co-operative system. They hover round the coast edges of Ireland incapable of effecting an entrance into the heart of the country, and they come along with strident voices telling the people they meet that they are interpreting the heart of the country into which they never effected an entrance—and the great stream of people pass on their way never heeding. A few of the people whom curiosity or 'business' induces to listen to the melancholy greys wandering by the coast edges of Ireland—whose hearts albeit crave for hot muffins and applause—look at them, and a whimsical expression plays on their faces, and sometimes, as in our case, they burst into a hearty laugh. If "the Dippers" had a great faculty for advertising, and called themselves "The Irish National Immersion Society," what might we not expect?

In our issue of April the 11th, 1903, we wrote an article entitled "The Gaelic League and its Limits." It was in that article that we first pointed out that the Irish language was an *essential* element in a compound, the Irish nation. We pointed out the fact that the Language, as one of the several *essential* elements, had been overlooked until the Irish Ireland Movement started. In the course of that article we remarked:—"The country finding that the missing *essential* element to nationhood was discovered, proceeded to put its back into the making of an Irish Ireland. But the Language Movement is not the *cause* of the Irish Ireland Movement; it is the re-discovered cog-wheel that permits the great machine to go on with its work." In another part of the article we remarked:—"We think we have placed the Irish Language Movement in its proper perspective now: it is *essential*, as a great many other things are *essential*, to the making of an Irish Nation; but it cannot be *more essential*; above all, the part cannot usurp the place of the whole; the Language Movement, one *essential*, cannot usurp the place of the Irish Ireland Movement, the movement of *all* the *essentials* that go to make an Irish Nation. The time has come to differentiate between the Gaelic League, as a circumscribed movement, and the Irish Ireland Movement, which comprises all the Irish energies within the four seas of Ireland. Politics is not nationality; though politics is one *essential* force requisite for the making of a Nation; the Gaelic League, a special organisation, like the United Irish League, is not nationality. The departmental work of the Gaelic League is *essential*, as technical education and a proper railway system are *essential*, but Irish Ireland is the sovereign power."

Now our kept contemporary, the official organ of the Gaelic League that has been such a serious drag on the Language Fund, has recently been parading the view put forward by us about twenty months ago, that the language is an *essential* element of a compound—nationality. We regret the official organ did not receive inspiration from our article as a whole, and learn something of the relative position of the Gaelic League as a circumscribed organisation in its relation to the sovereign power of Irish Ireland.

It is now nearly three years ago that we suggested in an article on "the Gaelic League" in our issue of March 8th, 1902—we had been then for upwards of a year and a half pioneering the Industrial Revival in an apathetic county—that:—"The League has not yet officially adopted the development of Irish Industry as one of its planks; and the great industrial movement which has risen within the past two years is not properly dealt with. Certainly the times call for a sub-committee of the Executive to deal with the Industrial Revival." Our kept contemporary, the official organ, replied in an Irish article in its issue of March 15th, 1902, and we, in our issue of March the 22nd, printed a literal English translation of that reply. In the course of that reply our kept contemporary, that has been such a drag on the funds of the League, said, in Irish, of which the following is a translation:—"The Executive Committee has not yet placed the development of Irish industries on its pro-

gramme, and let them not take the least trouble about it either; they have enough to do besides endeavouring to find out where this coat was made, or where the wheat in that loaf was grown." That was a pronouncement in the official organ about three years ago, when we were making the Irish Industrial Revival.

The official organ of the League chooses to ignore the request for the Report; but we see in the English Notes on the Irish Language in the West-*British ha'penny Independent* of the 1st February that:—"The League is often shy of appealing for funds, when there are so many other calls upon the generosity of the public. It is, nevertheless, engaged upon a work of the greatest possible national importance, and gives full value for every penny contributed." If it gives full value for every penny contributed, why does it not issue its Statement of Accounts to the public? These notes in this paper that was puffed by the General Secretary of the Gaelic League, say:—"The great industrial revival that has spread over the country is a direct outcome of the Gaelic League propaganda, and Irish merchants and manufacturers in contributing to the upkeep of the League will be only paying back a little of a great deal in the shape of increased business prosperity that they owe to the Language movement." Of course, as our readers know, the "great industrial revival" is mainly the direct outcome of the sustained campaign of the LEADER. For our part we think it of little interest now to whose efforts such meagre Industrial Revival as this country has so far experienced is due; but we like justice, and if people will refuse the "little" LEADER bare justice, we are inclined to protest at least just as much as if the justice were denied some other body.

Last week the official organ of the Gaelic League had no reference to our request for the Report and Statement of Accounts. It attempts to shelve the fair and open questions of the organ of Irish Ireland. But it has an editorial note on the forthcoming collection which commences—"The Coisde Gnotha is now rapidly pushing ahead the arrangements for Seachtmhain na Gaedhilge." Well, we would like to hear that it was rapidly pushing ahead the bringing out of its Report and Statement of Accounts. It appears to us as high-handed that it should announce the pushing on of its collection and ignore our request, a request we make on behalf of the paymaster, Irish Ireland, for the Report and Accounts. We can understand the official organ's anxiety to collect money to make up the deficit on its working and other deficits, and many large salaries; but that is no justification for ignoring our questions. What is the extent of the drain on the funds made for the upkeep of the official organ? What is the loss, if any, on the unnecessary shop in O'Connell Street? What is the loss, if any, on the publishing department of the Gaelic League that competes with outside publishers like Fallon's and Gill's in meeting the demand for Irish books? What is the explanation of the refusal to take a lower tender for the printing of the official organ? We do not suggest or believe that there is the slightest thing that cannot be explained; but we would like explanations, light and figures. Instead of that our kept contemporary ignores our questions. This sort of thing won't do. The executive committee will occupy a curious position if they allow their official organ to keep ignoring our questions. If that sort of policy of bluff were attempted the Language Fund would suffer. Irish Irelanders would not necessarily stay their generosity for the Language Cause—a wider thing than the "governing" body of the Gaelic League—they could send their subscriptions to the Munster Training School, to the Connaught Training School, to the upkeep of travelling teachers, and local centres of the Gaelic League throughout the country, and in other directions where the money would be well spent.

We are privately informed that the Reports and Balance Sheets of the Gaelic League for the fiscal year ending 29th February, 1904, were sent to every branch

of the League, and every delegate to the *Arvo-Feir* in the early days of August. We knew that a Report and Accounts were submitted to the delegates at the *Arvo-Feir*. But the *Arvo-Feir* is a confidential gathering whose proceedings are not open to the Press. When will even that Report be sent to the Press? That Report was never sent to us. That it was given in confidence to the delegates at the *Arvo-Feir*, and was sent to the Gaelic League branches is not to our point. We want that Report, at least, and it is due to the public who are indiscriminately asked to subscribe that the Press should receive, at least, that Report for comment.

We have heard it said—and if the rumour is not correct it can be dissipated by the production of the accounts—that the official organ lost about six hundred pounds on its year's working, and that that six hundred pounds had to be made up by a dip into the Language Fund till. We would like to know if this is correct, and if correct we would like to consider the value that people get for their Language Fund money on this head. We would also like to know how the book-publishing and book-selling department stands. If it is losing, it might be a relief, in every way, that it shut up, and allowed the legitimate trading firms and private individuals to take the risks in supplying Irish publications. The delegates were, no doubt, told how these matters stood up to February, 29th, 1904; but we would like to be told also.

Now we have the "Annual Report of the Gaelic League, 1901-2, and proceedings of *Arvo-Feir*, 1902, with Summary of Accounts, List of Branches, etc.," before us. That must have been compiled and published subsequent to the *Arvo-Feir* of 1902, for it includes a report of the proceedings of that body. Well, what we want is a similar publication compiled and published subsequent to the *Arvo-Feir* of 1904. If the League has decided not to bring out such a report, we would like to be told so, and told why; and we would like to receive, at least, the Report that was submitted to the *Arvo-Feir*. We have said that we were privately informed that the Reports and Balance Sheet of the Gaelic League were submitted at the *Arvo-Feir*. But, after all, what we ask, what, as the organ of Irish Ireland, we submit, we are entitled to receive is not private information from a friendly individual, but official replies to fair, honest, and important questions. The official organ can waste the funds of the League, but it is too "tony" to reply to our requests for information.

Oh, these concerts! There were two at Dromahair in the County of Sligo some time ago. A local paper tells us that at these concerts, "there was a display of artistic and comic talent that could hardly be beaten by any provincial town in Ireland." We find no mention of even one song in Irish in the reports of these concerts at Dromahair in the County of Sligo. There was a "comic duet" in which too fellows came out in their shirt sleeves, false faces and pillows padded on before them. When they tried to fight they were so fat with the pillows that they could not strike one another. But then these concerts at which there is no mention of a low-down song in Irish were no doubt "tony"; in fact they must have been "tony" for an Ulster bank official played the piano on both nights. One of the pillow "comics" hit the pillow of the other "comic" with a sweeping brush, and eventually the pair of pillow "comics" tumbled on the stage and rolled behind the curtain. We understand that the up-to-date labourers who were at this "tony" concert can speak French; they were able to shout *encore! encore!* but when a solitary voice called out *arir* no one appeared to understand and it subsided.

We have been asked to announce that at a meeting of the Committee of Clerical Managers of the Diocese of Limerick recently held, Right Rev. Monsignor Hallinan, P.P., V.G., in the chair, it was resolved—That as what is called the Equivalent Grant has been voted in Parliament for the Primary Education of the country,

we protest against its application to any other purpose, and we call on the Commissioners of National Education in the first place, as the custodians of the right of Primary Education, to have this question raised again and again in Parliament; and we invite the Irish M.P.'s, the Managers' and Teachers' Organizations, and all other public bodies, to claim this Grant for its legitimate purpose. That we adopt the resolution recently passed at a meeting of teachers in Kerry, viz.: That in schools where the minimum number of weekly meetings have been regularly held throughout the year for instruction in Irish, or other extra subjects, and where meetings in excess of that minimum have been held either during the whole or part of the year, the actual attendance of pupils at all such meetings should be reckoned for the purpose of qualifying for fees on such subjects, as the present method of not reckoning more than two attendances on any week, has the effect of depriving teachers of many a well-merited fee.

We see that Mr. Willie Redmond was interviewed aboard the R.M.S. Ophir by a representative of an Australian paper. According to the report of the conversation Mr. Willie Redmond said:—"Everyone was learning Irish, and Irish industries were making great progress especially in Wexford." The wild saying that "Everyone (in Ireland) was learning Irish" smacks of the old *raimeis* days when "the no far distant date" was ever at hand. Of course, everyone is not learning Irish, and that sort of wild talk misleads people as to the real position of affairs in Ireland.

The February number, the fifth issue, of *Inisfail*—"a magazine for the Irish in London"—is very interesting. We notice that our interesting contemporary is carrying on a controversy with the official organ that has been such a sponge on the Language Fund. *Inisfail* says that the official organ "was perturbed over what it called in its sorrow our 'loose thinking.' We were smitten with compunction, and hoping to mend our minds, turned anxiously to our contemporary's avowedly Clear Thinking. Unfortunately, at the very outset the Clear Thinker failed us." Our readers will recollect that we had, in the pursuance of our duty, to do a good deal of wholesome worrying at the expense of one Charles Hubert Oldham, the "expert economist," who styled himself "a clear-headed man." Our contemporary *Inisfail* is now engaged on the task of worrying a Clear Thinker; we spy entertainment. But our sprightly contemporary *Inisfail* will scarcely be called a "confrere" by the official organ; and if the blows of *Inisfail* came too sharp the official organ may get out of the difficulty by taking them lying down.

We leave the controversy between *Inisfail* and the official organ; but we are fond of lively controversies upon whatever subject they may arise; and thrust and parry, even were it on bi-metallism, is ever pleasing to us. We trust the official organ will rise to the occasion and show fight for its keep. *Inisfail* laughs—"Our Clear Thinker made some quaint slips in its battle with ourselves." We await the official growl at this naughty and skittish grin on the part of *Inisfail* at the ponderous official organ. *Inisfail* says—"Before exposing these (the alleged quaint slips) as a warning to Clear Thinkers, let us show where the confusion arises on the main question." The growl of the official organ should deepen at that quip. Here is another sentence, "And now for some incidental mistakes of the Clear Thinkers." The article in *Inisfail*, a journal which will scarcely be described as a "confrere" by the official organ, winds up with this short and pungent paragraph:—"We await further manifestations of Clear Thinking." But perhaps the sword will leap into its scabbard as it did when we commented on some economic drivel that appeared in the official organ that has been such a sponge on the Language Fund.

We are awaiting developments of the manure war. Our puissant contemporary, *The Homestead*, had an eight-line par. in its issue of last week, stating that before going to press, and too late for inclusion in its

issue, it received a copy of a circular from Messrs. O'Keefe, Ltd. The *Homestead* has no doubt that the "wholesale" will reply to O'Keefe, Ltd. We hope so. Perhaps as we write, a minor poet may be in a fine frenzy over a great prose work on the Battle of Manure. We look forward with interest to the work, whether it be by a minor poet, a toy philosopher, or by a competent business man, for the issues at stake are serious, and there has been already some conflicting statements. We have so far an open mind on the question through the fact that the "wholesale" have thrown themselves back on British manure, raises a natural prejudice against them, particularly at the present time. However, we await their further statement.

The following very proper letter of protest was sent by an Irish priest to the ha'penny *Independent*, but, our readers will not be surprised, that our contemporary refused its insertion:—"To the Editor, *Irish Independent*.—Sir, I have seen and approve of many of the words of praise given to your new paper. But permit me to call your attention to the impropriety of giving the first and most prominent place on the posters of to-day's issue to a divorce case. As displayed outside the newsagents' offices, it is the first thing to catch the eye. This is, I believe, introducing into Irish newspaper management the methods of sensational and low-class English journalism. In a country like Ireland the matter scarcely needs further comment. I enclose my card, and I remain, Sir, faithfully yours—

A CATHOLIC PRIEST.

Feb. 3rd, 1905.

We see that one J. Thompson, Chief Clerk, Lancaster, England, has been dumped over here into the position of Postmaster of Tralee.

The second annual dinner of the Rathmines and Rathgar Catholic Association takes place next Monday evening at the famous 78a Rathmines Road. We hear a whisper that knives and forks will be used freely on the occasion, so that the "Saved" had better keep their distance whilst this dreadful function in the deep caverns of 78a is proceeding.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SOME JOBS IN LIMERICK POST OFFICE.

Some seven or eight years ago the position of Matron was created in the telegraph office at Limerick, but instead of being filled by the senior female telegraph operator, who had for many years previous performed all the duties of the position to the perfect satisfaction of her superiors, but without any extra pay, a girl of sixteen or twenty years less service was made matron. The former person was a Catholic, the latter "Saved." There were several other ladies senior to her. The senior lady protested, and after much trouble it was admitted by Norfolk, the Postmaster General of the time, that injustice had been done, and he excused himself by adding that he could not help it as he had nothing to do but to accept the recommendations of those under him. ('Tis a fine department that can pay thousands of pounds per annum to a figure-head of that pattern).

The matronship is again vacant, and it is hoped that the undeniable claims of the lady passed over eight years ago will now be recognised. This, however is not certain. I anxiously await the Postmaster General's decision in this matter. The history of the Limerick Post Office during the past ten years or so is such an example of preference of the "Saved" that, although the office is now under an honest (though an English Protestant) Postmaster, there is still reason to fear that the "sign" will conquer. It is hard to understand how the staff of the Limerick Post Office has tolerated such things, and how they have been tolerated by the Catholic citizens of Limerick, and by the whole Catholic community of this country. Yours— X.

Burren, whence she got her model, remained where it was, and as it was for all she and similar critics cared. "When all is said, however," she writes, "we must leave the ill to work its own cure. National idiosyncracies are hard things to mend, and exceedingly awkward things to meddle with." When she had said that she had said all she wanted to say or meant to do. Many others have told us the same story in interviews, magazines, and books, as if we had never known of it till the theoretic philanthropists came to see for themselves, and then went to tell what they saw.

In 1891 the Sisters of Charity were brought to Foxford by the Bishop of Achonry, and, according to a writer in *The Daily Chronicle*,* this is what they found there:—"The country is dreary, the earth dark, sodden with rain as if it never had time to dry between one shower and another, and covered with boulders that offer an almost insurmountable obstacle to cultivation. The resident gentry are few, and apparently indifferent for the most part to the condition of the people so long as rents are paid. To pay these rents the men usually migrate to England for the summer and autumn, and find work with farmers, leaving their wives and children to garner as best they may their miserable harvest. With the month of November sets in a period of winter idleness, no labour to do, and no market for it if done." They turned a large barn into a schoolhouse, spent their ingenuity in getting in the children, for though the district is very populous they came very irregularly owing to poverty and distance. In a short time the daily attendance had increased so much that school room had to be extended. There are now nearly 250 girls in average attendance. As the education of the children went on, Mrs. Morogh Bernard, the superioress, looked forward into the future, and asked herself this practical question, which, by the way, the economists of the Department do not seem to have seriously considered whilst they have been dispersing itinerant technical teachers over the country—what is to become of these children when they grow up and have learned all we will have taught them? Are time and money to be spent in training them for the benefit of the foreign countries whither they are sure to go for want of a way of living here? And the answer she made to herself was not to "leave the ill to work out its own cure," nor did she inconsiderately set down its cause to "national idiosyncracies," and take no pains to consider a cure. Miss Bremner, an English non-Catholic visitor, thus describes her answer in the *Educational Times*†:—"Walking in the Community garden, the foaming Moy (Mary's river) always sounded in her ears, 'Try me, try me,' it said quite plainly. What could it do, all this water power running to waste? It could turn a saw-mill, but there was little timber. It could supply motor power for a mill of some kind. Since the neighbourhood is agricultural, supporting a large number of sheep, why not buy their wool from the farmers, start a woollen factory, and sell woven goods? The Rev. Mother mentioned the idea to a few people, and they douched it well with cold water. A very likely thing that nuns—women who are, and always, have been mere babes in knowledge of the world—could buy wool, manage a mill, when labour is so difficult to control nowadays, sell in the right markets. The good Mother and her senses must have parted company to think of it for a moment.

Clouds, opposition, difficulties, arose on every side, but still Mother Bernard's faith made her calmly say—"It is God's work; He *must* help His people." The general opinion was that the nuns were fools, and the feeling of being opposed did not make the task of these gentle women more easy. There is no need to lengthen the story. The Divine Providence Factory has been a great success. It has been extended again and again till it bids fair to swallow up the Convent Garden; it is still far from an imposing building. It is £17,000 in debt, but then it has brought work and wages to more than a hundred people, and has caused comparative wealth to flow into Foxford. There are numbers of workers who earn 15s. or 20s. a week, and that means wealth. Last year £2,600 was spent in the purchase of wool in the neighbourhood. They make blankets, travelling rugs,

flannels, shawls, serges, tweeds, friezes, and other woollen stuffs. Their goods cannot be called low-priced, but those who like a good article for their money will not consider them dear. The nuns have an annual turn-over of between £8,000 and £9,000." The nuns began the factory in the autumn of 1894, and what I have just quoted from Miss Bremner is only part of the change effected in less than five years. In 1894 there was not a butcher's shop in Foxford; in 1897 there were three. There are more than 1,000 families in the district making a radius of five miles around Foxford, nearly all occupiers of plots of land, or rather rocks, of a few acres in extent. In 1894 there was a manure heap before every door, and their live stock were installed in the kitchen; to-day hardly a manure heap is to be seen before a cabin door in all Kinnemany; flower beds have supplanted them; the chattels no longer lodge with their masters, but occupy houses of their own; several of the cottiers have planted orchards, and nearly all the district is dotted over with chestnuts, sycamores, firs, and poplars. I again call Miss Bremner to witness:—"In the Sisters' garden you will also find another branch of technical work—a co-operative creamery. People come and sell their milk to the creamery, obtaining ready cash in exchange. At first they were distrustful, and eyed the thing askance; the Sisters lost on the venture, because in their desire to do good they gave too big a price. But now it is an acknowledged success. There is a constant coming and going of small children with milk cans. The milk is made into excellent butter, and since the best and most recent machinery is used, the creamery affords an object-lesson in dairy work. One skilled dairy woman, with three or four learners, is constantly engaged in the dairy work. A third branch of the nuns' organisation of Foxford labour is a large workroom where various employments are taught and carried on. A number of girls are busy shirt-making, several sewing-machines being in use. There are a dozen knitting-machines which turn out large numbers of stockings. Here is a girl busy making quilts out of waste woollen fluff, which is encased in the same way as eider-down. Sister Hickey is in charge of this department, and it is popularly believed that however extraordinary a thing is demanded from the work-room the Sister will find some way of supplying the demand. A number of young girls—farmers' daughters—work in this room, in the dairy, or are pupil teachers in the day school. For these board and lodging is provided by the Community at a moderate figure."

Such is the transformation wrought in forlorn Foxford in less than five years; the improvement has progressed during the past six years, and is going on now. The change appears all the stranger when we know that it has come without initiative or aid from either magazine or draft-scheme economists. Even the Department was not called into synod, for it did not yet exist. It is all due to the initiative and energy of a few nuns who rise at five o'clock in the morning, begin the day with about two hours at meditation and Mass, repress their individuality for the rest of the day by complete obedience to a Rev. Mother, and have committed themselves by vow to the life-long foolishness of "shifting the human centre of gravity to a future existence." The Congested Districts Board gave them a gift of £1,500, and a loan of £7,000, to begin the work, and they borrowed about £7,000 more from other sources. With those loans, which they are paying back by degrees, they have practised their economics on Foxford, and have tested the truth of the "national idiosyncrasy" theory of theoretical altruists. It is not my purpose to consider the work of those nuns more in detail; but what I have said gives me the right to ask Sir Horace if he can point to a single instance in which the Department, with its ample supply of public money, with its highly-salaried experts and professional economists, has wrought such a transformation in any district in Ireland as those dozen ladies of the "unproductive classes" have made in Kinnemany? Economists and experts of the Department! you have plenty money at your disposal, yet you have nowhere in Ireland done such a work as that. It is time for the public to ask, why? Is it because you do not know how to do it? or is it because you do not take the trouble to do it? There are many

* Feb., 1897.

† April, 1899.

districts in Ireland as Foxford was eleven years ago. Allowing you the vast advantage of the public money which you control, so unlike Sister Bernard who, with her community, has had to work mostly with money borrowed, and with principal and interest weighing them down, will you take up any of those deserted districts and show us in a few years such a change made by you as that which the Sisters of Charity have made in Kinnemany? But if that does not come within the functions of the Department—and if it does not I do not know what does—can you get any dozen ladies, with money or family influence at their back, living in the world, and acquainted with its needs and ways, who will face such a task, and work a transformation such as that which has been made by those nuns of whose incapacity you write by implication:—"I personally do not think that teachers who have renounced the world and withdrawn from contact with its stress and strain are the best moulders of the characters of youths who will have to come in direct conflict with the trials and temptations of life?" If bishops should invite other communities of nuns to establish convents in the midst of those places, and if they succeed, as they have succeeded elsewhere, in bringing brightness and life to where there was desolation and death, will you see in their presence also only an increasing "multiplication of costly and elaborate conventual institutions" which "is difficult to reconcile with the known conditions of the country?" And may economists of a generation hence complain that the Foxford nuns have usurped a work which secular ladies would be glad to do, and could do better? But the first thing necessary to do a work is to be willing to do it, and the best proof of being able to do it is to have done it. And as it is with women, so it is with men. Amongst the most unbusiness-like men I have known have been those who call themselves "men of business;" they are often the Captain Bobadils and the militia-men of industry. It is often those of them who have never proved their work by doing it, or even by trying to do it, who prattle most platitudes about the need and the way of training the youth of both sexes how "to fight the battle of life."

The Youghal Needle Lace Industry began in 1847. Whilst Government statesmen were disowning their duty by ignoring the famine which was actually ravaging Ireland; whilst economists were pauperising the people with dollops of relief, though enough food to feed them was grown in the country, but was being shipped from its shores; whilst the accredited agents of the economic religion were wasting money and time in trying to persuade them that an unstinted supply of bread and beef is the best test of evangelical truth, the Presentation Nuns, feeling the famine around them, tried another and a better way to fight it in Youghal. There was in the Convent a piece of old Italian lace, which suggested to one of the nuns, Sister Mary Anne Smyth, that she might make one like it. She examined the stitches as she cautiously took the piece asunder, and reproduced the model. She then taught the secret to the girls in the school and in the town, who showed an aptitude for such work. That was the beginning of the Youghal Lace School and Industry which, in spite of many a hard struggle, has, through the care of the nuns, been kept alive without a break-down to this day. She soon had 120 girls at work, and was able to pay them about £2,000 wages in one year.

Some years ago they started a Crochet Industry at the request of a French merchant who came over from Paris for the purpose of inducing them to supply him with such work. They now employ about 200 crochet-workers. But the Lace Industry is the one to which they are most attached. The nuns and the workers are bound to it, not only for the employment that it gives, but by the tie of affection and a praiseworthy pride. In many cases the mothers, and, in some cases, the grandmothers, of the school-children are to be seen working in the lace-room every day—old women who learned the art when it was in its childhood like themselves, and have never forsaken

it. Very few girls who learn lace-work in Youghal ever emigrate, and some of those who have done so have come back again.

This Lace Industry—although created and promoted to success by the skill and care of the nuns—has been given over by them to the ownership of the workers. Some years ago they turned it into a Co-operative Society, and since then workers share the profits, such as they are, as well as receive the wages of their work. But the nuns still manage the business, find a market, pay the wages, distribute the profits, keep accounts, and supply the designs. The co-operative system has been adopted also by the nuns at Gort, Carrick-on-Suir, Carrickmacross, and several other places through the country. Why those nuns have given away the ownership of industries made by their own skill and at their own cost, I do not know, unless it be that they wished to perfect the purpose of charity, which was their prime motive in creating them. If I were giving a Retreat to those nuns, and were dealing with the question on the principles of ascetics, I should judge it by the law of charity, and in the light of the evangelical counsels which nuns profess to follow. But neither I nor the economists, nor the Convent critics, nor outsiders of whatever sort, have any claim to consider the question in that light; for as far as we are concerned we see in those industries only works begun and promoted by the nuns themselves, and which, for that reason, they have a perfect right to conduct on whatever system they please. I measure judgment to the economic critics out of their own bushel. I look at the question here in the light of economics; I judge it not by the law of charity, but by the law of commutative justice. If any other ladies had created an industry, and had spent their time and skill and money on it till they had made it a success, those critics would not dare to demand an audit of accounts, would get a rude repulse if they intruded their counsels unbidden into a business which they did not help to make.

Dat veniam corvis, veuat censura columbas. When nuns lead their own life in their own way the complaint of their critics is that they do not observe the laws of economics, and when they tread the path of economics the complaint is that they are not led by the law of charity. But if other ladies who attempt similar industries observe either or neither, the Convent critics are satisfied, or, at least, are silent. They dare not do otherwise, for they know they could not criticise with impunity. It is only right to observe that, as a rule, those only complain how things are done who have never helped to do them.

I now pass on to Sligo. The Sisters of Mercy have the following industries there:—A School of Fine Needlework, Lace, Embroidery, Drawn-work, and Crochet; Hosiery, Cookery, Laundry, Dairy, Poultry, Bees. The Sewing School was started in 1880, and gives employment to about 60 workers, each of whom receives in wages sums varying from £10 to £25 a year. The Hosiery School began also in 1880, gives employment to about 12, who receive about the same wages as those in the Sewing School. The Cookery School was also started in 1880. At this school girls are trained to be cooks and general servants; private students from the neighbourhood also attend for lessons; classes are also taught in connection with the National Board, and since 1902 in connection with the Technical Board. The Laundry School dates from 1847, and the Dairy School from 1890. Between 40 and 50 are employed in these. The pupils are boarded and lodged, and some are clothed; and besides they are paid from £8 to £10 a year. When their course of training is over, situations as laundresses or domestic servants are provided for them; and to better fit them for the future they are also trained in poultry-rearing and in bee-keeping. Until 1902 all those industries were carried on at the expense of the Sisters of Mercy, but since then the nuns receive some help from the Technical Board for the Sewing, Hosiery, and Cookery Schools. Similar industries are taught at the branch houses of the Sligo Community in Roscommon, Athlone, and Summerhill, and on

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a smaller scale at Boyle, Elphin, and Strokestown. At Roscommon, Hosiery, Shirt-making, Lace-making, and Embroidery began to be taught in 1895. Poultry-rearing was introduced the following year, and I believe that experts consider the poultry-yard and its arrangements about the best of the kind in Ireland. Laundry, Cookery, and Dairy training have formed part of the Convent work for nearly half a century. About 30 girls on an average are employed at the Hosiery and Shirt-making Industry, and each earns about 7s. a week. About the same number are employed at the Lace-making, but their wages depend upon the amount of work they do, and on the market that is found for it. About 20 girls are engaged at the Laundry, Cookery, and Dairy work; these, for the most part, pass out as suitable vacancies offer for domestic service. It will be observed that all those industries were in existence before the Department came; they have all been organised and worked by the Sisters of Mercy without aid from any outside source; but during the past few years the Department, I believe, supplies occasional courses of lectures.

In Ballyshannon a Shirt-making Industry was started by Canon M'Kenna about ten year ago; it gives employment to about 20 girls, who earn from 1s. 6d. to 2s. a day. A Hosiery Industry is also conducted by the Sisters of Mercy, at which 30 girls are employed, who earn about 1s. 6d. a day. The Department has refused to co-operate in either industry.

M. O'R.

THE PEELER AND THE TESTIMONIAL.

PEELERS and bank clerks are a species of aristocrat in this lack-humour country; they both have a rather soft time of it in some respects, though both also are to be pitied. Both receive a large amount of testimonials. We have no account of the number of bank clerks who received addresses during last year, but the following is a list of some of the honours done to the bank clerks' brother aristocrat, the bobby, during 1904:—

County of Antrim.—Sergeant Thomas Frazer.—Presented with a Gold Albert Chain by some friends in Ballymena, on the occasion of his transfer to Whitehead, as a token of esteem and regard, and as a testimony of the good relations which existed between him and the inhabitants of Ballymena.

County of Armagh.—Sergeant Robert Callaghan.—Was presented with an Illuminated Address and a Parlour Clock by the inhabitants of Poyntzpass, on the occasion of his transfer to Tandragee.

City of Belfast.—Sergeant Ladley.—Was presented with an Address, accompanied with some Articles of Furniture, by the inhabitants of Trillick, in acknowledgement of his excellent services, and as a token of their esteem and regard, on the occasion of his transfer (on marriage) to Belfast.

County of Cavan.—Head-Constable Thady Connolly.—Resolution of the Urban District Council of Athlone, in Westmeath, on the occasion of his promotion and consequent transfer to the County of Cavan, congratulating him on his promotion.

County of Cavan.—Sergeant John Kerley.—On the occasion of his transfer to Kilcogy, the Members of the Urban District Council of Cootehill passed a resolution bearing testimony to the efficient and impartial manner in which Sergeant Kerley performed his duties during the three years he was at Cootehill.

County Clare.—Sergeant Denis McHugh.—The Kilkee Town Commissioners passed a resolution expressive of their appreciation of the efficient and courteous manner in which Sergeant McHugh performed his duties whilst stationed amongst them, on the occasion of his transfer to Ennis.

County Cork.—Acting-Sergeant Robert H. Harman.—Was presented with a complimentary illuminated address accompanied by a purse of sovereigns by the Magistrates and other inhabitants of Passage West, on

the occasion of his promotion and consequent transfer to Glannire, congratulating him on his promotion, and bearing testimony to the satisfactory manner in which he discharged his duties while stationed at Passage West.

Sergeant Peter Dalton.—Complimentary address accompanied by a purse of sovereigns from Magistrates and other inhabitants of Fermoy, expressing regret at his departure from amongst them, on the occasion of his transfer to Cork.

County of Dublin.—Acting-Sergeant Cooper.—Presented with a Complimentary Address, accompanied by a Purse of Sovereigns, by the Magistrates, Clergy, and other inhabitants of Balbriggan and neighbourhood, on the occasion of his promotion and consequent transfer to Shankhill.

King's County.—Head-Constable James Hughes.—Resolution of the Belturbet Urban District Council, in the County of Cavan, on the occasion of his promotion and consequent transfer to Shinrone, in the King's County, congratulating him on his promotion.

County of Mayo.—Acting-Sergeant James Nicholson, (M).—Complimentary address, accompanied by a Purse of Sovereigns, from the Magistrates, Clergy, and other inhabitants of Achill Sound, on the occasion of his transfer to Westport.

County of Meath.—Sergeant Thomas Spring.—Complimentary address, accompanied by a purse of Sovereigns from the Magistrates, Clergy, and other inhabitants of Nobber and its vicinity, on the occasion of his transfer to Carlanstown.

County of Waterford.—Constable Begley.—Received an Address, accompanied by a Purse of Sovereigns, from the Magistrates, Clergy, and other Inhabitants of Clonmel, on his transfer to Waterford.

County of Cavan.—Henry Whitmore Babbage, C.I.—Complimentary Illuminated Address, accompanied by a Silver Salver, Tea and Coffee Pot, Cream Jug and Sugar Bowl, from the Magistrates and other inhabitants of the Queen's County, on the occasion of his transfer to the County Cavan.

County of Cork, E.R.—George B. Heard, 2nd D.I.—Mr. Heard received a Complimentary Address, accompanied by a Silver Salver, from the Magistrates and numerous friends in the District of Cappoquin, on the occasion of his transfer from Cappoquin to Youghal.

County Kildare.—Thos. St. George McCarthy, 1st D.I.—On the occasion of his transfer from Dundalk to Robertstown. Mr. MacCarthy was presented with an Address, accompanied by a Purse of Sovereigns, by the Magistrates and inhabitants generally of Dundalk District.

County of Antrim.—Acting-Sergeant Joseph Keenan.—Was presented with a Complimentary Address and Purse of Sovereigns by the Magistrates, Clergy, and other inhabitants of Larne, on the occasion of his promotion and consequent transfer to Loughguile.

County of Clare.—Sergeant John Moynihan.—Resolution of the Kilkee Town Commissioners, on the occasion of his transfer to Carrigaholt, expressing regret at his removal.

County of Down.—Constable Robert Walsh.—Presented with a gold watch and chain by the Magistrates and other inhabitants of Rostrevor on the occasion of his transfer to Newtownards, in appreciation of his services whilst stationed amongst them, and as a token of their esteem and regard.

County of Leitrim.—Head-Constable John J. McFarland.—Was presented with a handsome Marble Clock by the inhabitants of Dromore West, in the County of Sligo, on the occasion of his promotion and consequent transfer to Co. Leitrim.

County of Londonderry.—Constable James Topping.—Was presented with a Dining Room Clock by the Magistrates, Clergy, and other inhabitants of Bellaghy, on the occasion of his transfer to Portstewart.

County of Louth.—Acting-Sergeant Michael Cassidy.—Was presented with a Dining Room Clock by the Magistrates and other inhabitants of Dunleer, on the

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occasion of his promotion and consequent transfer to Westgate, Drogheda.

County of Roscommon.—Sergeant Thomas Healy.—Complimentary Address, accompanied by a Purse of Sovereigns, from the Magistrates, Clergy, and other inhabitants of Ballyfarnon, on the occasion of his transfer to Elphin.

Depot.—Ernest Verrall, 1st D.I.—The Fermoy Urban Council passed a Resolution expressive of regret at Mr. Verrall's removal, on the occasion of his transfer to Depot.

County of Clare.—Michael Scully, 3rd D.I.—Mr. Scully received an Address and Presentation of Plate from the Magistrates, Clergy, and other inhabitants of Roundstone District, on the occasion of his transfer to Clare.

County of Down.—Robert Dunlop, 2nd D.I.—Mr. Dunlop was presented with an Address, accompanied by a Purse of Sovereigns, from the inhabitants of Mitchelstown, on the occasion of his transfer to Down.

E. G. C. Preston, 2nd D.I.—Mr. Preston was presented with a Testimonial and a Purse of Sovereigns by the Magistrates and other inhabitants of Roscrea District, on his transfer to Cappoquin.

Who says that an Irish bobby's life is not a happy one, when he is being shifted from one place to another?

A COMPLAINT FROM AUSTRALIA.

Perth, Australia,
22nd Dec., 1904

DEAR SIR,—Your success is a source of pleasure to me and to most Irish exiles under the *Southern Cross*. The *Southern Cross* ought to be fairly well twisted and the so-called "National" papers of Dublin sensible of their duty by this time. I know that your hands are filled with new plans, and that you are aware of the gigantic work still before you. You will, however, kindly allow me to make a suggestion. Here it is:—I am anxious to see you attack and flog and flay the many local papers in the various counties and provinces of Ireland. I assure you, sir, those local "rags" are oftentimes the means of perpetuating, in his worst and most abominable type, the "Stage Irishman."

To-day I received a copy of a journal printed and published in a small Irish town. It contains eight pages in all; of these one page and a half I find covered with the accounts of the cases at the Local Petty Sessions Courts—assaults, drunkenness, larceny, trespass, etc., etc. Of course, the language is not very choice; at least, there is not a single elevating idea to be had from the perusal of that page and half—the front page, too. Now that page and a half cut the ground from under my feet and filled me with anger. It happened in this way:—A colonial friend, whom I was endeavouring to enlighten on the "Stage Irishman's" non-existence, happened to call a few minutes after the arrival of the English Mail. As I was reading my letters I handed him the paper and said:—"Open that, and see what news from Ireland."

He did so, and after ten minutes he stood up and said—"Why have you been trying to deceive me?" I looked at him in astonishment. "Yes," he continued, "these accounts of R— and C— and S— Petty Sessions prove conclusively to me the sort of men you have in Ireland. Don't throw dust in my eyes any longer. These cases and cross-cases, with the foolish witnesses and silly defendants, are enough for me. And remember, you told me before that this very paper—or one like it—was either edited or supervised by the County M.P." Nothing I could say would convince my friend; it was all in vain to draw the distinction between exception and rules, to no purpose did I endeavour to point out the real state of the case and the difference between green men and Nationalists of the genuine stamp. And now, as my friend has just departed with the prejudices sinking deeper into his heart—the prejudices that I almost succeeded in

plucking out of his soul for ever—as I watched his retreating figure I muttered, or rather moaned, in an angry, yet prayerful, breath—"God Save Ireland!" Yes, God save Ireland from the most West British and the most degrading influences in the land!—namely, the local and provincial papers.

Sitting at my desk and looking over the newspaper from the Emerald Isle, I am in very bad humour; near me is this morning's *Australian* and the *Austral* of last Saturday. The police cases in the former are dismissed in half a column—merely the accused, his crime, and sentence—while from the latter these cases are always absent.

But our Irish locals, while only half the size of those Australian papers, contain from six to nine columns of this trash. No vigorous leading article; no reference to an episode in Irish history; no word of an Irish author except, perchance, the authors of bulls and trespass cases.

How can Ireland come to anything while this slimy serpent is allowed to crawl thus about? Mr. Editor, I have asked myself that question ten times during the last half hour, and if you do not supply the answer in a practical way, I must despair of the Irishmen in Ireland. It is with hope and—let me say—with faith in your willingness and power that I beg of you to labour with might and main until you have overturned the tables of those low, unlettered and unrefined money changers,—the local papers of Ireland. Week in, week out, chastise them severely; they are spots on the fair name of Ireland. Thanking you in anticipation.—Yours very sincerely,

AN IRISH EXILE.

OUR PUNY INTELLECTUAL TIN GODS.

CELTSLAND was once a place where there was nothing, or next to nothing, for the poor Celts. This was the time when the Celts were exploited by a very smart and advertising ring of individuals of mostly alien extraction, who posed with a certain amount of success as economists, philosophers, poets, litterateurs and savants. The capital of Celtsland was Rathpagan, which meant the rath, or dun, of gifted men. The "gifted" men of Celtsland, with unblushing assurance, claimed a monopoly of all the art, thought, wisdom and learning of the country, and in this tall claim they were loudly and aggressively backed up by their alien co-mates, and many of the poor aping, sickly-minded, would-be litterateurs and savants among the mere Celts. One of the choice and master spirits of the age among the "gifted" men of Celtsland was a Mr. Symbol. Mr. Symbol was a mighty poet, philosopher, artist, litterateur and savant according to the aliens, and poor, aping Celts aforesaid. Mr. Symbol was too "gifted" altogether to notice such flat, stale and unprofitable things as human beings and human affairs; ghosts, fairies and animated moonshine were the only things he deemed worthy of notice. Owing to this highly—"gifted" indifference to human beings and human affairs, Symbol was looked up to as a great authority on human thought and human progress by the aliens and their humble, tame and docile Celtic followers. Symbol rarely or never spoke so as to be understood by ordinary mortals, and for this reason his words were treasured as the voice of an oracle by the aliens and imitating Celtic savants. His mystic utterances were accounted mighty deep wisdom by the people aforesaid, for it is well known that to vulgar and commonplace minds anything that is sufficiently cloudy to be past all comprehension must needs be exceeding deep and erudite. Symbol probably knew this well, and was, perhaps, well aware that intelligible words on such occasions would, poetically speaking, give the whole show away. So he always kept well in the clouds away from all understanding, and his cabalistic phrases were received as if they were the mysterious utterances of nature herself, such was the prodigious ignorance and gullability of the alien immigrants and poor Celts. If he said, "I will make of my bootlaces a great starry chain wherewith to spangle

the rainbow to the tail of a comet," the ignoramuses and gulls would exclaim—"Chase me, Charley; what a nicely gorgeous piece of poetic fancy," or some like words. And if he wrote some rhyme like:—

Hi diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed to see the sport,
And the dish ran after the spoon.

The ignoramuses might say with great pomposity—"The profound and incomprehensibly beautiful symbolic conceit embodied in these lines could only emanate from the star-gemmed empyrean of Mr. Symbol's mind." Or some Celtic gull following suit might say—"My, how handsomely dazzling; how nicely stupendous. Mr. Symbol's mind is like Byron's ocean, dark-heaving, boundless, endless and sublime, etc." With all this flaring and cheap praise perpetually ringing in his ears Symbol became a veritable man in the moon in his own estimation, and so viewed Celtsland and all in it from the same lunar standpoint.

Another very "gifted" individual was a Mr. Glamour. Glamour's talents ran in the mysterious Celtic haze line. He was always on the look-out for Celtic hazes, which he held should envelop anything worth salt. Glamour could probably see a mysterious Celtic shimmer around a bucket of tar, a hod of mortar, or a pair of old boots. Glamour was looked up to as a very "gifted" man by the aliens and the gulls, and his very name became a word among them to express beauty, class, or tone. "Beastly vulgar, no glamour about him" might be said of someone. "Oh, ain't Mr. Bogus Melancholy just lovely. He shines like a glow worm with pure glamour," might be said of another. Glamour, too, spoke in an indecipherable diction, which invested him with an additional haze in the eyes of the ignoramuses and gulls.

Another gifted individual was a Mr. Culture. Culture had spent the greater part of his life looking up dead languages, and poking around among the misty realms of fable, and having primed himself up to the muzzle with the language, manners and customs of people dead for two or three thousand years or less, he came back to life again among his alien co-mates and the mere Celts, and

began to lecture the latter on how to make the best of the present. The mere Celts received his remarks with deep awe and respect, and began saying among themselves—"Boys, oh boys, what a 'gifted' man. We didn't know that before. Now we sha'n't be long." Among the ignoramuses and gulls, to know Mr. Culture was regarded as socially and intellectually equivalent to being presented at the Castle.

The last, though by no means least, conspicuous among the "gifted" men was a Mr. Superior. The appearance, air and manner of Mr. Superior would lead one to reflect somewhat pathetically upon the limitations of human nature. Mr. Superior looked as if this world was altogether too stupid, and too mean a place for him altogether. His proper address should have been No. 1 Boundless Space, next door to Eternity. Superior always spoke to the mere Celts from a snow-capped summit of self-importance, conveying his words, as it were upon tablets of stone, or ice.

Symbol, Glamour, Culture and Superior held undisputed sway in Celtsland for a very long time, but at last the glamour began to wear off. While they lasted their self-inflated superiority was intolerable. A mere Celt could scarcely sew on a button, or put up a sign-board over a huxter's shop but he violated art, glamour, economy or eternal beauty according to them. But it was in the higher fields of literature, art and the drama that the fantastic tricks of these puny intellectual tin gods were particularly aggravating. If one of them turned out such stuff as "Old Daddy Aiken stole a lump of bacon," he was immediately puffed up as a genius, and soon afterwards, perhaps, this same genius might begin to pose as a great dramatist or critic, and be listened to as attentively by the ignoramuses and Celtic gulls as if he had produced some masterpieces.

While the "gifted" men were dreaming, and puffing, and lecturing and posing, and hunting leprehauns and fairies and twilights, some new vigorous-minded men began to appear who saw the pitiful plight of Celtsland, and so began to work to save the Celts from national extinction. In their pioneer work these new men came in contact with the "gifted" men, and the wholesome antagonism at once sprang up between them. Mr. Symbol

A COMPARISON.

Irish Industry v. Foreign.

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was the first to approach the new men. "Ah, pioneer work you're at," he remarked superiorly, "really, how interesting. But tell me, do you believe in fairies?"

"No," answered the new men very decidedly.

"Or in dreams, voices of the voiceless, whispering earthquakes or dense fogs of crystal ether," continued the great gifted man.

"We have work to do," answered the new men, very decidedly.

"You're commencing at the wrong end. You're placing your foundation at the bottom, instead of at the top. I'm really very sorry for you," said the great "gifted" man as he moved away. By and by came another "gifted" man who said: "Ah, pioneer work I see. Well, I wish you luck. But where is the glamour?"

"Just ordered one hundred and fifty-five bags of it," answered the new men.

"That's right, pile on the glamour. Glamour is the only thing to make the mare go in this world," said the "gifted" man as he moved away.

"Do you know who I am," said another gifted man, turning up shortly afterwards.

"No, nor we don't care either," answered the new men.

"Don't care," repeated the other amazed. "Great jumping rainbows, are you mad?"

"No, nor play-acting," answered the new men.

"Well, I'm the author of—

'Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief,

Taffy came to my house, and stole a lump of beef.
Hear that and tremble."

The new men laughed heartily, and the "gifted" man shocked almost from his tinsel pedestal hurried away, and very shortly afterwards knocked up against Culture and Superior, to whom he related the intolerable insult which he had just received from the new men. Culture and Superior were awfully put about over such a dangerous display of independence on the part of mere Celts, and so they determined to call upon the new men themselves, and try to make them more amenable and humble towards the "gifted" men. But they had reckoned without their host. The new men opened up upon them with withering and pulverising force. They called them pretentious humbugs who with an impertinent parade of cheap foreign polish had palmed themselves off as gifted men upon the Celts. The new men in a few minutes divested them so thoroughly of their foreign borrowed plumes that the "gifted" men really thought in their own minds that they were scarcely superior enough to whitewash a pig-sty. After this the "gifted" men saw that the new men possessed a masculine nature, and so instead of trying to impose their "gifts" upon them they became nervous, and kept in the back ground whenever any new men were present. And the new men worked away and gradually routed all the fairies, ghosts and symbols out of the country and had men put in their place. And when plenty of real men arose the "gifted" men fell away, or took up picks and shovels, and at last the Celts were saved from national extinction.

A.M.W.

THE NEW IRISH DICTIONARY.

WITH the Editor's kind permission I should like to say a word in recognition of the review of the Irish-English Dictionary that appeared in a recent LEADER from the pen of Fr. John O'Reilly. That review gave me great satisfaction, not indeed because of the kind words of commendation of the work it contained, but because the writer justly appreciates the difficulties of the work and especially because he sets his face against the theory industriously circulated by certain persons, that the work was compiled on the

principle of Provincial exclusion. Fr. O'Reilly is a Connaughtman, and a scholar and a man of general culture to boot, and it is safe to say that no native of Connaught has a better right to speak for that Province on a question of this kind. It was absolutely inevitable that Munster words and forms should make something of a greater show in the Dictionary than those of other Provinces for two chief reasons—(1) because Munster Irish so largely predominates in the literature of the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; (2) because the editor had naturally a better grip of the words and forms of that Province. The aim in a Dictionary should be to insert what is certain, omitting what is doubtful or suspicious. It is easy to understand how much safer it is to insert a word or a form which one heard from his parents' lips than a word or form sent him by post by individuals, on whose knowledge of the language and judgment in the discerning of words he could not place implicit confidence, much though he might admire their zeal, or even than a word or form he may have heard as an adult just in a passing way. I can safely affirm, though it be unnecessary to do so, that no word or form was ever refused admission by me on the sole ground that it was peculiar to Connaught or Ulster, I am sure that I rejected several words sent to me from all the provinces, partly because they were merely misspellings of well-known words, partly because they seemed doubtful or spurious or of insufficient authority, partly because they were comparatively of little importance. A Dictionary is not compiled merely to ornament a book-shelf, it is meant for constant daily, hourly use, and the more useful words should get the preference when there is not room for all. A book that is not able to stand the test of constant consultation is of little use. To a full knowledge of his subject, Fr. O'Reilly adds a sound judgment on many crucial questions that concern the language and a breadth of mind and keenness of discrimination that make any suggestion he chooses to make with a view to the improvement of subsequent editions well worth considering.

P. S. Ua Duinnín.

OH! SAY, DO YOU LOVE OLD IRELAND, BOY?

Oh! say, do you love old Ireland, boy?

Oh! say, would you die to save

This land that you call your sireland, boy,

From the grasp of the stranger knave?

Aye, you say you would die for the dear old home,

But with folded arms you stand

And westward gaze while the strangers come

And squat on your father's land.

Ah! tell me not, for I know 'tis true,

How you heard round the hearth of home

Of the fortunes won 'neath skies of blue,

By your kinsfolk o'er the foam;

But never a word of the braver men

Who struggled, toiled and planned,

And with shuttle and chisel, plough and pen,

Keep a grip of their father's land.

And they taught you, too, in the school below,

About lands of the Tzar and Shah,

And things that they said you would need to know

When you'd land in the States—Moryah!

But never a word that might wake in you

Real love for your fatherland,

For the Nation's tongue and her story, too,

From that *national* school was banned.

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 But, stay! for now we have men strong willed
 Who'll fight their bigotry,
 Who'll raze its walls and a nation build
 Where all shall equal be.

See! the Gael awakes from the trance of years,
 And his loins are girt for fight;
 He talks not of exile, death or tears,
 But grasps what's his own by right.
 He looks not to East, nor to West his gaze,
 But, with faith in his own strong hand,
 He moulds, on the model of olden days,
 A future for this Old Land.

Ua Dubháil.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE GREAT SOUTHERN RAILWAY AND IRISH.

SIR—With reference to the case of the Great Southern and Western Railway demanding excess fares mentioned in your issue of February 4th, it has struck me that it is worth suggesting to you that whenever any anti-Irish Company writes making a demand of any kind which it

will be its interest to follow up in future correspondence, that the reply be always written in Irish. If the Company in question is really interested in the reply it must get it read by employing a competent person to do so either as a casual employee, at some fee for work done, or it must submit to putting a competent person on its staff; in either case a good lesson will have been taught and a certain benefit reaped by Irish scholars and thus the most unwilling will be forced to give a helping hand to the Gaelic movement.—Yours etc., S. O'D.

SIR,—Permit me to seek, through the medium of your newspaper, for a little information about Irish literature. I find by the "Catalogue of Irish Books" of the Gaelic League that there is offered for sale a copy of "The Gospel from the Missal," translated into Irish by Father O'Leary. I expected to find a version of much more ancient date. Is there no such one extant? I do not object to Father O'Leary's translation; I feel certain it must be excellent; but I am disappointed at finding there should be need of any such translation. I thought there should have been a version consecrated by long use in the Church of our fathers.

Further, I find that the version of the "Our Father" (Lord's Prayer), given by Father O'Growney is different from that given by Father O'Leary. Is there not some stereotyped version in Irish, as in Latin and other languages, which has been in use for generations? And if so, which is it?—I am, yours truly,

S. L.

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A Casa,

Will you allow me just one word of comment on Mr. Stephen Gwynn's proposal to make Trinity College a real National University. It is a truism that an essential of Irish nationality is the Irish language. Mr. Gwynn suggests that if Irish were made an honour subject for degrees, and if perhaps another chair of Irish



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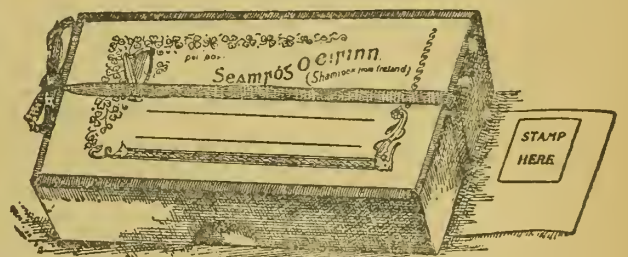
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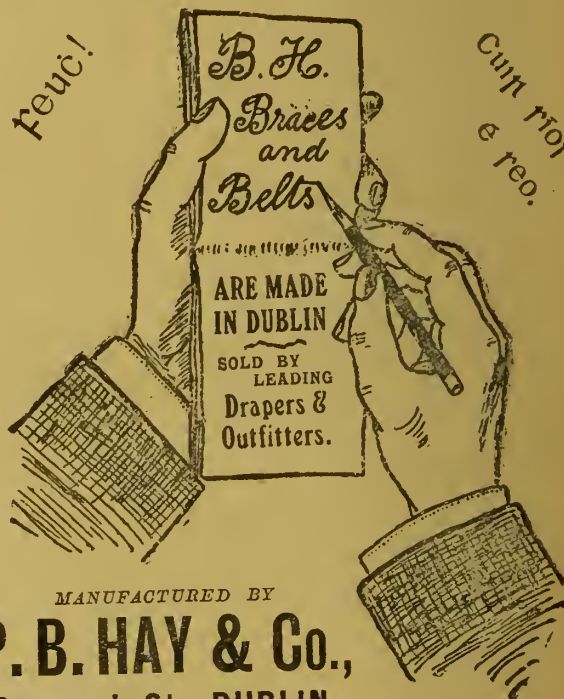
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Vol. IX., No. 26

(Registered as a
Newspaper.)

DUBLIN, 18th FEBRUARY, 1905.

Price One Penny.

CONTENTS.

CURRENT AFFAIRS:—

Proposed Penny Directory	...	417
Bung Dines	...	418
The Great Northern Railway and Bigotry	...	418
Capt. Shawe-Taylor and his friend Sloan	...	419
The Official Organ of the Gaelic League	...	420
Etc., Etc.		

ARTICLES:—

Οο Ρυζα Ρυο Ανοιρ, Α Στόρ!	...	423
The Manure War	...	423
Shades of the Dead in Council	...	424
Our National Spirit and our National Holidays	...	425
The Gaelic League and "Business"	...	427
Sir Horace Plunkett's Book	...	428
Scotch v. Irish Seed Potatoes	...	430

NOTICE.

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CURRENT AFFAIRS.

There was a rather stupid article in the ha'penny *Independent* recently. It was topped by no less than four headings, the first of which was "An Industrial Need." The simple writer of the article is not over modest in his requests. He wants some people—not himself—to compile a certain "penny pamphlet." This penny pamphlet should be "issued with the authority and sanction of one of our societies for the promotion of home industry." And what should be in this wonderful penny pamphlet? Here is the modest order:—" (1) What is known to be made in Ireland; (2) The names of the manufacturers; (3) The names of the tradesmen in each city who stock these home-produced goods." And there is a cross-heading in the article in the ha'penny *Independent* describing this as "a valuable suggestion." Might we suggest that a penny pamphlet containing all the information in Thom's Directory would be also a boon to the public? There is a lot of drivel talked about the Industrial Revival.

Now, as far as operating on consumption is concerned, the Irish manufacturers have received great help from the public since the *LEADER* started. The manufacturers themselves have not adequately responded. And in-

stead of keeping a constant play of criticism on the comparative inactivity of the manufacturers—the people who stand *directly* to gain by Industrial Revival—we have silly suggestions like this of this extraordinary "penny pamphlet," and we have hair-brained sentimentalists who do not know the A B C of economics talking about reviving Irish industry by the poor people of this country paying more for some things because they are told they are Irish. The manufacturers have been let off too lightly, and the mere sentimentalists may make a lot of noise, and fill the air with the words "Industrial Revival," but what the country needs is real, solid industrial progress, not high-falutin and *raimeis* by silly, unthinking people about the Industrial Revival. The manufacturers, as a body, have not done their part during the past four years in the Industrial Movement; many of them have profited by it. If people want such a "penny pamphlet" as the brilliant writer in the *Independent* suggests, let the manufacturers, as a body, stand the enormous expense of collecting the information, bringing it out, and circulating it. Why have not the manufacturers, as a body, formed an association long ago for the purpose of taking collective action in the prosecution of all dishonest dealings concerning any article of Irish manufacture? No, when you have gone out of your way to get some Dark Brother's cloth, and when subsequently you have reason to suspect that a British cloth was pawned off upon you by a swindling shop-keeper, you are, we suppose, to consult a solicitor, and at your own expense institute legal proceedings against the swindling shopkeeper, and do all for the sake of the Industrial Brother, whose son, for all you know, may be a h-officer in the h-army, or may be following the 'ounds instead of minding the factory. It is really about time that sustained attention were paid to the shortcomings of the Irish manufacturers as a body. They have got their chance; some of the public have done a lot for them; let them shake themselves up now, and do more than they have been doing for themselves.

We hope the recent conference for the purpose of inaugurating an Irish Industrial Association in Dublin will lead to satisfactory results. What we may call—without any wish to disparage them—the amateur element was rather too much represented at the conference. Amongst the names given in the *Freeman*, we do not find any mention of the Goodbody's, Jacob's, and many others. Yet these are the men who stand to gain directly by the establishment of a vigorous industrial association. A business-like and industrial association is a prosy thing, and mere enthusiasts who have no *direct* interest in its success will never carry it to success. So long as there are conferences and public meetings and speechifying, mere enthusiasts may hold out, but when the movement arrives at the hum-drum stage, enthusiasts are inclined, naturally enough, to seek new excitement. An Irish manufacturer might as well expect his accounts to be kept by voluntary clerks for love of country as Irish manufacturers to think that the voluntary efforts of some of the public alone will carry on a successful industrial association. How much value would a Dublin industrial association be to Dublin and other Irish manufacturers? If, as we think, it would be of great value to them, then, as business men, they ought to throw themselves into it, and get at the head of it and work it. If the manufacturers do not throw themselves into it, they are expecting more than we expect if they hope for its success.

One of the delegates—Alderman Cole—according to the *Independent*, said that they should have Irish-manu-

factured goods regardless of the price. Of course, if the conduct of the Industrial Association were to fall into the hand of such people as that there would be a quick end to it. The Alderman is in the wholesale fruit and vegetable trade, and growers of Irish fruit and vegetables should send their goods to him, as, no doubt, he will buy them regardless of price in preference to imported fruit and vegetables.

Father Dowling, C.M., of course insisted on the "as good and as cheap" principle. But Father Dowling said, or anyway was reported to have said, a thing which we certainly do not understand. He said:—"During the year 1902, for instance, the whole exports and imports amounted to about fourteen millions. Of that only about £1,400,000 represented exports. All the rest represented the goods which the people were foolishly buying from all countries in the world but their own." We do not know from what source Father Dowling got his £14,000,000 of exports and imports. We understood that there were no statistics taken of the international trade between Ireland and Great Britain. The late Mr. Coyne was, we understood, engaged before he died in having that useful information compiled. Since his death we have heard nothing of it, and we presume the work was dropped. Perhaps it was too useful to engage the energies of the "experts" of the Department (Scotch). But there is some glaring mistake in the remarks, or in the report of them, of Father Dowling. If we imported £12,600,000 worth of goods and only exported £1,400,000 in 1902, it follows, if 1902 was a normal year, that roughly we are getting something like £11,200,000 every year from the outside world without giving anything in exchange for it! It strikes us that perhaps the £1,400,000 exports that Father Dowling referred to were only Irish exports to foreign countries *other than* England, Scotland, and Wales. Surely we export far more than £1,400,000 in horses and cattle alone, not to go further. Or was he referring exclusively to manufactured goods? There is an obvious, and a rather formidable, error somewhere, whether in Father Dowling's remarks or in the report of them.

The Bung dinner to Anthony O'Grady, who stuck to his guns and kept his lights shining brightly one memorable St. Patrick's Day, came off recently. The new Emperor of the Bungs, one Patrick Martin, was in the chair. Patrick O'Brien, M.P.; John Clancy, M.P.; the Lord Mayor, and Laurence Waldron, M.P., were amongst those at the Bung guzzle. That great statesman, John J. Mooney, M.P., apologised for non-attendance; so did Mr. Jack-in-the-Box, M.P., likewise Mr. Nannetti, M.P., and James H. Campbell, M.P.

It will be remembered that a letter dated 11th January appeared in the *Deplorable* purporting to come from O'Grady, ex-Emperor of the Bungs. In this letter O'Grady was represented as saying that the performance of his duty—*duty an ear*—was sufficient recompense for him, particularly in view of the distress then prevalent in the city, and he begged to decline the honours of the proposed Bung guzzle, and suggested that the cost of that guzzle should be applied to the different charity funds. This letter, purporting to come from this Mr. Anthony O'Grady, wound up this way:—"Unfortunately I am not creating a precedent, as I have heard the Master Builders' Association recently adopted a similar course."

Shortly after this letter appeared, the *Freeman* had the following announcement:—"Mr. Anthony O'Grady, outgoing Chairman of the Licensed Grocers' and Vintners' Association, informs us that the letter bearing his name and published in the *Freeman* yesterday morning is a forgery. Mr. O'Grady says that the question of the dinner, which is an annual event with the trade, subscribed for by the members, is outside his control."

A member of "the trade," Mr. James Joe Nagle, subsequently wrote a letter which appeared in the *Freeman*, and the following is the first part of it:—"I was painfully surprised when I saw by your issue of to-day that

the past Chairman of the Licensed Grocers' and Vintners' Association had repudiated the letter which appeared over his name suggesting that the annual banquet to the past president should be suspended for this year, and the guineas usually paid by members should be collected and devoted to the relief of some of the distress at present so prevalent in our midst. I thought the bogus letter a most excellent one, and heartily approve of the suggestion. But perhaps even now it is not too late, and I would suggest that the matter be taken up at once, so that those of the licensed trade who desire to alleviate some of the hardships of the poor may do so, and also may make a little sacrifice as well; and thus show in a tangible manner their regard for the efforts of Mr. O'Grady in their behalf, for I feel quite sure no one would be better pleased than he at doing so much good to our suffering fellow-creatures."

But it was all of no avail. The Bung guzzle came off, and the poor were left repining. The Chairman of the Bungs, one Pat Martin, proposed "Our Native Land." J. J. Clancy, Empee, in responding, said:—"The outlook in Ireland was not bright. In his opinion it was very gloomy, apart from politics and from the political situation." Certainly so long as his hosts, Messrs. Bung, collect the enormous sum of about £14,000,000 a year from an Ireland so poor and otherwise weakened as Ireland is, the outlook for "Our Native Land" is not very cheerful. Anthony O'Grady, who tried to creep into the Rathmines Urban Council, but wisely ran away before the day of nomination, waxed scornful at the suggestion of closing the hunguries of Dublin at 9 o'clock on Saturday night. Anthony said:—"As to Saturday closing, he thought it was nothing short of an attempt to degrade cities like their own. Dublin was described as the second city of the Empire. What would be thought of Mr. Russell if he were to suggest to the first city of the Empire that it should close its public-houses at 9 o'clock on a Saturday evening? He would be simply laughed at with scorn if he attempted to make seriously such a suggestion; or what would be thought of them if visitors from London or the Continent were to come over there and find that at 9 o'clock on a Saturday night they could get neither supper nor reasonable refreshments." What can anyone say after that? Picture a long procession of visitors from England and the Continent who did not reside for the time being in licensed hotels, filing mournfully by Anthony O'Grady's bungery in Rathmines, and Anthony, with his head out of the window, denouncing the vile and nefarious law that forbade him to give them drink for profit after nine o'clock on a Saturday night! Possibly 99 per cent. of the 9 to 11 o'clock Saturday night trade is done with thirsty foreign visitors arriving in Dublin on the stroke of nine! We did not see that any mention was made of the unfortunate carman who was recently killed; the particulars of the awful drunken orgie connected with the fatality will be in the recollection of our readers. Mr. Pat O'Brien, Empee, and another man responded for the visitors. We wonder how much better or worse is "Our Native Land" for the Bung guzzle of last week?

The awful bigotry of the Great Northern line which we exposed, as we might say, in tabulated form, was mildly brought forward at the recent general meeting by a timorous Idolator—we assume he is an "Idolator"—one Mr. W. J. O'Reilly, D.L. This Mr. O'Reilly mildly suggested that there was, no doubt, a prevalent feeling that bigotry was rampant on the line. He did not purpose to argue the point. According to the *Freeman* report he said:—"On the contrary, he wished to express his own belief that, so far as their Board was concerned both individually and collectively, they had only one object in view, and that was the welfare and prosperity of the company, and hence they chose the best man, and what that man might think in other directions did not affect them in any way." How does Mr. O'Reilly explain the state of affairs shown in "Three Railways and a Bank" concerning the Great Northern Railway? Is he quibbling by expressing his faith in the impartiality of

the Board? For our part, we do not know, nor are we very much interested, whether it is the Board or the permanent high and low officials who are the greater class of bigots. What we are interested in is that the "Idolators" are the hopelessly under-dogs in the company. If the "Idolators" have their deserts then they must either refuse to a great extent to take service in the company—which is absurd, or their position registers their fair state in relation to the "saved"—which is even more absurd. Mr. O'Reilly hoped that the directors would throw open the important branches of the service to competitive examination. The chairman came out with the old stock "saved" reply:—"He could assure them that so far as the Board, the officials, and the spirit of the management were concerned, they knew no differences whatever on the question of religion." Of course, as our readers know, that stock "saved" reply is worth nothing.

The old toothless *Freeman*, referring to the request of the mild and timorous Mr. O'Reilly, says in its article:—"To this most reasonable suggestion there was a curt refusal from the Chairman. He met the requests by the stereotyped reply in such case made and provided, that no religious distinctions were made by the directors or the officials. The same reply was made when pressure was put upon the other companies. But the result of the competitive examinations was the most effective comment on this statement, when Catholic candidates captured the situations that heretofore had gone, as a matter of course, to Protestant applicants. If the Great Northern Railway Company really desire to appoint the best man, apart from any question of religion, they could not object to a test by which the best man could be found." The bigots, of course, will not mind this mild flash in the pan from the *Freeman*. They know the *Freeman*, and they are not afraid of it.

Here is another quotation from an editorial note in the *Deplorable*:—"Bigotry is as rampant to-day as when the Penal Laws were in full swing, and if the bigots could have their way they would revive them in Ireland. Protestant Ascendancy has had its way so completely in Ireland that the mere fact that a man is a Catholic is deemed sufficient to disqualify him for any position and to make him a fair target for the grossest calumny. The Council of the Imperial Protestant Federation, of which Colonel Sandys is Chairman, demand that the appointment of Sir Antony MacDonnell as Under-Secretary for Ireland shall not be made permanent or continued." Well, if bigotry is as rampant to-day as in the time of the Penal Laws, why does not the *Deplorable* take off its coat and fight it?

Father Eugene, C.P., of Mount Argus, was mainly responsible for the entertainment provided last Thursday night at the Rathmines Town Hall in connection with the Christian Doctrine Society of Mount Argus. There was a great collection of budding life present, and a large number of grown people also. The entertainment was very interesting, and needless to say, Father Eugene saw to it that the Irish element was not neglected. There were several songs in Irish, also Irish dances and a cinematograph of last year's Language Procession. The only regretted feature about the proceeding was when about ten o'clock Father Eugene announced that the proceedings would be shortly wound up; that announcement put sorrow into hundreds of little hearts, and there was a regular chorus of "Ah, no, father—not yet, father." The rallying song of the Gaelic League wound up a most enjoyable night's entertainment.

At the "Devolution" meeting in Belfast, Captain Shawe-Taylor made a speech in which he said that he felt somewhat lonely on the platform without his cheery, gifted, brilliant friend, the member for South Belfast. Well, this cheery, gifted and brilliant man, the angelic Sloan, was at the time, as we see by a report in the *Belfast Evening Telegraph*, presiding at a lecture under the auspices of the Belfast Protestant Association at

a place called the Grosvenor Hall. The lecture was on "The Conventual Teaching of the Romish Church," and the lecturer was one by the name of "Edith O'Gorman, the escaped nun." The gallant Captain, who felt lonely without the angelic Sloan, appealed to the Pope to use his influence to keep the Irish Catholic Clergy out of Irish politics. The gallant Captain is a "conciliator." He is lonely at the absence of the angelic Sloan, who was presiding at a meeting of "the escaped nun"; but he appealed to the Pope to keep the Irish clergy out of politics! By-the-way, Lord Mayo is another "conciliator," and we recently drew attention to the following "conciliatory" advertisement that appeared a few weeks ago in the columns of the *Dust Bin*:—"Wanted, Steward, young, Protestant; no children; wages 18s., house, fire, and potatoes.—Lord Mayo, Palmerstown, Straffan."

The gallant Captain attempted to impress this Belfast audience with a sense of the loyalty of the people South of the Boyne. He said, according to the report in the *Irish News*:—"Did they in the North realise the revolution that had taken place with regard to the King in the feelings of the Irish people? Had they, accustomed as they were in Belfast to receive the King enthusiastically, read about his triumphal progress through Dublin, Waterford, Cork, and Galway, and had they not seen how Archbishop Walsh, in the absence of Cardinal Logue, was one of the first to attend the King's levee. Had they seen the resolution passed by the Central Council of the Irish County Councils confirming their adhesion to Grattan's Parliament and to the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland? All Ireland knew that the King was the friend of the Irish people." Certainly the sentiment in favour of the King's Most Excellent Majesty, the Lords and Commons of Ireland, has been spreading somewhat lately.

Under the heading "An Unmerited Insult," there is an article in our contemporary, the *Irish News* of Belfast of February 6th. It concerns the rejection of Mr. Philip Ward as one of eight delegates from the Belfast National Teachers' Association to the Annual Congress at Sligo this year. In the course of the article the *Irish News* says:—"From what has come to our knowledge, we believe we are right in stating that his defeat was brought about by plotting and intriguing. We understand that out of eight representatives only two are Catholic. It must be admitted that out of all the Catholic teachers of Belfast not one could be pointed to as more representative of his creed than Mr. Ward. Nor will it be contended that among any section of the teachers could there be found one better able or more ready to give expression to the views of the entire body of national teachers. For over thirty-five years Mr. Ward has been a hard-working and earnest member of the association. . . . And now he is rewarded by an unmerited insult, and, so far as his opponents could accomplish it, prevented from voicing the opinions of the Catholic teachers of this city at the great Annual Conference in Sligo. And this because he has from time to time dared to pillory bigots, and successfully oppose some of their pet projects of engrafting on the national system their so-called educational reforms. A certain sectarian caucus in the Belfast association never made a bigger mistake than in thus flouting Mr. Ward by trying to stifle his voice. We have no doubt he will be heard of again, despite the cowardly efforts thus made to rob him of his representative character." The article winds up in this manner: "Indeed, this spirit of rampant bigotry has been gradually growing in the association for some time. For years it was, it appears, a recognised practice in the association that one of the two secretaries should be a Catholic, but a couple of years ago this very wholesome arrangement was openly set aside, and two Protestants elected. What fine, liberal-minded fellows are the majority of the National Teachers' Association of Belfast!"

How many people in Ireland ever heard of the existence of the Leinster Paper Co.? What class of paper does the Company make? We see by a law report in the press that the Company is in difficulties. Counsel

who represented the Company in the legal proceedings, in the course of his remarks as reported in the *Freeman*, said:—"In reference to the unfortunate position in which the company found itself, it was founded in 1896 entirely by English capital, plaintiff having put £85,000 into the business. It was a curious comment on the development of home industries that this company, with a turn-over of £14,000 last year, did less than £100 worth of Irish customers." We do not think it is such a very curious comment at all; we think it is a luminous comment not on the Industrial Revival movement, but on the Dark Brotherhood. How many people ever heard of the existence of the Leinster Paper Company? What sort of papers do they make? Where are they to be had? In what way, if any, were the Irish public asked to purchase them? Certainly it convinces us that a Company that, out of a turn-over of £14,000 last year, sold less than £100 worth of stuff to Irish customers must be a regular deep dungeon of Dark Brothers.

The official organ of the Gaelic League had no reference whatever to our questions in its last issue. The criticism of the organ of Irish Ireland is to be ignored, if you please. Evidently the official organ does not welcome our criticism. That petulant spoiled child of the newspaper world does not like, it is not used to, the rough breezes of the world. When it fails by many hundreds of pounds in a year's working to make ends meet, it merely has to turn the key in the till where the Language Fund is kept and take out the requisite amount of hundreds to balance the year's cash account. Perhaps it is not to be wondered at that the spoiled child does not like our rude remarks and questionings. We have to pay our way, not having any public fund into which we can dip our hand for six hundred pounds at the end of the year if we conducted our paper so that we were short that amount of money. We are used to roughing it, and the official organ is accustomed to being pampered. We take it that our kept contemporary has made up its mind to go on ignoring the paper that never got a penny subsidy from the Language Fund and never wanted it, but that has, at a moderate computation, done at least nine hundred and ninety-nine times more for the Irish Revival than our pampered contemporary.

But if our kept contemporary, the official organ of the Gaelic League, keeps its mouth shut, the organ of the ex-Tin Pike Party, and now the organ of the King's Most Excellent Majesty, the Lords and Commons of Ireland, comes to the rescue. The organ of the ex-Tin Pike Party is described by the official organ of the non-political Gaelic League as its "confrere." Now we turn up a dictionary and find the following after the word "confrere"—"A colleague; a fellow-member or associate [*Fr.*,—*L. con*, together, *frater*, a brother.]" If the Executive of the Gaelic League permits the official organ to be a confessed "confrere" of the ex-Tin Pike organ, that is their business. Well the confessed "confrere" of the official organ said last week:—"If there were no other reason, we would wish to see the collection this year eclipse all previous records, as a reply to concealed enemies of the Irish language movement, who are at the present time working in their old way to render the collection unsuccessful. Every shilling subscribed to the language fund this year will be a blow struck at the slanderers of the Gaelic League Executive and the enemies of the Irish nation." We assume that this is intended for our nefarious selves. The official organ of the Gaelic League ignores our questions, but the paper that it publicly styles its "confrere" tells us that we are "concealed enemies of the Irish language movement," that we are working "in our old way" to render the collection unsuccessful, that we are "slanderers of the Gaelic League Executive," and that we are "the enemies of the Irish nation." Our nefarious readers will recognise our foul selves in all these terrific pictures, particularly in the picture where we are "the enemies of the Irish nation!" And so the official organ of the Gaelic League says nothing, but the organ that is described by it as its "confrere" comes to the rescue

in the manner in which we have set out, and says in effect that it will regard every shilling subscribed by Leaderites as a blow at the LEADER. Well might the Gaelic League say—Save us from the "confrere" of the official organ.

We wonder does it strike the Executive Committee of the Gaelic League that in the best interests of the organization it is about time that they stepped in and did something to lessen the probable detrimental effects that the silence of the official organ and the "enemies of the Irish nation" sort of talk from its "confrere," are calculated to have on the League as an organization.

Some kind friend has sent us the programme of proceedings of the *Árto-Feir*, 1904. In view of the silence of the official organ and the non-appearance of a public report for 1903-4, the report submitted to the *Árto-Feir*, that a kind friend sent us, is something to go on with. Now for the year ending 31st March, 1903, according to the accounts for that year, our hoighty-toighty contemporary, the official organ dipped its hand into the Language Fund and drew out £280 0s. 0d. During that year, under the heading of "Rent" for the official organ, we find the rather comical sum of £1 6s., so that it would appear the "rent" charged against the official organ was exactly 6d. a week. If our contemporary had to pay for offices in the ordinary way, its dip into the funds would have been greater. Turning to the accounts for the following year, or rather eleven months ending 29th February last, we find that during that eleven months the subsidy from the Language Fund to our hoighty-toighty contemporary, that is too independent to take any heed of our criticism, was no less an enormous sum than £611 7s. 0d.—*pro rata* for the full year it would have been about £667 0s. 0d. An official organ that the country, on the face of it, does not clamour for, and that represents a drain on the Language Fund of about £667 0s. 0d. in the year ending last March, is a nice sort of a paper to turn up its mighty nose and ignore the criticism of the organ of Irish Ireland. In the accounts of the working of the official organ, in which it is set out that the Language Fund had to give a subsidy of £611 7s. 0d. on its eleven months' working, we do not find any item for rent or any mention of bad and doubtful debts; so much for the cash account. According to what is called the revenue account, the balance on the wrong side carried to the balance sheet is put down at £548 9s. 5d.. That account is not debited by any rent, light, etc., but there is a vague item called "expenses" of £209 10s. 6d. The subscriptions, agents and advertisers are lumped as an asset at £1,157 14s. 3d., without any deduction whatsoever. And this is the hoighty-toighty paper that ignores our criticism; this is the paper whose "confrere," as it calls it, refers to us as "enemies of the Irish nation."

According to the accounts for 1903, the Book Department made a profit of £131 6d. 11d. on that year's working. However, as the stock in hand figures at the large amount of £1,340 15s. 8d., one may have doubts whether that figure can, to the full, be regarded as a realisable asset. Besides only the sum of £300 was put down approximately as the proportion of expenses against the book department. This includes rent, salaries, light, postage, carriage, advertising, stationery, etc. Under the circumstances the paper profit by the book department on the year ending 31st March, 1903, is more than problematical.

According to the accounts for the eleven months ending 29th February, there was a paper profit of £376 12s. 8d. We see nothing for rent, rates, gas, etc., and the stock carried forward stands at £1,533 3s. 4d., of which £223 13s. 0d. represents stereos. Whether that figure is a realisable asset to its full extent may be open to doubt. Of course there is no knowing how the book department has been doing since February 29th last, and recently they added a traveller, who is not an Irish speaker, to the expenses. Whether that will increase the net profits or not time only can tell.

Even if we take it that the book department capitalised by the Language Fund has really made the profits set down on paper, the time has come when the continuance of this department should be carefully considered. As for the official organ it has been, as we have shown, a serious charge on the funds. And of what value is it that the Language Fund last year should give it a subsidy of £611 7s. 0d. on eleven months' working? What does this official organ do to justify this large draw upon the funds of the League? It is supposed to be an official organ, yet it has so far drifted into party tracks that it attempts to ignore the organ of Irish Ireland and style a political organ its "confrere." The Executive Committee had better consider the conduct of this official organ before it further compromises the Gaelic League. If they are to allow it to run as the "confrere" of the organ of the ex-Tin Pike Party, there will naturally be protests. Already its action and its attempt to ignore our questions has done no service to the League.

The conductors of a British publication have made a rather clever effort to strengthen its British hold on Irish Ireland; they have attempted to utilise a man and a movement. In the right-hand corner of a page of editorial matter in the last number of the official organ of the Gaelic League a flaring advertisement headed "The Gaelic League," tells such Gaelic Leaguers as read the official organ that the then current issue of a British weekly contains an article on Douglas Hyde. In addition to the advertisement an editorial paragraph in the official organ draws attention to the article in the British periodical. Now we do not see that Douglas Hyde has anything to do with this matter at all; anyone is at liberty to write an article concerning him, whether he likes it or not, in any paper under the sun; he cannot stop them; we see no reason why he should wish to do so.

On the face of it the conductors of the British publication in question desired to increase their permanent circulation in Ireland. They knew there was a great movement connected with the Language Revival in which Dr. Hyde stood out as the most prominent and popular figure. They procured an article about him, and then proceeded to work the movement with a view to doing what they could to use the Language Movement for the purpose of increasing the British periodical's permanent hold on the country; for, of course, the mere selling off of a few extra thousands of one issue would not be worth the expense or trouble gone to. Oh, if we had taken the advertisement, and, furthermore, had given an editorial puff to a British snippet weekly, how the guardian angels of our consistency would pour their letters and post cards in upon us! Now, when this particular publication was first launched on the British market the management, in the ordinary way of business, asked us to quote them for a page advertisement. Of course, we would not take the advertisement at any price; as the organ of Irish Ireland, we could not see our way to advertise a British paper of its class looking for readers in a country where the great problem—and our great problem—was to de-Anglicise the already too much Anglicised people; we replied that we would not take the advertisement at any price, and refused to quote for a page advertisement. But we are only the foul, nefarious organ of Irish Ireland that have to pay our way or shut up; the official organ that can dip its hands into the Language Fund, and take out, during a period of eleven months, a sum of £611, is free to lend itself by advertisement and editorial paragraph to the designs of a British snippet weekly to increase its permanent hold on this already sadly Anglicised country.

And so we have the official organ of the Gaelic League editorially puffing a British weekly periodical because the latter was astute enough to throw a bait to Irish Ireland in the hopes of landing an increased Irish circulation. Surely, if Irish Ireland means anything the suggestion that the Irish public should go to a British weekly periodical for a personal article concerning the President of the Gaelic League must be abhorrent to it. Does not Irish Ireland already know sufficient about Douglas Hyde

without it being suggested to them editorially by the official organ of the League that they should buy a British and Anglicising weekly publication in order to read a scrappy article about him. What has the official organ been doing all these years if it refers its readers to a British penny paper for an interesting article on the President of the Gaelic League? Has it never published an article on the same subject itself? If it has, why should it suggest that its readers should buy an English paper in order to read a similar article? If it has not, what has it been doing that it has left that work to an English paper?

Monasterevan—in the County of Kildare—is, at last, feeling the long arm of the Irish Revival. Monasterevan is a very much Anglicised town dominated by Bung, for a distillery is the principal source of employment in the place. Cassidy, who runs the distillery, is not likely to give any help to a thing so utterly wanting in "class" as the Irish Revival. The first Ceitir was held in the town recently, and Mr. M'Ginley delivered an address during the Ceitir, and on the proposition of Father Donovan, one of the local curates, seconded by Mr. P. Lynch, upon whose shoulders rested the chief weight of the organisation of the Ceitir it was decided that a branch of the Gaelic League be established at Monasterevan. We wish the branch a prosperous career, and it is well for it that it has such strenuous workers as Mr. M'Ginley, and Mr. P. Lynch, and Father Kane; it will need them.

Sunday work at repairs is sometimes necessary on the permanent way of the Great Southern Railway. On Sunday week last, a gang of milesmen went on duty at the Sheriff Street Crossing, Dublin, at 6-45. They had to have breakfast before going to work. They worked continuously until 11-25 a.m., when one of them, Timothy O'Neill, asked leave to go to Mass, but was refused permission. He promptly put on his coat and went to 11.30 Mass returning to work at twelve. When about to resume work he was informed that he could go home until sent for. On the following Monday O'Neill saw the chief engineer and the chief inspector and he was suspended for a week. We understand that this was the first Sunday that the men were not given an opportunity to attend Mass. We would like to hear the explanation of the responsible official for the refusal to allow O'Neill to attend 11.30 Mass.

There was a "grand concert" in the Institution, Railway Works, Inchicore, one evening last month. Needless to say there was no song in Irish at it. We have seen Brother Goulding's manures advertised in Irish by a shop-keeper in the West; but though Irish may be coupled with Brother Goulding's manures, it is not "class" enough to intrude its ugly head at "a grand concert" at the Great Southern Railway Works, Inchicore. The performance, however, wound up with a vocal duet entitled "Still vie die nacht." On the programme we read the words "admission free." Now, when one of these concerts is announced, the men of the Great Southern Railway at Inchicore give in their names together with the number of tickets they require to the foremen of the various shops or departments. They receive free tickets, but these tickets are for the end, or unreserved portion, of the hall. The front part, about 40 per cent. of the hall, is reserved for the "upper classes." Who pays the piper? We hear these grand concerts cost from £25 to £40, and this sum comes out of the Library Fund. The Library Fund is supported by the working men, who on entering the Great Southern Railway, Inchicore, are compelled to become members and pay 1d. a week deducted from their pay; the "upper classes" in the service do not subscribe anything but when a "free concert" is given the "upper classes" get the front seats and are separated from the vile working men by ropes.

About five years ago the position of foreman blacksmith was vacant and a "saved" importation was appointed. Three years afterward the imported "saved" one resigned, and he was the recipient of an illuminated address and a dinner. The cost of the dinner, we hear,

came from the Library Fund. Another "saved" was imported to fill the vacancy again, and when he was bidding farewell to the Great Sourface Railway, he was presented with a gold watch by the men and the inevitable farewell dinner was again consumed at the expense of the Library Fund. Why don't the men manage their own Library Fund?

Those of our readers who are sending shamrock to friends abroad should not forget to pack it in Irish-made boxes. Messrs. P. O'Reilly, Poolbeg Street, Dublin, manufacture large quantities of boxes specially for this purpose. These boxes which are sold at 1d. 2d. and 3d. each, bear on the outside the wording ΣΑΜΡΟΪ Ο ΕΙΡΙΝΗ (Shamrock from Ireland) and may be purchased at stationers and florists.

In "Gaelic League Notes," in the *Dundalk Democrat* last week, which we understand on reliable authority were contributed by a man who is also a member of the Executive Committee of the Gaelic League, there is some fiery writing at the head of the foul and nefarious LEADER. We are told in these notes that:—"Besides all this a full statement of the League accounts was published last year, just before Language week. A similar statement is to be published this year, brought up to the 31st January." Now "besides all this," refers partly to the accounts having been presented to the Ἀπο-ῤῥῆρ. We knew the accounts had been presented to the Ἀπο-ῤῥῆρ; what we asked for, and what the official organ with a diplomacy or lack of it which is calculated to do harm to the organisation, refused to tell us, was when we might expect the report and statements to the public. These notes say, that a statement brought up to 31st January is to be published this year. When? And why did not the official organ make this statement? Why is it left to the writer of anonymous notes in a provincial paper to do so. Now in a note in our issue of January 21st, we stated that we had not seen a copy of the annual report and statement of accounts for the year 1903-4. We said the report issued last year was belated. We asked what was the cause of the delay. The paragraph, to which our readers may refer back, if they are curious enough to do so, was on page 354 and only ran to 14 lines. Now, since then the official organ has not deigned to take any notice of our fair and open question, and since it has not done so we, as the organ of Irish Ireland, protested against the high-handed proceedings. The writer of the notes in last week's *Dundalk Democrat*, adds after the quotation we have already made:—"But it would never do for the LEADER to wait for this statement. It could not then make the dastardly insinuations it has made." If this is diplomacy, then the Gaelic League may well say "save us from our friends." We were waiting, heaven knows long enough, for the statement; and in our issue of January 21st, we were "dastardly" enough to ask when we might expect them. And since we asked that "dastardly" question after a long and patient wait, the official organ has not deigned to give us a reply.

We are real, live, terrible devils now altogether. According to the diplomatist who wrote the Gaelic Notes in the *Dundalk Democrat*, there is a strong clique who are inspired, to say the least, by no great love for our foul and nefarious selves. Here we have it in his own words:—"Now we believe the reason of it all is that the editor of the LEADER knows and feels he is not trusted by many of those who are in the forefront of the language movement. Many of these we know to have the gravest doubts and misgivings as to the integrity and honesty of purpose of the editor of the LEADER."

The writer of these brotherly notes, who, we understand, is a member of the Κοινὸν Σηοῦα, goes on:—"Some of them see even in his personality a strong resemblance to Judge Keogh, and a further resemblance in his methods of being more Catholic even than the Catho-

lic hierarchy. And they should not be one bit surprised should he turn out something the same as the infamous leader of the 'Pope's Brass Band.'" Now we are getting it hot! But we suggest that Judge Keogh is not strong enough to hurl at our "dastardly" heads; why not James Carey and Jemmy O'Brien? The Irish public are solemnly warned against us by this Diplomatist:—"Ireland has been betrayed by newspapers before—it is not impossible that it may be so again." The public are also informed that the writer of the notes was speaking to people who knew our vile selves personally some years ago, and whose opinion of us was "certainly not complimentary." Well, we know a great number of people who knew us personally at very recent dates, and whose opinion of us, we feel sure, would scorch the paper upon which it was written. Our friend, Mr. Bell, of the Great Sourface Railway, our friend, the "sober Nationalist," our friend, the comical "saved" gentleman, G. Moore, our friend, the Editor of the official organ, some of our friends of the Celtic twilight who have known us personally, all these, and scores more, we are sure, have certainly nothing but complimentary opinions of our "dastardly" selves. Let the public be on the look-out for a great betrayal! Perhaps we are going to take a judgeship, or climb into Antony McDonnell's job, or become the next Vice-President of the Department (Scotch), or betray the people for the miserable recompense afforded by the job of Prime Minister of England. The oracle of the Gaelic League notes in the *Dundalk Democrat* has, anyhow, sounded the warning—"Ireland has been betrayed by newspapers before—it is not impossible that it may be so again." So if any of these fine days we shut up the LEADER, and become Chief Secretary for Ireland, the public need not be surprised!

Our readers know something of the Father Mathew Hall, Church St., and its fine work for a sober Ireland. This hall was opened in '91 to foster the principles of the great Irishman from whom it takes its name. Its members are pledged to total abstinence for life. We are glad to learn that a brass band is now being organised by the members of the hall, and subscriptions are being solicited for this object. Subscribers to the Father Mathew Hall Band may rest assured that it will never file into a public-house to the tune of "God Save Ireland!" The absence of uniform is a drawback to many of our Irish bands, and we would suggest that the Father Mathew Hall Band, when formed, should adopt some neat style of uniform of Irish manufacture.

We learn that the pamphlet dealing with the Munster Feis of 1904 will, owing to pressure of work, be delayed a week in publication, so those who have forwarded three stamps for a copy of this interesting publication will have to wait a few days longer than they had expected for delivery of it. We hope that the Committee of ῤῥῆρ na Muman 1905, will succeed in breaking all records this year.

We have before us a table of the Co. Derry General Quarter Sessions for the year 1905. It is issued by Mr. Louis J. Walsh, Solr., of Maghera, Magherafelt, and 44 Kildare St., Dublin. The interesting feature about it from the point of view of the general Irish Ireland public is that information is set out in printed form on one page in the Irish language, and on the second page in English. Other solicitors please copy.

According to a report of an entertainment recently held in the Town of Donegal, "It is pleasing to see that the old historic town of the Four Masters is not behind in amusements." Well, the play was the "Colleen Bawn," and we understand that the acting of "Father Tom" was well received by the audience; we wonder what would the Four Masters have thought of the traditional "Father Tom" of the "Colleen Bawn?" Could not the Donegal Dramatic Club find a more suitable play at this time of Ireland's history?

LESSONS IN IRISH by Correspondence. For particulars apply to Principal All Ireland Correspondence College, 33 Lower Abbey Street, Dublin.

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DO ROGA RUO ANOIS, A STÓR!

Níl aon gearr ag aithir a dtéiréann pé éirí d' anró ag iarrair eolair gur an áit. Fásann pé ann faoi úeoir, agus (ar n-óig): "Céad fáilte 'gur pláinte nómá, 'áitir pádraic, 'Do míle fáilte, 'áitir pádraic, 'Céad míle fáilte nómá teachtair 'Dó,' agus 'cuile gearr mar rin ar gac uile fean-éailig 'd'a bfuil cruinnighe ann nómá, ag nómá amad a geirí cómhólaí ar mnaoi an tíge in a h-imhíonm agus i gcúmaí a cpoirde—cruinnighe ann ag déanamh caoi le luét an éainté, mar ir ceart.

"Go maíurú ríú, go maíurú ríú uile," ag mo úinne boct. "Cá bfuil an úinne tinn reo gáil?"

"Seo é annreo, 'áitir," ag mnaoi an tíge, ag dul anonn agus ag leasá a láimhe ar gualainn ríocais atá in a fúide ar fean-éatáoirí fálaig, agus ag déanamh a úicill le cumá an lagsair agus an lags-mírnig do cup air féin, nó do congáil ruar, agus é ag cinneadhain air—"reo é annreo, 'áitir."

"Agus cad 'tá air rin?"

"Cá, 'áitir, lá d'ar eirig re amad go barr an énoic amad, ag breathnúgá a n-óirí cúpla caoiréad linn do bí ann, agus an t-aral agus péire pároóg air leir, le h-áirí ualaig móna do éabairt irtead leir ar a téad ar air; agus do fáilig re air na caoirig 'feiceál in áit ar bí d'ar fúibail re de'n énoc, áct do énoic re uairde rícata beas gáda, éior uairde ar éaoib an énoic, agus iad ag gobaí d'ar ag ríocad an féir do bí irtead 'r amad tré na gádaí ríocad. Agus do tús re faoi deara, ag líonad irtead na móna d'ó in na pároógas éuar ar úruim an arail, go raib an gádaí ag iarrair beir ag éabairt 'cuile fíilte air, ór iréal, agus mar aóearpá, i nganfior d'ó, agus uair ar bí do éairéad reiréan ríilead fo déin an gádaí, do érompá re rin ar gobaí agus ar gádaí an féir aríir mar éana. Níor mair leir mar do bí an gádaí 's a fáiré, áct mar rin féin níor éuir re an-fuim ann, mar aóearpá, áct do lean re leir ag líonad na brápoóg go raib an mnaoi éuar aige; agus annrin tús áirí abairé, agus go rínead ag gádaí Ceire d' tSeabráin d'ó, cad do éluiréad re, mar facar do, áct gú agus glór d'annna ag glaoad amad air in a ainm agus in a fíonnéad, go tús re do na bonnair in a fean-rí abairé, ar b'áirí an arail agus a ualaig móna in a úair d'ó; agus d'ar do láim, 'áitir, 'r é ríocad d'ó féin agus d'ar mbúnaíur féin uile gur ríog gur é gú agus glór an gádaí do bí in ran ngú agus 'ran ngú rin do éualair re an lá úo agus é ag gádaí Ceire d' tSeabráin; agus níl an tpeoir ná an mínead céadna aige ó foin, ná an gúle áct a rínead."

"H'm. Cía an aoir atá aige?"

"Buadain agus ríce, 'áitir."

"H'm. An dtáinig an t-aral abairé?"

"Maire m'anam go dtáinig, 'áitir, go ríocair, ríra, agus an t-ualaig móna ríán ar a úruim, gan fíó amáin caillte ar."

"Ir boct an cáir é go cinnte, tpeoir agus ciail ag an aral, agus gan éactar acú ag an úinne, ná cumar a b'póglamta d'n aral féin áct a rínead."

"Well, 'r fíor d'uit, 'áitir, agus ar n-óig b'féirí le congáil 'Dó na raib t'ad ann—go rábáir d'ia rínn l—áct do glae re r'gannr, mar aóearpá, agus d'a mbéad a fíor ag t'ónóir, níor mór an t-iongnad é, óir glacaim pároún ag t'ónóir, ní cáil mair do bí aríam ar an gCeir d' tSeabráin rin ag na ríonir éair t'ímdeall annreo."

"Agus anoir ir mar gáil ar an méirí rin do éuir ríú fíor ormpa, leir an ola do cup air an amadán rin?"

"Maire n'Domnac iréad, 'áitir, agus ar n-óig do míle fáilte cúgáin agus cúis an b'páiríre, agus ir lágad ríogéamail an úinne uaral agus an ríarra éaglaire éú, bail ó d'ia orí, agus go mbuó

raoa, buan in ar mearí éú—ir ríog naé mearann t'ónóir go bfuil ceo ar bí ar an ngáir?"

"Áirí d'án do élab, a óiréad an—ruo naé n-ab-ríocad mé—nár léir do'n naorínead nó do'n aral do bír do raó ó éianad, naé bfuil ceo ar bí ar"—

"Maire go mbuó ríán an r'gáiríre!"

"Nó an b'púigíó t'ú ionnac féin a ráó líom go raib ríil ágá go gcuirínn-re, nó r'gáir ar bí eile faoi an gcuirínn, an ola naomta, beannighe ar a leiríre rin de élabaire agus de leiríre ríarad? Do b'féirí líom, agus buó éora ríeirín, gádaí de buille coire nó d'ó ann."

"Ó, a ríor ó, ar n-óig, nílím 's a iarrair orí an ola do cup air. Fásraí mé faoi t'ónóir féin é. Ir ágá féin ir ríar atá a fíor. B'féirí naé bfuil an ola ag t'aróil uairde. Cís leat do ríga ruo do déanamh, a ríor. Dá mbéad leabair rínn nó 'áirí d' ei' ag t'ónóir, b'féirí go mbéad pé com mair leir an ola."

CONN.

THE MANURE WAR.

FOR the first time in our lives we anxiously awaited the appearance of our puissant contemporary, the organ of eggs, manure and poetry, by the name of *The Homestead*. We were disappointed. In the previous issue our puissant contemporary stated that it had received a circular from O'Keefe, Ltd., that it was too late for insertion, and that no doubt the "Wholesale" would reply to it. We expected the "Wholesale's" reply in the last issue of our pigs and poetry contemporary, but we were disappointed. The "Wholesale" said nothing. There is a letter from a Mr. H. C. Tisdall, whoever he is, and in that letter simple Mr. Tisdall says:—"So the matter is a very simple one. On the one hand you have a body whose sole interest is, to the best of their ability to get the best possible terms for the Irish co-operative farmer; and on the other, an enormously strong and wealthy body, whose sole aim is to get the highest possible price from the Irish farmers, co-operative or otherwise, and to do so more successfully they form their alliance." How very "simple" this simple story is may be seen when we state that the British firm upon whom the "Wholesale" has fallen back is a member of the alliance, and subject, as much as any other member, to its rules and regulations!

Now we have been to some pains to find out something first hand about this squabble; and where interests clash in trade a prudent man does not necessarily believe everything he hears. The suggestion that there is a special combine to raise prices against the "Wholesale" is absurd; the fact that the British Company with which the "Wholesale" has made its new agreement is in the Alliance as well as O'Keefe, Morgan Mooney, and the other Irish manure manufacturers, disposes of that.

In what way do the "Wholesale" claim that they can benefit the Irish farmer by dealing through a British member of the Manufacturers' Alliance or Combination rather than through Irish members? How could the United Alkali Company undersell O'Keefe or Morgan Mooney and other Irish manufacturers? Indeed, how can they compete with them on Irish ground, that is if they supply their Irish customers with their own British manure and do not merely act as extra middlemen between the Irish manure manufacturers and the farmers. The prices of manure in the various districts are arranged by the Alliance; and the manure firms in the Alliance—and the "Wholesale's" British firm is in it—have to respect these prices. Now we understand that carriage is a great factor in determining the price of manures. There are manure works in various parts of the country, and we understand that a Dublin manufacturer could not, in face of the carriage, compete with a Cork works in Cork. How is a British firm going to compete with Irish manufacturers in Ireland unless they merely act as go-betweens and pass on the orders to be actually executed by various Irish manufacturers? Now

if the British members of the Association supply British manure to the "Wholesale," how can the farmer benefit even though an Irish industry is injured? If the British members of the Manure Association get Irish members of the same Association to execute their orders, Irish industry is not injured; but where does the gain to the farmers come in? Perhaps our puissant contemporary—the *Homestead*—would answer these questions.

The Welsh Co-operative Societies bought some manure on the Continent; but how did they get delivery of it? We are informed that they would have made a more profitable deal had they purchased the manure in Dublin. O'Keefe, Ltd., were willing to supply the "Wholesale" for three years at ruling prices in Ireland—prices that the British company, upon which the "Wholesale" has fallen back, will have, as members of the Association, to respect—and in the event of the Continent being able to beat them in the market the "Wholesale" were to be allowed to purchase from the Continent. That certainly appears fair enough.

What question, if any, of principle is involved in the Manure War? We fail to see any on the "Wholesale" side. If the "Wholesale" have got better discounts for themselves from the British company, which we are assured they have not, that is a mere matter of profit, not one of principle; the farmer gets no advantage. Certain English and Irish manure makers are in an Association that regulates prices; the "Wholesale" refuses to make a contract with certain Irish firms that are members of that Association, but it makes a contract with an English firm that is a member of that same Association or combination. If the English member of the Association supplies English manure, it is a blow at Irish industry, and no gain to the farmers; if—as it seems to us they must do—they hand over a good deal, at least, of the business to Irish makers, the blow at Irish industry is not so great, but the farmer in no way benefits. We leave the matter here for the present. We await the reply of the "Wholesale" to the circular of O'Keefe, Ltd., and we again look out with interest for the next issue of the organ of pigs and poetry—the *Homestead*.

SHADES OF THE DEAD IN COUNCIL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

The animated statues of O'Connell, Grey, Moore, Grattan, Burke, Goldsmith, the Bust of Swift, the Foundation Stone of Wolfe Tone, Bigots and Green Nationalists.

SCENE I.—The part of Stephen's Green about the site of the long promised, but long neglected, Wolfe Tone Memorial. Time: midnight. Enter Tom Moore.

Moore—While revisiting the glimpses of the moon, and the Bungery in Aungier Street where I first saw the light, I took it into my head to come and have a look at this green 1st of April day's work which they have done to the memory of Wolfe Tone. Here is the stone. Perhaps when they laid it down they imagined that it possessed some mysterious vegetable properties, which would cause it to bud, and grow up in the course of time into a fine monument cut, dried, polished and all. That would be having blood out of a stone with a vengeance. (Sings)—

By Grafton Street corner there is a big stone,
The only memorial yet raised to Wolfe Tone.
That monument promised with trumpet and flare,
No larger has grown than this stone poor and bare.

Long years have elapsed since that famed Ninety-eight
When here in their thousands in pomp and in state,
With bands and with banners they gathered to lay
The stone which remains just the same to this day.

There were ardent green patriots brimming with zeal,
Tin pikers who burned to take up the steel,
And Bungs who no Saxon dominion would own,
Assembled to honour the name of Wolfe Tone.

Such pomp and pretension would lead one to believe
Poor Tone would a monument mighty receive;
Would lead one to think not a statue alone
But a marble colossus they'd raise to Wolfe Tone.

[throes

But like the great mountain whose earth-quaking
A poor little mouse in the end did disclose,
So that great eruption of patriots blown,
Left nothing behind but this poor barren stone.

Abortive like this are all schemes in this land
Wherein the Tin Pikers and Bungs take a hand.
A project is ushered with flourish and bray,
And then left to pine and to vanish away.

Great shades of the dead in the dust you may lie,
The Bungs and green patriots o'er you will sigh.
That's all you'll receive, for that high-minded crew
Love peelers and bank clerks much better than you.

In Bodinstown churchyard there is a green grave,
And wildly around it the Tin Pikers rave.
Far better 'twould suit those green patriots sad
To make up a purse for some peeler or cad.

Wolfe Tone, where art thou? Surely not here amidst this unhallowed environment where jarveys and Johnnies most do congregate, and the atmosphere is permeated with nauseating West British inanities and effeminate vulgarity. Rather would thy masculine and adventurous spirit be revelling in the cold winds of Kildare, or on the storm-tossed bosom of Bantry Bay with a phantom French Fleet at thy back. Tone, thou world-moving plotter, thou resolute and daring rebel, where art thou? Thou that didst aim so dangerously and skilfully at the heart of England, and barely missed a throne upon the Olympus of history, where is thy strenuous and restless spirit to night.

The Foundation Stone rises and stands upon two legs.

Moore—Angels and ministers of grace defend me.
What chaotic and incomprehensible monster is this.
What art thou?

The Stone—I am the earthly manifestation of Wolfe Tone.

Moore—Wolfe Tone to come in such an unquestionable shape. Oh, 'tis impossible!

The Stone—Hang your impossibilities. What other shape could I come in. I haven't a comfortable, well-dressed statue like you at my disposal to get into and ramble about at leisure. Are you Moore, the poet?

Moore—I am Tom Moore.

The Stone—Well, Tom Moore, you lyric semi-English, half-Irishman, I can't shake your hand, even if I wished, which perhaps I do; for although you were rocked in the cradle of English knavery and corruption, you never became a lost dog out-and-out the same as other mangy half-breeds.

Moore—Thanks for the compliment which has a somewhat raspy flavour, but coming as it does from Wolfe Tone, I shall take it as equivalent to the most fulsome flattery from anyone else.

The Stone—Rot, flattery and cant, they are the weapons of rogues and spies. Show me a fawning, canting flatterer and I will point out to you the makings of a dirty informer. But let us not talk of such carrion. I heard you crooning some come-all-ye over me before I rose up.

Moore—Yes, my bardic instinct bubbled out into song over the sad spectacle of that neglected stone, which was planted here with such pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious green nationality, and then left alone to the pitiful care of oblivion, and the Dublin Corporation scavengers.

The Stone—'Tis but a symbol of Ireland's weakness and helplessness. Green nationality cannot be expected to do much, being as it is, but a sickly reaction from the frightful incubus of that devil's own masterpiece of soul-killing legislation the Penal Laws.

FRED LEWIS and CO.'S PERFUMES AND TOILET REQUISITES; IRISH MANUFACTURE.

Σολὴν καὶ ἡγεμονίαν.—All Irish Irishmen should insist on getting the New Irish Match, made in Dublin by PATERSON & CO., and thus support the Industrial Revival.

Moore—Oh, that everlasting and incomparable monument of "man's inhumanity to man," as my old acquaintance, Bobby Burns, said.

The Stone—The Catholics, I see, are making a move at last to stand up to the mongrel crowd of English-aping bigots.

Moore—Yes, the Catholic Association is the Society of United Irishmen of the present age which is torturing the nerves of the would-be Castlereaghs and Black-Jacks who now strut and fret upon the anti-Irish stage.

The Stone—'Tis a move in the right direction. But I do hope that it won't turn out a paper rebellion. Sink and rot paper rebellions, and over cautious men. Oh, if I could only place myself at the head of the Catholic Association now as I did of yore, how I would hoist the bigots with their own petard. But those over-cautious men—

Moore—And tames, too.

The Stone—Oh, mention not the tames, those hail-stones in the sun, those rushes to mow down oaks. That way madness lies.

Moore—Ireland has other enemies besides the bigots.

The Stone—Who are they?

Moore—The Bungs. Oh, a double-dyed moral Castle-reagh is Mr. Bacchus Bung.

The Stone—I think in a remote way that this Bacchus Bung cult is another of the dirty legacies bequeathed to Ireland by the gluttonous, besotted bigots of our time. Such a carnival of drunken, swash-buckling maniacs, as was the age in which I lived, must surely leave its mark upon posterity. Heigh ho, now that I am on two legs again, and hard shelled, and worse than Caliban in shape though I am, I will take a walk down to College Green and have a look at Grattan, a man, who, if metaphors were cannon and words soldiers, would put Bonaparte in the shade and conquer the world. Are you coming?

Moore—I'm with you. Sings—

The midnight moon is beaming, love,
The frosty stars are gleaming, love.
How sweet to walk and have a talk
While the drowsy world is dreaming, love.
Down Grafton Street we'll sail, my dear,
By the home of Tony Traill, my dear.
For the best of delight to liven the night
Is against such a bigot to rail, my dear.

The Stone—Good. Rail away.

Moore sings:—

Now all the bigots are sleeping, love.
The Bungs their beds are keeping, love,
With Romish plots, police and pots
Upon their oblivion creeping, love.
To College Green we'll float, my dear,
Where Unionists thrive and gloat, my dear;
And with voices of bronze wake moribund dons
From fatty quiescence so bloated, my dear.

The Stone—Hark! some people approach. Let us stand aside and listen.

Moore—They are two green ones, I suspect. We must give them a fright before they pass us.

They stand aside.

Enter two Green Nationalists.

1st *G. Nat.*—I enjoyed this night immensely.

2nd *G. Nat.*—So did I. It was a most select gathering.

1st *G. Nat.*—The music and songs were of the most classy pattern.

2nd *G. Nat.*—The best made in Germany and England.

1st *G. Nat.*—"God Save the King" is really a pretty air.

2nd *G. Nat.*—Yes, particularly when sung by tony people.

Moore (aside)—Melodious minstrel boys hear that.

The Stone (aside)—Whip me such coolies.

"GENUINE" TRINIDAD COCOA SHELLS "EX-CELSIOR" BRAND; the best procurable; buy no other.

1st *G. Nat.*—The testimonial which we presented to-night to Mr. Tony Cornerboy, the Freemason, was a substantial one, and quite worthy of the occasion.

2nd *G. Nat.*—Yes, Mr. Tony Cornerboy really can have no cause to reflect upon the evergreen generosity of his mere Irish Nationalist acquaintances.

1st *G. Nat.*—No, indeed, and that same is a pleasant consideration. I declare I'd feel ashamed of being a mere Irish Nationalist if the purse had been anything less. Mr. Cornerboy might then say—"Oh, what could you expect from ignorant, half-savage Irishmen who were probably reared in mud cabins."

2nd *G. Nat.*—Mercy on us, so he might. Thank God, anyway, that we let him see that we could be as generous as born gentlemen Freemasons sometimes.

1st *G. Nat.*—Aye, and as high-minded as any lord, duke, or earl that ever dined with the Lord Lieutenant, Irish as the pigs, though they may say we are. But look here. The Wolfe Tone Foundation-stone has turned up missing.

2nd *G. Nat.*—Great Scott, yes. The foundation-stone of the great monument which we were going to put to him in the no distant future date, and for which I subscribed sixpence has gone for a walk.

1st *G. Nat.*—Whoever took up that stone was guilty of a nefarious, sacrilegious act upon Irish green, national traditions as well as upon the memory of Wolfe Tone. I'm afraid that the monument to which I subscribed ten pence will never stand upon this spot after this.

The Stone (aside)—We have heard enough. Let us put the clods running, frightened out of their five poor wits.

Moore (aside)—Oh, run them out of the country if you can.

They rush out upon the Green Nationalists.

2nd *G. Nat.* (screaming and running)—The stone is alive. Oh, we are haunted by the Wolfe Tone Foundation-stone. Witchcraft, goblins, help; the stones are rising against us.

1st *G. Nat.* (screaming and running)—Wolfe Tone's Foundation-stone is up in arms against the Green Nationalists. Heaven help us, or 'twill drive us mad.

The Stone—Crawling, beggarly knaves, remember I'm on your track.

Exeunt Green Nationalists

screaming frantically.

Moore—They won't sleep for some time after this.

The Stone—I think not. The Bungs, when they come to hear of this, will begin to get frightened of their marble counters, and look to see them rising up on two legs, and calling for a pint.

Moore—It would be an act of charity to give the manufacturers of night-mares an odd glimpse of some of their drink created monsters. Oh, they want a shock badly.

The Stone—Let us go down to College Green.

Exeunt *Moore* and *The Stone*.

SCENE II. NEXT WEEK.

OUR NATIONAL SPIRIT AND OUR NATIONAL HOLIDAYS.

WE have sadly fallen in Ireland. Many of us think that we have not; but the surest sign that we have fallen is that we do not see it. No man is more unconscious of sin than the habitual sinner. Most of us who talk of sustaining the national spirit do not mean it for more than talk; and if we thought we would be taken seriously, or asked to devise means, we would not have spoken about it. We act towards Ireland as Yorkshire or Lancashire men act towards Yorkshire and Lancashire—each as parts of England; the only difference being that a ditch or a river divides Yorkshire or Lancashire from the rest of England; a channel divides Ireland; that is all. No wonder—consider the class-books in our Primary Schools; consider those used in our Catholic Colleges and Convents; the best of them are not

MADE IN IRELAND.—LOUGHLIN'S Irish Poplin Ties, from 1s. 6d.; White Shirts from 2s. 6d.; Under Vests and Pants, 2s. 6d.; Knit Half Hose from 6d.; Irish Linen Collars, Cuffs, Fronts, from 6d.; Irish Tweed Caps, from 1s.; Hats, etc. 19 Parliament Street, Dublin.

calculated to inspire youths with respect for their motherland, either as to patriotism or as to faith. We say that we are proud of our country; but most of us know in our hearts that we are not so. Why, even those who swagger about hillsides and life-sacrifice on their country's altar, if, after they have lived in England or in America for a twelvemonth, they pay a short visit to the neighbourhood of their birth, manufacture on purpose for the admiration of the neighbours the ways and speech of the country they have lived in. The places, the people, their ways, everything smells in their nostrils. The poverty of the people, which is really their greatest honour since they sacrificed worldly prosperity for principle and for conscience sake, is spoken of slightly by them. To their speaking a thing is done wrong in Ireland, because it is done differently in England or in the United States. The truth of the matter is that they bring back the spirit they took away with them. Before they left Ireland they talked patriotism, but they never felt it; and they never felt it because they never knew it; and they never knew it because they were never taught the history of Ireland beyond a few dates, and some scattered harmless events for an examination. I throw the blame on no person, on no class. We are all to blame, as a people. The people, as a body, do not care to have different class-books for the youth of the country. It will be said to me—"Oh; that is not true." Yes, and the man who says so to me turns into the next news-vendor's shop and purchases a pennyworth of the literature which was born across the Channel, bred of English brains, of English thought, breathing English ideas, expressing English morals and aspirations. When I find such a man doing such a thing I simply do not believe him; he does not believe himself. If I remind him that he has just eaten his own words by his own act, he does not see that he has belied himself. He is ready with two or three reasons to justify him. Of course he is; I never heard of a man who was not ready with a reason to condone every action of his however bad; to make every action of his, however stupid, to look wise. The truth at the bottom of all is, that he likes those ideas, expressions, aspirations better, and it pleases him better to read them. You see a man taking off a few glasses of whiskey in as many minutes; he says he is under the doctor's care; he has a complaint for which whiskey is good. Why, of course he has; he likes the whiskey. You find a man taking in the *Irish Times* rather than the *Freeman's Journal*; he says it is because of the news about something or other in which he is interested. It is not; it is because the spirit of the *Irish Times* is his spirit; and he has so little of any definite spirit that he has not the spirit to admit it. He has no principle; he is a sort of Vicar of Bray. Or if we pass to weeklies containing stories or such light reading. We take in *Tit-Bits*, *T. P.'s Weekly*, *Something to Read*, *The Boy's Own*, *The Girl's Own*, and even readings of questionable propriety, rather than Irish publications. It has been said to me that Ireland does not produce enough of that kind of reading. But many do not read what it does produce. Hence that is not the reason. Is it that it does not produce enough each week for a week's reading? Not that either. Why, if it produced only two Irish weeklies, it would have produced enough reading of that kind for a week for any person—male or female—who had anything to do besides reading stories. Let them speak the truth—they prefer the ideas, the morals, the expressions that come across the Channel. It is an acquired taste, like the taste for tomatoes, or the craving for porter or gin.

Let us take an illustration which comes home more immediately to us as we approach St. Patrick's Day. Let us test this pride we say we feel in being Irish. Now is it not a fact that members of the Gaelic League have had uphill work during the past few years in get-

ting many persons to shut their shops on that day? It will be said to me that the request was so new, and that those who hesitated are gradually coming into line. But that the request should have been new, that it should have ever to be made, is the clearest evidence of the prostrate condition of our patriotism; and that recalcitrants are gradually yielding means that they are becoming Irishmen from having been something else. But what fills up the cup of our meanness is, that these shops in which persons most desecrate the day, degrade themselves, and dishonour their country, are the very shops which the Gaelic Leaguers find most difficulty in getting closed. Oh! but then the sacrifice they make in closing, the loss they suffer? If they sacrifice only as others sacrifice, why should they complain? If they suffer more, the fact heaps mounds of ridicule on what the people call "love of country"; for it means that their gain would be the country's dishonour.

'Tis all very well to dissemble your love,

But why did you kick me down stairs?

There is one plausible excuse only which publicans can offer, and it is that others may keep open, or sell drink on the sly. It is a difficulty certainly. I would solve that difficulty in this simple way. If a publican or Gaelic Leaguer can show that any publicans have been guilty of mean treason like that, the Gaelic League should hold a meeting when the guilt is fully brought home, and publicly denounce them by name as traitors to their fellow-traders and to their country's honour; and they should by every legitimate means help to keep their doors shut the rest of the year. That will bring them to their senses. Touch their avarice and you touch the most sensitive nerve in their body. Now, let us go the whole way. Why ask publicans to shut their shops—they who have to make a living—and let drink be sold in clubs and such places without any protest? They, too, should be treated as publicans; and if they refuse, every lawful means should be used to draw away their membership into societies which bring not dishonour to their country. These are drastic remedies; but the disease is deep and chronic, and it needs exceptional treatment.

Now the strangest thing about it all is that we shut our shops and give up all work on Bank holidays, without a murmur, and as a matter of course. Those Bank holidays were started in England by Sir John Lubbock. They were introduced over here, and we received them without hesitation. When Protestantism arose in England, a cry was raised against the holidays of the Catholic Church—they were too many; they destroyed industry; they took too many days which were lost to the development of the resources and wealth of the country. They were done away with; and then with an inconsistency worthy of the choicest stupidity, they turn round and cry out that the people have not enough recreation.

All work and no play makes John a dull boy. Then Bank holidays were introduced; their half-days each week; and so on. The holidays of the Catholic Church retarded industry; but to stay idle on Bank holidays does not. They simply do not trouble about the stupid inconsistency. But what do we do? Why, we have yielded up our own Irish Catholic holidays, and we also—we who glory in our country's traditions, i.e., we who say that we do—accept in their stead the Bank holidays without a ripple or a murmur of complaint. Our fathers kept them faithfully even through the penal days and in spite of their direst disabilities; they have handed them down to us; and we—we who belittle our fathers, we who have been emancipated—have given up of our own accord in the days of our emancipation what our fathers kept in the days of their chains. And what is our excuse? The same that we give for taking



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in the *Irish Times* rather than *The Freeman*; *The Speaker* or even *Reynold's Newspaper* rather than *The Leader*; *The Boys' Own* and *Tit-Bits* rather than competing Irish weeklies. And we would die for our faith and our country! We would, when we are not asked to die for either, when there is no gibbet in the distance. What we are asked to do is not to dishonour either, and we wilfully dishonour both.

Where are the old Irish Catholic holidays which we knew a generation ago? They are gone. We were told by those whom we call the "false Saxon," that we were lagging behind in the march of industrial progress on account of the number of holidays on which we abstained from work, and he laughed at our indolence. We winced under the laugh. We opened our mouths after the manner of thoughtless dolts, and swallowed his words, and he laughed in his sleeve. He then turned round and told us that we worked too much, that we needed more recreation; that feeling himself jaded from ceaseless toil, he had instituted some holidays and thought they would be equally useful for us; we gave up our own old Irish holidays which gave us recreation from toil as well as kept before us the memory of the great ones of our faith, and we accepted those recommended to us from England, and so we celebrate St. Lubbock's Days. Examine your consciences, Irish Catholics. Tell me, are you ashamed of yourselves? I believe you are not. You are so lost to shame in faith and patriotism that you are unconscious of your self-imposed dishonour. There are only one people in Ireland who can hold up their heads in connection with this matter, and they are the people of Wexford County. They have made a brave stand, and I believe are holding out still to a very great extent. The other 31 counties could do what Wexford has done; and if they did so we would have our own holidays to-day through Ireland instead of those prescribed for us across the Channel. We cry out against laws and taxes which are imposed on us and which we know we must accept whether we will or no; and we have received without a murmur those holidays which we were free to refuse if we chose. And we go on unconscious of the foolish figure we make. And we call ourselves a nation!—We are a province, for we have the spirit of a province. The Penal Laws did not destroy our nationhood; material prosperity does not constitute a nation, any more than wealth makes a man a gentleman; the very poverty which our fathers bore for principle, for faith and fatherland, was the best evidence that they kept their nationhood in spite of all. The fact that we have yielded up without force, and freely, those traditions which they handed down to us through darkness and storm, is the best sign that we have lost it. Are we ashamed even of St. Patrick's Day? We will see on the 17th March.

F. O'MEARA.

THE GAELIC LEAGUE AND "BUSINESS."

AS a Gaelic Leaguer, I take it rather as a compliment to the organisation to ask it for a detailed balance sheet. I don't know that the United Irish League publishes its balance sheet in the Press, and it passes more money by far through its hands than does the Gaelic League. (As, however, I am not a constant reader of our daily national Press, I speak subject to correction of the U.I.L.)

Speaking as a collector for the Language Fund, I think a leaflet-sized balance sheet would come in handy for those who have to argue the coppers out of the public. I have myself known from year to year how the money was spent, but my oral statement of accounts didn't seem to convince some of those I had to deal with. Since there is no expenditure in the Gaelic League but what is sanctioned, roughly speaking, by the fairly, popularly-elected *Árdr-Feir*, I fancy the publication, as widely as possible, of the statement of accounts would be a step in

the right direction whatever other bodies in Ireland choose to do or not to do. The private resources of the League—from affiliation fees and the like—may, of course, be done with as the League likes, but many subscribe to the Language Fund who are not members of the League, and it would be no harm to let them see, if they care to look, that they are getting value, as I, anyway, think they are, for their money. The annual report in its entirety, including, as it does, the reports of the various officers, would be too expensive an item to publish for distribution broadcast, but a sort of cash-book in leaflet form would be handy in more ways than one.

As to the *CLARÓEM SOLUIR*, the publishing business of the League and its book department, and the cost (as heard by the LEADER), of their upkeep, I don't know that they are matters a balance sheet could have the last word to say on. The delegates yearly have the whole case submitted to them, and, although their judgment may not be so infallible as not to be susceptible of wise revision by a wider public, I don't know that they are called upon to submit that judgment for such revision. Even if the *CLARÓEM* be losing, the delegates probably say to themselves that the paper is as merely an instrument for doing the work of the League as are the organisers, the secretary, and so on, and therefore that its efficacy warrants something being spent on it. It occurs to myself as possible that no other paper would be willing to give us as much Irish as the *CLARÓEM* gives us—that is, supposing the *CLARÓEM* were discontinued. Possibly, indeed, they could not afford it; if they could I suppose they would, which suggests another consideration. Even if the truly nationals did give us enough Irish, I, for one, should not care to be under the necessity of buying them regularly.

A similar consideration would arise as to the necessity for the publishing department and other matters. I remember the necessity that existed not so long since for someone, or some firm, that would publish Irish matter. Perhaps, only that the League started its own business, that necessity would now be crippling the movement. These things are matters for argument, of course, and, perhaps, 'twere no harm they were discussed before the meeting of the next *Árdr-Feir*—the only body that can right wrongs, or, if you like, wrong rights, in the Gaelic League. I fear the present is hardly an ideal time to discuss them, however.

M. P. O'B.

[We think that the suggestion of our correspondent for the publication and distribution of a leaflet-sized balance sheet is a very good one. For our own part, we certainly look upon £611 as a decidedly large draw for eleven months for the up-keep of the official organ of the Gaelic League, particularly in view of the fact that it has a poor circulation, and that it has an organisation behind it, the units of which are asked to buy it, and, no doubt, in many cases, do buy it, because it is the official organ, and not because they think it worth buying on its merits. But, beyond the drain on the financial resources of the League, there is the further fact that the organ is now being run, to some extent, as a party organ. It styles the ex-Tin Pike Organ its "confrere," and the ex-Tin Pike organ, in its screechy style, would have it that we are "enemies of the Irish Nation." Now even if the official organ was worth a draw of

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£611 from the Language Fund in eleven months' working, at least, it ought to remain an official organ, and not seriously compromise the organisation by openly appearing as the "confrere" of the ex-Tin Pike Organ. As individual subscribers to the Language Fund, we protest against any part of our money going to the up-keep of a kept paper that, though supposed to be the official organ of a non-sectarian and non-political organisation, allies itself as the "confrere" of the ex-Tin Pike Organ.

With reference to the book department, we would remark that it does not necessarily follow that because four or five or three years ago the League may have been called upon to go into the publishing business that it is wise for it to continue it now that circumstances have radically altered. We have an open mind on the question; but in view of the entrance of so many business firms and individuals into the Irish book market, a new situation has arisen that calls for consideration. Our contributor knows, as well as we do, that the *Árto-Feir*, though it has the power to legislate, is, like all large bodies summoned once a year for a short time, to a certain extent, ineffective in practice. Once form a big public company with directors and a staff, and theoretically the power ultimately rests with the shareholders: but in practice, owing to inertia, natural conservatism, and want of knowledge, it takes a great effort to move those in office in any direction in which they do not want to go. In practice the Gaelic League—more or less inevitably, we think—is worked largely by a clique; what real power have the country members of the *Coirpe Shnáda*? Under the circumstances plenty of free public criticism is required, and the more light that is thrown on the conduct of the organisation the better. Some years ago when we paid considerable attention to the organisation, we were regarded by many as hostile; for some time back, having other things to attend to, we adopted the policy of letting the organisation go ahead on its own account without any sustained notice from us; now that we have turned our attention to it again, we are, according to the "confrere" of our dear contemporary, the official organ, "enemies of the Irish Nation." We understand all that, and we smile at it. When we descended as a bolt from the blue on this country about four and a half years ago, we knew that we would not be universally loved; we knew that if we stuck steadfastly to our business that we would be "foul" and "nefarious" in many eyes, and "enemies of the Irish Nation" in many more. These sort of screeches don't turn a hair on our head.

A great responsibility rests with the official organ of

the League in resenting criticism by ignoring our questions. Even at the present time we are in the dark as to whether or not a report of the *Árto-Feir* is to be published. If the controlling voices on the Executive think that by the adoption of that policy of hoighty-toighty by the official organ, the organisation will be benefited, we disagree with them. We are, at least, entitled to ask questions; if the official organ chooses to ignore us, upon it rests the responsibility for the consequences. —ED. LEADER.]



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complained, and had, I believe, good cause to complain of the remuneration they received for their work. In 1898 the Convent built a Technical School at their own expense, and started the Lace Industry on the co-operative system. Three years later they introduced the Machine-knitting Industry, the Department giving a grant of £52 to defray the expense of a teacher for one year. The Department recognised one of the nuns as teacher; but as it would not supply the plant, they spent the grant, and as much more, on the purchase of the necessary machinery, although they were heavily in debt on account of the Technical School and their other teaching establishments. During the few years those industries have been in existence, the workers have received about £8,000 for their work. About 130 girls are at present employed.

I now come down South again. At New Ross the Sisters of Mercy opened a school of machine-knitting. But they soon gave it up as a hosiery factory was started in the town, which promised to give employment to those for whose benefit they had undertaken the work. The Sisters then turned their attention to Irish crochet, on which they are able to keep about 24 girls at work. At Enniscorthy they keep about 20 employed at hosiery and shirt-making.

In Gort the Sisters of Mercy opened a school of knitting, linen and woollen weaving, lace-making, crochet, embroidery, vestments, and altar work in 1889. They have about 50 hands at work, who each earn from 5s. to 12s. a week, according to their diligence and skill.

In Kinsale the Sisters of Mercy began a school of Limerick Lace about twenty years ago. Since then they have added Point lace, Clones, and other varieties of crochet and needlework. There are about 100 girls employed, including beginners, who earn from 10s. a week downwards.

In 1886 the Sisters of Mercy in Dungarvan started a school for machine-knitting, in which all kinds of such work are taught; and ten years later they began embroidery and sewing of every description. About a dozen girls are constantly employed, who earn from 3s. to 8s. a week. They began, and have carried on, the work out of their own resources. In Dunmanway the Sisters of Charity opened a school of domestic economy a few years ago at their own expense, but have since been helped by the County Council. The curriculum includes simple nursing, dairy-work, poultry-rearing, bee-keeping, fruit, flowers, preserves, etc. They make over £70 on blackberries alone. In Limerick the Sisters of Mercy, a few years ago, altered and repaired a disused schoolhouse at considerable cost for the purpose of lace-work and knitting. They carry on the work in connection with the Borough Council, keep about 50 girls employed, including learners, who earn from 15s. a week downwards. They are also taught to draw and design, and they have to spend some time each week at cooking and laundry work. To those I add the Sisters of Mercy at Dundalk, Ardee, Cookstown, Longford, Edgeworthstown, Derry, Queenstown, Westport, Castlebar, Claremorris—the poor Clares at Ballyjamesduff, Ballyshannon, and Kenmare; the Sisters of Charity at Seville Place and Bal-laghadereen; the Presentation Sisters at Cashel, Thurles, and at Kilkenny, where they started a linen factory in 1892, in order to provide employment for girls who had left their schools. I read an account of it eight or ten years ago, and at that time they had twelve looms at work, over twenty hands employed, and turned out linen articles of all descriptions. I believe that there is hardly a primary school in the country under the charge of nuns in which training of a practical or industrial nature has not always formed part of the education of the pupils.

M. O'R.

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SCOTCH *versus* IRISH SEED POTATOES.

It will be noted that the Department of Agriculture, in their report to the Local Government Board, advise that the supplies of seed potatoes required for the Western Unions ought to be obtained in Ulster and Scotland. That there are good potatoes grown in Ulster is beyond question; but there appears to be no tangible reason why the Ulster potatoes should be regarded as superior to those grown in Leinster or Munster either for purposes of table-use or seed. One of the great centres from which seed potatoes used come is Athlone. It is to be presumed that Athlone obtains its supply from the Midlands. The circumstance shows that the latter, in conjunction with the Eastern and Southern counties, are just as available for good seed as Ulster. Perhaps it was on sectarian grounds the Department gave the advice. There is a proportion of the Ulster farmers Protestant, hence it may follow that the Department, with its Protestant staff, seeks to boom these farmers' potatoes. We have all heard of the apple of discord, but, until we read the Department's report, we never heard of the potato-apple being used to stir up in Ireland the dying embers of sectarian strife.

It is not, however, so much with the Department's effort to boom Ulster potatoes I quarrel, as with the more insidious attempt, made in the report, to boom Scotch seed, due no doubt to the Scotch influences which it is well known sway the Department's working. The Ulster potatoes are at least home-grown and good; the Scotch, on the contrary, are foreign, and have very much deteriorated in quality. It is considered by experts that the fad regarding Scotch seed potatoes being alone adapted for this country has been long since played out. Of old, the Red Bog of Forfar produced very good samples of early seed potatoes, principally Red Bog Kemps, Flounders, etc. But for many years past, owing to their liability to disease, the importation of these Red Bog seed potatoes has almost entirely ceased. And the same remark, unfortunately, applies at the present time, to the Champion. It is well known that in most districts in Scotland the latter variety is far more affected by the disease than it is in Ireland. There are many districts in this country where Champions, carefully cultivated on lea land, are as free from disease, and yield as good a crop of sound potatoes, as any other variety at present known.

Owing to repeated cropping of the same land with potatoes in Scotland, they became much more liable to disease than those grown elsewhere. It is well known that some of the most noted growers were obliged to change to districts where the land was fresher, and consequently better suited to cropping. Instead of Ireland

looking to Scotland for her supply of seed potatoes, it would be far wiser to carefully scan, with a critical eye, seed coming from that country. In this connection it may be well to call attention to the new disease which has manifested itself and which produces strings and spots in the flesh of the tubers, and with which Butes imported from Scotland are said to be generally affected. In our own country the various qualities of soil including moor, upland, sandy and clay loams, afford facilities for the cultivation of seed potatoes equal to those of any other country in the world. Instead of Ireland being an importer of seed potatoes, the contrary should be the case. If tillage was more practised in Ireland there is no reason why large tracts should not be devoted to the successful cultivation of seed potatoes, not only for home requirements, but also for export. As a matter of fact Irish-grown potatoes are shipped to Scotland in quantity and then re-shipped to Ireland as Scotch seed.

That the reclaimed bog-land of Ireland is peculiarly adapted for the cultivation of seed potatoes has been long and successfully proved to be the case. Potatoes grown on such land enjoy a peculiar immunity from disease on account of its antiseptic properties. Experience in cultivation has over and again proved that a change from moor to upland, and from upland to moor, is the most successful system to follow in potato culture.

M.

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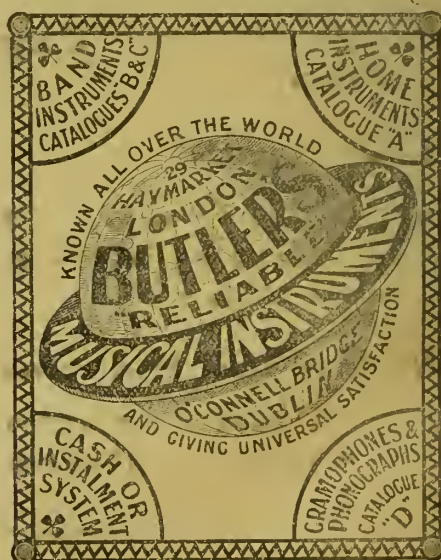
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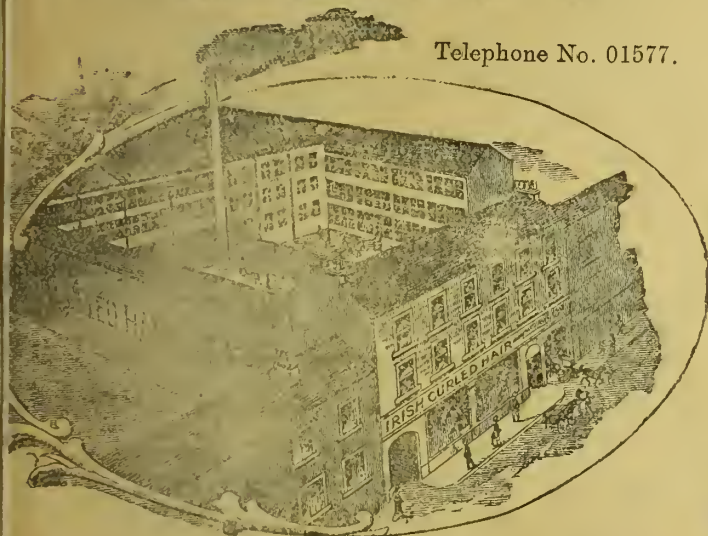
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